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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. XLII

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

No. CCXLV—July 1897

ENGLAND'S OPPORTUNITY

GERMANY OR CANADA?

I claim for the present Government of Canada that they have passed a resolution by which the products of Great Britain are admitted on the rate of their tariff at 12½ per cent. and next year at 25 per cent. reduction. This we have done not asking any compensation. There is a class of our fellow-citizens who ask that all such concessions should be made for a *quid pro quo*. The Canadian Government has ignored all such sentiments. We have done it because we owe a debt of gratitude to Great Britain. We have done it because it is no intention of ours to disturb in any way the system of free trade which has done so much for England. But we are told that this policy which has been adopted by the Canadian Government cannot last, because it is coming into conflict with existing treaties. Let me tell you this—the Canadian people are willing to give this preference to Great Britain; they are not willing to extend it to other countries at the present time. We claim that treaties which are opposed to us cannot stand in the way of our policy; we claim that they do not apply, and that position we intend to discuss with the Imperial authorities. But it may be that, after all, we may fail in our contention; it may be that, after all, it may be held against us, as it has been in the past. If the treaties apply, I have only this to say—that the position will have to be reconsidered *in toto*. If the treaties apply, a new problem will have to be solved, and this problem, what will it be? The problem will be that either Canada will have to retreat or England will have to advance.[1]

This is perhaps the most remarkable passage in the very remarkable speech delivered by the distinguished Prime Minister of Canada immediately after he landed upon the shores of the mother country. It raises questions of intense interest and possibly of absolutely vital

[1] Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada, delivered at Liverpool, June 12, 1897.

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importance to the future of the British Empire. The facts referred to by Sir Wilfrid Laurier have excited much public attention and are widely known. It may be worth while, however, briefly to restate them. At the instance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government the Canadian Parliament has passed a resolution whereby the products of countries which admit Canadian produce free of duty will be admitted into Canada with a reduction upon the existing Canadian tariff of 12½ per cent. during the next twelve months, and subsequently of 25 per cent. The reduction is offered to all countries which admit Canadian products free of duty. The only countries which actually do so admit them are Great Britain and her colony of New South Wales. And, as a matter of fact, the intention and desire of the Canadian Government is to confer an advantage upon Great Britain. At the same time, it is in the power of any and every country to share in this advantage by complying with Canada's conditions. So far as Great Britain is concerned, Canada asks for no *quid pro quo.* She makes no stipulation whatever for preferential treatment. There is no question of any infringement of the traditional free-trade policy of Great Britain. We have apparently nothing to do but to accept the boon the Canadian resolution confers upon us. For once, in fact, our free-trade policy appears to bring us a striking reward in a domain where its successes have not hitherto been conspicuous. I said we have apparently nothing to do but to accept the boon, yet all the world now knows the matter is not quite so simple as it at first sight appears. Throughout the various discussions which have taken place during the last seven or eight years upon questions connected with Imperial Federation, an Imperial Zollverein, and even the more limited, though not less interesting, subject of an Imperial Defence Customs duty, every one concerned with such matters has known that there were treaties in existence with certain foreign Powers which might, at least for a time, present great difficulties to those who were seeking for closer commercial and fiscal relations between the colonies and the mother country.

The treaties in question are, a treaty of commerce and navigation concluded with Belgium in 1862, and a treaty of commerce and navigation concluded with Prussia and the German Zollverein in 1865.

The Belgian treaty, which is the earlier of the two, is an ordinary treaty of commerce, containing the usual reciprocal covenants for 'most-favoured-nation' treatment by both the high contracting parties. It presents no unusual features until we come to Clause XV., which runs as follows:—

Articles the produce or manufacture of Belgium shall not be subject in the British colonies to other or higher duties than those which are or may be imposed upon similar articles of British origin.

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The German treaty is similar in character to the Belgian treaty. There are the usual clauses conceding mutual privileges and 'most-favoured-nation' treatment in all tariff matters. For our present purpose the interesting clause is No. VII., which reads thus:—

The stipulations of the preceding Articles shall also be applied to the colonies and foreign possessions of her Britannic Majesty. *In those colonies and possessions the produce of the States of the Zollverein shall not be subject to any higher or other import duties than the produce of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or of any other country of the like kind*; nor shall the exportation from those colonies or possessions to the Zollverein be subject to any higher or other duties than the exportation to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Let us take the clause in the Belgian treaty, from which the clause in the German treaty was probably copied, or at all events by which it was suggested. Its plain meaning is, that so long as the treaty is in force Belgian goods shall not be subject in British colonies to higher duties than British goods.

This is not an ordinary 'most-favoured-nation' clause, or it would have run as follows:—

Articles the produce or manufacture of Belgium shall not be subject in the British colonies to other or higher duties than those which are or may be imposed upon the same goods, *the produce of any other foreign country*.

Some such clause as this we might possibly have expected to find. A country may fairly ask that it shall not be treated less favourably than any third country. Such a claim constitutes, in fact, the essence of the modern commercial treaty system. But by the clauses as they stand in both treaties Great Britain has granted to Belgium and to Germany, and through them (by means of the 'most-favoured-nation' clause inserted in other treaties) to other civilised nations of the world, absolute identity of treatment not with each other only, but with ourselves, in every British colony and possession. There is no reservation of rights in case of eventualities, nor is there any reciprocal arrangement conferring corresponding privileges upon Great Britain in Belgian or German colonies, if any such should be established.

One can only stand aghast at the amazing nature of this agreement! It is easy to be wise after the event, but if the statesmen who negotiated these treaties could have foreseen the time when Germany would be our most dangerous commercial rival, imitating all our manufactures, counterfeiting our commercial marks, competing with us, not always by fair means, in every market of the world, they would certainly have hesitated before putting their names to a treaty which sacrifices in Germany's favour our freedom of action in a vital matter of imperial importance. But they no more foresaw our industrial struggle with Germany than they foresaw the Imperial movement of to-day. They apparently signed these treaties with a light heart, unhampered by any misgiving, or indeed consciousness, that the

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engagements they were entering upon might be fraught with the gravest consequences.

Speaking on this very subject to a deputation which waited upon him at the Foreign Office in June 1891, Lord Salisbury said:

> We have tried to find out from official records what the species of reasoning was which induced the statesmen of that day to sign such very unfortunate pledges. But I do not think they had any notion they were signing any pledges at all. I have not been able to discover that they at all realised the importance of the engagements into which they were entering.

The fact is, the 'Manchester delusions' were at that time just at their height. The colonies were looked upon as dependencies which must drop off one by one as they reached even the most immature maturity. The idea of a United Empire, which to us seems so natural and unquestionable, had not dawned upon the imagination of any practical politician. After a lapse of even so short a period as five-and-thirty years it is difficult to carry ourselves back into the political atmosphere of the early sixties upon all colonial questions.

Politically we live in a changed world. Probably no idea in our time has ever spread more rapidly than the idea of imperial unity. Twenty years ago it was a dream in the minds of a few thinkers. To-day it is an eager desire in the hearts of millions of the Queen's subjects. One had only to observe the demeanour of the London crowds on Jubilee day, when the colonial procession marched through the streets, one had only to listen to the cheers which greeted it, to realise that even the 'man in the street' had caught the significance of that unique spectacle, and had understood it with a clearness beyond one's most sanguine hopes.

The question which presents itself to the minds of our statesmen undoubtedly is, whither is this idea going to lead us, what will be its practical outcome? No one knows. No one can foretell. For the moment the aspiration is for closer commercial relationship. So much at all events is clear, for suddenly Canada has taken the first step—has, so to speak, made the plunge. Sir Wilfrid Laurier tells us in the passage quoted at the beginning of this article that Canada is moved by a feeling of gratitude to Great Britain. She may have other motives also, but with them we are not concerned. She has adopted a plan which does not in any way interfere with our existing system of free trade. She approaches us with a gift, and asks nothing in return but our acceptance of it.

And here are we uncertain how to receive the advances of our own colony, hampered as we are by engagements entered into by another political generation, at a time when entirely different ideas of our relationship with our colonies prevailed.

It is not my intention to discuss here whether this new Canadian policy does or does not come into conflict with the treaties of 1862 and 1865. Even if Canada succeeds in her contention that they do not

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apply, sooner or later some proposal from a British colony will bring the matter to a fresh issue. As the question must one day or other be met and fought out, what better opportunity than the present is likely to occur?

We are now on the rising wave of popular feeling in favour of Imperial Unity; but that feeling, like all other popular feelings, will ebb and flow, it will follow the inevitable law of action and reaction. Ought we not to take advantage of such a moment to clear our path of obstacles placed there by the carelessness or shortsightedness of a past generation?

Canada's action marks an epoch in the history of imperial development. We are all agreed that the demand for closer union should come from the colonies. Canada has made the first move; it is for the mother country to meet her at least halfway. Nothing will do so much to encourage the cause of Imperial Unity as some striking and conspicuous evidence from our side of our willingness to take up and carry to a successful conclusion the solution of the first real problem, which has arisen from the clashing of old treaty engagements with new imperial aspirations.

I believe there is only one way by which we can free ourselves from the unfortunate entanglement of these German and Belgian treaties, and that is by giving the stipulated notice for their determination, or, in technical language, by 'denouncing' them. It is impossible to isolate single clauses and denounce them, therefore we must denounce the treaties in their entirety. There is no technical difficulty in the way, because each of the treaties contains a provision for its termination at twelve months' notice by either party.[2] All right-minded people agree that, as a general principle, it is a very serious matter to tamper with treaties. They certainly should not be denounced lightly because their provisions no longer suit our convenience, still less because they do not prove as advantageous to material interests as was anticipated. Lord Salisbury's observation on this subject in a recent speech is well worth quoting: 'I maintain that the principle of acting upon treaties to which you have deliberately acceded is a sacred principle, and one which lies at the base of the civilisation of the world.' But the treaties which he had in his mind were great international instruments for the settlement of far-reaching questions, and not mere commercial conventions such as I am now dealing with. Commercial treaties have always been temporary in their character. They are almost always concluded for a fixed period, because the statesmen who negotiate them are aware that the conditions of commerce to which they are intended to apply are constantly changing. We have in our own time seen commercial treaty after commercial treaty denounced. Only a few years ago France terminated by due notice the

[2] See Clause XXV. in the Belgian Treaty and Clause VIII. in the Treaty with Prussia and the Zollverein.

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famous treaty of 1860, with which we connect the name of Mr. Cobden, because she wished to regain her complete liberty of action and start upon a fresh career of protection.

Neither our right to denounce the Belgian and German treaties nor the merely diplomatic propriety of such a course can be called in question.

What, then, is the serious argument against denouncing them? Simply stated it is, that—apart from the objectionable clauses—the treaties contain provisions which are very valuable to the trade of Great Britain, provisions which secure to us and to our colonies 'most-favoured-nation' treatment in countries whose commercial policy is increasingly protectionist. No doubt we shall also be told that our denouncing the treaties might provoke reprisals, not only from the two countries primarily concerned, but from others which obtain the benefit of the treaties through 'most-favoured-nation' arrangements.

I do not dwell upon the obvious reply, that the advantages we obtain from the valuable clauses may be too dearly purchased if the treaties which contain those clauses stand fatally in the way of Imperial Unity, although we should, I believe, consider that argument alone a sufficient one for denouncing the treaties. Let us rather consider what are, after all, the risks we run by denouncing them.

In the first place, Is there any real danger, if we denounce these treaties, of our not obtaining in future as good terms as we now enjoy under them?

The most valuable provisions in the Belgian and German treaties are those which secure to us 'most-favoured-nation' treatment. I call attention to the fact that we have no commercial treaty with France, and yet she accords us 'most-favoured-nation' treatment, and for the simple reason that we are her best customer. It is to her interest to conciliate us, and not to offend us. In matters of this kind nations are like individuals—they follow the dictates of their material interests.

Again, take Germany. We are also her best customer. Our whole country is flooded with articles 'made in Germany.' Is it likely that Germany will risk her great interests in English markets to avenge the loss of a privilege which, so far, has not been of any great value to her? For, though her exports to British colonies are steadily increasing, they are still small in amount compared with her exports to Great Britain.

The Germans have shown themselves shrewd men of business, as we have found to our cost, and the last thing they would wish is to alienate their most important customer at a time when competition is keenest in every market of the world.

We must never forget that free trade, with all its drawbacks, has done one thing for us which, at a time like this, is of great value—it has made our markets the most desired and most prized markets of the world. Every nation wishes to sell in them, and for that

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reason it is the interest of every nation to stand well with us. With treaties or without treaties I believe we shall always receive 'most-favoured-nation' treatment, first, because we shall always be large buyers, and again because, so long as we maintain anything like our present policy of free imports, our open markets offer of themselves better conditions to other countries than they can obtain from each other after long negotiations.

Moreover, in the matter of reprisals, what are our neighbours likely to do which they have not already done? European countries and the United States of America have alike framed their tariffs without any regard to us or to our feelings. They have studied, as they were fully entitled to do, their own interests and their own interests alone in their fiscal arrangements. No one will contend that we have influenced their general commercial policy one way or the other. It is difficult therefore to conceive any measures which they either have not already taken, or which, if taken, would not even from their point of view be more injurious to them than to us.

Besides, it must not be forgotten that we have ourselves a great reserve power of retaliation to draw upon—a power which is all the greater for not having been frittered away by continual small applications. Our statesmen have often felt themselves hampered in commercial negotiations by having nothing to offer (and nothing to refuse) in exchange for concessions from foreign Powers. Undoubtedly our devotion to the pure principle of free trade has weakened the hands of diplomatists in past times. It is not, however, difficult to imagine circumstances in which our Government would find itself armed with ample powers for offence as well as for defence; for in the changed temper of the nation I am convinced there are thousands and perhaps millions of Englishmen who, while shrinking from sacrificing the integrity of our free-trade policy to bolster up weak industries or in support of private interests, would yet willingly and gladly see it modified to promote the great cause of Imperial Unity.

We are too hesitating, too timid in our commercial policy. We cling to the protection of treaties, as if we had no weapons of our own to fight with. I do not believe we have anything whatever to fear from denouncing these treaties; but even if we had, the country has always shown itself willing to face some risk for a cause it had at heart. The moment it is clearly understood that these treaties are an obstacle at the entrance of the path which leads to Imperial union, that moment the treaties will be doomed.

After all, the problem with which I am dealing is only one of many which will arise before the consolidation of the Empire passes from aspiration to fact. Its importance lies in the fact of its being the first which has attracted great public attention. That a solution will be found satisfactory to both Canada and Great Britain no one

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can question. I do not doubt that we shall meet each problem as it is presented to us with prudence, determination, and courage. Neither at home nor in the colonies is any great or sudden change desired or asked for. In its earlier stages the movement towards Imperial Unity will probably follow the lines of all such political movements among the people of our race. I mean that it will be chiefly concerned with the 'removal of disabilities.' The efforts of the present generation of statesmen will be well spent in freeing us from all engagements which are inconsistent with the closer union of the different parts of the Empire. What form that closer union will eventually take it is needless to inquire. Enough for us if we have done our share in clearing the path.

HENRY BIRCHENOUGH.

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THE JAMESON EXPEDITION

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS

To the Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

SIR,—I should be very glad if you could see your way to publishing, in an early number of the *Nineteenth Century*, my official report of the expedition commonly known as the Jameson Raid. It was considered unadvisable for me to publish it pending our trial and the subsequent proceedings of the Select Committee of Inquiry, but now that those two events are things of the past I am most anxious, for the sake of myself and all concerned, to place on record in the most public manner the true story of our expedition, so that the public and posterity may be able to judge between it and the numerous silly misstatements promulgated by individuals who were not actually there. I have no desire to raise a controversy, or to impute blame to anyone, but merely to record the facts as they actually occurred.

This report was written in Pretoria prison within three days of our surrender, and while the events were still fresh in my mind.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
JOHN C. WILLOUGHBY.

June 17, 1897.

AT 3 p.m. on Sunday afternoon, December 29th, everything was in readiness at Pitsani Camp.

The troops were paraded, and Dr. Jameson read the letter of invitation from Johannesburg.

He then explained to the force (*a*) that no hostilities were intended; (*b*) that we should only fight if forced to do so in self-defence; (*c*) that neither the persons nor property of inhabitants of the Transvaal were to be molested; (*d*) that our sole object was to help our fellow-men in their extremity, and to ensure their obtaining full attention to their just demands.

Dr. Jameson's speech was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the men, who cheered most heartily.

The above programme was strictly adhered to until the column was fired upon on the night of the 31st.

Many Boers, singly and in small parties, were encountered on the line of march; to one and all of these the pacific nature of the expedition was carefully explained.

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Start from Pitsani.

The force left Pitsani Camp at 6.30 p.m., December 29th, and marched through the night.

At 5.15 a.m. on the morning of the 30th the column reached the village of Malmani (39 miles distant from Pitsani).

Junction effected at Malmani with B.B.P.

Precisely at the same moment the advanced guard of the Mafeking column (under Colonel Grey) reached the village, and the junction was effected between the two bodies.

Defile at Lead Mines passed.

From Malmani I pushed on as rapidly as possible, in order to cross in daylight the very dangerous defile at Lead Mines. This place, distant 71 miles from Pitsani, was passed at 5.30 p.m., December 30th.

I was subsequently informed that a force of several hundred Boers, sent from Lichtenburg to intercept the force at this point, missed doing so by three hours only.

Letter from Commandant General.

At our next 'off-saddle' Dr. Jameson received a letter from the Commandant-General of the Transvaal, demanding to know the reason of our advance, and ordering us to return immediately. A reply was sent to this explaining Dr. Jameson's reasons in the same terms as those used to the force at Pitsani.

Letter from High Commissioner.

At Doornpoort (91 miles from Pitsani), during an 'off-saddle' early on Tuesday morning, December 31st, a mounted messenger overtook us and presented a letter from the High Commissioner, which contained an order to Dr. Jameson and myself to return at once to Mafeking and Pitsani.

Reasons for not retreating.

A retreat by now was out of the question, and to comply with these instructions an impossibility. In the first place, there was absolutely no food for men or horses along the road which we had recently followed; secondly, three days at least would be necessary for our horses, jaded with forced marching, to return; on the road ahead we were sure of finding at all events some food for man and beast. Furthermore, we had by now traversed almost two-thirds of the total distance; a large force of Boers was known to be intercepting our retreat, and we were convinced that any retrograde movement would bring on an attack of Boers from all sides.

It was felt, therefore, that to ensure the safety of our little force no alternative remained but to push on to Krugersdorp to our friends, who we were confident would be awaiting our arrival there.

Apart from the above considerations, even had it been possible to effect a retreat from Doornpoort, we knew [1] that Johannesburg had risen, and felt that by turning back we should be shamefully deserting those coming to meet us.

Finally, it appeared to us impossible to turn back in view of the fact that we had been urgently called in to avert a massacre which

[1] *We knew this from reports of transport riders and others coming from the direction of Johannesburg whom we met on the road.—J. C. W., June* 1897.

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we had been assured would be imminent in the event of a crisis such as had now occurred.

Near Boon's Store on the evening of the 31st an advanced patrol fell in with Lieut. Eloff, of the Krugersdorp Volunteers. This officer, in charge of a party of 15 scouts, had come out to gain intelligence of our movements. He was detained whilst our intentions were fully explained to him, and then released at Dr. Jameson's request. Boer Scouts.

At midnight (New Year's Eve), while the advanced scouts were crossing a rocky wooded ridge at right angles to and barring the line of advance, they were fired on by a party of 40 Boers, who had posted themselves in this position. The scouts, reinforced by the advanced guard under Inspector Straker, drove off their assailants after a short skirmish, during which one Trooper of the M.M. Police was wounded. First Skirmish, New Year's Eve.

At Van Oudtshoorn's early on the following morning (Jan. 1st) Dr. Jameson received a second letter from the High Commissioner, to which he replied in writing.

At 9.30 a.m. the march was resumed in the usual day formation. After advancing two miles the column got clear of the hills and emerged into open country.

About this time Inspector Drury, in command of the rear guard, sent word that a force of about 100 Boers was following him about one mile in rear. I thereupon reinforced the rear guard, hitherto consisting of a troop and one Maxim, by an additional half-troop and another Maxim. 10.15 a.m.

About 5 miles beyond Van Oudtshoorn's Store the column was met by two cyclists bearing letters from several leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee. These letters [2] expressed the liveliest approval and delight at our speedy approach, and finally contained a renewal of their promise to meet the column with a force at Krugersdorp. The messengers also reported that only 300 armed Boers were in that town. 11 a.m.

This news was communicated to the troops, who received it with loud cheers.

When within two miles of Hind's Store the column was delayed by extensive wire fencing, which ran for one and a half miles on either side of the road, and practically constituted a defile.

While the column was halted and the wire being cut the country for some distance on both sides was carefully scouted.

By this means it was ascertained that there was a considerable force of Boers (1) on the left front; (2) in the immediate front (retreating hastily on Krugersdorp); (3) a third party on the right flank.

[2] *The letters which have been recently so much discussed before the South African Committee of Inquiry.—J. C. W., June* 1897.

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The force which had been following the column from Van Oudtshoorn's continued to hover in the rear.

Lieut.-Col. White, in command of the advanced guard, sent back a request for guns to be pushed forward as a precaution in case of an attack from the Boers in front. By the time these guns reached the advanced guard the Boers were still retreating some two miles off. A few rounds were then fired in their direction. Had Colonel White, in the first instance, opened fire with his Maxims on the Boers whom he surprised watering their horses close to Hind's Store, considerable loss would have been inflicted. But this was not our object, for, with the exception of the small skirmish on the previous night, the Boers had not as yet molested the column, whose sole aim was to reach Johannesburg, if possible, without fighting.

1.30 p.m. At this hour Hind's Store was reached.
Here the troops rested for one-and-a-half hours.

Unfortunately, hardly any provisions for men and horses were available.

An officers' patrol, consisting of Major Villiers (Royal Horse Guards) and Lieutenant Grenfell (1st Life Guards) and six men,
3 p.m. moved off for the purpose of reconnoitring the left flank of the Boer position, while Captain Lindsell, with his permanent force of advanced scouts, pushed on, as usual, to reconnoitre the approach by the main road. At the same time I forwarded a note to the Commandant of the forces in Krugersdorp, to the effect that, in the event of my friendly force meeting with opposition on its approach, I should be forced to shell the town, and that therefore I gave him this warning in order that the women and children might be moved out of danger.

To this note, which was despatched by a Boer who had been detained at Van Oudtshoorn's, I received no reply.

At Hind's Store we were informed that the force in our front had increased during the forenoon to about 800 men, of whom a large number were entrenched on the hillside.

Four miles beyond Hind's Store the column following the scouts, which met with no opposition, ascended a steep rise of some 400
4.30 p.m. feet, and came full in view of the Boer position on the opposite side of a deep valley traversed by a broad 'sluit' or muddy watercourse.

Standing on the plateau or spur, on which our force was forming up for action, the view to our front was as follows:—

Passing through our position from the west ran the Hind's Store-Krugersdorp road, traversing the valley and the Boer position almost at right angles to both lines.

Immediately to the north of this road, at the point where it disappeared over the sky-line on the opposite slope, lay the Queen's

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battery, house, and earthworks, completely commanding the valley on all sides, and distant 1,900 yards from our standpoint.

Some 1,000 yards down the valley to the north stood a farmhouse, surrounded by a dense plantation, which flanked the valley.

Half way up the opposite slope, and adjacent to the road, stood an iron house which commanded the drift where the road crossed the above-mentioned watercourse.

On the south side of the road, and immediately opposite the last-named iron house, an extensive rectangular stone-wall enclosure with high trees formed an excellent advanced central defensive position. Further up the slope, some 500 yards to the south of this enclosure, stretched a line of rifle pits, which were again flanked to the south by 'prospecting' trenches. On the sky-line numbers of Boers were apparent to our front and right front.

Before reaching the plateau we had observed small parties of Boers hurrying towards Krugersdorp, and immediately on reaching the high ground the rear guard was attacked by the Boer force which had followed the column during the whole morning.

I therefore had no further hesitation in opening fire on the Krugersdorp position.

The two 7-pounders and the 12½-pounder opened on the Boer line, making good practice, under Captain Kincaid-Smith and Captain Gosling, at 1,900 yards. 4.30 p.m.

This fire was kept up until 5 p.m. The Boers made practically no reply, but lay quiet in the trenches and battery.

Scouts having reported that most of the trenches were evacuated, the first line, consisting of the advance guard (a troop of 100 men) under Col. White, advanced. Two Maxims accompanied this force; a strong troop with a Maxim formed the right and left supports on either flank. 5 p.m.

Lieut.-Col. Grey, with one troop B.B.P. and one Maxim, had been previously detailed to move round and attack the Boers' left.

The remaining two troops, with three Maxims, formed the reserve and rear guard.

The first line advance continued unopposed to within 200 yards of the watercourse, when it was checked by an exceedingly heavy cross-fire from all points of the defence.

Col. White then pushed his skirmishers forward into and beyond the watercourse.

The left support, under Inspector Dykes, then advanced to prolong the first line to the left, but, diverging too much to his left, this officer experienced a very hot flanking fire from the farmhouse and plantation, and was driven back with some loss.

Col. Grey meanwhile had pushed round on the extreme right and come into action.

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About this time Major Villiers' patrol returned, and reported that the country to our right was open, and that we could easily move round in that direction.

5.30 p.m.

It was now evident that the Boers were in great force, and intended holding their position.

Without the arrival of the Johannesburg force in rear of the Boers—an event which I had been momentarily expecting—I did not feel justified in pushing a general attack, which would have certainly entailed heavy losses on my small force.

I accordingly left Inspector Drury with one troop and one Maxim to keep in check the Boers who were now lining the edge of the plateau to our left, and placed Colonel Grey with two troops B.B.P., one 12½-pounder, and one Maxim, to cover our left flank and continue firing on the battery and trenches south of the road.

I then made a general flank movement to the right with the remaining troops.

6.15 p.m.

Colonel Grey succeeded in shelling the Boers out of their advanced position during the next half-hour, and blew up the battery house.

Under this cover the column moved off as far as the first houses of the Randfontein group of mines, the Boers making no attempt to intercept the movement.

Flank movement.

Night was now fast approaching, and still there were no signs of the promised help from Johannesburg. I determined, therefore, to push on with all speed in the direction of that town, trusting, in the darkness, to slip through any intervening opposition.

Two guides were obtained, the column formed in the prescribed night order of march, and we started off along a road leading direct to Johannesburg.

At this moment heavy rifle and Maxim fire was suddenly heard from the direction of Krugersdorp, which lay one and a half miles to the left rear.

We at once concluded that this could only be the arrival of the long-awaited reinforcements, for we knew that Johannesburg had Maxims, and that the Staats-Artillerie were not expected to arrive until the following morning.

To leave our supposed friends in the lurch was out of the question. I determined at once to move to their support.

Leaving the carts, escorted by one troop, on the road, I advanced rapidly across the plateau towards Krugersdorp in the direction of the firing.

After advancing thus for nearly a mile the firing ceased, and we perceived the Boers moving in great force to meet the column; the flankers on the right reported another force threatening that flank.

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Fearing that an attempt would be made to cut us off from the ammunition carts, I ordered a retreat on them.

It was now clear that the firing, whatever might have been the cause thereof, was not occasioned by the arrival of any force from Johannesburg.

Precious moments had been lost in the attempt to stand by our friends at all costs, under the mistaken supposition that they could not fail to carry out their repeated promises, renewed to us by letter so lately as 11 a.m. this same day. It was now very nearly dark. In the dusk the Boers could be seen closing in on three sides, viz. north, east, and south. The road to Johannesburg appeared completely barred, and the last opportunity of slipping through, which had presented itself an hour ago when the renewed firing was heard, was gone not to return.

Nothing remained but to bivouac in the best position available. Bivouac, Jan. 1st.

But for the unfortunate circumstance of the firing, which we afterwards heard was due to the exultation of the Boers at the arrival of large reinforcements from Potchefstroom, the column would have been by this time (7 p.m.) at least four or five miles further on the road to Johannesburg, with an excellent chance of reaching that town without further opposition.

I moved the column to the edge of a wide vley to the right of the road, and formed the horses in quarter-column under cover of the slope; the carts were formed up in rear and on both flanks; five Maxims were placed along the front, so as to sweep the plateau.

The other three Maxims and the heavy guns were posted on the rear and flank faces.

The men were then directed to lie down between the guns and on the sides; sentries and cossack posts were posted on each face.

Meantime the Boers had occupied the numerous prospecting trenches and cuttings on the plateau, at distances from 400 to 800 yards.

At 9 p.m. a heavy fire was opened on the bivouac, and a storm of bullets swept over and around us, apparently directed from all sides except the south-west. 9 p.m.

The troops were protected by their position on the slope below the level of the plateau, so that the total loss from this fire, which lasted about twenty minutes, was very inconsiderable.

The men behaved with admirable coolness, and were as cheery as possible, although very tired and hungry and without water.

We were then left unmolested for two or three hours.

About midnight another shower of bullets was poured into the camp, but the firing was not kept up for long.

Midnight.

Somewhat later a Maxim gun opened on the bivouac, but failed to get our range.

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At 3.30 a.m. patrols were pushed out on all sides, while the force as silently and rapidly as possible was got ready to move off.

Thursday, Jan. 2nd.

At 4 a.m. a heavy fire was opened by the Boers on the column, and the patrols driven in from the north and east sides.

Under the direction of Major R. White (assisted by Lieut. Jesser-Coope) the column was formed under cover of the slope.

Soon after this the patrols which had been sent out to the south returned, and reported that the ground was clear of the Boers in that direction.

The growing light enabled us to ascertain that the Boers in force were occupying pits to our left and lining the railway embankment for a distance of one and a half miles right across the direct road to Johannesburg.

I covered the movements of the main body with the B.B.P. and two Maxims under Colonel Grey along the original left front of the bivouac, and two troops M.M.P. under Major R. White on the right front.

During all this time the firing was excessively heavy; however, the main body was partially sheltered by the slope.

Colonel White then led the advance for a mile across the vley without casualty, but on reaching the opposite rise near the Oceanic Mine was subjected to a very heavy long-range fire. Colonel White hereupon very judiciously threw out one troop to the left to cover the further advance of the main body.

This was somewhat delayed, after crossing the rise, by the disappearance of our volunteer guides of the previous night.

5 a.m.

Some little time elapsed before another guide could be obtained.

In the meantime Lieut.-Colonel Grey withdrew his force and the covering Maxims out of action under the protection of the M.M.P. covering troops, and rejoined the main body.

At this juncture Colonel Grey was shot in the foot, but most gallantly insisted on carrying on his duties until the close of the action.

Sub-Inspector Cazalet was also wounded here, but continued in action until he was shot again in the chest at Doornkop.

While crossing the ridge the column was subjected to a very heavy fire, and several men and horses were lost here.

I detailed a rear guard of one troop and two Maxims, under Major R. White, to cover our rear and left flank, and moved the remainder of the troops in the ordinary day formation as rapidly forward as possible.

In this formation a running rear and flank guard fight was kept up for ten miles. Wherever the features of the ground admitted a stand was made by various small detachments of the rear and flank

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guard. In this manner the Boers were successfully kept a distance of 500 yards and repulsed in all their efforts to reach the rear and flank of the main body.

In passing through the various mines and the village of Randfontein we met with hearty expressions of goodwill from the mining population, who professed a desire to help if only they had arms.

Ten miles from the start I received intelligence from Colonel Grey at the head of the column that Doornkop, a hill near the Speitfontein Mine, was held by 400 Boers, directly barring our line of advance. 8 a.m.

I repaired immediately to the front, Colonel White remaining with the rear guard.

On arriving at the head of the column I found the guns shelling a ridge which our guide stated was Doornkop.

The excellent dispositions for the attack made by Colonel Grey were then carried out.

The B.B.P. under Major Coventry, who, I regret to say, was severely wounded and lost several of his men, attacked and cleared the ridge in most gallant style, and pushed on beyond it.

About this time Inspector Barry received the wound which we have learnt with grief has subsequently proved fatal.

Chief Inspector Bodle at the same time, with two troops M.M.P., charged and drove off the field a large force of Boers threatening our left flank.

The guide had informed us that the road to the right of the hill was impossible, and that there was open and easy country to the left.

This information was misleading. I afterwards ascertained that, without storming the Boer position, there was no road open to Johannesburg, except by a wide détour of many miles to the right.

At this moment Dr. Jameson received a letter from the High Commissioner again ordering us to desist in our advance. Dr. Jameson informed me at the same time of the most disheartening news, viz., that he had received a message stating that Johannesburg would not or could not come to our assistance, and that we must fight our way through unaided. 8.30 a.m.

Thinking that the first ridge now in our hands was Doornkop, we again pushed rapidly on, only to find that in rear of the ridge another steep and stony kopje, some 400 feet in height, was held by hundreds of Boers completely covered from our fire.

This kopje effectually flanked the road over which the column must advance at a distance of 400 yards. Scouting showed that there was no way of getting round this hill.

Surrounded on all sides by Boers, men and horses wearied out, outnumbered by at least six to one, our friends having failed to keep their promises to meet us, and my force reduced numerically by one

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fourth,[3] I no longer considered that I was justified in sacrificing any more of the lives of the men under me.

As previously explained, our object in coming had been to render assistance, without bloodshed if possible, to the inhabitants of Johannesburg.

This object would in no way be furthered by a hopeless attempt to cut our way through overwhelming numbers, an attempt, moreover, which must, without any doubt, have entailed heavy and useless slaughter.

With Dr. Jameson's permission I therefore sent word to the Commandant that we would surrender provided he would give a guarantee of safe conduct out of the country to every member of the force.

9.15 a.m.

To this Commandant Cronge replied by a guarantee of the lives of all, provided that we would lay down our arms and pay all expenses.

In spite of this written guarantee of the lives of all, Commandant Malan subsequently repudiated the guarantee in so far as to say that he would not answer for the lives of the leaders; but this was not until our arms had been given up, and the force was at the mercy of the Boers.

I attribute our failure to reach Johannesburg in a great measure to loss of time from the following causes:—

(1) The delay occasioned by the demonstration in front of Krugersdorp, which had been assigned as the place of junction with the Johannesburg force.

(2) The non-arrival of that force at Krugersdorp, or of the guides to the Krugersdorp-Johannesburg section of the road, as previously promised by Johannesburg.

(3) The delay consequent on moving to the firing of the supposed Johannesburg column just before dark on Wednesday evening.

I cannot close this narrative without testifying to the very great gallantry and endurance of all officers, N.C. officers, and troopers under my command in the field and on the march under most trying circumstances.

COMPOSITION OF FORCE.

Lt.-Col. Sir John Willoughby, Roy. Horse Guards, Commanding.

Major Honble. Robert White, Roy. Welsh Fus., Senior Staff Officer.

Major C. Hyde Villiers, Roy. Horse Guards, Staff Officer.

Capt. Kincaid Smith, Roy. Artillery, Artillery Staff Officer.

[3] 23 *killed*; 45 *wounded*; 8 *missing* (*and probably killed*); 15 *prisoners*; *about* 30 *sick and unfit for duty*. *Total about* 121.—*J. C. W., June* 1897.

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Capt. Kennedy, B.S.A. C.'s Service, Quarter-Master.
Capt. E. Holden, Derbyshire Yeomanry, Asst. Quarter-Master.
Surgeon Capt. Farmer, B.S.A. Co. } Medical
Surgeon Capt. Seaton Hamilton, late 1st Life Guards } Officers.
Lt. Grenfell, 1st Life Guards, Remount Officer.
Lt. Jesser Coope, B.S.A. Co., Transport Officer.
Capt. Lindsell, late Roy. Scot. Fusiliers, in charge Scouts.
Maj. J. B. Stracey, Scots Guards
Maj. Heany, B.S.A. Co.
Capt. Foley
Lt. Harry R. Holden, late Grenr. Guards } Officers temporarily attached to Staff.

Officers of Mashonaland Mounted Police.

Lt.-Col. Hon. H. F. White, Grenadier Guards, Commanding.
Inspector Bodle (late 6th Dragoons), 2nd in Command.
Inspector Straker, Commanding A troop.
Inspector Dykes, Commanding B troop.
Inspector Barry, Commanding C troop.
Inspector Drury, Commanding D troop.
Sub-Insprs. Scott and Cashel, A troop.
Sub-Insprs. Tomlinson and Chawner, B troop.
Sub-Insprs. Cazalet and Williams, C troop.
Sub-Insprs. Murray and Constable, D troop.
Arty. Troop—Inspector Bowden and Sub.-Inspr. Spain. Regtl.-Serg.: Maj. Abbott.

Bechuanaland Border Police.

Lt.-Col. Raleigh Grey, 6th Dragoons, Commanding.
Major Hon. Charles Coventry, 2nd in Command.
Capt. Gosling, commanding G troop.
Sub-Lts. Hoare and Wood, commanding G troop.
Capt. Munroe, commanding K troop.
Sub-Lt. McQueen, commanding K troop.
Med. Officer Surgeon Garraway.
Veterinary Surgeon Lakie.

Pitsani Column.

M. M. Police Officers and Men	372
Staff	13
Colony Boys (leading horses, &c.)	65
Horses	480
Mules	128

One 12½-pounder, 6 Maxims, 6 Scotch Carts, 1 Cape Cart, 2 Grain Waggons.

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Mafeking Column.

B. B. Police, Officers and Men	122
Staff	1
Drivers and Leaders	10
Horses	160
Mules	30

Two 7-pounders, 2 Maxims, 2 Scotch Carts, 2 Cape Carts.

Totals.

Officers and Men	494
Staff	14
Drivers, Leaders, &c.	75
Horses	640
Mules	158
M. H. Maxims	8
12½-pounder	1
7-pounder	2
Scotch carts	8
Cape carts	3

Ammunition.

Lee-Met. Rifle.

	Rounds.
Carried by men and natives	50,000
„ in Scotch carts and Cape do.	54,000
Total	104,000

Maxim.

On the guns	17,000
In carts	28,000
Total	45,000

12½-pounder.

On limber	44
On one Scotch cart	80
Total	124

7-pounder.

On limbers	70
In Scotch carts	172
Total	242

The rifle ammunition used was that supplied by the Maxim firm for their guns, and also pellet powder.

The powder used with the 12½-pounder was that known as 'ballistite.'

Socket signals and limelights were carried but not used.

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Equipment carried.

On the person.

(*a*) Rifle (10 rounds).
(*b*) Bandolier (60 rounds).
(*c*) Havresack (half-day's ration).
(*d*) Water bottle filled.

On saddle.

(*a*) Nosebag (5 lb. grain).
(*b*) Cloak on wallet.
(*c*) Rifle bucket.
(*d*) Patrol tin (with grocery ration).
(*e*) Leather axe-holder (every fourth man).

Near-side wallet, 30 rounds and half-day's rations.
Off-side wallet, 20 rounds, tin dubbin, holdall, and towel.
Average weight carried by horse = 16 stone.
" " " " Scotch carts = 1,600 lb.

JOHN C. WILLOUGHBY.

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RECENT SCIENCE

BRAIN STRUCTURE—THE APPROACH OF THE 'BLACK DEATH'—SNAKE-BITE

I

NOT further than thirty or forty years ago it was very generally maintained and taught that the psychical activity of mind on the one side, and the chemical or physical changes which take place in the brain and the nerves on the other side, belong to two quite distinct domains, separated by a wide gap which can by no means be bridged over. Our sensations, our emotions, our thoughts, it was said, and the material changes which may go on in the nervous system, are not only two distinct sets of facts—they are two quite separate worlds, 'separate in existence.' Consequently, if physiologists should ever succeed in tracing each electrical current and each chemical change produced in the brain and the nerves whilst a sensation is awakened and thoughts besiege our mind, they nevertheless would add absolutely nothing to our knowledge of sensations and thoughts; still less to their interpretation. Facts of psychology can *not* be explained by facts of physics or chemistry.

Current ideas, however, are rapidly changing upon this point. It lies beyond contest that from a mass of psycho-physiological investigations which have been made within the last thirty years, something new has continually been learned about man's psychical life—something that could not be learned from mere psychological self-observation. And gradually, even the strictest psychologists have grown accustomed to the idea that in the researches of physiologists they will find, to say the least, a most precious aid for their own investigations. One group of such researches—into the gradual evolution of senses in the animal world—was analysed last year in this Review;[1] and the new light that was thrown by these researches upon the complicated nature of our own sensations, as well as upon the evolution of what we describe as the conscious state of mind, was indicated. Now we have to analyse another group of epoch-making discoveries relative to the finer structure of the nerve-system, and to see what may be learned from them about a still higher sphere of mental activity, namely, the associations of ideas and the mechanism of thought.

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, August 1896.

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The ambition of modern physiologists will be best understood from some such illustration as the following. Suppose a flash of lightning strikes our eyes, and we see a thunderbolt striking a tree in our neighbourhood. Immediately, and quite unconsciously, we may stop in our walk, turn pale, or lift our hand as if to protect our eyes. Next we may make some quite conscious movement—run, let us say, towards the tree to ascertain whether a child which we saw a moment before in that direction has not been struck by the thunderbolt. Or the reminiscence of a friend who has had a narrow escape in a similar circumstance may be awakened all of a sudden. Or we may set thinking about the rain which is coming, and is much wanted for the crops, or about electricity and the cause of lightning, or about the beauty of the suddenly illuminated landscape, and so on. Now, our sensations in this case, and our subsequent emotions, conscious actions, and thoughts may, of course, be described and studied by the psychologist; in fact nearly all the domain of psychology can be strolled over in this simple case. But then the physiologist steps in. He wants to know, in his turn, what changes, chemical or physical, took place in the retina of our eye as it was struck by light; what nerves were irritated next, and to what parts of the brain and the spinal cord the nerve-current was transmitted; in which way these or those muscles of the arm, or such blood-vessels of the face, were contracted; what took place in the cells of the brain, and in which way the conscious run towards the tree was originated; by what mechanism the old, dormant reminiscences of a friend, or the familiar associations of lightning with rain, with electricity, or with the beauty of a landscape, were awakened; in which spots of the brain were these associations stored, and how was it that once more they came to consciousness?

The problem is immense, and is imbued with the deepest interest. It matters little what are one's particular views upon 'matter' and 'mind.' Once it is admitted that for each sensation, emotion, or thought there is an equivalent process which goes on in the brain and the nerves—and that much is now admitted on all sides—both processes must be known in full. They may be described as simply 'parallel,' but 'separate in existence,' and not in the least interdependent—that would be the dualist's view; or they may be considered, by the monist, as the two aspects, inner and outer, of the very same process; or the psychical process may be considered as a result of what took place in the brain and the nerves—such would be the materialist's view; but all three—the dualist, the monist, and the materialist—are equally interested in knowing both processes in all their details. This is, in fact, what science aims at at the present time.

The task is, however, beset with almost incredible difficulties, and one of the chief among them was for a very long time the

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impossibility of making out the finer structure of nerve-tissues. In all sciences dealing with life it has been lately found out that a *grosso modo* study of the organs is utterly insufficient; that in order to understand nutrition and growth, reproduction and heredity—life in a word—attention must be turned to the wonderful phenomena which go on in the tiny microscopical cells.[2] The same became necessary in psycho-physiology: the tiny nerve-cells, each of which leads its own life, while all are thoroughly connected together, had to be studied. Not further back than ten years ago that study met with almost insuperable obstacles. The nerve-cells were found to be surrounded with such an inextricable tissue of finest nerve-fibres that it seemed almost hopeless to disentangle the tissue. Imagine a thick felt, which is composed not of thick hair, but of millions of finest microscopical fibres ramifying in all directions, and try to follow in it each separate fibre! Various roundabout methods were tried,[3] and the most astounding was that certain anatomists (especially His) succeeded to some extent in disentangling that network, at least for the white bundles of nerves. But the grey substance of the brain and the spinal cord defied all their efforts.

Then came, in 1885, the welcome news that the Italian professor, Golgi, had discovered a new method of staining microscopical preparations, which enabled him to trace separate nerve-fibres in the grey tissue as well.[4] The method soon was tested, slightly improved upon, and in the hands of such anatomists as His, Lenhossék, van Gehuchten, Retzius, Sala, and especially the Spanish anatomist, S. Ramón y Cajal, and the veteran histologist Kölliker, it soon yielded quite unexpected results. In less than ten years the felt was disentangled; and the intimate structure of the brain and the spinal cord —their grey and white substances alike—the nerve-ganglia, and the nerve-system altogether, appeared under a quite new aspect.

It is firmly established now that the different parts of the nerve-system consist of millions of microscopical nerve-units, which are all built upon the same fundamental plan. The name of *neurons* has

[2] Some idea about the cell and its life was given in this Review in two previous articles ('Recent Science,' May and December 1892).

[3] Artificial decay of some fibre being produced, it was next traced in the bundles of nerve-fibres. The embryological development of separate nerve-cells was also studied with success for that purpose, chiefly by His.

[4] When an animal or vegetable tissue has to be examined under the microscope, an extremely thin, transparent section of it must be obtained. This is easily done now, after previous hardening, with the aid of modern instruments. Advantage is next taken of the fact that if the tissue be plunged into some stains, different parts of it stain more readily than the others. By using various stains, blood-vessels, various fibres, or the microbes which may be contained in the tissue, are made to appear quite distinctly under the microscope. Golgi found out that if a piece of nerve-tissue be hardened in a solution of bichromate of potassium, and be plunged next for twenty-four hours into silver nitrate, a precipitation of opaque red silver chromate is formed in a small number of cells only, and that consequently the finest ramifications of the nerve-fibres of these few cells appear very distinctly.

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been proposed for these units, and is now pretty generally accepted. Like all other cells, the nerve-cells consist of protoplasm, and have a nucleus and a still smaller nucleolus; while they vary, of course, very much in size, and their shape may be round or stellar, or roughly triangular. A typical nerve-cell differs, however, from all other cells in that it has, as a rule, two sorts of outgrowths. On the one side it gives origin to short ramifications of naked grey protoplasm, which may be covered with protoplasm granules or send out short side branches, so that they resemble a microscopic moss; these ramifications have received the name of *dendrons*. From the other side of the cell issues a nerve-fibre—one or more. As a rule the fibre is longer than the dendrons: it may attain any length, from a mere fraction of one-tenth of an inch to two or three feet. Its ramifications are also much longer, and it essentially differs from the dendrons in being smooth and consisting, as a rule, of a thin thread of grey nerve-matter enclosed in a thin sheath of yellow, greasy, protective matter. The fibres end in a great number of thin tree-like, unsheathed ramifications. It has been remarked, moreover, that wherever the functions of the nerve-cells are well determined, the naked moss-like dendrons convey outside irritations *towards* the cell; while the sheathed nerve-fibres convey the nerve-current *from* the cell—to the muscles, to the tissues, or to other nerve-cells.

A nerve-cell, with moss-like ramifications of naked protoplasm (dendrons) on the one side, and with one or more sheathed nerve-fibres issuing from it on the other side—such is, then, the typical *neuron*.[5] This is the fundamental unit out of which the nerve-system is built up. In a frog it will have but few and short ramifications on both sides; but in a lizard, in a rat, and the more so in man, the number of ramifications will be very great. Again, in the embryo of a mammalian the embryonal nerve-cell (*neuroblast*) will be simply an oval sac provided with but one thread-like appendage; but as the animal grows, two sorts of appendages appear, and they ramify more and more, in proportion as full mental development is attained. And, what is still more striking, whether we take those big cells in the grey cortex of the brain which are the organs of the highest psychical faculties (the so-called 'psychical cells'), or any other nerve-cells, they maintain the same essential features. The differences are in the number of their ramifications, and in their connections with

[5] If the comparison were not so rough, a neuron could almost be compared (to give an idea of its shape without a drawing) to a microscopical radish, of which the body would correspond to the cell, the leaves to the dendrons, and the root and rootlets to the nerve-fibres. As has been remarked by Professor Schäfer (*Nature*, 13th of August, 1896), the name of *neuron* is not etymologically correct, and ought to be applied to the nerve-fibre alone. In this case one would say that the nerve-cell, or the nerve-unit, consists of a cell-body (we call it nerve-cell), with dendrons on the one side and a neuron (we say a nerve-fibre) issuing on the other side. This nomenclature has been followed with full success by Mr. Donaldson (*The Growth of the Brain*).

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other neurons. The infinite variety of man's psychical life, his sensations, his emotions, his conscious and unconscious movements, and his thoughts have thus no other arena for their development but these nerve-cells, with their protoplasmic outgrowths, and their nerve-fibres. An inexhaustible variety of psychical acts is achieved, not through a corresponding variety of elements, but through the countless multitude of *connections* which can be established between these millions of cells. When the flash of lightning makes us move our hand or run, laugh, or cry, and think of this or that subject, these manifold results are obtained in accordance with the various connections that are established between the ramifications of thousands of cells. Neurons of the brain and the spinal cord transmit nerve-impulses to each other, and nerve-currents are sent through other neurons to the arms and legs, to different muscles of the face, to the heart, to the blood-vessels, and to different other cells of the brain itself. And out of this multitude of connections a very small part only will reach our consciousness—what we call our 'I'—while the immense number will be simply automatic and lie beyond any control.

The linkage of the neurons deserves special attention. In the simplest case a neuron may receive irritations through its dendrons, and transmit them through its nerve-fibre to a muscle, which consequently contracts. More often, however, the ramified ends of the nerve-fibre do not yet reach a muscle; they spread amidst and around the dendrons of another neuron, and the nerve-current has to pass through a second neuron before it reaches the muscle. Again, the nerve-fibre of the second neuron often divides into two branches which run in opposite directions: one of them goes, for instance, up the spinal cord, reaches the brain, and there envelops with its twigs the dendrons of a psychical cell; while the other branch goes down the spinal cord and reaches another neuron, out of which a fibre runs towards a muscle or to some other neuron connected with some other part of the body.

The countless combinations which may arise in this way and the complexity of results can easily be imagined. The three chief parts of the central nerve-system of man—the brain, the spinal cord, and the nerve-ganglia—are thus closely connected together.[6] Nay, within the brain itself countless fibres connect its different parts and regions;

[6] It may as well be remembered here that our central nerve-system consists of three chief parts: the brain (or rather the encephalon), the spinal cord, and the so-called vaso-motor system (rows of nerve-ganglia, which run parallel to the spinal cord). Bundles of nerves issue from each of these three main parts towards all organs of senses and all parts of the body. The encephalon, or brain, consists in its turn of two hemispheres which make the brain proper (*cerebrum*), the small or hind-brain (*cerebellum*), the mid-brain, the bridge and the bulb (or after-brain), which connects the encephalon with the spinal cord. Each hemisphere consists, again, of white matter (chiefly nerve-fibres), completely covered by a *cortex* of grey matter (chiefly cells). Specks of grey matter exist also in other parts of the brain, and the spinal cord consists of two columns of grey matter, surrounded by white matter.

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while thousands of nerves connect the organs of senses, as well as all muscles and all the inner organs, and even each hair of the skin, with some part of the central system. Surely it is by no means an easy task to find out the paths of the nerve-currents within that amazingly complicated network. But they have been followed, and are now known to a great extent.

An illustration will perhaps better represent the complexity of these connections, and show their characters. Suppose the skin of the right hand is irritated by, let us say, a burn. The end-ramifications of some nerve-fibre, which exist in every portion of the skin, at once transmit the irritation inwards, to a ganglion cell, located near the spinal cord.[7] From it a nerve-impulse is sent along another nerve-fibre, which enters, let us say, the spinal cord, and there envelops with its end-branches the dendrons of some neuron. The central nerve-system has thus been rendered aware of the irritation of the skin, and in some way or another it will respond to it. The nerve-current, after having reached the cell of that spinal cord neuron, immediately issues from it along a nerve-fibre; and if that fibre runs towards a striated muscle of, let us say, the other hand, our left hand may touch or scratch the burned spot without our 'I' being aware of that action: it is a simple reflex action. But the nerve-fibre of that same cell may divide into two main branches, and while one of them runs to the muscle of the left hand, the other branch runs up the spinal cord and reaches (either directly or through an intermediate neuron) one of the big pyramidal cells of the grey cortex of the brain. The ramifications of this branch envelop the dendrons of the brain cell and transmit the impulse to it. Then our 'I' becomes conscious of the sensation in the right hand, and we may—quite consciously this time—examine the burn. However, the pyramidal cell in the grey cortex is connected, through its dendrons and fibres, with many other cells of the brain, and all these cells are also started into activity. But the big pyramidal cells, in some way unknown, are the recipients and keepers of formerly received impressions; and as they are stimulated, associations of previously impressed images—that is, thoughts—are generated. A familiar association between a burn and oil may thus be awakened, and we put some oil on the burn. At the same time the nerve-impulse was also transmitted to that row of ganglia (the so-called vaso-motor system) which is connected with the heart, the intestines, and all other inner organs, as also with the blood-vessels, the glands, and the roots of the hair. And if the burn was severe, and very painful, the activity of the heart may resent it, as also the blood-vessels: we may turn pale, shed tears, and so on.[8]

[7] There exists still some confusion about these cells; but I take the simplest case.

[8] For this part of the nerve-system see Kölliker's admirable address, delivered before the sixty-sixth Congress of German Naturalists and Physicians, held in Vienna in September 1894.

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Now, if we analyse this illustration (which only represents one out of scores of possible results of an outward irritation), we see that various hypotheses may be made for explaining how an undoubtedly physical nerve-impulse (the burn) could be transformed into complicated psychical processes, each of which also ended in physical facts (contraction of muscles, tears, and so on). The dualist, the monist, and the materialist will each defend his own hypothesis. But the paths which the nerve-impulse follows, and the activity which it starts in a number of cells of the brain, the spinal cord and the ganglia are hypotheses no more. They are facts which have been ascertained by scores of direct observations. The electrical effects of the nerve-impulse, as it is transmitted along such and such nerves, have been measured; its transmission from this or that cell of the cord to these or those cells of the brain has been tracked step by step; nay, as will presently be mentioned, the activity of the stimulated nerve-cells in the brain and elsewhere has actually been observed, and the effects of fatigue in nerve-cells have been studied in detail. And when the anatomist maintains that an irritation of the skin will be transmitted in this way, and not in another, to such cells in such cases, and start into activity such cells of the brain, this is speculation no longer. It is a fact of natural science, firmly established, and verified in different ways by a mass of mutually controlled observations.[9]

II

The consequences of these remarkable researches and discoveries are evidently numerous and important.

Each neuron is, then, a separate unit, and can be compared to an amœba-like organism, possessed of its own life, its own irritability, and its own capacity to receive irritations from without and to answer them. And, starting with loose aggregations of nerve-units of the simplest type

[9] S. Ramón y Cajal, *Les nouvelles idées sur la structure du système nerveux*, translated with additions from the Spanish (Paris 1895), where a full bibliography, containing the works of Golgi, His, Lenhossék, van Gehuchten, &c., is given, and his Croonian lecture before the Royal Society (*Transactions* and *Nature*, 15th of March, 1894, vol. lix., p. 465); Kölliker's *Handbuch der Gewebelehre des Menschen*, 6th edition, 1893-96; and Michael Foster's *Textbook of Physiology*, vols. iii. and iv., may be taken as the safest guides. Also the two excellent American reviews, *Journal of Psychology* and *Psychological Review*, and the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*, *Mind* and *Brain*, published in this country. Déjérine's big work, *Le Cerveau* (Paris, 1895), is a treasury of splendid drawings from the microscopic preparations. Of a mass of works, Lenhossék's *Der feinere Bau des Nervensystems*, Wien, 1895, and S. Exner's *Entwurf einer physiologischen Erklärung der psychischen Erscheinungen*, Wien, 1895, deserve a special mention. S. Ramón y Cajal's new work, *Beiträge zum Studium der Medulla oblongata* &c., is only known to the present writer from abstracts. For the general reader, the two volumes, 1895 and 1896, of *L'Année pyschologique*, edited by Binet and Beaunis (general reviews by Forel and Azoulay), can especially be recommended, as also H. H. Donaldson's *The Growth of the Brain*, London, 1895, and Dr. Waller's article in *Science Progress*, May 1895.

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—such as are found in both the lowest animals and the embryos of the highest ones—it became possible to trace step by step the evolution of the nerve-system in the animal series, and the parallel evolution of psychical faculties—not yet in all details, but in all its essential features.

At a very low grade, in very low animals, the neurons are already found grouped into nerve-ganglia, and there they already become connected together and associated. Consequently, a very vague sort of consciousness, derived from irritations transmitted to a group of associated nerve-cells, already makes it appearance. Then, going a step further, to the lower articulate animals, such as worms, which consist of separate segments, a succession of nerve-ganglia is found —one pair in each segment; and as that series of articulates is ascended higher and higher, nerve-fibres are discovered, which issue from separate ganglia, and run lengthways, connecting them together. Accordingly, a sort of common consciousness of the whole being, of the whole chain of segments, is evolved, and everyone can easily ascertain it himself by observing the behaviour of these animals. At the same time, in the front segment of the animal—its head—the vision and the smell organs are specified more or less; nerve-matter grows round the inner ends of the nerves of these sense organs, and a sort of brain is developed; while in the high articulates (bees, wasps, ants) there is already a real brain, connected by nerve-fibres with all other parts of the body. And yet each of the segments of the body being possessed of its own ganglia, maintains its own consciousness. The body of a beheaded grasshopper continues for a short time to lay eggs, and the head of an ant, separated from the trunk during one of their battles, remains, as the great explorer of ants, Professor Forel, remarks, for a few seconds 'capable of distinguishing between an inhabitant of its own nest and a stranger, and behaves accordingly' —that is, tries to fight the latter.[10]

It is only in vertebrates that the brain gradually attains a prevailing influence over the entire nerve-system, and that such anatomical features are discovered in it as correspond to a higher psychical activity. Only in birds and mammals, but not yet in fishes and reptiles, the inner ends of the nerves of vision become connected with the grey cortex of the brain by a great number of nerve-fibres; and consequently the bird, and still more the mammal, not only sees, but understands what it sees, and interprets it in connection with previously accumulated experience. Compare in fact the sparrow, which at once notices that the small scraps of paper which you throw him, instead of grain, are no food, with the hungry snake, which stops in the midst of its pursuit of a mouse or a frog, and even glides over the latter, simply because the one and the other have stopped running

[10] Forel, in a general review of the subject in Binet and Beaunis, *Année psychologique*, ii. p. 25.

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or jumping.[11] The bird knows what it sees, and associates it with what it has seen before, while the snake is nearly devoid of that power. It is known, moreover, that in the human infant the anatomical connection between the nerves of vision and the grey cortex is established during the second month of life, and that that moment marks the opening of a quite new departure in psychical life; while, on the other hand, even a full-grown man loses his capacity of spelling and reading if these nerve-fibres are destroyed by any cause.[12]

Altogether, it is only in mammals, and especially in man, that the grey cortex of the brain attains a considerable development, and that thousands of fibres which do not exist in lower mammals connect together the different parts of the cortex itself—and no one doubts the superiority of human intelligence. Nay, in the highly developed human individuals, these connections or association channels attain their highest development, and it is not unreasonable to presume that the development of such association pathways, as well as a formidable development of the protoplasmic and nerve-fibre ramifications of the cerebral neurons, are of a greater importance for the development of a higher intelligence than the size or even the weight of the brain.[13] However, even in man, what we describe as our consciousness is the resultant of a very great number of nerve-impulses spreading in a mass of neurons—the greatest portion of these impulses never reaching our consciousness. All psychical facts which we know from self-observation are thus syntheses, but extremely incomplete and often deceptive syntheses, concerning the real sequence of processes which are going on in our brain.[14]

Thousands of nerve-impulses or nerve-waves (*neurocymes*) flow continually through the fibres and cells of our neurons. True that the nature of these nerve-currents is still unknown; but it is certain that the electrical charge of a nerve-cell varies while it is at work,[15] and that chemical changes take place in the protoplasm of the cell. The admirable observations of Professor Hodge in America, continued and extended by Dr. Mann in this country, show, indeed, that a nerve-cell, after it has been at work for some time, whether in brain work or in stimulating a muscle for muscular work, is deeply affected. The nucleus shrinks together, large vacuoles appear in its protoplasm;

[11] A number of experiments has been made in that direction by Edinger on snakes, and Wurm on birds (quoted by Edinger).

[12] See Professor L. Edinger's *Zwölf Vorlesungen über den Bau der nervösen Centralorganen*, 3te Auflage, Leipzig, 1892, and especially his admirable address, delivered in 1896 before the sixty-eighth Congress of the German Naturalists and Physicians.

[13] Ramón y Cajal's *Nouvelles idées*, &c.; and Edinger's above-mentioned address.

[14] Forel, in *Année psychologique*, 2e année, 1896.

[15] See the exhaustive researches in this direction by Dr. Aug. Waller, summed up in his Croonian lecture (*Philosophical Transactions*, Series B, vol. 188 (1897), pp. 1–101.

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and some time of rest—chiefly sleep—is absolutely necessary, in order that the cell may return to its previous state. If this condition is not fulfilled, an overworked nerve-cell or a group of such cells will never recuperate; overwork without proper rest will make them lost for ever, while other neurons close by, which were not overworked, will remain unaffected.[16]

The relative independence of the neurons undoubtedly throws some new light upon the processes of thought. Our intellectual activity consists, as we all know, of ever-changing combinations of representations or images which in some way unknown have been stored in our memory. When we think, we always draw upon that stock. But so many impressions and images have been impressed upon the memory in one's lifetime that, if all these impressions and images were awakened each time that we set thinking, we would be overpowered by their mass; our thoughts would become a hopeless confusion. In fact everyone knows, more or less, from his own experience, such a state of mind when we are unable to think, on account of the too great multitude of associations that are awakened at the same time. Happily enough, the immense number of images stored in our memory remains dormant; and when we begin to think about some subject, those facts and images only which we have been recently accustomed to associate with the present subject of our thoughts are awakened; and it takes some time before other less familiar associations and secondary connected facts, which we once knew but had practically 'forgotten,' are recalled to life and join the main current of thought.

Now, it is generally admitted that the big pyramidal cells of the brain cortex are the actual seat of memory, each of these cells retaining (in some way unknown) some trace of a given representation or of a group of images. It is well known, indeed, that the destruction, degeneration, or paralysis of separate pyramidal cells results in the loss of memory of a given group of facts, or even of given words, not of all memory. But as these and similar cells are embedded in an inextricable tangle-work of nerve-fibres, which were formerly supposed to be permanently connected with each other, it was always a stumbling-block for the physiologist when he tried to explain why the irritation or the activity of one of these cells does not spread to *all* cells at once, in which case the above-mentioned confusion would have been unavoidable.

The recent discoveries put an end to that difficulty.[17] S. Ramón y Cajal has proved, and his conclusions are now confirmed by a mass of researches, that, though the ramifications of two neighbour neurons

[16] Hodge, *Journal of Morphology*, Boston, 1894; summed up in Donaldson's *Growth of the Brain*. Gustav Mann, *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*, October 1894, vol. ix., summed up in *Psychological Review*, ii. 1895, p. 80.

[17] See the excellent article on this subject by Dr. Azoulay in *Année psychologique*, 2e année, p. 255, based on Cajal's last works and private correspondence with him.

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lie in a very close contiguity to each other, there is no permanent contact between them. The gap is, perhaps, of one ten-thousandth part of an inch, but there is a gap; and unless a temporary contact be established the nerve-current cannot pass from one neuron to the other. Such temporary contacts undoubtedly are continually established and broken again, and the question is in what way, and owing to what cause? But the question itself has arisen so recently that here we must enter on the domain of hypotheses. The physiologist knows the dead neuron, and sees that there is no contact between its ramifications and those of the next neuron; but how can he observe a nerve-cell in the brain while it is in full activity? And yet, notwithstanding, something is already known about this delicate subject, and more will surely be known soon.

The Italian anatomist, Tanzi, established that in the ordinary state of things the ramifications of two neighbour neurons do not touch each other; but he also discovered that when a nerve-current flows along a nerve-fibre it elongates it, and thus the working fibre can touch the next neuron. On the other side, Widersheim has studied *living* neurons in the brain of a little crustacean (*Leptodora hyalina*) which has so transparent a body and skin that the cells of its brain can be observed while they are in full activity. It appeared that they are endowed with a wonderful mobility. Like the little amœbas, they change their forms, protrude ramifications and draw them in, exactly as the amœba draws in and protrudes its pseudopodia. And the proof that the little brain was working in its own crustacean way, whilst Widersheim observed it, was that its cells exhibited the same symptoms of fatigue which Dr. Hodge discovered in the nerve-cells of higher animals; their contents became troubled, and the same vacuoles appeared in their protoplasm. Only the movements of the brain-cells of the little creature were very much slower than they ought to be in the neurons of higher animals.

Striking as these facts are, they do not yet seem sufficient to explain how the temporary contacts are established, and there are several hypotheses in the field. Rückert and Lépine prefer the purely mechanical explanation. The nerve-current, they say, itself draws the nerve-fibre which it passes through, and the contacts are established in this way. Another great authority, Mathias Duval, who has brilliantly worked out the consequences of the temporary contacts between neurons, is inclined to believe that the activity of a nerve-fibre results in the secretion of some chemical substances which may attract the protoplasmic ramifications of the next neuron; but the hypothesis is contested by no less an authority than Kölliker. And finally, S. Ramón y Cajal resorts to a third hypothesis. The nerve-cells, he remarks, are embedded amidst a mass of small, star-shaped cells, provided with long, feathery ramifications (the *neuroglia* cells). Formerly the neuroglia cells were supposed to supply nutritive

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elements to the nerve-cells, but now that they are better known this opinion has to be abandoned, and the Spanish histologist attributes to them a much higher function: he considers them as isolators of the nerve-currents. When the brain is at rest, the neuroglia cells have their thin feathery branches widely spread, and thus prevent the fine ramifications of two neighbour neurons from touching one another. Nerve-currents cannot pass from one neuron to the next. But when, under the influence of some impulses, either dependent or independent upon will, some neuroglia cells are contracted, their feathery fibres are drawn in, and in consequence of mere inter-cerebral pressure the end fibres of one neuron touch the dendrons of the next neuron, and the nerve-current is transmitted. Our voluntary and our involuntary movements, the associations of ideas, the aberrant ideas which sometimes cross the brain, and the words which escape involuntarily would be due, under this hypothesis, to the contractions of neuroglia cells. The obsession of some reminiscences which we cannot get rid of would result from a tetanous contraction of some neuroglia cells. The temporary exaltation of thought at certain moments, and the difficulty of expression at other moments, could be easily explained under the same hypothesis; while the idea of the identity of one impression with a previous impression might be due to the fact that the two have contracted the same or similarly situated neuroglia cells. Ideas of analogy, of difference, and so on, could be explained in the same way, while various mental diseases would be the result of the paralysis of certain neuroglia cells.[18]

These are, of course, hypotheses only. A quite new chapter of the physiology of the brain having been opened, some provisional hypotheses were necessary—be it only for the further guidance of explorers; but there has been no time yet to thoroughly test them by experiment. It may well be that the neuroglia cells really have the functions attributed to them by the great Spanish histologist; or it may appear that the connections between neurons are broken and re-established in some simpler, more mechanical way. In one thing, however, all authorities agree: the connections between the neurons are not permanent. They are broken while we are asleep; accidental connections only being established during sleep—therefore the incoherence of dreams. When we wake up, it takes some time, or it requires a stronger irritation of the senses from without—stronger sounds, more light, or a stronger shock—before the connection between the neurons of the brain and those of the spinal cord is re-established. When we set thinking, a number of neurons in the brain-cortex are started into activity; the temperature of the brain (as proved by Mosso) slightly increases, as also its volume; and associations of ideas

[18] As to attention, which requires an increased affluence of blood to those cells which are at work, Ramón y Cajal explains it through the activity of other neuroglia cells which are attached to the capillary blood-vessels (Azoulay, *l.c.*).

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are awakened, in proportion as fresh contacts are established between the already active neurons and new ones, which receive nerve impulses from the former. Coffee and tea, which are known to stimulate the amœboid movements of protoplasm, therefore aid in establishing such new connections and stimulate thought. While, on the other side, a strong irritation of the peripheric nerves—a sharp sound, or a sudden flash of bright light, or a strong pain in the skin—paralyses the thin ramifications of many neurons, and their connections are broken. Nay, hypnotical sleep, as well as various forms of local paralysis and hysteria, become easy to explain, once it is proved that contacts between neurons can be established, or broken, by outward and inward stimuli.

Twenty years ago, a great anatomist (Hyrtl), writing upon the structure and the functions of the brain, could but quote the words of a seventeenth-century writer: *obscura textura, obscuriores morbi, functiones obscurissimæ.* Now, the first and the most important step has been made. The pathways of the nerve impulses have been traced, the despairingly complicated network is disentangled. And, at the same time, a quite new insight into the mechanism of mental activity has been won—so promising that there is no exaggeration in saying that we stand on the threshold of quite new conceptions of the physiological aspects of psychical life.

III

The plague is at the doors of Europe. Not some sort of plague, but the same terrible 'black death' which ravaged Constantinople in Justinian's time, destroyed one fourth part of the population of Europe in the middle ages, and paid terrible visits to different parts of Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. After it had left Egypt in 1844, it was believed to be extinguished; but it continued to breed in various inner parts of Asia, and in 1894, coming from the Chinese province of Yunnan, it invaded Canton, taking there 60,000 victims in a few weeks. Thence it spread to Hong Kong, reached next year the island of Haïnan and Macao, invaded Formosa in 1896, and in the autumn of the same year appeared at Bombay. In the big city of India it found all necessary conditions for breeding, unchecked, for several months in succession: famine, overcrowding, and the absence of all preventive measures; and from Bombay it was carried, by rail and road, to different parts of India. So far as official information goes, the city of Poona and the districts of Surat, Kolaba, Thana, Karach, and Hyderabad are already infected—which means that, travelling north-west along the sea coast, the terrible enemy has reached the frontier of Baluchistan. Now it is daily expected in Afghanistan, whence it is sure to invade Turkestan, Persia, and Asia Minor. The Russian Plague Committee already report one case of bubonic plague at

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Tavriz—that is, near the frontier of Caucasia; and, as things stand now, even if Russia mobilised her whole army and kept a hedge of bayonets along her Asiatic frontier, the hedge would not be thick enough to prevent the invasion of plague in Europe. Unless some microbe wages war on the pest microbe and stops its advance, Eastern Europe must be invaded by the pest once more, and it hardly need be said that invasion by land is infinitely more dangerous than invasion by sea.

Happily enough, the plague is no longer the mysterious, revengeful being which it used to be for our ancestors. Its cause and modes of propagation are well known. It is an infectious disease with a short period of incubation. From four to six days after infection takes place, a sudden loss of forces—often a full prostration, accompanied by a high fever—sets in. A bubo appears, and soon grows to the size of an egg. Death soon follows. If not—there is a chance of slow and painful recovery; but that chance is very small, because even under the best conditions of nursing, the mortality is seldom less than four out of each five cases of illness.

As to the means of propagation of the plague, they are many. The poison may infect a wound or a scratch; it may be ingested in food; it may be simply inhaled. Dust from an infected house was sufficient to infect healthy rats; and when infected rats were shut up in one cage with healthy ones, all caught the disease and died. Already in 1881 Netten Redcliffe [19] and Dr. Pichon [20] indicated that before the plague attacks men it destroys mice and rats. This was fully confirmed in 1894 by the Japanese and French bacteriologists Kitasato and Yersin, at Hong Kong, and by Dr. Rennie, of the Chinese Customs, at Canton. Masses of dead rats were seen in the streets of the infested parts of Hong Kong, and the keeper of the west gates of Canton collected and buried 24,000 of these animals. Dr. Rennie also pointed out that among those inhabitants of Canton who lived in boats on the river there were no cases of plague, except a few imported from town, so that even rich Cantonese took to living in boats; and he explained the immunity of the boat-dwellers by the absence of infection through rats. The worst is, however, that swine, and even goats and buffaloes, snakes and jackals, are attacked by the plague. Yersin also remarks—what seems to be a very serious affair—that, without examining the microbes, it is not easy to distinguish between common rinderpest and bubonic plague among cattle.

As soon as the plague broke out at Hong Kong, the great Japanese bacteriologist Kitasato and the French doctor Yersin, who is well known for his work with Roux on the serum treatment of diphtheria, were already on the spot. Yersin obtained from the

[19] Ninth Annual Report of the Local Government Board.

[20] *Voyage in Annam*; both quoted in Yersin's first memoir.

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English authorities permission to erect a small straw hut in the yard of the chief hospital, and there he began his researches. Both Kitasato and Yersin had no difficulty in ascertaining that the plague buboes teemed with special bacteria, which had the shape of tiny microscopic sticklets, thickened at their ends. To isolate these bacteria, to cultivate them in artificial media, and to ascertain the deadly effects of these cultures upon animals, was soon done by such masters in bacteriology as Kitasato and Yersin. The *cause* of the plague was thus discovered.

It was evident that infected rats and swine—especially swine with the Chinese, who keep them in their houses—were spreading the disease, in addition to men themselves. The same bacteria teemed in the dead animals. As to men, the discharges from their buboes, and even, in many cases, their expectorations, were full of plague bacteria.[21] Besides, Yersin soon noticed that in his 'laboratory,' where he was dissecting animals killed by the plague, the flies died in numbers. He found that they were infested with the same bacteria, and carried them about: inoculations of bacteria obtained from the flies at once provoked the plague in guinea-pigs. Ants, gnats, and other insects may evidently spread infection in the same way, while in and round the infested houses the soil is impregnated with the same bacteria.[22] These were the first results which were communicated by Yersin to the Paris Academy in July 1894, and, two months later, to the Buda-Pesth Medical Congress;[23] but they seem to have been taken no notice of, two years later, at Bombay.

It is thus self-evident that the statement which so often recurs in the West European Press—that Europeans have nothing to fear of the plague—leaving aside its moral aspects, is scientifically incorrect. There are in Europe plenty of cattle, of whose diseases we know but little, plenty of rats and mice, ants and gnats, which cannot be stopped at the frontiers, plenty of rags imported from everywhere, and plenty of poverty and filth. Small colonies of Europeans in distant lands may escape the plague, but past experience is there to prove that Europeans enjoy no special immunity. To quote from Sir J. Lister's speech delivered a few months ago at Belfast—

We know that a ship may carry the disease; that rats are liable to contract it, and that a rat making escape from a ship coming from Bombay, say, to the

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[21] The German doctor Wilm, who also studied the plague at Hong Kong, found the bacteria in expectorations, in eleven cases out of twelve, which were accompanied by bronchitis, and in other discharges in fifteen cases in which the plague was accompanied, as it often is, by enteritis.

[22] In some old reports upon the plague it is said that from a bell-tower the plague could be *seen* coming as a sort of darker cloud floating in the air. Was it not a migration of insects flying away from the infected spots and thus spreading the disease?

[23] *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences*, 30th of July, 1894; *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, September 1894, p. 662.

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Thames or the Belfast Lough, may carry the plague ashore, and that the taint may be communicated to human beings, with dreadful results. I would not say that there are no slums in the city of Belfast which might not harbour the plague.[24]

As soon as the pest microbe became known, experiments were begun, at the Paris Institut Pasteur, for finding the means to combat it; and in July 1895 Yersin, Calmette, and Borel could already announce that some very promising results had been obtained.[25] The method followed by the French bacteriologists was the same as had given them such brilliant results in the treatment of diphtheria: it was to confer, first, immunity against plague infection to some animal, and then to use the serum of its blood to cure other infected animals. After many attempts it was found that if a culture of the plague microbe was heated to 136 Fahrenheit degrees for one hour, it lost its deadly virulence. It could be injected into a rabbit without killing it, and would only provoke a weaker form of the disease. After several such injections being made, the rabbit would support, without injury, a many times more deadly injection of pure microbes. The next step was to see if the serum of such a rabbit's blood would not act as a cure for plague; and so, in fact, it did. It cured the disease artificially provoked in animals; and accordingly the explorers began at once to immunise horses, which would yield larger quantities of serum.

Thereupon Yersin returned to Indo-China, and, without waiting for costly buildings, started at Nha-trang a new 'Pasteur Institute' in a small room turned into a laboratory, with a small stable, for a few horses, attached to it. To obtain larger quantities of an active serum was now his ambition. It must be remarked, however, that though the leading idea of serum treatment is plain, it is by no means easy to obtain serum endowed with the desirable properties, even when one has all the advantages of several years' special training and is familiar with the practical 'next to nothings' which have been worked out by years of bacteriological practice at the Paris Institut Pasteur. The attenuated poison has to be injected in such doses, and at such intervals, that a fever reaction should be noticeable in the horse after each injection, but that it should in no way impair the health of the precious animal; and yet each injection must steadily increase the immunity of the horse—otherwise it would be useless. Only years of practice can teach how to conduct these extremely delicate operations, but their success can never be guaranteed beforehand. Out of several immunised animals, some will yield a serum of sufficient strength, while others will give but a weak preparation, and many of the failures in serum treatment are simply due to the weakness of the medicament.

[24] Address delivered on the 20th of January, 1897, at the opening of the new physiological and pathological laboratory in Queen's College, Belfast: in *Nature*, 4th of February, 1897, vol. lv. p. 329.

[25] Yersin, Calmette, and Borel, in *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, July 1895, p. 589 *sq.*

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In January 1896, the plague reappeared at Hong Kong, but Yersin's horses had yielded small quantities only of serum of the required force. At last he received in June eighty bottles of it from Paris, and with this provision he started at once. But the disease was already coming to an end at Hong Kong, and he was on the point of leaving for Amoy, when one of the Chinese students at the local Catholic mission was caught by the plague. The young man being considered as lost, Yersin was allowed to try his cure. Thirty cubic centimètres (about two cubic inches) of serum were injected, and next day it became evident that the young man was saved. Encouraged by this result, Yersin left a few bottles of the Paris preparation with the missionaries (who treated two more cases with success) and went to Amoy. In this town twenty-three cases were treated with the Paris serum, and in twenty-one cases recovery was the result, while at the same time the mortality at the hospitals was 80 per cent. It is only fair to say that the two patients who died were already in a desperate condition when they were brought under treatment—five days after the appearance of the illness. And yet Yersin considered that the Paris serum was still too weak. His small provision of it was, of course, very soon exhausted, and he was compelled reluctantly to leave Amoy.[26]

In January last Yersin and Koch went to Bombay, where they were soon joined by the Russian doctor, Haffkine (who has stayed lately in India studying cholera and trying vaccination against it), and by the English bacteriologist, Mr. Hankin, from Agra. Of course Yersin's report on his experience in Bombay was expected with great interest. It appeared at last in April. Fifty cases in all had been treated since March last up to the 3rd of April, with the serum which had been sent from Paris and which, as Yersin remarks, was still too weak, so that three to four injections had to be made in each case. Nevertheless, the results given in the *British Medical Journal*[27] are most satisfactory. Out of seventeen cases which were treated on the first day of the disease, fifteen were followed by recovery and only two ended in death; out of another seventeen cases treated on the second day, six only ended in death; of third day cases there were twelve under treatment, out of which six were cured, but six had a fatal issue. Of three fourth-day cases, only one was cured; and one fifth-day case ended fatally, as may have been easily expected. It thus

[26] These results were communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences in January last (*Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, 25th of January, 1897, p. 81 *sq.*). See also Lord Lister's remarks upon these results in a note added to his above-mentioned address: 'In none of the twelve cases in which treatment commenced within two days of the outset of the complaint did the bubo suppurate. And in those of a later period in which matter did form, the abscess closed rapidly after being opened. . . . These details are so extraordinarily confirmatory, that, small as the number of cases is, they carry conviction to my own mind' (*Nature*, lv. 331).

[27] 24th of April, 1897, p. 1059.

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appears that when the serum treatment was resorted to on the first day of the illness the mortality was only 12 per cent.; and when it was injected within the first forty-eight hours the death cases were seven out of thirty-four, that is 21 per cent. Altogether the treatment is described in the *British Medical Journal* as very successful, the only regret being that the supply of serum was soon exhausted, while a further supply of 1,000 doses was eagerly expected from Paris.[28] At the same time Dr. Haffkine, who experiments upon a totally different *preventive* vaccination method, is reported to have found in Bombay the means of rapidly preparing a certain vaccine against the plague which seems either to prevent the infection or to weaken its effects. His treatment is said 'to be very popular throughout the entire Presidency,'[29] and up to the 2nd of April, no less than 4,769 persons were vaccinated in Bombay city, and 1,368 in Poona, Bubar, Karachi, Surat, and the Thana and Kolaba districts. Natives and Europeans alike, according to the same periodical, most willingly go to the Russian doctor to be vaccinated.

All these news are certainly most encouraging. There is now full room for hope that the serum treatment will be as successful for plague as it has proved to be, in France, Germany, and Russia, for the treatment of diphtheria; and this fact, together with the Haffkine vaccinations, as well as the house-to-house sanitary visitations which have now begun in the infected districts in India, promises to reduce, to some extent at least, the effects of the terrible invasion.

IV

If the serum treatment of the plague is still in its experimental stage, the serum cure for snake-bites may be taken as an accomplished fact. And when one thinks that in India alone no less than 20,000 human beings die every year from the bites of the deadly reptiles, and that with a little organising effort very many of these lives can henceforward be saved, the importance of this new achievement of the French bacteriologists becomes self-evident.

Like the serum treatment of tetanus and diphtheria, the new treatment for snake-bites was evolved in a somewhat circuitous way.[30] Various chemicals, such as hypochloride of calcium or of sodium, and chloride of gold, were tried first as counter-poisons. Later on, as the chemical treatment proved to be very uncertain, another method

[28] In the first week of April, a telegram from Bombay was published in the *Lancet*, according to which the Yersin serum treatment of plague had practically failed—the mortality having been 50 per cent. in the selected cases within forty-eight hours of the attack, while the hospital mortality was stated to be 60 per cent. in all cases. These conclusions do not agree with the official report's figures.

[29] *British Medical Journal*, 17th of April, 1897, p. 999.

[30] The evolution of the former was referred to at some length in the pages of this Review ('Recent Science,' *Nineteenth Century*, December 1894).

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was resorted to. Immunity against snake-venom, or rather a 'resistance' to it, was produced in animals, either by the means of the same chemicals or by repeated injections of very small doses of the snake-venom, or by introducing it in small doses into food, until it was found much safer to confer immunity by means of injections of *attenuated* snake-venom. And after that, the serum of animals thus rendered immune was experimented upon as a *cure* for other animals into whose blood the snake-poison had been introduced. Finally, it was tried upon men who had been bitten by snakes.

Already in 1888 it had become known, through the remarkable researches of Kaufmann,[31] that an animal can be rendered capable of resisting snake-poison if very small doses of the same be repeatedly injected in its tissues. Mr. Sewall and Dr. Kanthack fully confirmed and extended these conclusions by independent research.[32] But, valuable as this first step was for further investigations, it had no immediate practical application; it would, of course, be impossible to vaccinate and re-vaccinate every man and beast in a country infested with snakes.

Consequently, the French doctor Calmette, who was in 1892 at Saigon, endeavoured to discover such chemicals as could be used as counter-poisons in the human organism. The most interesting was that he really obtained some partial success with the above-mentioned chemicals;[33] but the numerous failures of this method soon induced him, when he came to the Paris Pasteur Institute, to devote his attention to a more effective method—namely, the serum treatment. Two other French bacteriologists, C. Physalix and G. Bertrand, worked in the same direction; and on the same day (February 10, 1894), both Physalix and Bertrand, and Calmette, read papers at the French *Société de Biologie*, to announce that they had obtained satisfactory and encouraging results by using the serum of previously immunised animals as a cure for snake-poison.[34]

Since that time, Dr. Calmette has fully worked out his method.[35]

[31] *Mémoires de l'Académie de Médecine*, 1889 (this memoir was crowned by the Academy), quoted by Chauveau, in *Comptes Rendus*, 1894, t. 118, p. 936. Also *Revue Scientifique*, t. xlv. p. 180.

[32] See Dr. Canthack's very lucid and suggestive article on the whole subject, 'A Rational Cure for Snake-bites,' in *Nature*, 24th of October, 1895, vol. lii. p. 621, where the literature is mentioned.

[33] His successes and failures were mentioned in this Review, December 1894.

[34] A contest of priority having arisen on this occasion, the correspondence relative to it will be found in the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy, 1894, t. 118, pp. 935, 1004, and 1071.

[35] His memoirs were published in the *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, May 1894, p. 275; April 1895, p. 225; and March 1897, p. 214. Also in *Comptes Rendus*, 27th of March, 30th of April, 1894 (t. 118, pp. 720 and 1004); 1895, t. 120, and 1897. The substance of his work was communicated by Dr. Roux to the International Congress of Medicine and Hygiene, at Buda-Pesth, in September 1894, and Roux's address was published in the *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, October 1894, and reproduced in many periodicals. The memoirs of Physalix and Bertrand are also in the

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Already in 1894 he had convinced himself of the superiority of the serum treatment;[36] but, as serum cannot be always kept in readiness in every village, and as some cures had been effected by means of chemicals, he recommended this last method in case of need.

Next year, *i.e.* in May 1895, Calmette published the quite positive results which he had obtained for the serum treatment. Small doses of attenuated cobra poison (heated to about 212° Fahr.) were repeatedly injected into rabbits; and after some time the little creatures were rendered so perfectly immune that a dose of pure cobra-poison sufficient to kill eighty rabbits could be introduced into the blood of one of them without any danger to its health. The serum of the blood of such rabbits, as was fully proved by many experiments, was endowed with a powerful curative property for other animals. Rabbits which were dying from inoculations of cobra poison recovered in a few hours when the curative serum was injected in their tissues. In September 1894, Calmette began also to immunise donkeys, and it appeared that their serum was also endowed with such curative properties for snake poison that 'cure was the rule.' The serum treatment for snake-bites was thus found. There remained only to prepare large quantities of the precious liquid, that it might be distributed in the colonies, and wait till its properties should be tested on men bitten by snakes. The Pasteur Institute at Lille undertook this work.

Two months after the appearance of the just-mentioned paper of Calmette, Dr. Fraser, who seems to have worked in complete ignorance of Calmette's previous two years' work,[37] made a communication before the Edinburgh Royal Society on the same subject. He also had immunised rabbits by injections of very small doses of snake-poison, or by giving it in the animals' food; he also had experimented, upon animals, on the preventive and the curative properties of the serum of these rabbits, and he began to immunise a horse, but could not continue, having no snake-venom; and he also came to the fact that the serum of an animal vaccinated against the cobra-poison, had curative properties against the venoms of several other species.[38]

In July last, Dr. Calmette was invited to London, to repeat his experiments upon animals before a Special Commission nominated by the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. The results of these

Comptes Rendus, 5th and 12th of February, 1894 (t. 118, pp. 288 and 356). Since that time these two explorers have carried on most interesting researches, perhaps not yet fully appreciated, into the anti-toxines which are produced in the organism of vipers and other reptiles, in order to counteract the poisons secreted by their own cells (*Comptes Rendus*, t. 121, p. 745).

[36] *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, May 1894, pp. 284–289.

[37] See the correspondence exchanged on this subject between Professor E. Ray Lankester and Dr. Fraser, in *Nature*, vol. liii. pp. 129, 150, and 175, 12th, 19th and 26th of December, 1895.

[38] Communication made before the Edinburgh Royal Society, on the 3rd of June, 1895, in *British Medical Journal*, 15th of June, 1895, pp. 1309–12.

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experiments were very impressive. 'They proved,' the Commission wrote, 'to evidence that the serum treatment for snake-bites, each time that it can be employed without delay after the bite, must considerably diminish the mortality.'[39] Its use for both men and animals was warmly recommended.

These previsions were soon fully confirmed, and we have now, in the last number of the *Annales* of the Pasteur Institute, full details about the cases which were treated with Calmette's serum (prepared at the Pasteur Institute of Lille) in India and elsewhere, only those cases being mentioned in which the species of the biting snake was known. The results are simply striking. Thus, last year, in January, a lot of living cobras (*Naja tripudians*)—all hungry, of course, which renders their bites still worse—was received at Saigon, and the box was opened in the laboratory. One of the young aids was bitten by one of these terrible snakes in the hand. The hand and the forearm were at once paralysed, and serum could be injected only one hour after the bite; nevertheless, the young man, after passing a very bad evening, recovered during the night. Two days later he resumed his work in the laboratory.

In India, at Nowgong, Captain Jay Gould saved a soldier of the 5th Cavalry regiment who had been bitten by a *krait* (*Bungarus cœruleus*) which was killed on the spot. The captain at once made a ligature to prevent the poison from spreading, and rode full speed to obtain the serum. The injection was made, and the soldier was saved. Another soldier, in Guinea, owes his life to the same treatment. He was bitten by a black *Naja*, which he killed himself, and was in a very bad condition when Dr. Maclaud injected the serum: he recovered in a couple of days. A third soldier was cured in the same way by Dr. Gries in Martinique. He and his comrade had caught a *Bothrops lanceolatus*, and they were going to put its neck into a split stick, when one of the two comrades was bitten by the snake.

The most striking cure was made at Cairo, in October last. A girl, thirteen years old, was bitten in the forearm by a snake at Gizeh while she was picking cotton. It was then between three and four in the afternoon, and only at seven she was brought to the hospital in a desperate condition. When the doctors—Professors Keatinge and Dr. Ruffer—examined her, at half-past seven, she was in a state of full collapse. The pulse was hardly felt at all, the pupils of the eyes showed no reaction to light. Twenty cubic centimetres of serum were injected under the skin in the abdominal region. At eleven an amelioration in the state of the poor girl became evident, and another ten cubic centimetres of serum were injected. All next day the girl remained drowsy, but recovery set in, and she was saved.

[39] I translate from the French text, *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, 25th of March, 1897, p. 214. Also *Nature*, 20th of August, 1896, vol. liv. p. 380.

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Dr. Jornes, of the Cairo Zoological Museum, has not the slightest doubt about the snake having been a *Naja haje*.

In twelve cases, of which I mention the most characteristic only, the treatment was attended with full success. Besides, many other cases were treated, always with success, but they are not mentioned because the snakes were not caught, and there may be some doubt as to the snakes having not been venomous—which is a justifiable but not absolutely necessary caution, because non-venomous snakes, as is only too well known to snake charmers, do not bite. The best of it is, however, that the preparation maintains its curative properties for a relatively long time. Serum which was sent to India, and was returned one year later from Agra to France, was as effective as if it were freshly prepared.

Of course, further experiments will be required before medical opinion is definitely settled upon the serumtherapy for snake-bites. But these first results are decisive enough, and they are sure to give serumtherapy a new impulse, the more so as science seems to be on the eve of another important discovery—namely, the means of obtaining curative serum in a quite novel and simpler way. But of these new researches, made in Russia by Dr. Smirnoff, as well as of the results obtained by Dr. Haffkine with cholera vaccinations, and Koch's new tuberculin, more will have to be said on some other occasion. They belong to a different domain, in which new vistas are opened upon the very substance of bacteria poisons, as well as upon the structure of blood.

P. KROPOTKIN.

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THE GROWTH OF CASTE IN THE UNITED STATES

I REMEMBER hearing in Boston, from one who was alive at the time, a queer story of Mr. Thackeray's visit to that town. Mr. Thackeray brought from England a letter of introduction to an important gentleman of Beacon Street. By him he was most hospitably entertained, and passed from dinner party to dinner party. But Thackeray's interest in the capital of New England did not end with Beacon Street dinner parties. He had heard something of the eminent men of the town, and at that moment happened to be particularly interested in Theodore Parker. He wished very much to hear this celebrated Unitarian preacher. He mentioned this desire to his host. The Beacon Street gentleman seemed much surprised, but, without abating any of his outward courtesy, and making some valid excuse, took him to King's Chapel on Sunday morning instead of to Music Hall, where Parker preached. At King's Chapel, the Beacon Street gentleman said, people of the best society might always be found. Thackeray, it is needless to say, was a mild-mannered man, not fond of a struggle to free himself from his entertainer's clutches. He saw that it was impossible for him to get on Sunday to Music Hall. But during the week he heard that Parker was to deliver a discourse at the funeral of a rich and public-spirited merchant. Thackeray went alone to the funeral, and was greatly interested and thrilled by the address. He also saw many people who looked as if they were more interesting than any he had seen at the Beacon Street dinner parties. He went home that afternoon to dinner, and found that his host had invited to meet him several gentlemen of the best society, most of whom were bores. Thackeray could not help telling about Parker and the funeral, and confessing how much he had been impressed by the preacher and the people. His host was visibly distressed, and presently managed to whisper in his ear, 'I beg of you, Mr. Thackeray, to remember that Mr. Parker does not belong to our best society'! This was more than the Englishman could stand, and he replied, loud enough to be heard by at least one at the table: 'Upon my word, I begin to wish I hadn't got into good society when I came to Boston!'

The story is amusing, perhaps, and expresses the general im-

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pression that 'high society' is not always the company of the most intellectual and entertaining members of the community. But supposing the story to be true, as undoubtedly it is not, might not the choice circle in which Mr. Thackeray found himself so terribly bored have been after all the highest society of Boston in the opinion of the people of the town and the country about, and a most desirable circle to get into, whether it was stupid or not? We in America have all heard of the long and terrible struggle, which was quite in vain, of Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli (before she was Countess d'Ossoli), to get into this same circle; and she was by all accounts a most cultivated, intellectual and entertaining person, as well as a proper one. She was subject to social influences and motives which a foreigner was free from; and the force which impelled so gifted a woman as she was to work for years to obtain entrance to a social set which, with all her effort, she could not get into, must be, if it continues to animate many people, a force well worth study.

I also remember a certain significant remark of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who did not belong to the 'best society' any more than Theodore Parker did, but who knew the circle better, perhaps. Dr. Holmes said (in 1886) that class distinctions are more sharply drawn in the United States than they are in England, though they are also harder to define. The remark seems paradoxical; but the contradiction is only in its terms: it is true enough in fact. The line is sharply drawn to exclude people; it leaves definitely enough one man on one side of it and another on the other. But the qualifications of the man who is within may be very vague indeed; it may require an expert to tell why he is in and the other is out. It is actually true that the man who is left outside may have better blood as well as more wealth than the man within, and those within will not for a moment think of questioning his claim to a more illustrious descent. He may be Governor of the State, Federal senator, even President; but the bar of this little circle will be resolutely kept up against him and his family. It is a question of interest to seek the reason for such a distinction.

American social classes or castes are mainly in a state of formation, but the grade which is commonly recognised as the highest social set is probably nearer to a state of crystallisation than any other. It has long possessed certain aids toward the establishment of a peculiarly exclusive and self enewing circle which are really not possessed by the fashionable society of a country like England, which is at once aristocratic, national, and distinguished. The British aristocracy is often reinforced by Government appointment; the personal arrangements of English high society are in a sense overseen and in certain particulars sometimes upset by influence and authority above and beyond it; and it is compelled, at least in a way, to recognise the public distinction which is always coming to new people.

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In the United States there is nothing national about the upper grade of society. The official society of Washington is a thing quite apart from the 'Society' of New York or Boston, and has merely accidental relations with it. American 'Society' consists of a number of local circles, each uncontrolled by any force above or below it, whose members may be said to nominate their own successors. Public distinction establishes no claim for even momentary admission to it. The separate circles may be as close corporations as their members wish, drawing their lines as sharply as they will. Once firmly founded, a social set so utterly uncontrolled may be as exclusive and self-perpetuating as the College of Cardinals.

But any group of people may set up a social circle of their own; hundreds of such groups do set up their own circles. Why has any one group been able to arrogate to itself the name of Society? In itself this is an interesting question; and the broader one, which should concern itself with the actual division of the population into all its social castes, whether high or low, in a republic where all members of society in the large sense are supposed to be equal in privilege, is still more worthy of the attention of the student of sociology. The general struggle to get into a superior set may be a laughable thing, but it is also something more. Let us see how large a thing it may signify in a republic where rank and title are not officially recognised, and in which democracy is supposed to be triumphant.

Through their government, the American people have set up certain political arrangements, relying on these to effect certain objects essentially social in their character. Having done this, and proclaimed their purpose with great emphasis and undoubted earnestness, they then go on to create, by a perfectly voluntary process of social gravitation working quite outside of government, a social arrangement which neutralises, so far as each citizen's ease, peace of mind, and daily endeavour and 'pursuit of happiness' are concerned, their political system. It seems to me idle to assume that this social arrangement is of no consequence compared with political equality. Most men's daily toil and worry (not alone in the United States, I may remark, but in European countries as well, though this inquiry is concerned with the United States) are spent in doing things which have reference, in a way direct or indirect, to what is called the social position and appearance of themselves or their families. The majority of people, including women in the count, are, save in some exceptional moment of war or great public excitement, thinking much more about some fact, accessory, or appearance connected with their own or their children's social position than they are about anything connected with government or politics. It comes to this, that men risk their lives to secure free political institutions, or possibly to avoid the payment of threepence a

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pound on tea, to the imposition of which they have not consented, and then tie themselves hand and foot in a long bondage to a social or family ambition quite out of harmony with their political pretensions. It is a common estimate, and I think a fair one, that two-thirds of the toil of the head of a family at the present day goes to the obtaining of superfluities, practically all of which are connected with social appearance. We all live more or less slavishly and unhappily for the sake of working our way along in a social movement toward an apex represented by a circle which we often affect to despise, and sometimes really do despise. Is the motive behind all this merely our own universal weakness and vanity, or something else?

Our situation is very cleverly represented by the French rural mayor whose story is told by M. C. Wagner in his admirable book, *La Vie Simple.* This worthy man was the principal functionary of a village which was close by a watering-place sometimes visited by the Emperor Napoleon the Third. He had gone on for many years living contentedly in a good house such as the people of his village ordinarily inhabited; but when he became possessed of the notion that some day the Emperor would come to visit the place, and that as mayor he should receive the head of the State, his surroundings grew in his own eyes altogether too mean for such a presence. So he called the masons and carpenters; he replaced his wooden staircase with one of marble, and pulled down the partitions of his rooms, converting three much-needed domestic apartments into one grand salon, which he furnished pretentiously. Then, with his family, he withdrew into one small room, to live in a wretched huddle. Having emptied his purse and destroyed his comfort, he waited for his imperial guest. Alas! the fall of the Empire came, but never the Emperor.

If we had been able to enter into this rural functionary's heart, and learn there what motive it was that led him to make a fool of himself, we should probably have learned that it was not himself, nor his blushing honours of an hour, that he was thinking of, but his family. The little touch into which he expected to come with the head of the State would have greatly distinguished his family for a long time among his neighbours, and, judging by the ordinary standard of opinion, would have rendered his grand salon a profitable investment.

The motive of American social struggle is practically the same. The credit and advancement of the family is not only the spring of our action—it is the foundation of the circle which is the apex of the American social pyramid. How was our fashionable society formed? Clearly, it was supplied with a nucleus by a tradition that certain families of more or less inherited wealth had always occupied a superior position in the community; to this nucleus have been added from time to time certain other families who for a sufficient period, by no

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means determinable, have been habitually associated with the indubitably 'old' ones in their social pleasures and solemnities, and who are rich enough to give the entertainments in which the members of the little set are gathered and, in a way, numbered. If from time to time the ranks of this society are recruited, the recruiting is done, I believe, so far as people living in the same town are concerned, by the admission of some family of wealth which has undergone a sort of probation satisfactory to those who are already members of the circle. Bachelors are found in the circle, of course, and are admitted to it, but there must have been a satisfactory family behind them somewhere; they scarcely come into permanent membership as individual raw recruits. In Boston, at least, people who are definitely outside the circle can hardly hope to get into it in their own persons; but they often cherish a hope of getting their children into it. There the key of fashionable society has been, it is said, found in the admission of children to a certain dancing-class; so that women have been known to spend the energy of years, with an almost incredible amount of careful cultivation of appearances and diplomatic improvement of acquaintances, to obtain admission for their children to a class which met at a certain hall at five o'clock, rather than to one which met at the same hall, with the same master, at four o'clock. The victory of this admission won at last, the children might some time, if all subsequent endeavour went well, and especially if each one were married to a person who had reached at least the same round in the ladder of social ascent, hope to be enrolled in the list of the most select circle. Very likely even then the parents would but hang on the remotest verge of society, appearing at certain 'functions,' but being excluded as completely as ever from the more or less official lists that occasionally come before the public. But the position attained for the children would be definite enough, and with difficulty forfeited, so long as the new family retained its wealth.

Some considerable degree of wealth, or at least of access to ready money, is essential to more than latent membership in the circle, for, though it is far from being a company of the millionaires of the United States—many more millionaires being found outside it than within it—some wealth is necessary, as I have said, for the entertainments which are to a considerable extent the constitution of this grade of society. The members of society are not the only persons who appear at its entertainments. Those who belong to the set are not content with seeing merely the members of their own and one another's families on all occasions. Certain receptions of some of them are quite 'miscellaneous.' But invariable invitations ticket the member of the set; and certain social ceremonies in the course of a year quite rigidly shut out all resident persons who do not belong to 'Society,' performing thus a function analogous to that of the round-up on the Western plains, at which all cattle which

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are found not to bear the brand of a certain establishment are summarily excluded.

This sifting process, together with the jealousy of new-comers, keeps each local circle down to a small number. One of the members of fashionable society in New York, who was sometimes quoted as an authority on matters connected with its usages and its enrolment, said a few years ago that society in New York did not consist of more than one hundred and fifty families. Probably no local set of the exclusive sort is larger than this, although the size of the town has extremely little to do with the size of this circle. I am credibly told that in Chicago, society does not in strictness include more than forty families, and that these families are poor, as compared with thousands of commercial people outside the circle. If the teeming and shifting life of a new and great city like Chicago, where society of any sort had no existence until late in the present century, and where enormous fortunes have been continually making, should not only repeat but accentuate the exclusive conditions found in the old cities of the East, with many millionaire families below striving to get into the select upper circle, the case would be peculiarly instructive as to the tendency of social hankerings to neutralise democratic conditions in politics and democratic influences in commerce and daily affairs.

But to establish completely the significance of this state of things anywhere, it would first be necessary to ascertain whether it were true that the majority of people outside this supposed socially highest circle were engaged, either purposely or not, in an attempt to work themselves along through the social grades which have their apex in such a circle. This can be ascertained only by means of such observation as individuals who have chosen to study such social phenomena may give the subject. It is hardly a question that can be answered by statistics, since social ambition, though a tremendous force in life, is outside the field of the census enumerator. Observers are likely to be interested and partial, and as yet authorities on the subject scarcely have any existence. And yet, so far as America is concerned, any candid person who has lived an active life, social in the broad sense, who has not been content to spend his existence in the community in which he was born, and who in various places has been studious of social phenomena, may contribute data which will help to answer the question.

In a broad way, the question is, Do people care rather more for the chance of getting on in the world in the respects of appearance and social estimation, and for helping their families to a position of increasing consequence or distinction in the community, than they care for the doctrine of the freedom and equal right of all persons? A question which goes with this—perhaps it is really the primary one, and the other the dependent one—is the one whether the family

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spirit does not necessarily neutralise democratic institutions wherever it prevails.

If any American observer of the sort I have just spoken of goes back over his own social experience—and I repeat that the science of this subject has not progressed beyond the point where it is greatly in need of personal evidence—it must resolve itself into significant incidents and illustrative occurrences. For instance, I derive my own earliest recollections in this field from what is probably still the most democratic society, in the respects of its political arrangements and the customs of personal intercourse, in the United States—a rural community in Vermont, where no poor foreign or rich native element has yet obtained a foothold. In this community all persons who have 'support' for themselves or their families—if they maintain themselves fairly by their own or inherited resources—are apparently on an equal footing socially as well as politically; if they require the help of the community in the material struggle of life they sink beneath contempt. I say they are apparently on an equality; certainly there is no formal outward deference of a sort that instantly implies the inferiority of one person to another. I remember that, a good many years ago, when I had returned to the neighbourhood to which I have referred after a considerable absence, I was invited to attend a 'sugar party'—a vernal festivity, in this case given by the wife of a farmer on a hill farm, at which the guests were to take part in the enjoyment of spreading the hot wax of maple syrup on snow smoothly packed in pans, and partaking of this delicacy. Among the guests was the Governor of the State, who happened to be a resident of the neighbouring village. The Governor drove to the farmhouse in his own 'buggy,' which was of the same one-horse, four-wheeled and covered type as the conveyances driven by most of the farmers; two or three of the farmers, I noticed with no little pride in my kinsmen of the hills, had better buggies than the Governor. The man who was entitled by our usages to be addressed as His Excellency, but who certainly was not so addressed by any of these people, himself took his horse out of the vehicle, though he was assisted by one or two of the farmers in unfastening the traces and unbuckling straps, as they had assisted one another. With his own hands the Governor tied his horse under a shed and blanketed the animal; then he went into the house with two or three of the farmers and went directly to the kitchen-sink to wash his hands at the tap. He and the farmers took their turns at this. To me the spectacle of such democratic simplicity was inspiring; but presently my notions were to receive a distinct shock. The Governor had engaged me in conversation, and together we had gone into the parlour, where half a dozen or more persons were already sitting and talking. Presently an inquiry for me in the next room came to my ears through the open door; and I heard my hostess, the farmer's wife, say in reply, in a some-

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what hushed tone, 'Oh, he's settin' in the parlour with the Quality.'

I had never heard this word 'quality' used in actual homely speech in this sense, though I had heard it in cities in connection with bitter allusions to aristocrats, swells, and the like. This woman was in every sense a simple countrywoman, and I knew she did not borrow the word from books or use it in any scornful sense, but spoke it deferentially and also as a matter of course. I became convinced by inquiry, too, that it had not reference wholly to the Governor's presence. I learned that not only was there in the neighbourhood a considerable self-supporting element which was not represented at this party, being deemed of insufficient social importance for invitation, but that within the assemblage itself a certain social distinction was without question allowed to be set up. Subsequently I was able to observe that the people of this most democratic of communities were strongly influenced by considerations of one another's relative social importance. In the local estimation, every family was definitely assigned to an ascertained niche; and as a rule people remained in their niches. Certain young men, indeed, earned approbation for an attempt to advance from the less respectable local element to the more respectable; but their definite promotion seemed to depend on their 'marrying the right sort of girl.' While the lines of social caste did not appear to be drawn relentlessly, and did actually seem to depend in a degree on a certain local standard of merit in 'respectability,' the principle of social superiority residing in a particular circle, and founded on marriage and the family, was distinctly recognised; and it was evident that, taking the year through, the majority of the members of the community thought much more about social appearance, respectability, convention, and position than they did of political questions of any kind. Though every man had a vote, it was undeniable that the voter who belonged to one of the families who were little regarded failed of equality of political influence and material opportunity when compared with the man of one of the more highly regarded families. To this extent, certainly important to the individual, social consideration had given the lie to the current political assumption in the most simple and supposably democratic of communities.

Afterward I had an opportunity to study class conditions in a town whose social arrangements are apparently the opposite of the Vermont rural community. This town was Newport, in Rhode Island. To Newport a section of fashionable New York society is transplanted every summer; it comes into contact there, and to a considerable extent coalesces, with a section of the fashionable society of Boston. These elements are joined by a few fashionable people from Philadelphia and other cities; and they fuse into one 'aristocratic' group representing many parts of the

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country more distinctly, I believe, than they ever do in any other place—surely more than in Washington. In the same town live descendants of colonial governors and 'old families' famous in the history of the little State. There are officers of the United States army and navy; there are resident and sojourning *nouveaux riches*; there are representatives of the American typical 'business man' or *bourgeois* class; and I found there something which is very unusual in New England, adult native Americans, of Yankee race, who could not read or write. At the time of my residence at Newport there were families or clans whose voting members were bought in a bunch, so to speak, the political head of the family—not usually the head of the family in the Old World sense, but rather a self-constituted 'boss'—disposing of its whole vote for money and dividing the spoil with the voters. I have reason to believe that at the present time this feudal practice has been superseded, at least to a great extent, by the methods of political influence more customary in American towns. There were in Newport also several varieties of foreigners (including German and Polish Jews whom the absentee descendants of the Sephardim or Portuguese Jews who founded the local synagogue in the last century were endeavouring to exclude from the synagogue—itself a very curious instance of the transplanting of an Old World caste prejudice to the New World); and there was a somewhat notable and exceptional grade of society, composed of a residue of former wealthy sojourners become permanent residents as a result of the fascination of the local climate and atmosphere—a most delightfully and systematically idle circle. Between and amongst these more distinct elements other intermediate social groups had grown up; so that society was composed of a large number of well-defined 'chops,' as the people themselves called their curiously intricate divisions.

Here, it is hardly necessary to say, the social motive openly dominated the life of the people. Social rivalries and ambitions and appearances absorbed a great part of their energies and their time, and particularly the time and energies of the women. It seemed to me here, indeed, as it has seemed to me almost everywhere else in the country, that the women were engaged, all unconsciously, in an attempt to avenge their exclusion from the suffrage, in a republic where the suffrage is commonly spoken of as 'universal,' by neutralising or nullifying, through their powerful influence in the family, the supposed equality of American institutions. If women could turn to a mockery democratic or equal institutions in which they have no direct part, and at the same time greatly increase the influence and advantage in the struggle for existence of certain social elements in which they as individuals are powerful, at the expense of the mass they might be held to have accomplished a very neat piece of retribution for their exclusion from participation in political affairs, as well as to have proved the unwisdom of that exclusion. I hardly suppose that any woman, in her social struggles, was ever animated by such

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a motive; but the effect is very much as if all women were. If to aggrandise the family is to take away something from democratic equality, then American women must be, whether they intend or know it or not, the enemies of the democratic idea; for they are mostly engaged in an attempt to push their particular families along into a position of greater relative importance in the community.

In Newport I saw evidences in abundance, not only in the prevalence of frank worship of social position, and in the growth of castes, but in the demoralisation of the tradespeople through much dealing with corruptible flunkeys, that a whole community may be unfavourably influenced by the example set by a wealthy, fashionable, and exclusive class.

In a subsequent residence of nearly three years at Fall River, which is quite near Newport, I had an opportunity to get what might be called a cross-section of all American society by taking the two places together. Fall River is an exclusively manufacturing town of large population which developed with great rapidity from what was, early in the present century, a small farming community. The town has been remarkably free from outside influences except in the lower strata of its society. I found here a great foreign population which was governed industrially, and for the most part politically, by a small native community descended from the handful of farmers who had once wrung a hard living from the thin soil that covered the granite ledge on which scores of cotton-mills now stand. These mills are owned, chiefly, by the descendants of the old farmers who owned the ground along or about the stream which flows through the town, and which afforded a fine water-power. The advantage which the possession of the ground gave them resulted, apparently, in their perpetual domination in the affairs of the city which was to grow up here. Of 'aristocracy' there was never any in the place; the mother of one of the chiefest mill-owners and social heads of the existing community had once been an operative in a cotton-mill; her condition in this regard—for it dated from the days of Lucy Larcom and the 'Lowell Offering,' celebrated in Dickens's *American Notes*—being not exceptional, but ordinary.

Naturally, many of the frugal ways and some of the democratic notions of a more primitive period clung to these people; but their usages were strongly marked with the conceit of the social superiority of certain families, of the same sort as that of the Vermont community which I have described. These Fall River families had the advantage over the members of 'Society' in New York or Boston of being really dominant in the affairs of their town. When I was there these people had developed little likeness to or connection with the fashionable society of the greater or older cities. Nevertheless, by a slow process of individual selection, the assimilation of the descendants of these very humble New England crofters with the elegant and exclusive society of New York and Boston could be seen

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already progressing; and their position in their own community gave them a prospect of eventual affiliation with it.

The effect of the concentration of influence in a small mill-owning and land-owning class upon the opposite pole of society was what, I should suppose, was exactly to be expected. I saw little snobbery in the place, and little fawning, but rather the most implacable enmity, on the part of the imported working population, toward the American masters. Great numbers of these operatives possessed votes, but by pitting the voters of one imported nationality against another—English against Irish, and Canadian-French against both—the American minority generally ruled the town politically without much trouble. The close combination of the mill-owners in industrial matters was answered by several labour unions, whose hostility to the masters was at least intense, if their cohesion was not as great as that of the ring of brothers, cousins, and old neighbours who stood above them. Thus this promising caste of farmers grown mill-masters had very cleverly reproduced the most marked social conditions of industrial Europe, with an angry proletariat clamouring at their doors.

Social details of the sort I have mentioned may not appear very important in themselves. They would be of importance, however, if, taken with other facts, they pointed to a prospect of an eventual triumph of a social arrangement founded on caste over a democratic impulse which had a highly favourable opportunity for its development. Caste questions form the theme of plays and romances, but they are seldom studied by economists. It seems to me that serious data concerning them are worthy of presentation. In America we concern ourselves much with the 'dangerous elements,' with anarchistic sentiments which are supposed to have been imported into our great cities from Europe, and hear much about the division of society into two great camps of rich and poor, a division which is supposed to rest on legislation which favours the rich; but we hear little about the perfectly voluntary growth of caste feeling, though I should count this really a more important matter, because more inveterate in human thought and much further beyond the reach of legislation. It is a thing which general prosperity does not check, but rather stimulates, by bringing a greater number of persons within the range of social ambition; the accumulation of even a small amount of wealth in a family kindles to white heat the desire for progression toward the charmed upper circle. And it is a thing which is so peculiarly voluntary, and apparently so inevitably the outgrowth of the organisation of society on the basis of the family, that the very people whom we hear vaguely lamenting the social stratification as contrary to the principles of the Fourth of July orations, are every day doing their utmost to assist it.

JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.

Boston, Mass.

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF ENGLISH JOURNALISM

It is just forty years since I first entered the office of a daily newspaper, and with a boy's eager curiosity watched the various processes by which the sheet that fascinated me was produced. It was strictly as an amateur that I was ushered into that holy of holies in journalism, the editor's room. The newspaper bewitched me, and the one life that I thought worth living was that of the journalist. It followed, that some years before I was able to set my foot upon the first rung of the ladder of the press, I had begun to haunt newspaper offices in the fashion in which the stage-struck youth haunts the theatre, and thus it comes to pass that in placing on record some reminiscences of English journalism, I am able to recall at least two-thirds of the present reign. Only one who has witnessed the steady development of the newspaper press during forty years, and who has had opportunities of watching the process from the inside, can understand how enormous is the change, how astounding the increase in power, capacity and wealth that these forty years have witnessed in the British press.

My daily newspaper of 1857 was the *Northern Daily Express*, which if not the first daily newspaper published in the English provinces, must certainly rank second in that notable category. Its price was a penny; it consisted of four pages, about the size of the *Daily Mail*, and it was looked upon by newspaper men generally as the freak of a madman. Nobody believed then that daily newspapers could be made to pay in provincial towns. Only the most sanguine believed that a penny newspaper could ever hold its own against its high-priced rivals. It is not my purpose to weary my readers with personal reminiscences or experiences, but a description of the office of the *Northern Daily Express* in the year 1857, when I first became an occasional contributor to its columns, will point the contrast between the daily paper then and now.

The *Express* was published in Newcastle-on-Tyne, its office having been removed to that town from Darlington, where it was originally started in 1855 or 1856. Two rooms and a couple of cellars below them in a small dwelling-house in West Clayton Street provided all the accommodation that was required for the production of the paper.

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In one of the cellars a number of compositors worked at their frames; in the other was the small single-cylinder machine on which the sheet was printed. In the back room above there were more compositors, whilst the only remaining apartment—the front room on the ground floor—was so contrived as to pay a double debt. During the daytime it served as a publishing and advertisement office; but at six o'clock precisely the clerks departed and their place was taken by the editorial staff. At one desk was seated the sub-editor, at another the editor; in a corner behind the little counter the 'reader' and his boy were engaged in their monotonous occupation, whilst the reporter found a place at the counter itself, and between the intervals of turning out 'copy' received late advertisements or sold stray copies of the paper to chance customers. The journalist accustomed to the vast buildings which now serve the purpose of offices for our daily newspapers will be able to appreciate the contrast between the old days and these. It was certainly a humble spot that little room in West Clayton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the editing of the *Northern Daily Express* in all its departments was carried on; yet no journalist can afford to despise it, for it was there that the penny daily newspaper of provincial England was really launched upon the world.

Nor must it be supposed that because the workshop was a poor one the work itself was bad. The editor of those days was unquestionably a man of genius, and he could hold his own as a writer against any of his successors in the world of journalism. It was darkly rumoured among the hangers-on of the establishment that Mr. M—— had been invited by the editor of the *Times* to accept a post as leader-writer on that great newspaper. Perhaps the story was not true; but, at least, it is certain that if he had accepted such a position Mr. M—— would not have disgraced it. His leaders, it is true, were very different from those which are now in vogue. He did not play the part of Jove and launch the thunderbolts of his dictatorial wrath against ambassadors and Cabinet ministers. A sense of the ridiculous, with which he was happily endowed, kept him from that particular kind of folly. When he wrote it was rather as the humorous philosopher, who watched the stream of life flowing past his feet and amused himself and his readers by pointing out some of the peculiarities and weaknesses of those who were struggling in the current. He generally began his leader with a story. It was almost always a good one. When you had read it you were in a good temper with the writer and quite disposed to acquiesce in the 'application' with which, after the manner of the preacher, he followed his text. It was very seldom that he wrote upon what might be called a red-hot subject. He made no attempt to keep pace with the telegraphic news even in those days, when telegrams themselves were not particularly expeditious. A subject a week old seemed to him to be

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quite as good as one that had been flashed upon him within the hour. Nay, so completely did he differ from the journalist of to-day that he would lay a subject on one side for half a week at a stretch, in order that he might, as he expressed it, 'steep his mind in it' before he attempted to discuss it in public. When he did discuss it you had the work of a scholar, a humourist, and an original thinker, turned out with as much regard to form as to substance. My editor was, in short, an essayist who would have prospered in the times of Addison and Steele. As I think of him, and contrast his brilliant little dissertations, with their polished epigrams and sub-current of scholarship, with the rough and ready 'leading article' of 1897, I am filled with amazement—tinctured with regret. What leisure has the editor of to-day for wit or scholarship, or the mere polishing of phrases?

In this my first newspaper office, and in the rival office in which a few years later I began my actual apprenticeship to journalism, the mechanical appliances in use differed wonderfully from those which are now employed in producing our daily newspapers. The machines upon which the impression of the day was printed turned off from 600 to 1,000 copies an hour, printed on one side only. Every sheet had therefore to be passed through the machine a second time, and the production of a large edition was practically impossible. It was considered a great thing when Mr. Hoe introduced to us his wonderful three, four, six, and even ten-feeder rotary machines, by which the number of copies that could be printed within the hour was multiplied tenfold. These machines are now as hopelessly out of date in the great newspaper offices as the old Napier press itself. Nevertheless one must always think of them as the most imposing of all the printing presses which have assisted in the advance of journalism. A great Hoe machine of thirty years ago was like a castle or a man-of-war. The vast size, the number of men and boys clustered upon its various stages and engaged in feeding or delivering, the roar and rush of its wheels and rollers, made a great impression upon those who saw it at work. It seemed at that time that human ingenuity had reached its highest point in the provision of a fast-printing newspaper press. 'Nothing can touch the Hoe!' was the exulting cry of newspaper managers in the sixties. Yet hardly had the seventies been ushered in before the Hoe was practically obsolete. A method of stereotyping the 'formes' of movable type had been discovered which could be applied even to such rapid work as that of the daily press. A clever Belgian, if I remember aright, had found a compound of metals which could be hardened from a state of absolute fluidity in a few moments, so that ten minutes after a casting had been taken it was possible to print from it. This stereotyping had several advantages. First, it made it possible to use more than one machine in printing the same sheet, so that by multiplying the

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machines the number of copies printed in the hour could be increased in the same ratio. Still more important, however, was the fact that the stereotype plate, being of solid metal, could be bent to any curve, and could thus be fitted upon a cylinder of any diameter. It was this which gave its real value to the process of stereotyping. A number of ingenious mechanicians, including Hoe himself, at once set to work to produce a printing machine of a new class, in which the stereotype plates should be made to revolve upon a roller at any rate of speed that might be desired. In a few years we had in succession the Walter, the Hoe, and the Victory web-printing machines, and it is by machines of this class that our daily newspapers are now produced. Without tormenting my readers with figures, I will explain what these machines can do. A 'reel' of paper, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, is 'fed' into the machines with extraordinary rapidity; the machine prints it, cuts each successive copy of the paper from the long roll, folds it and delivers it complete at a rate varying from 15,000 to 20,000 copies an hour. Nor is this all. If the newspaper consists, say, of ten pages instead of eight, the additional two pages are printed simultaneously from another reel, and are inserted at their proper place and actually gummed into the newspaper by these marvellous machines without any diminution of the speed! The machine does it all, be it remembered. No human hand touches the paper whilst it is going through these processes. There is the blank roll of paper at one end of the machine, whilst at the other end the complete journal, with its burden of news and thought, is being delivered, folded as when it reaches your breakfast-table, at the rate of speed I have mentioned.

When I became editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, in 1870, there was a stalwart old man still employed on that journal who in former days had pulled the hand-press upon which the whole impression of the paper was printed. Before I retired from my editorship, in 1887, four or five of these marvellous web-printing machines were required to do the work which, in his youth, this old man had accomplished by himself. Without the invention of these machines, and the means they afford for the unlimited multiplication of the printed copies of a newspaper within the shortest possible space of time, the newspaper press could never have attained its present position in the world. It is not, therefore, to the mere journalist that the credit for the expansion of modern journalism alone belongs. That credit must be shared with him by the mechanic and the engineer.

Forty years ago, and even later, our newspapers, even the best of them, gave us the news of the day before yesterday. To-day it is with yesterday's news only that they concern themselves; whilst the evening newspapers, which in the last ten years have played so prominent a part in journalism, keep still closer in the race to flying Time, and deal only with the events of the last twelve hours.

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This means, of course, that the telegraph has come into the full service of the press. For many years after the electric telegraph had been established this was not the case. Newspaper proprietors did not trust it. They disliked its costliness, and they had good reason to question its accuracy. If a Prime Minister or some one in a corresponding position had to make a great speech in a provincial town in the early sixties, the London newspapers sent their own reporters to take notes of the speech, and either waited to publish it *verbatim* on the second day after its delivery, or employed a special train to carry the reporters back to town with the speech in time for its publication the next morning. Special trains were indeed greatly in vogue with enterprising newspapers thirty years ago. But in 1870 the Government acquired the telegraphs, and forthwith there began a new era. Cheap rates of telegraphing were accorded to the press, wonderful new instruments for transmitting messages at a speed never dreamt of before were introduced, and 'special wires' were leased both to London and provincial newspapers on favourable terms. What this meant will be seen from a single fact. A daily provincial newspaper which in 1870 published on an average less than half a column of telegraphic news in each impression, seven years later published regularly a minimum of twelve columns of news received by telegraph. The great provincial newspapers were thus enabled to compete on something like equal terms with the London dailies. They had their branch offices in Fleet Street, connected with the central office in Glasgow or Leeds by special wires; they had their sub-editors and reporters in town, and their representatives in the Press Gallery in the House of Commons. In short, between 1870 and 1873 the provincial press invaded London, and acquired a foothold there from which it is never likely to be displaced. One result of this change in the conditions of provincial journalism was very notable. Prior to 1870 the editor of a daily newspaper published in the country never thought of commenting upon any of the great questions of the day until he had seen what the London newspapers had to say upon the subject. This rule was so inflexible that even when a ministerial crisis occurred, and the Government was defeated by a parliamentary vote, no provincial daily ventured to discuss the event until after the editor had seen the comments of the London journals. But in 1870 all this was changed by the necessities of the time. The telegraphic news reached Leeds or Edinburgh in sufficient time to allow the editor, if he chose, to comment upon it in the copy of the paper in which it was printed. His old days of leisure were at an end. He could no longer stroll down to his office in the early afternoon, glance through the London newspapers of the morning, pen an article upon some subject which had been duly discussed by the metropolitan press, and then go home to his dinner with the happy con-

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sciousness that his work was over for the day. By invading London in search of special news he had become the rival, and could therefore no longer afford to remain a mere copyist of the London press. Thus it came about that the provincial press acquired a new standpoint, and new influence in the counsels of the nation. Its utterances, whether wise or foolish, were no longer mere echoes; they were its own.

The London press was not slow to respond to this new rivalry on the part of the provinces. Though its conductors still professed to despise provincial enterprise, they were not so foolish as to refuse to follow the example thus set them. The special wires which connected the great country newspapers with London were followed by other special wires which connected the London dailies with Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and even in the case of the *Times* with Calcutta. It cannot be necessary to impress upon the reader the wonderful excellence of the service of foreign news which is now provided for him in the great London newspapers. Let him look at the page in his *Times* of this morning—of any morning—which is devoted to foreign telegrams, and think of the capital, the enterprise, the brains and the labour that have gone to produce it. Sixty years ago it would have baffled the wealth of the Rothschilds and the brain of Shakespeare to bring such a service of news as this into existence. Now we accept it, morning by morning, without a word of recognition. Yet that page is an open window through which the stay-at-home reader is permitted to see for himself what is happening in the most distant quarters of the world. Nor has the *Times* any monopoly of the improvement in the supply of foreign news which has been so marked a feature in the recent development of the press. Thanks to Reuter, there is not a provincial newspaper in England which does not supply better telegraphic news from abroad than could be found thirty years ago in any newspaper in the world.

The reader will, I fear, begin to weary of the laudatory strain in which I have spoken so far of the great changes that have been witnessed in journalism within my own experience of the press. But it is the simple truth that has been told him. By the improvement of printing machines, by the development of the telegraphic system, and by the invention of telephones and pneumatic tubes (both of which are largely used in newspaper offices), the newspapers of our country have within forty years undergone a wonderful transformation, and have become infinitely more serviceable as purveyors of intelligence from all parts of the world than they ever were before. The American press runs them hard, it is true, in these matters; in some respects it has outstripped them. But taken as a whole, and regarding not merely the fulness and freshness but the trustworthiness of the news which our papers bring to us from every corner of the

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world, one may say without fear of contradiction that they occupy a position of unrivalled supremacy in contemporary journalism.

There are other sides, however, to my subject, and in dealing with them a tone of unqualified laudation is no longer possible. The contrast I have already noted between the leading articles of my first editor, Mr. M——, and those of the ordinary journalist of to-day is eminently characteristic of one of the changes which the Press has witnessed during the present reign. In its eager desire to present its readers with the freshest news, red-hot from the forge of destiny, it has sacrificed all desire for literary excellence of form. But something more than mere literary form is sacrificed by this haste. An article that is written on the spur of the moment, having for its text a telegram that has suddenly made known, in the barest words, a change of policy of far-reaching importance on the part of some foreign Power, for example, cannot, in the nature of things, possess much real value. There are, of course, subjects upon which first thoughts are just as valuable as any after-thoughts can be. But there are others upon which the first obvious reflections of the leader-writer can hardly fail to be almost grotesquely wide of the mark. Nowadays, however, the newspaper must deal with the latest topic of the day, without regard to insufficiency of information, or to complications which make it impossible to form an accurate judgment of the bearings of the question without close and careful study. The misfortune is that the public does not realise the very slight materials on which the first slapdash leading article on some startling piece of news has been founded, and does not see that the article itself is little more than the first hasty impressions of a clever man of letters, writing on a subject which he has not been allowed time to 'think out.' This vice of hasty work has in recent years been extended to book reviewing in our daily papers. An important work, published, say, in two large octavo volumes, is sent out by the publisher at six o'clock in the evening. Next morning the daily paper will contain what purports to be a criticism of the book extending to two or three columns. Real criticism under such conditions is obviously impossible.

Just as the leading articles in the press of to-day have ceased to be essays, and have become much more like speeches, in which if the forcibleness of a speech is not wanting its looseness of phrase and occasional haziness of thought are also to be found, so in its descriptive writing it has completely changed its style, and changed it mainly for the worse. Thirty or forty years ago, when any great spectacle was offered to the world, be it a battle or a coronation, an international prize-fight or the union of two continents by means of the electric cable, our leading newspapers gave us an account of it which it was a pleasure to read. The art of descriptive writing had then been brought to its highest point, and such men as Dr. Howard

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Russell and the late Nicholas Wood had shown that the pen could present almost as graphic and realistic a picture of a pageant or a physical catastrophe as the brush of the artist or the camera of the photographer. In those days even the *Times* did not think it beneath its dignity to give us once a year a spirited picture of Epsom Downs on the Derby Day. I do not say that this particular thing was in itself worth doing; but the fact remains that it was done, and done with as much care as though the descriptive writer had been penning a chapter of Macaulay's *History* or of *Bleak House*.

All this has been changed under the new journalism. Descriptive writing of the old school is now unknown, and the hapless descriptive writer who once was so important a member of the staff of every great newspaper is now one of the unemployed. He may occasionally succeed in getting a bit of his characteristic work into one of the monthly magazines, but the newspapers will have none of it, the editors clearly believing that their readers are too busy to be troubled with artistic descriptions of anything. If this were the only change that had taken place there would be little ground for complaint. But unfortunately in too many instances, whilst the old descriptive writer has been dismissed, his place has been taken by the new journalist—that is to say, by a man or woman who believes that his or her own personality is a subject of supreme interest to the world at large, and who insists upon thrusting it upon the reader, who merely wishes to know how a royal procession looked as it passed along the streets, or in what style a particular horse has won the Derby. The new journalist when writing his account of a ceremony talks as much about himself as about the event he has to describe. And his talk is too often such foolish, purposeless egotism. He tells you of his disagreement with his landlady in the morning on the subject of the blacking of his boots, of his conversation with the crossing-sweeper or omnibus conductor whom he encountered by the way. He introduces you to his friends, real or imaginary, and invites you to join them in the various adventures through which they pass in attending the royal procession or the race for the Derby. This is the fashion in which the new descriptive writer performs his task, and an old fashioned journalist must ask to be forgiven if he fails to appreciate it. Frankly, I cannot imagine that the ordinary reader when he turns to the report of some public function or some great accident desires to be taken into the confidence of the reporter, and to be enlightened about his deeds and ideas rather than about the subject of which this very self-sufficient gentleman is supposed to be writing.

This, however, is only one of the features of that egotism of the press of which we see so much more nowadays than we did formerly. Some journalists may regard the fact that the personality of the newspaper man bulks so much more largely in the press than it used

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to do as proof of the increased importance of the part he plays in the world. Without denying the fact that his importance has increased, I own that I wish he could impress this truth upon us in a pleasanter fashion. The old reporter or descriptive writer or political critic had his faults, but at least he believed it to be his duty to stick to his text and to refrain from thrusting himself and his special likes and dislikes upon the attention of his readers.

No more striking change has taken place in the position of the press during the last thirty or forty years than that which has occurred in its relations with Parliament and with political parties. When I first went into the Reporter's Gallery of the House of Commons, in 1867, the men in the gallery were cut off by a gulf that seemed to be absolutely impassable from the members of the House. Those were much simpler and less ceremonious days than the present. As a member of 'the gallery,' I had the free run of the inner lobby, and could enter it whenever I wished, even when attended by a batch of country cousins who wanted to see our political leaders at close quarters. But in those days the idea of 'lobbying' was absolutely unknown. No newspaper man—except one or two editors of London dailies and the head of the *Times* reporting staff—ever thought of accosting a member of Parliament or of questioning him upon any matter of public interest. Parliament and the press had each its own sphere, and stuck to it rigidly. I remember the case of an innocent youth who, on the very first night on which he sat in the gallery, had the misfortune to be addressed by a member of Parliament who was one of his own personal friends. He was forthwith warned by the Nestors of the Fourth Estate that such conduct on his part was 'bad form,' and must not be repeated if he wished to stand well with his colleagues. The newspaper men of those days respected the members of the House and had no wish to intrude upon them. But, on the other hand, they respected themselves, and honestly desired to be left alone, even by their superiors. They resented patronage and personal influence fiercely, and were bitter in their contempt towards those journalists whom they suspected of being susceptible to either. 'Where did you hear that?' asked a man in the gallery in my hearing of one of his colleagues. 'I heard it at the Reform Club,' was the answer, given meekly. 'At the Reform Club! Oh, I see; from the hall porter!' was the savage retort. The last thing that the newspaper man of those days—the predecessor of the modern lobbyist—desired to obtrude was his personal acquaintaince with the politicians whose speeches he reported and criticised.

If I mistake not, lobbying, like so many other features of the press of to-day, was introduced by the provincial newspapers. The 'local member' was anxious to see himself represented in the local journal, and as there were many matters of importance to his own constituents to which the London newspapers paid no attention, he naturally

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sought the aid of the correspondents and representatives of the papers published in his own locality. The more intelligent of these correspondents did not long confine their attention to purely local questions. They sought information from the members for whose constituents they wrote on larger matters of public interest. It followed that for several years the earliest and most authentic political news was to be found in certain great provincial newspapers. Men turned to the London correspondence of the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Scotsman*, or the *Leeds Mercury* in order to see what was happening behind the scenes in Parliament. These London correspondents were the first lobbyists in the House of Commons. By-and-by some of the London papers began to realise the fact that there was a rich mine of information to be worked in the lobby, and at last even the *Times*, despite its regard for old traditions, boldly set up a lobby correspondent of its own. Thus was brought about one of the most remarkable and revolutionary of the developments which the press has undergone during the present reign. I leave it for the older members of the House of Commons to say whether the change has been wholly for the public good.

There is something worse than the egotism of the journalist. This is his Wegotism—if I may adopt a word invented, I believe, by Sir William Harcourt. The journalist who, by virtue of his command of the 'We,' thunders forth his decrees as though he were throned upon Mount Sinai is only too familiar an object in modern journalism. But he is by no means so new a figure as people are apt to suppose. He was known forty or fifty years ago. At that time, however, he was essentially provincial. It was the *Skibbereen Eagle* which cried 'Let Lord Palmerston beware! Our eye is upon him.' It was the *Little Peddlington Gazette* that dealt with Lord John Russell in the faithful style in which a schoolmaster deals with an erring pupil. In those days men used to laugh at these delightful flights of the editorial imagination. It never entered into our minds to suppose that we should live to see the day when these provincial braggarts would find their imitators in the editors of London daily newspapers.

Yet it would be folly to deny that there is more foundation for this kind of bragging now than there was in the old days of the *Skibbereen Eagle*. The power of the press is recognised far more freely and more openly than it ever was before, and its influence upon political affairs is unquestionably more direct than at any previous period in its history. Not that it is a new thing for statesmen to work in combination with the newspapers. Minister and journalist have always acted together; but until recently their co-operation was concealed from the world at large. In the later fifties and the early sixties, when Lord Palmerston resided at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, now the home of the Naval and Military Club, Lady Palmerston used to hold a reception almost every Saturday evening

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during the season. The whole political world was wont to gather in her *salon*—the last of its class. Mr. Delane, the distinguished editor of the *Times*, was a regular visitor at Cambridge House, and the initiated in those days used to turn to the first leading article in the *Times* on Monday morning, in order to get the earliest information of any political change of importance that was impending. Not seldom was their curiosity gratified. But the astute editor never pretended to have any special knowledge; nor did he ever thump the big drum and order ministers to do his bidding. His habit was to suggest that in certain contingencies a particular course was that which it would be well for the Government to adopt. The paper proffered its advice with every appearance of deference. Its reward, so far as the outside world was concerned, was to be found in the fact that ministers seemed to have accepted the recommendation thus tendered to them. But the initiated knew that the advice was only given because a hint had been dropped at Cambridge House, and the editor had undertaken to pave the way for the new departure on the part of ministers. The relations between journalist and statesman in those days were probably as close and confidential as they have ever been since; but they were decorously veiled from the public eye, and when Richard Cobden, greatly daring, alluded in public to Mr. Delane's presence in the *salons* of Cambridge House, he was sternly rebuked for outraging the sanctity of private life.

To-day our journalist tells us in the plainest English that he has just been talking with this right honourable gentleman or the other, and has learned from him some fact closely affecting his own department or the policy of the ministry of which he is a member. There is no resort to roundabout phrases in order to conceal the identity of the journalist's informant. The conversation which may have been whispered in the lobby at Westminster is forthwith proclaimed from the house-tops of Fleet Street. And while the lobbyist deals in this frank fashion with his sources of information, the editor is even more unceremonious. As 'the high priest of King Demos,' he treats the statesman as a subordinate whose duty it is to obey the will of his master, as that will is interpreted by the journalist. There is no trace now of the deferential air with which Mr. Delane in the old days tendered his advice to a minister in perplexity. No priesthood was ever more arrogant than this priesthood of the press.

It may all be for the best. The aggressiveness and apparent vanity of the modern newspaper may simply be the inevitable outcome of its changed position in the world, its changed relationship to society and the State. But journalists of the older school must be excused if they fail to appreciate the chief features of the new journalism—its brusqueness, its personality, its familiarity, and the extraordinary air of superior wisdom with which it treats all who come within its purview. It would be unfair to say that the new

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journalists must bear the whole responsibility for this change in the attitude of the press towards the public. The public has chosen to accept the newspaper in this new light, and the journalist is not to be blamed for profiting by that acceptance. How can he be expected to set a lower value upon his office and its functions than that at which they are appraised by so many eminent persons, eager to make use of them for their own advancement?

But if among the many changes which have occurred in the newspaper world during the period under review, there are some to which old-fashioned journalists find it difficult to reconcile themselves, there is happily one point as to which there can be no dispute. The newspaper press of to-day is not only better informed and better equipped for the discussion of public affairs than was the press of forty years ago; it is also far more earnest and sincere. The old idea of the journalist as a bravo, whose pen was to be bought for any cause or by any individual, is now utterly exploded. The modern newspaper man not only has views of his own, but is at least as resolute in maintaining them and in asserting his own consistency as any ordinary politician. Even when he urges his cause with what some may deem undue heat and zeal, his sincerity is beyond dispute, and he only speaks with warmth from the strength of his convictions. Nor can it be disputed that journalism as a profession is drawing to it a band of recruits who bid fair to prove themselves worthy of the extended power and influence which the press now claims. As I lay down my pen, I recall a score of friends whom I knew in bygone days, who lived for the profession they adorned and who died in its ranks. In no class of society have I ever met men more worthy of an unlimited trust and affection. It is pleasant to think that as the old generation passes away a new one is taking its place, and that this new generation seems likely to prove at least not less worthy of its vocation than that which preceded it.

WEMYSS REID.

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ON CONVERSATION

THE art of conversation has suffered in England from the example of its most famous professor. Dr. Johnson understood it theoretically, but even so only to a limited extent. He was supposed to form his view of it in accordance with the rule of Bacon.

> In all kinds of speech, whether pleasant, grave, severe, or ordinary, it is convenient to speak leisurely, and rather drawlingly than hastily, because hasty speech confounds the memory, and oftentimes, besides the unseemliness, drives a man either to stammering, or nonplus, or harping on that which should follow; whereas a slow speech conformeth the memory, addeth a conceit of wisdom to the hearers, besides a seemliness of speech and countenance.

This does not strike one as a model for him who would be either brilliant or agreeable, and excludes naturalness, which is one of the greatest charms of conversation.

That Johnson did not slavishly follow Bacon's precept is very certain. So far from being 'leisurely,' he jumped down the throats of all who disagreed with him. 'You may be good-natured, sir,' said Boswell, with unusual spirit, 'but you are not good-humoured (which the Doctor had just plumed himself on being). I believe you would pardon your opponents if they had time to deprecate your vengeance; but punishment follows so quick after sentence that they cannot escape.' The idea of his ever being at a nonplus is ridiculous indeed, though he was sometimes at a loss for a repartee from sheer indignation. The rights of his little passage of arms with Adam Smith are much disputed. That he remarked: 'You are a liar,' seems tolerably certain, but whether the other philosopher did retort in the quite unprintable and by no means pertinent words that are attributed to him is doubtful. At all events, the whole affair was not a good example of polite conversation. Johnson's great mistake was in confounding it with monologue. 'We had good talk this evening,' he said on one occasion, when returning from a party where scarcely any one had been able to get a word in edgeways except himself. If he had said: '*I* had good talk,' the observation would have been faultless, but of conversation such as he sincerely believed had taken place there had been none. He could define it of course as he could everything else, and sometimes

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affected to despise it. When Boswell asked him, in his importunate fashion, what was the use of meeting people at dinner, where no one ever said anything worth remembering, 'Why, to eat and drink together,' replied the Doctor, 'and to promote kindness; and, sir, this is better done when there is no solid conversation; for when there is, people differ in opinion and get into bad humour, or some of the company are left out and feel themselves uneasy; it was for this reason that Sir Robert Walpole said he always talked indecencies at his own table, because in them all could join.' It is certain that this was the kind of conversation most in vogue with our ancestors, and in 'the good old times,' such as the days of chivalry, there was probably little else.

Later on, and even to some extent to-day, the essence of good conversation was thought to be contest. Even that graceful-minded and sweet tempered writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, falls into the error when discoursing on this subject. With Johnson, opposition was the very salt of life, and his best sayings were evoked by it. When ill one day and unable to exert himself, on Burke's name being mentioned, he suddenly exclaimed: 'That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me.'

Antagonism of all kinds is, however, inimical to social enjoyment, and even argument should be employed but sparingly. The object of good conversation is not to convince—we are not pleading at the Bar, or preaching in the Pulpit—but to exchange ideas, expressed in the most attractive form, to ameliorate, to interest, or to amuse. It is a mistake to suppose that a change of society is necessary for its enjoyment. When friends are found to our mind, we do not tire of their talk. It is not likely, though it is quite possible, that a stranger may be an acquisition, and a company of intelligent persons who meet one another are independent of recruits.

Goldsmith, who never wrote a foolish thing and seldom said a wise one, thought differently; he expressed a wish for some additional members to be added to the Literary Club, 'For there can be now,' he said, 'nothing new among us; we have travelled over one another's minds;' to which Johnson calmly but confidently observed: 'Sir, you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you.' The Doctor, of course, was so exceptionally gifted that it was a treat to listen to him, if a man were content to deprive himself of the right of reply; but he had no notion of the 'give and take,' without which there is no social intercourse.

A good talker should be a good listener, though also capable of cutting short a bore; he should be appreciative of the remarks of others, and never influenced by that vulgar rivalry that causes some men to strive for the mastery in anecdote—the 'capping' of stories, as old writers term it. Anecdotes, however apt and witty, are, after all, a form of monologue, and should be used with discretion.

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Even the best raconteurs are tempted to draw too largely upon their deposit accounts; a certain intoxication seems to seize those not in the very first rank when they have made a success or two in this line, and I have known one with a great reputation who could never be trusted after a capital story not to wipe out the remembrance of it by a dull one. He really did not seem to know what was good and what was indifferent; he had a large quantity of the commodity (anecdote) on his hands, and must needs get rid of it at any cost to his reputation. A high-class but still detestable talk-stopper is the man of rounded periods. Everybody knows how he is going to finish his sentences, but he will do it his own way, and it is a long way round. One is inclined to say to him what Scrooge so pathetically observed to his partner's ghost, 'Don't be flowery, my friend, don't be flowery.'

These are by no means the greatest obstructionists in the way of conversation. Some persons might almost be called professional talk-stoppers. They delight in questioning the truth of a good story, or in picking some hole in it, to prove that it had a better reception than it deserved. They lay their finger on some trivial inaccuracy in a date or a name; they bring no provender to the intellectual picnic; their sole contribution to it is a senseless depreciation, which they conscientiously believe adds to the agreeableness of the evening. I wish no fellow creature dead, but I do think this class of person should be relegated to some other sphere of usefulness, where (like Miss Snevellicci's papa) he would be appreciated. It is all very well to say, 'Let us have no cliques,' but some precaution must be taken to keep persons of this sort out of any society which has a claim to consider itself agreeable.

In old days a very innocent but still very effectual talk-stopper was the Child. Parents used to bring their terrible infants into grown-up company, even of an intelligent kind. It was an outrage of that description which caused Charles Lamb to propose the health of Herod, King of the Jews. In scarcely a less degree (though one hesitates to acknowledge it) the presence of the Young Person of either sex is to be deprecated.

Some persons have the rudeness to go further, and assert that in the presence of the gentler sex conversation, not so much of an intellectual but of a natural or dramatic, and especially of a humorous kind, can seldom be carried on. It has been said, indeed, that a bright and clever woman 'lifts the conversation' at dinner parties, but what sort of conversation do we generally find at dinner parties? And what must the conversation be that requires 'lifting'? It is quite true that the talk of a polished and educated woman, of mature years and a liberal mind, is one of the most delightful of intellectual pleasures—it has well been called a liberal education—but how rare such women are! And how terribly even *they* are handicapped.

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They can talk of literature, of politics, and even of religion, though in the last case seldom with any freedom; but speculations on 'fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,' the subjects of the best kind of conversation, are not to their taste, while from the discussion of some of the most interesting topics connected with human nature they are of necessity debarred. A better and wiser adviser of a young man in social matters is not to be found than in some ancient lady of wealth and position, whose very voice has persuasion in it, and who speaks from the fulness of her own knowledge. 'I am an old woman, you know. Tell me your trouble.' But that is only a duet, though one of exquisite sympathy; the talk of two. As a rule women's talk, like that of the aristocracy, is almost always personal.

The flippancies and cynicism of the smoking room are very naturally in ill odour; yet the brightest conversations within my own somewhat extensive experience have been held under the benign influence of tobacco. It nourishes quiet thought and does away with ill-humour; smokers do not talk unless they have something to say, and are careful to say it not at too great length, or their pipe would go out. Thus anecdote is restrained within proper limits, and monologue is rendered impossible.

It is rather invidious to pronounce which profession produces the best conversationalists, and such a judgment must be open to many exceptions; it can be at most but a general impression; but on the whole—there is nothing like leather—I think men of letters are the best talkers. It is true they are sometimes the worst from a negative point of view, since some of them cannot talk at all. The sole channel of their intelligence is their pen. But the higher class of literary men have generally something interesting to say, because they are students of human nature, and adapt their experiences of it to their company. They never talk of their own books, nor very much even of literature. One of the many gifts of Dickens is known to be that of public speaking; but his conversation with his intimates was still more delightful; not at all witty, but intensely humorous, though combined with great earnestness, however slight might be the subject. He disliked general society, chiefly, I think, from the fear that some foolish person would compliment him to his face, a stroke of vulgarity that requires a master of fence indeed to parry.

Lever was a raconteur of the first sparkle, but after an hour or two one had enough of him. The best conversationalist I ever knew (that is among the departed) was a man of letters, W. G. Clark; he was one of the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare, and the author of *Summer Months in Spain*, but had a higher reputation as a classical scholar. He 'wore his weight of learning like a flower,' which is by no means usually the case with learned persons: they have no 'buttonhole' themselves, but they buttonhole other people, and their perception of humour is generally confined to a false

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quantity. I can never understand why this error should be so mirth-provoking in a dead language, and so devoid of amusement in a living one.

Small literary folks are seldom good company; they talk literature too much, and though it is the best 'shop' to talk about, 'shop' is always better left alone. Observe how a soldier with a record of distinguished service avoids it; from a certain fine sense of modesty no less than good taste. He is as difficult to draw as a badger, but when drawn gives excellent sport. I am not one of those literary persons who seem to take a pleasure (for it is always affected) in contrasting to his disparagement Captain Pen with Captain Sword (for it is something, as now happens, 'to have at one's back a million men'), but I must admit that there are few kinds of talk so attractive as that of the unwilling warrior making light of experiences, which if they had happened to me, I feel with a secret blush, would have formed a more constant topic of conversation.

The talk of barristers is often very clever, but too inclined to be shoppy; they remind one of public school men, who, after they have ceased to be boys for half a century, will still retail the reminiscences of that far-back time to one another, without much consideration for that portion of the company who have neither been at Eton nor Harrow. The men of the gown are bright enough, but even when good natured are too apt to affect cynicism, which destroys at one blow both geniality and naturalness.

'The lower branch of the profession' are generally silent and severe (wherefore I know not, and Heaven forbid that I should draw the secret from its 'dread abode'), but now and then we get an admirable specimen from this collection. There is nothing like your 'family lawyer' as a receptacle of secrets, matters of real human interest, and sometimes he will open a closet without divulging its whereabouts, and show you a skeleton.

I had once a friend who had no rival as an exhibitor of this description—the happiest mixture of grave and gay conceivable, and who possessed quite an anatomical museum. Some of the heads of families he had to deal with deserved a fuller portraiture at the hands of the dramatist or the novelist, but as sketches they were faultless. I remember one of them, and wish I could reproduce the touches which gave to the original picture its life and likeness. The man was a wealthy and still young north country squire, selfish and self-indulgent; childless, which was fortunate, for he was very unfit to play a father's part; and suddenly widowed. It was to the funeral of the wife that my friend was professionally invited. It had not been a happy marriage. The man was gloomy, not because of his bereavement, but because of the solemnity and seriousness it entailed. He would have gone away, if he had dared, and left her relations to bury her; he did not like them, and swore he would not be shut up

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in a carriage with any one of them—he would ride alone. 'No,' said my friend, who had great influence over him (as indeed he had over most people with whom he was brought into contact). 'You must not do that.' There were good reasons why he should not have gone alone. 'If you will not go with your relatives you must go with the clergyman.' 'The clergyman! Well, if I must, I must, but it will quite spoil my day.'

Another funeral story, but against himself, he told with inimitable humour. I say 'told,' not 'used to tell,' for I never heard him repeat the same experience. The measures he took with his clients were represented as so successful that I requested him on one occasion to tell me one of his failures. For one instant he looked confused, but immediately resumed his serenity.

Well, I have been young like everybody else. When junior partner in my firm, I went down to the funeral of a client, very rich but not respected. He had no relatives and no friends, but there were a great many mourning coaches. It was winter, and the burial-place was five miles from the Hall. I was in the last coach with the doctor, a young man like myself. We went at a good pace over the snow, and the whole proceeding was tedious and disagreeable. 'Do you think,' said the doctor, 'there would be any harm in our having a cigar?' Of course it was wrong and very unprofessional in both of us, but we lit up. It was a great relief, and, as we flattered ourselves, unaccompanied by danger. Presently, however, the whole line—about five and twenty carriages—came to a dead stop. The undertaker and one of his men ran wildly to our window. 'Gentlemen, your carriage is on fire!' It cost us a couple of sovereigns, but we escaped detection.

Taking them all round, I had rather talk with a strange doctor than a stranger of any other profession. They have generally seen a great deal of human nature, and if they have only seen a little of it, it is worth hearing about. They never talk about Art, at all events. I confess I am rather afraid of travellers, unless they are commercial travellers. They are too full of information, and are too often anxious to impart it. Sometimes it is not even true. Frederic Locker used to tell of how an unscrupulous traveller narrating his adventures among the Red Indians was cleverly stopped by Lord Barrymore. 'Did you ever see anything of the Chick-Chows?' 'Oh! a good deal,' said Sir Arthur, 'a very cruel tribe, the Chick-Chows.' 'And the Cherry-Chows, eh?' 'Oh, very much among the Cherry-Chows,' continued Sir Arthur, 'the Cherry-Chows were singularly kind to my fellows.' 'And pray, Sir Arthur, did you see much of the Tol-de-roddy-bow-wows?'

This was too much for even Sir Arthur. He was rather put out, but the company was relieved. Nevertheless, there *are* modest travellers. I had once a great friend who had travelled all round the world. When almost on his death-bed, he spoke to me on the subject for the first time, with humorous pathos. 'My dear fellow, you will do me the justice, when I am gone, to say that I never told you one word about it.' But he was a noble exception.

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As to the clergy, they are a good deal weighted as regards conversation. Coleridge once observed that Nature was the Devil in a strait-waistcoat. Clergymen are Angels similarly attired. There are, and have been, however, great exceptions: Sydney Smith, for example, whom no layman, except perhaps Douglas Jerrold, has ever excelled for brightness, and none have equalled for geniality. How much conversation has to do with manners may be gathered from the biographies of witty persons. How dull they are!

Folks talk of 'the art of conversation,' and of course there are some rules which need to be observed by all who would excel in it: to be brief, without curtness; to avoid any 'talking to the gallery' (but indeed in the sort of company I have in my mind there is no gallery); to give and take. But the fact is conversation is a gift of nature; when artificial it is never really good. The disposition must be genial, the wit ready and keen, but of the kind that 'never carries a heart stain away on its blade;' the humour abundant, but always arising from the situation; not pumped up, but a natural flow; there must be a quick sympathy, and above all the desire to please.

JAMES PAYN.

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THOMAS DAY

'THE pool of mercenary and time-serving ethics was first blown over by the fresh country breeze of *Sandford and Merton*, a production that I shall ever be grateful for,' so wrote Leigh Hunt of the author of *Sandford and Merton*, and it can be well imagined that there was much in common between the two. Leigh Hunt's love for cheap and simple enjoyment was accompanied by a belief in the ultimate success of every true and honest endeavour, and Mr. Lowell says of him, 'that he was as pure a minded man as ever lived.' Edgeworth uses identical language of Day, though I doubt if the latter ever possessed the courtesy or sweetness of temper so characteristic of Leigh Hunt. Both, like Tolstoi in modern days, were singularly plain in their habits of life, water and food of the plainest kind sufficing for their daily meals—'We have no right to luxuries while the poor want bread,' said Day—and both were animated by the highest ideals. *Sandford and Merton* finds but little sale at present. Burnand practically gave it the *coup de grâce*, and the story of 'Xeno and the Voluptuous Weather Cock' is probably better known than that of 'Polemio,' while the idea of Master Tommy sitting on his pillow cool side uppermost after an exciting interview with Mr. Barlow raises a smile that the original priggish conversations between pupil and tutor were never intended to excite.

Books for children, above all others, are the most popular and have the widest circulation at the time, but are shortest lived and vanish more successfully than any other style of literature; about one in ten thousand, Mr. Humphries of Messrs. Hatchards informs me, retains its grasp on the public after the first year. *Sandford and Merton* held its own for a while, but its didactic tone and long discourses are ill-suited to the present style. Keir says of Day's *Sandford and Merton*: 'Utility rather than display of talent was the motive of his writing.' It was meant to be a children's book with a purpose, striking the keynote of the abolition of slavery, and works of that description are not much in favour now. At the time, however, the first volume was published, in 1783, books for children were uncommon, and it is far easier to find seventeenth century ones than

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those of that period of the eighteenth century; still it ran through nine editions and was translated into French and German.

To John Newbery, the 'Philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Church Yard,' we owe the first forward movement in juvenile books. He was one of the most ingenious advertisers of the day and his ingenuity was in most cases rewarded by success. From works such as *War with the Devil; or, the Young Man's Conflict with the Powers of Darkness*, in ninety pages of argument, Newbury delivered the children of his time, and presented them with *Goody Two Shoes* and *Giles Gingerbread*, bound in shining gold cloth, the former written, perhaps, by Oliver Goldsmith himself. Numerous great authors have tried to adapt their literary efforts to childish intellect; many have failed, Sir Walter Scott conspicuous among them, but Newbery succeeded. It is difficult perhaps for us, now, to understand the success of *Sandford and Merton*, but we must remember that young children have little or no sense of humour, and they always prefer books which can be read as a tale of real life, to one full of witticisms that their elders appreciate.

> Children's books [writes Miss Thackeray, quoting a *Quarterly Review*] should be not merely less dry, less difficult, than a book for grown-up people, but more rich in interest, more true to nature, more exquisite in art, more abundant in every quality that replies to childhood's keener and fresher perception.
>
> Children like facts; they like short, vivid sentences that tell the story: as they listen intently so they read—every word has its value for them.

We have not many details of the life and career of Thomas Day, though there is a life of him (published in 1791) written by Thomas Keir; but the work, while it contains many pages of the author's own opinions and some extracts from Day's various poems, gives few interesting particulars of the life of a man whose eccentric conduct affords much amusement to the reader of the *Memoirs of Richard Edgeworth*. Thomas Day, author of *Sandford and Merton*, *The Dying Negro*, and numerous political pamphlets long ago forgotten, and none of which ever attained any popularity, was born in London on the 22nd of June 1748; his father was a collector of Customs Outwards, and his mother, Jane, the daughter of S. Bonham, Esq. Thomas Day's father died when his son was thirteen months old, leaving him an estate of 1,200*l.* a year at Bear Hill, near Wargrave, in Berkshire, saddled with a jointure of 300*l.* to the widow. In 1755 Mrs. Day married Mr. T. Phillips, also of the Customs House, who seems to have behaved with great unkindness to the boy, but, fortunately for him, his mother resented this conduct, and took considerable pains with Day's education, and especially with his physical training at the Charterhouse. Kindness to animals was certainly not a characteristic of that age, but it formed a pleasing feature of Day's boyhood, and we find in his most popular work, *i.e. Sandford and Merton*, numerous

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stories pointing in this direction, *e.g.* 'History of the Two Dogs,' the 'Story of the Elephant,' 'Androcles and the Lion.'

At a very early age Day seems to have shown himself an 'enfant terrible,' but his partial biographer, Mr. Keir, relates the story as showing the 'perseverance with which he investigated truth and knowledge.' Having just learnt to read, and being particularly pleased with the striking descriptions contained in the Book of Revelation, he demanded of his mother and friends more explanation than they could give. Among other questions he propounded was the slightly inconvenient one of, 'Who was the W—— of Babylon?' Mrs. Day concluding that such knowledge was hardly requisite for an infant of tender years prudently replied that when next the rector of the parish visited the house he might ask him, trusting that time might cause him to forget the subject, or that shyness might prevent his asking.

Some considerable time afterwards Mrs. Day gave a largish party, including among other guests her favourite rector. So good an opportunity was not to be lost by Master Day, 'so, standing before the shepherd, and conspicuously among the flock,' he inquired of him in audible tones as to the exact meaning of the disputed passage. Embarrassed and surprised, the unfortunate ecclesiastic fenced with his juvenile interrogator, and eventually told him that the word was 'allegorical.' This made the matter more perplexing than ever, and little Day, after some consideration, throwing a look of contempt on the parson, ran up to his mother and whispered, so loud that all the company could hear it, 'He knows nothing about it.' It is probable that the juvenile investigator was at once relegated to the nursery.

After passing a short time at a child's school he entered the Charterhouse, and spent some eight or nine years there under Dr. Cressius, removing at sixteen as a gentleman commoner to Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

Mr. Keir tells us that Day was tall, strong, erect, and of a manly deportment, deeply marked with small-pox; voice clear, expressive, and fit for public elocution. Mrs. Ritchie says: 'He was tall and stooped in the shoulders, full made but not corpulent, and in his meditations and melancholy airs a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended.' He talked like a book and always thought in the same full dress style, which must have rendered his society rather oppressive, and even Mr. Keir confesses that in conversation he entered into the subject more deeply and fully than was agreeable to the fashionable tone of the day.

The picture of him by Wright, of Derby, shows him as a man with a heavy jaw, dark and abundant hair—in the original, the lightning is depicted as passing through it—nor does it seem that he paid that attention to his personal appearance that would be expected of a society author in these days. Mr. Edgeworth says of him, that at

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the very commencement of their acquaintance, when the Days were living at Bear Hill, in Berkshire, 'His appearance was not prepossessing! He seldom combed his raven locks, though he was remarkably fond of washing in a stream.'

In 1765 he was admitted as student to the Middle Temple, being called to the Bar in 1775. Probably about 1767 Edgeworth and Thomas Day met for the first time at Hare Hatch, 'And thus,' as the former puts it, 'began an acquaintance, which was, I believe, of service to us both.' 'Mr. Day was grave, and of a melancholy temperament; I gay and full of constitutional joy!' 'Mr. Day was not a man of strong passions. I was.' Mr. Edgeworth married four times. Mr. Day, though continually anxious to quit a bachelor life, was suspicious of the female sex and averse to risking his happiness for their charms and their society. 'To a contrary extreme I was fond of all the happiness which they can bestow.' (At a later period of his life, however, Mr. Day's eccentric conduct with two young ladies abroad led to some slight suspicion of this most virtuous of human being's dislike to the fair sex.)

The course of this strong friendship did not run perfectly smooth, as Mrs. Edgeworth took a decided aversion to her husband's friend, and became jealous of their mutual attachment, causing Mr. Edgeworth great uneasiness, and an exclamation in his *Memoirs* that, 'The lamentings of a female with whom one lives does not render home delightful.'

A third friend soon joined the pair, *i.e.* Mr. Keir, of Birmingham, the future author of the *Life of Thomas Day*.

Rousseau's *Emile* had already made a strong impression on Edgeworth, who commenced a trial of the system, by leaving the body and mind of his boy as much as possible to the education of nature and accident, and Day eventually followed Edgeworth's example, substituting his future wife for the child.

In the spring of 1768 Edgeworth and Day started for Ireland, and stopped in Eccleshall, in Staffordshire, where Edgeworth passed as the servant, and Day as the employer, the former ordering an excellent dinner for himself, but only some cold meat and a tart for his master, while he also harangued the crowd on the misanthropy of this wealthy eccentric and his adventures by land and sea.

The arrival of Dr. Darwin with Mr. Whitehurst seems to have put an end to the joke by the recognition of Edgeworth in the kitchen. Darwin's addition to the Triumvirate commences here, though at first Day seems to have evinced considerable impatience at a prolonged conversation between Darwin and Edgeworth on mechanics. No doubt on this occasion was discussed Edgeworth's wooden horse that should carry him safely over the highest wall in the country, a wondrous creation armed with eight legs, four on the ground at once, the remaining four raised up into the machine; or the large

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umbrella for covering haystacks, or the waggon divided into two parts, each having four wheels, contrived so that the roads never sustained more than half the weight of the common load. Arrived in Dublin, Day's penchant for savage life seems to have been rudely shaken by the want and misery he saw there, while the luxury and show of the gentlefolks caused his disapprobation.

On the way to Edgeworth Town they passed through one of the counties where a contested election was going on, and Day was so upset at the scenes and noise, riot and debauchery, that he fell into a profound melancholy.

More beef than they could swallow was pressed upon them, free, gratis and for nothing, but beds at the inn, or stabling for the horses, could not be purchased at any price. On arrival at the parental mansion the friend did not make a favourable impression, his uncombed locks and slovenly dress striking Edgeworth's father and sister as unbefitting the possessor of a fair fortune, while his manner of eating struck them as decidedly unpleasant, but he looked upon their prejudices in favour of politeness with philosophic indifference, classing Miss Edgeworth with those fine ladies for whom he always exhibited such lofty indifference. Ere long, however, his opinions of the lady underwent a change, and in three months' time he became such an admirer as to obtain from her a promise that if he continued to be animated by the same feelings for a year, and could be induced to comb his hair, and modify his behaviour at table, she might be induced to give him her hand.

At this time Edgeworth was driving about the country in a unicycle chaise of his own construction, probably the fact that it was only constructed for one being the reason why Day did not accompany him. This singular carriage had but one wheel, was balanced by two weights hung below the shafts, and had a seat not more than thirty inches from the ground. The footboard turned upon hinges, so that when it met any obstacle it gave way, and the driver's legs were warned to lift themselves up. It was specially constructed for the purpose of going conveniently in narrow roads.

Arrived in London from Birmingham, the three friends, Day, Bicknel, and Edgeworth, proceeded to dabble in politics. Day successfully addressed the Westminster electors, and Edgeworth, determined not to be outdone, addressed a crowded audience at a debating society at Coachmakers' Hall upon the influence of female manners upon society, a too strong allusion to the peculiar stays worn by ladies at that time drawing upon him the marked disapprobation of the audience.

Before the winter of the year in which they parted had elapsed, Mr. Day and Miss Edgeworth discovered that they were not suited to each other, and Day commenced his famous experiment. The first thing was to find two girls, who should be brought up as equally

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as possible, under his own eye, with the hope that they might be companions to each other as children, and that before they grew up to be women he might be able to decide which of them would be most agreeable to himself for a wife.

His proposition was 'to unite the purity of female virtue with the fortitude and hardiness of constitution of a Spartan Virgin, and with a simplicity of taste that should despise worldly vanities,' the effeminate manners and dissipated pleasures, which, according to Rousseau's declaration, constituted the female character of that age.

It was certainly fortunate for him that his character was above suspicion, or this peculiar mode of furnishing himself with a wife might have led to unpleasant remarks, and though to the last he tenaciously held to his somewhat quixotic ideas, advancing years taught him to lay aside the many plausible though somewhat romantic schemes that had captivated his young imagination. As an example of this we might quote Keir's story of him.

At seventeen, having heard that Lord——, celebrated only for having made intrigue the business of his life, had abandoned one of his victims to the horrors of vice and unpitied penury, Day wrote him a violent letter, remonstrating with him on the meanness of his conduct, and concluded by offering him a personal challenge unless he relieved her from want.

We do not hear, however, that the answer was satisfactory; perhaps this was one of the extravagances of a warm heart and of a strong imagination that Day alludes to in a letter to R. Edgeworth.

Keir, evidently feeling that the history of the two foundlings might lead to some misrepresentation, makes but one very guarded allusion to matrimonial intentions. With regard to these two children he says: 'It is not improbable that Day might have entertained some expectation of marrying one of them.'

Edgeworth stated it as a fact that the children were selected by Bicknell and Day with this avowed object. They chose a flaxen-haired beauty of twelve from the orphan asylum at Shrewsbury, whom they called Sabrina Sydney, and from the Foundling Hospital in London they elected a brunette, whom they christened Lucretia. I have been unable to trace in the books of the Foundling Hospital in London any mention of this transaction, but in 1769 a Mr. T. Day became a Governor by giving 50*l.* towards the funds, and this may have been the price of Lucretia.

Sabrina Sydney was apprenticed to Mr. Edgeworth, who explains that he had such confidence in Day that he felt no repugnance to his friend being entrusted with the care of such young girls.

A London lodging not proving convenient for the somewhat startling experiment that Day had commenced, he set sail for France, accompanied by his precious charges, and resided for a considerable time at Avignon. Miss Seward says that while there they gave their

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guardian a considerable amount of trouble by their tempers and ignorance, and though some doubt has been thrown on her statements in this respect, owing to a letter from Day to Darwin, written at the same time, in which he says they were always contented, I must think that Miss Seward has probability on her side. Sabrina could not yet write, but she could make a circle and an equilateral triangle, and knew the cause of night and day, winter and summer, and thought the people in France 'very brown and peculiar dressers.'

Poor Lucretia proved herself invincibly stupid, and she was eventually married to a small shopkeeper, with a dowry of 300*l.* or 400*l.*, as soon as Day returned to England.

Sabrina Sydney seems at first to have proved a greater success. On her return from France, at the age of thirteen, she is described as having fine natural ringlets down her back, long eyelashes, expressive eyes, and a most melodious voice, and as being a great favourite with the ladies round Stow Hill, Lichfield, where Day had taken a house. At Lichfield lived Mr. Seward, a canon of the Cathedral, whose popularity in the literary world was well deserved; Mrs. Seward and her two daughters, Anna and Sally, contributed to the attractions of the palace, and to this family party was added Honora Sneyd. In this attractive and literary centre our author soon became one of the intimates, taking the fair Sabrina with him, and Edgeworth, who was staying with him, was much impressed by Miss Sneyd's beauty and talents, comparing his own wife most unfavourably with her, indeed she seems to have upset the equanimity of the whole of the Birmingham coterie; Dr. Small, Keir, and Darwin all fell victims to her charms, Day alone remaining insensible to her attractions. Sabrina Sydney was now getting too old to remain under Day's charge without a protectress, and she was accordingly placed at a boarding-school at Sutton Colefields, and her absence, perhaps, induced some change in his sentiments towards Honora Sneyd, for early in 1773 we find him anxious to be engaged to her, and he wrote to point out to the amorous Edgeworth the impropriety of his passion for this lady. Day's formal proposal to Miss Sneyd was contained in a packet of some hundred sheets of paper, containing the subject of many conversations, and a plan of their future life laid down for her approval, as well as a formal offer of marriage. This was duly handed to the unfortunate Edgeworth to deliver, and Day remained in a fever of excitement awaiting the answer by the same hand. Alas! the fair Honora refused to acknowledge the unqualified control of a husband over all her actions, nor would she subscribe to the doctrine that seclusion from society was indispensably necessary to female virtue. Day wished for perfect seclusion, Honora would not change her life. Tableau! the disappointed lover fell ill, and Dr. Darwin ordered him to be bled and put to bed. Mr. Sneyd, Honora's father, now arrived at Lichfield, bringing with him a second daughter, Elizabeth.

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'Music and dancing, archery, fencing, vaulting and leaping,' afforded frequent opportunities of meeting between these ladies and Day and Edgeworth, and in three weeks Elizabeth Sneyd had made a greater impression on our philosopher than her superior sister had done in twelve months. Edgeworth availed himself of the transference of Day's affection to return to his former flirtation with Honora, and matters grew to such a pitch that the virtuous Day insisted that flight was the one method left of escape from such dangers. To France again they went, taking with them Edgeworth's son of seven or eight, and leaving Elizabeth Sneyd bound by a promise not to go to London, Bath, or any other place of amusement, until the return of her would-be husband.

Passing through Paris, they paid a visit to Rousseau, taking young Edgeworth with them. The boy, who had been brought up after the pattern of Day's favourite 'Emile,' was sent out for a walk with the philosopher, who, while praising his abilities, declared that he found in him a propensity to prejudice, this opinion being founded on the fact that whenever they had met with a particularly handsome horse or carriage Master Edgeworth had pronounced it to be an English one.

From Paris they proceeded to Lyons, when Day put himself to every species of torture to render himself more elegant in the eyes of Elizabeth, Mr. Huise, his gymnastic master, placing him between two boards adjusted with screws so as barely to permit him to bend his knees. By these means it was proposed to force the knees outwards, but original formation and inveterate habit resisted all his efforts at personal improvement. 'The Philosopher in stocks, with a book in his hands and contempt in his heart,' excited the pity of his mercurial and more worldly travelling companion. Edgeworth occupied his time at Lyons with various engineering experiments, employing Day as a kind of tutor to his son and companion to his tearful wife, eventually sending her back to England with him; Day fancying that having learnt all that riding, fencing, and dancing masters could teach him, he might fairly claim the hand of Elizabeth Sneyd as the reward of his labours. Mrs. Edgeworth's death followed closely on the confinement for which she had returned to England, and the faithful Day travelled some hundred miles to Woodstock to meet Edgeworth on his return to England, and to inform him that he might now honourably pay his addresses to Honora Sneyd, who, though she was still surrounded by lovers, was still her own mistress. The courtship was a short one, and in 1773 Edgeworth and Honora Sneyd were married by Mr. Seward at Lichfield Cathedral, by special license, in the Ladies' Choir. Curiously enough, Day was not present, but he wrote his congratulations from Ireland, in which, while pouring out philosophic advice, mingled with classical quotations,

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for his friend's guidance, he laments that he himself is probably marked out by fate for an old bachelor, admitted, perhaps, as a friend to the Edgeworth family 'to mediate for the future Miss Edgeworths when they run away with a tall ensign in the Guards or their dancing-master!'

Poor Day! his attachment to Mrs. Edgeworth's sister terminated unsuccessfully, and notwithstanding all the exertions he had made, and the pains taken to improve his manners, Elizabeth declared that she preferred the 'blackguard' (as he had called himself before) to the 'fine gentleman,' and she married eventually Edgeworth, after her sister's death.

Repulsed by Elizabeth, Day now again founded his hopes of matrimonial felicity on Sabrina, and from his letters to Edgeworth, the latter says that he felt convinced Day would marry her immediately. She had been left at the house of a friend, under strict injunctions as to some peculiar fancies of his own, in particular as to some restrictions of dress. She had already failed under some fantastic experiments at Stow House made with the view of testing her stoicism. She screamed when pistols were fired at her petticoats, though they were not loaded with ball, and used strong language when melted sealing-wax was dropped on her arms! Such a poor spirit and want of determination caused great doubts in Day's mind as to whether she would ever make him a suitable wife, and these doubts became a certainty, when one day she came down stairs in long sleeves (probably to hide the marks produced by the hot wax) and a handkerchief that he particularly disliked. He considered this circumstance as a proof of her want of strength of mind, and 'put her away for ever.'

She eventually married Mr. Bicknell, who had assisted in her selection at the Foundling Hospital, and received from Day the promised portion of 500*l.*, and on Mr. Bicknell's death, three years later, 30*l.* a year more.

Day now began to lose faith in his own judgment and turned for help and advice to his Birmingham friend, Dr. Small, who seems to have had no difficulty in at once producing a lady whom he believed to be exactly the wife for his friend. Miss Milnes, of Yorkshire, a lady of well-known charity and benevolence, was the proposed helpmeet for the author of *Sandford and Merton.* The superiority of her understanding was extolled by Dr. Small. She was called Minerva, he said, to distinguish her from a relative celebrated for her beauty and called Venus. But though Day required beauty of mind, he was not indifferent to the outward charms of person, and he proceeded to cross-examine the ambassador as to Minerva's personal attractions and style of dress. 'She may be intellectual,' said Day, 'but has she white and large arms?' 'Yes,' said Small, 'she has.'

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'But does she wear long petticoats?' asked Day. 'Uncommonly long,' rejoined the faithful friend. But still the anxious Day was not satisfied, and he returned to the charge with a further and more searching inquiry: 'I hope she is tall and strong and healthy.' The truthful Small replied, 'She is remarkably small and not robust.' But, determined not to allow Day to have the last word, he proceeded then and there to read his friend a lecture on the improbability of his finding a lady who should in all things complete his idea of what a wife should be, the homily being followed by this conversation: 'This lady is two or three and twenty, has had twenty admirers—some of these admirers of herself, some, perhaps, of her fortune; yet, in spite of all these admirers and lovers, she is disengaged. If you are not satisfied, determine at once never to marry.'

'My dear doctor,' replied Mr. Day, 'the only objection which I have to Miss Milnes is her large fortune. It was always my wish to give to any woman whom I married the most unequivocal proof of my attachment to herself by despising her fortune.'

'Well, my friend,' replied the practical doctor, 'what prevents you despising the fortune and taking the lady?'

Certainly Miss Milnes must have possessed an extraordinary sweetness of temper, as well as white and large arms, for Day's love-making was as eccentric as his life and other actions. A thousand preliminaries had to be adjusted, and there were no subjects of opinion or speculation which did not receive full discussion previously to his marriage.

The force of Small's argument seems to have had its effect on Day, and he started for Yorkshire to commence his courtship. Miss Milnes was also a great talker, so that, as Edgeworth dryly remarks, 'Between a lady so accomplished and such a dialectician as Mr. Day it was not likely that conversation should languish.'

At last the marriage took place, and the happy and philosophic pair retired to a small lodging in Hampstead to avoid society and continue their discussions in peace. Here they were found by Edgeworth and his wife still descanting on metaphysical subjects and trudging through the snow in the depth of winter, although Mrs. Day had always been supposed to have most delicate health. Being after some time convinced that he had, in his solitary Hampstead home, sufficiently accustomed his 'eloquent' bride to those modes of life that he conceived to be essential to his happiness, Day, in 1779, proceeded to put into execution a long-debated project for the amelioration of the condition of the agricultural classes. To this end it was necessary that an estate should be purchased, not too expensive and not too large.

A house and small farm were found at Stapleford Abbots, about

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eighteen miles due east of London, in an intensely rural parish of Essex, that even now is sparsely populated, though the scenery is picturesque and the surroundings attractive, especially on the side of Havering-atte-Bower.

No doubt the house and estate, at whatever price Day may have bought them, were dear to the purchaser. The house had only one good room, and the land was clay of the heaviest description; it lies in the midst of old and undrained forest land, and is to this day almost the worst part of Essex for farming; but to the enthusiastic Day such trifles as these were not worth consideration.

The labourers' lot was to be easily improved and their working capacity increased by philanthropic schemes, while the land was to be soon rendered fertile by a method of his own. No doubt his friend Edgeworth's mechanical inventions were to be largely employed. But, first of all, the house had to be rendered fit for habitation, and, true to his traditions, Day determined to carry out these improvements himself.

The bookstalls of London were ransacked for works on building, and Ware's *Architecture* duly purchased and perused for a month before commencing operations. Numerous workmen were engaged and set to work, Day enthusiastically superintending their operations; but, alas! in a week's time he became tired of the newly-imposed task; it interrupted his daily walks with Mrs. Day, and completely prevented their long discussions in the neighbouring forest, or close application to books in the house. Workmen came clamouring at the study door, demanding sills, lintels, doors, and window-cases, which in those days could not be bought ready 'made in Germany.' It is true that Day had contemplated employing carpenters to assist the masons, but he had hoped for some respite. Deep in a treatise written by some friendly agriculturist to prove that deep ploughing could render any land fertile (a theory still held by Sir Arthur Cotton and others), the busy architect of his own farm was confronted by the master mason with the frivolous question as to where he would have the window of the new room on the first floor. Edgeworth was present and offered to assist, probably thinking that he might have to occupy the room, but the proffered help was disdainfully refused, and the mason was asked if the wall might not be built first and the place for the window cut out afterwards. The workman probably thought Day was a good paymaster, but a bad architect, and, unwilling to disturb the harmony of the proceedings, willingly fell in with the new farmer's plans, and built the room without any windows at all. Poor Mrs. Day had to use this room for two or three years as a dressing-room, candles having naturally to be always lit in it, and it was then turned into a lumber room. The stay at Stapleford was short, the labourers proved ungrateful, the soil

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more ungrateful still, and he left the clays of Essex for the lighter lands of Anningsley, near Chertsey, in Surrey. He got more land for his money here than in Essex, and was able to try upon a greater scale several of those doubtful experiments that he had found in foreign and other books, all of which, as might have been expected, ended in no inconsiderable loss of money.

With his removal to Surrey ended his close intimacy with Mr. Edgeworth. Henceforward the two saw but little of each other, Day occupying a considerable portion of his time in writing political tracts, such as the *Letters of Marius*, a *Dialogue between the Justice of the Peace and a Farmer*, Letters to Arthur Young on the Bill now depending in Parliament to prevent the exportation of wool, &c.; besides fresh children's books, *The Grateful Turk*, published in a volume of *Moral Tales*, and *The History of Little Jack*, *The Fatal Effects of Delay*, and *The History of Philip Quarll*, &c.

Alas for poor Day! his removal from Stapleford Abbots to Anningsley brought him no good luck. He lost 300*l.* a year by his experiments, and his new fangled notions as to agriculture brought him into unpleasant relations with his neighbours, who objected to the new plantations on each farm, which formed a leading feature of his schemes.

On the 28th of September 1789 Day started to visit his mother at Bear Hill, riding a colt whose education he had conducted according to his own peculiar theories, namely, that kindness, and kindness alone, would control any animal. Likely enough his riding was, like his farming, more theoretical than practical; the colt shied at some one winnowing corn by the roadside, plunged, and threw him on his head. He had concussion of the brain, never spoke after his fall, and died in three-quarters of an hour.

In 1780 a will had been made by Day leaving everything to his wife and appointing her sole executrix. This will the widow had reason to suppose had been superseded by a later one, in which Keir and Edgeworth had been appointed executors.

The deceased had frequently spoken of such a one, and apparently explained its advantages, but when Mrs. Day's nephew came to go over the papers no later testament than the first could be found, and a sum of twenty thousand pounds was also missing. At the time of the American war, fearing a national bankruptcy, Day, with the cognisance and assistance of Edgeworth, had buried a considerable sum under the floor of the study at Bear Hill, his mother's house; but this amount Mrs. Phillips declared had been taken up again and deposited in the public funds, so that it is probable that the money must have been spent in that rather indiscriminate charity that Day is known to have practised, though he condemns the habit in his later letters.

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He was buried in Wargrave Churchyard, and an epitaph that he had himself composed for Doctor Small was placed upon the stone.

Beyond the reach of time, or fortune's power,
Remain, cold stone, remain, and mark the hour
When all the noblest gifts which heaven e'er gave
Were centred in a dark untimely grave.

Oh! taught on reason's boldest wings to rise
And catch each glimmering of the opening skies.
Oh, gentle bosom! Oh, unsullied mind!
Oh, friend of truth, to virtue, and mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine.

M. LOCKWOOD.

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GENIUS AND STATURE

THE anthropometry of 'genius'—using the word here and throughout merely to indicate the most highly valued variations of intellectual faculty—is in a much more elementary condition than our knowledge of the physical characters of criminals. There are sufficient reasons why this should be so. The man of genius less obviously belongs to the 'dangerous classes' than the criminal, the idiot, and other varieties of abnormal man; so that we seldom obtain him under favourable conditions for precise measurement. Moreover, persons of artistic genius, at all events, usually possess to an even greater extent than criminals a kind of vanity distinctly opposed to all such proceedings; and no one has yet been found to imitate M. Zola, who complacently lent himself to the minute scientific investigations of Dr. Toulouse. If, however, there is one anthropological character of genius which ought to be fairly well ascertained, it is stature; for that is the coarsest of all anthropometric characters, and in its roughest degrees can be judged by the unaided eye. This is so obvious that from time to time the subject has been discussed; but, so far from any agreement having been reached, the conclusions of those who have dealt with the matter are absolutely opposed. And the reflection is inevitable that, if so simple a question as this will not admit of solution, it is impossible to determine any character of genius; and any attempt to consider the study of genius a scientific study is merely an affectation of pseudo-scientific journalists.

When, however, we come to look into the attempts made to settle this question, the cause of their failure is sufficiently obvious. The apparent simplicity of the problem has put the inquirer off his guard. In such a matter it has seemed enough to collect anecdotes concerning little or big 'great men,' to look into a few histories and biographies, or to fall back on one's own reminiscences. No one has attempted to treat the matter in a really serious and methodical manner. So far as I am aware, not a single writer who has undertaken to inquire whether men of genius are 'tall' or 'short' has taken the trouble to explain what he means by 'tall' or 'short.' It is easy to understand the contempt which anyone with the faintest tincture of scientific training must feel for such inquiries. The study of the stature of famous men threatens to resolve itself largely into

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a psychological analysis of the fallacies of human perception. Men are wont to belittle the physical height of the man of genius in order to emphasise his intellectual stature; or they magnify the Jovian altitude of both. Moreover, we all have different standards of height; and it is possible for the same person to be short, middle-sized, and tall, for different observers who all knew him well at the same period of his life. Middle height, as judged by the eye, is a peculiarly uncertain quantity. Thus Rossetti seemed to his brother to be of 'rather low middle stature;' to Mr. Hall Caine, of 'full middle height'; and to Mr. Sharp, 'rather over middle height.' His actual height was barely 5 feet 8 inches; so that, considered as an Englishman, he was of precisely middle height, though to most persons he would appear somewhat below it, since we instinctively and reasonably compare a man with his own class, and the professional classes are somewhat above the general average in height. This is, indeed, a very frequent source of error, and a large number of persons of genius who have been called short must, it is probable, strictly be regarded as of middle height, or even as tall.

It is scarcely credible, but seems to be true, that of the numerous writers who have come forward to settle this question, not one has taken the medium-sized 'great' man into consideration, and not one has considered what proportion of tall, medium-sized, and short men are found in the community generally. Yet, until we know these facts, it is idle to pile up lists of either short or tall men of genius.

I propose to try to avoid some of the grosser of the fallacies just mentioned. We may fairly attempt to approach the problem on a British basis, because, although British stature is slightly higher than that most prevalent in Europe, it is fairly near the average; and, moreover, I shall chiefly be concerned with British men of genius.[1]

Thanks to the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association, the stature of the inhabitants of the British Islands is fairly well ascertained. The average for the United Kingdom (I speak throughout of males only) is 67·66 inches, while the mean (*i.e.* the most frequent) height is 5 feet 7–8 inches, the professional and commercial classes having a mean height about 2–3 inches over this, and the labouring classes about an inch or two below; racially both the Scotch and the Irish are somewhat taller than the English, and the Welsh shorter. When we examine the Anthropometric Committee's tables, we find that not less than 68 per cent. of the inhabitants of

[1] Stature is one of those measurements which may be investigated with excess of precision. There are still investigators who laboriously carry out extended inquiries into height measured by millimetres, while quite unaware that the daily variation in height, especially in youth, is so gross as to be itself measurable in centimetres. In a boyish attempt of my own to be scientifically exact I discovered this daily variation; but it had been carefully investigated a very long time before by a clergyman named Wasse (*Philosophical Transactions*, 1724), who correctly attributed it to the elasticity of the intervertebral cartilages of the spine.

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these islands are between 5 feet 4 inches and 5 feet 9 inches in height; while 16 per cent. are below 5 feet 4 inches and 16 per cent. above 5 feet 9 inches. It is, therefore, both convenient and sufficiently accurate to say that all persons between 5 feet 4 inches and 5 feet 9 inches are of medium height. There is thus very little variability in the stature of the inhabitants generally. As Mr. Galton has pointed out, one-half of the population differs less than 1·7 inch from the average of all of them, while not less than 68 per cent. come within what I have called medium height. Therefore if stature counts for nothing in men of extraordinary intellectual ability, or 'genius,' and assuming for the present that such men spring from the population generally, we must expect to find that 68 per cent. of such persons are of medium stature (not above 5 feet 9 inches, nor below 5 feet 4 inches); while small, but equal, numbers should be found below and above that height, forming a symmetrical curve.

There are, of course, several possibilities. Instead of this normal convex curve, we might have an oblique downward curve (due to a preponderance of tall persons), or an oblique upward curve (due to a preponderance of short persons), or a concave curve (due to a preponderance of both tall and short persons). The first possibility, *i.e.* that the majority of men of genius like the majority of ordinary men are of medium height—although apparently the most obvious assumption—has not, so far as I know, ever been advanced. No one has yet brought forward a list of average-sized men of genius, and argued that they form the majority. The second possibility has aroused most enthusiastic faith; the advocates of the theory that men of genius are short of stature have shown a fiery activity often characteristic of their clients, and have sometimes claimed celebrities to whom they are not entitled. The third type has found numerous, though less energetic, champions. The fourth type, according to which the short and tall would alike prevail at the expense of the middle-sized, seems to have found no advocate. Yet, as we shall see, it is this type which most nearly represents the state of things we actually find.

The names and measurements contained in the following lists have been drawn from many sources, and, although I am prepared to learn that some have been mistakenly entered, I believe that in the main they may be relied upon as accurate. Many names given in previous lists have been excluded, either because the evidence seemed feeble, or the intellectual ability displayed trifling. I have thus exercised a certain degree of selection; that is inevitable when the value of evidence has to be sifted. But such selection has no disturbing influence on the results when it is not exercised in favour of a prejudice; and I must admit that, though the result I have reached seems to me the most simple and the most probable result, it had not occurred to me beforehand as probable. So far as I had any

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expectation, it was that the small men of genius would predominate; for I remembered Balzac's saying that 'nearly all great men are little,' and the emphasis with which Lombroso and others have followed on this side—which has, indeed, certain biological considerations in its favour. I have included no names which are not really eminent in some field or another. Except in a few unquestionable cases, the names of the living are excluded.

It will be seen that the names are grouped alphabetically into two classes differing in value. The first class contains only those whose height is definitely known, so that we are here free from the influences of mere impressions. It is undoubtedly true that such a list is abnormally deficient in persons of medium height, for it more rarely occurs to the biographers of such to mention the precise height; this is a source of error to be borne in mind, and we may put against it a compensatory error in the second class, for here many of the persons alleged to be of middle height were probably tall, *i.e.* over five feet nine.

The second class contains those who seemed tall, of medium height, or short to their contemporaries, but whose judgments we are not able to control by precise measurements. Notwithstanding the fallacies I have already mentioned, such judgments have a certain value.[2]

TALL

George Borrow (6 ft. 2)	Sir William Petty (over 6 ft.)	Audubon
Bruce J. (6 ft. 4)	Sir W. Raleigh (about 6 ft.)	D'Azeglio
Burke (5 ft. 10)	C. Reade (over 6 ft.)	Beaumarchais
Burns (nearly 5 ft. 10)	Sir W. Scott (about 6 ft.)	Bismarck
Sir R. Burton (nearly 6 ft.)	Shelley (5 ft. 11)	Joseph Black
Carlyle (5 ft. 11)	Southey (5 ft. 11)	Bolingbroke
Cobbett (over 6 ft.)	Thackeray (6 ft. 4)	Bonington
Coleridge (5 ft. 9½)	Trevitheck (6 ft. 2)	Boyle
O. Cromwell (5 ft. 10)	A. Trollope (5 ft. 10)	Lord Brougham
Darwin (about 6 ft.)	G. Washington (6 ft. 3)	Bunyan
Dumas *fils* (5 ft. 10)	Whitman (6 ft.)	Bishop Burnet
Fielding (over 6 ft.)	John Wilson (5 ft. 11½)	Julius Cæsar
Hawthorn (5 ft. 10½)	Hans Andersen ('the Long Poet')	Champollion
J. Hogg (5 ft. 10½)	Arago	Charlemagne
A. Lincoln (6 ft. 1)	T. Arnold	Clive
Marryatt (5 ft. 10)		Columbus
Peter the Great (6 ft. 8½)		Condorcet
		Corot

[2] In the case of men belonging to the past we have to reckon with the possibility that the average height of the population may have somewhat changed. In the present century F. D. Maurice was described by his son as 'distinctly below the middle height, not above five feet seven.' In 1745 Otway was described as 'of the middle height, about five feet seven inches;' while Swift at five feet eight was considered tall. But from the present point of view the mainly interesting point is not the absolute height, but the relative height of a certain group of men in comparison with their contemporaries.

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Crabbe
Dalton
Delacroix
Denham
Sir Kenelm Digby ('gigantic')
Dumas *père*
J. Edwards
Emerson
Flaubert
Foscolo
Froude
Gilbert
Goethe
E. de Goncourt
Gounod
Helmholtz
A. von Humboldt
Leigh Hunt
Huxley
Edward Irving
Sir Henry Irving
Dr. Johnson
Ben Jonson
Lamartine
Lavoisier
Lessing
Li Hung Chang ('a giant among Chinamen')
Longfellow
Mazarin
Millet
Mirabeau
Molière
Moltke
Monti
Henry More
A. de Musset
Nietzsche
Petrarch
Poussin
Puvis de Chavannes
Richelieu
J. P. Richter
Romilly
Ruskin
Schiller
Schopenhauer
Adam Sedgwick
Sheridan
Sir Philip Sidney
Smollett
Sterne
Taine
Tasso
Tennyson
St. Thomas Aquinas
J. Thomson
Torrigiano
Tourgueneff
Volta
Waller
D. Webster
William the Silent
Wordsworth

MEDIUM

Lord Beaconsfield (5 ft. 9)
Byron (5 ft. 8½)
Sir A. Cockburn (5 ft. 6)
Dickens (5 ft. 9)
Gladstone (about 5ft. 8)
Jeffrey (5 ft. 6)
Bulwer Lytton (about 5 ft. 9)
F. D. Maurice (5 ft. 7)
J. S. Mill (5 ft. 8)
Otway (5 ft. 7)
S. Richardson (about 5 ft. 5)
D. G. Rossetti (barely 5 ft. 8)
Swift (5 ft. 8)
Voltaire (5 ft. 7)
Wellington (5 ft. 7)
Wesley (5 ft. 6)
Zola (5 ft. 7)
Alexander the Great (or short)
Lord Bacon
Baudelaire
St. Bernard
Sir Thomas Browne
Browning
Lord Burleigh
S. Butler
Camoens
Lord Chesterfield
Chopin
William Collins
Confucius
Cowper
Dante
De Foe
St. Francis of Assisi (rather below)
Hazlitt
Heine
Hood
Keble
Lagrange
Linnæus
J. R. Lowell
Luther
Marvell
Guy de Maupassant
Clerk Maxwell
Michaelangelo
J. Mill
Newton (or short)
Poe (or short)
Renan
J. Sansovino
Sydney Smith
Spinoza
Steele
Suckling
Verlaine
Watteau

SHORT

Balzac (nearly 5 ft. 4)
Beethoven (5 ft. 4)
W. Blake (barely 5 ft.)
Hartley Coleridge (about 5 ft.)
St. Francis Xavier (4 ft. 6)
J. Hunter (5 ft. 2)
Kant (about 5 ft.)
Keats (5 ft.)
Meissonier (about 5 ft.)
T. Moore (5 ft.)
Napoleon (5 ft. 1¾)
Nelson (5 ft. 4)
De Quincey (5 ft. 3 or 4)
Thiers (5 ft. 3)
Bishop Wilberforce (5 ft. 3)
Aetius
Albertus Magnus
Aristotle

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Augustus Cæsar
Barrow
Baskerville
Beccaria
Beddoes
Bentham
Admiral Blake
Louis Blanc
Bocchoris
Brunelleschi
Burbage
Calvin
Lord Camden
T. Campbell
Chamfort
Chillingworth
Chrysippus
Comte
Condé
Crome
Cruikshank
Curran
David of Angers
Descartes
Sir Francis Drake
Dryden
H. Milne Edwards
Erasmus
Faraday
M. Ficinus
Fromentin
Fuseli
Garrick
Gibbon
Giotto
Godwin
Goldsmith
Gray
Hales
W. Harvey
Warren Hastings
Haüy
Herzen
E. T. A. Hoffmann
Hogarth
O. W. Holmes
Horace
D. Jerrold
Gottfried Keller
Kepler
Admiral Keppel
Lalande
C. Lamb
Lamennais
Larrey
Laud
Lipsius
Locke
Lulli
Marshal Luxembourg
Macaulay
Charles Martel
Melancthon
Mendelssohn
Menzel
Mézeray
Mezzofanti
Milton (or medium)
Montaigne
Sir T. More
Montesquieu
Mozart
Narses ('the body of a child')
Philopœmen
Pomponazzi
Lord John Russell
A. del Monte Sansovino
Shaftesbury (first Lord)
C. Smart (called himself a dwarf)
Socinus
Lord Somers
Spenser
Dean Stanley
Timour
Turner
Voiture
Wagner
H. Walpole
Lord Westbury
Wilberforce
Woolner
Wren

By uniting the two classes, and doubling the number of those in the first class, so as to give due weight to their superior accuracy, we reach a result which may, I think, be regarded as a fair approximation to the actual state of things. It will be found that we thus obtain 142 tall men of genius, 74 of middle height, while 125 are short.[3]

We may safely conclude from these figures that the faith cherished by many, that nearly all great men are little—a very venerable faith, as indicated by the ancient sayings collected in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* concerning great wits with little bodies—is absolutely incorrect. Some deduction must doubtless be made in view of the fact that our medium is made on the basis of the general population, while the majority of men of genius belong to

[3] This result finds confirmation in the examination of a volume entitled *Word Portraits of Famous Writers* (by their contemporaries), which shows out of 116 famous writers 24 short persons, 20 of middle height, and 40 who are tall—*i.e.*, the same general result in a more irregular form. Even if we assume that the remaining 32 were all of middle height, we still have an enormous excess of the tall and short.

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the educated classes. This deduction would tend to equalise the two extremes; but that it would not destroy the slight pre-eminence of the tall men of ability is perhaps indicated by the fact, shown by the Anthropometric Committee, that the stature of 98 Fellows of the Royal Society (who from the present point of view may be counted as men of genius) was nearly half an inch above that of the professional class to which they usually belong. At the same time it is clear that the belief in the small size of great men was not absolutely groundless. There is an abnormally large proportion of small 'great men.' It is mediocrity alone that genius seems to abhor. While among the ordinary population the vast majority of 68 per cent. was of middle height, among men of genius, so far as the present investigation goes, they are only 22 per cent., the tall being 41 per cent., instead of 16, and the short 37 instead of 16. The approximate equivalence of the two extremes is probably in favour of the results so far as those extremes are concerned; and although, on grounds already mentioned, the figures I have given probably do not represent the exact state of affairs so far as middle height is concerned, there is considerable ground for believing that, though its precise amount may be doubtful, there is really a considerable deficiency of the middle-sized among men of genius. The curve of height for genius is thus the opposite of that for the ordinary population; and both extremes are present to an abnormal extent.

The final result is, therefore, not that persons of extraordinary mental ability tend either to be taller or shorter than the average population, but rather that they tend to exhibit an unusual tendency to *variation*. Even in physical structure, men of genius present a characteristic which on other grounds we may take to be fundamental in them: they are manifestations of the variational tendency, of a physical and psychic variational diathesis. In a slight and elusive shape, a shape so elusive that it is rarely hereditary, the man of genius represents the same kind of phenomenon which, in organic nature generally, appears to have slowly built up the animated world we know. Just as the visible world is the outcome of the accumulated gross variations of plants and animals, so the world of tradition and culture is the outcome of the accumulated delicate variations of men of genius. The product is different, but it has been obtained by the same method.

It would be interesting if we could trace in a more detailed and precise manner the factor of physical stature in the constitution of the genius variation, and ascertain its precise significance. This is still difficult. One or two points may be noted.

It must be remembered that genius, however it may be defined, is certainly only an excessive development of characteristics which may be traced in much more rudimentary forms. It is thus not impossible to throw light on the subject of genius by investigating

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the peculiarities of physical stature generally, and the common intellectual accompaniments of under-development and over-development. The conclusion we have reached, that both tall and short individuals tend to predominate unduly among persons of genius, is confirmed and to some extent explained by observation of the general population. The observations so far made, indeed, are few, but so far as they go perfectly definite. Thus Mr. Bohannon—who, under the inspiration of Professor Stanley Hall, has collected data concerning over one thousand abnormal children in the United States, dividing them into various groups according to the predominant abnormal character—finds that both tall children and short children are intellectually superior to children of medium height. The tall (except in cases of very excessive tallness, which may be regarded as pathological) showed their superiority both in general health and mental ability; at the same time they were notable for their sensitiveness, good nature, even temper, and popularity with others. The small were less often healthy, and consequently were apt to be delicate, ugly, or vicious; but when fairly healthy they tended to show very great activity both of body and mind.

These observations, which will no doubt be confirmed, are in harmony with the results of daily experience with children, and they serve not only to support the conclusion we have reached with regard to men of genius, but they also indicate that genius itself is merely the highest form of a common tendency which puts forth its tender buds in every schoolroom.

It would still remain to show the causes of this tendency; for it is scarcely possible to hold that the health and ability of the tall is due (as has apparently been suggested) to forced association with their elders in youth, and quite absurd to hold that the activity and mental quickness of the small is due to the arrested development caused by forced association with their juniors. In both cases it seems probable that the primary cause is a greater vital activity, however we may ultimately have to define 'vital activity.' Among the tall such intensity of vital action has shown itself in unimpeded freedom; in the short it is impeded and forced into new channels by pathological or other causes. The latter case is perhaps the more interesting and complicated. An anthropometric examination of short men of genius would throw much light on this question. There are certainly at least two types of short men of genius: the slight, frail, but fairly symmetrical type (approaching what is called the true dwarf), and the type of the stunted giant (a type also to be found among dwarfs proper). The former are fairly symmetrical, but fragile; generally with little physical vigour or health, all their energy being concentrated in the brain. Kant was of this type. The stunted giants are usually more vigorous, but lacking in symmetry. Far from being delicately diminutive persons, they suggest tall

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persons who have been cut short below; in such the brain and viscera seem to flourish at the expense of the limbs, and while abnormal they often have the good fortune to be robust both in mind and body. Lord Chesterfield was a man of this type, short for his size, thick-set, 'with a head big enough for a Polyphemus;' Hartley Coleridge carried the same type to the verge of caricature, possessing a large head, a sturdy and ample form, with ridiculously small arms and legs, so that he was said to be 'indescribably elfish and grotesque.' Dryden —'Poet Squab'—was again of this type, as was William Godwin; in Keats the abnormally short legs co-existed with a small head. The typical stunted giant has a large head; and such stunting of the body has, indeed, a special tendency to produce large heads, and therefore doubtless those large brains which are usually associated with extraordinary intellectual power. It is a curious fact—as a distinguished anatomist, the late Sir George Humphrey, remarked many years ago—that when from any cause the growth of the rest of the body is stunted, the head not only remains disproportionately large, but often becomes actually larger than in ordinary persons. 'Thus short persons and persons with imperfectly developed lower extremities are not uncommonly remarkable for the size of their heads, as though, the expenditure of growing force being too great in one direction, other parts are ill-cared for.'[4] It may be added that the commonest type of dwarf possesses a proportionally large head and short legs.

It would doubtless be an attractive task to attempt to trace the causes which lead genius to be associated at once with both abnormal extremes of stature. It must probably be found at an early period of embryonic development, when, as we know from the researches of Dareste and others, the causes of dwarfism may also be found, sometimes in arrest of growth resulting from precocious development. Here, however, it is enough to have ascertained the facts in a roughly approximate fashion. It need only be pointed out, in conclusion, that the result we have reached, although apparently new, is such a result as should have been expected. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire long since, and Ranke more recently, have pointed out that both giants and dwarfs—the abnormally tall and the abnormally short—are usually abnormal in other respects also. From the biological point of view we know nothing of 'genius,' what is so termed being simply an abnormal aptitude of brain function; so that among those variations and abnormalities which, as is already generally agreed, we find with unusual frequency among the very tall and the very short, extraordinary mental aptitude ought sometimes to occur.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

[4] Humphrey, *The Human Skeleton*, p. 96.

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THE POPE
AND THE ANGLICAN ARCHBISHOPS

It is related in an old story, admirably versified by Longfellow, that a certain Count Robert of Sicily, having made defiant mock of the Scripture which saith 'He hath put down the mighty from their seat,' whilst the monks were singing the Magnificat at Vespers, incontinently fell into a deep sleep, from which, when he had awakened and gone home, he found another in his royal seat and himself an outcast, and treated on all hands as a pretentious fool.

It is with something of Count Robert's bewilderment that we listen to the claim of continuity from the mouth of our Anglican friends. Of course, we Roman Catholics are well aware that we do not constitute the Established Church in this country; but we fondly thought that time was when we did so; that as the Stuarts were on the English throne until they were supplanted by Dutch William and the Hanoverians, so we once possessed its churches, which we had built, until we were dispossessed by a mingled rout of Calvinists and Zuinglians in the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth, who found their one point of union in their common Erastianism. This was generally recognised by the ordinary Protestant historian as a crowning mercy. He was contented to find here and there in the past a scintilla of Protestant aspiration in the person of some distorted saint or white-washed ruffian; but now it would seem that we are to lose even the inheritance of our regrets, for it would be mere affectation to mourn the loss of that which was never ours.

Our sole representatives in pre-Elizabethan history written up to date are unfortunately just those whom we could best afford to dispense with—the leaders, to wit, of the fierce Papist reaction under Mary, who kindled the fires of Smithfield and threw away a noble opportunity. Here we are distinctly wanted, and we appear upon the stage for the first time to burn a few poor blasphemers of the Mass, not Anglicans certainly, neither are Anglicans as yet anywhere distinctly visible. In the next reign we appear again, and a goodly number of us are disembowelled at the hands of very emphatic Protestants, Anglicanism the while 'mewing its mighty youth' in the

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safety of some 'green retreat,' and leaving such rough companions to fight it out for themselves. An invisible Church, heir at once to the memories of the past and the hopes of the future, I see her slowly materialising beneath the royal smile, a kneeling figure conscious of having chosen the better part, whilst Papists and Protestants busy themselves in various ways, mainly at each other's throats.

Doubtless the spirit of Erastianism had existed from the beginning, but as one of those principalities and powers with which the Christian Church was in chronic warfare. Never before had it become incarnate, fully incarnate in an ecclesiastical system, as it was in the English Church of the Tudors and Stuarts. This is the first great note distinguishing the Establishment of Edward and Elizabeth from the pre-Reformation Church, and it issued in a constitutional indifference to heresy, ecclesiastical solidarity with admitted heretics, and complete incapacity of assimilation or rejection of such doctrine as might present itself. The lowest form of animal life involves a digestive cavity, and a power of absorbing and expelling, whereas a carpet bag receives and retains whatever incongruous elements may be placed within it.[1]

The Establishment as at present constituted is the outcome of a period of violent revolution, in which a hierarchy was destroyed, altars overthrown, and those who held by the ancient landmarks outlawed. We can hardly be expected to receive the Anglicanism of the day without credentials, as Merlin did Arthur at his first coming:

> And down the wave and in the flame was borne
> A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
> Who stooped and caught the babe and cried, 'The King!
> Here is an heir for Uther!'

'Prætorian here, Prætorian there, I ken the bigging o't,' was the Scotch gaberlunzie's comment on his patron's antiquarian pretensions. When the Spanish Ambassador inquired what form of religion Elizabeth intended to introduce, she replied at first that it would be that of the Confession of Augsburg, and then, correcting herself, that it would be something like it, and yet different.

I should wish to handle the Anglican claim with the utmost consideration—not that it is in itself respectable, but it is made by respectable people who are very much in earnest, and who feel that for them it is a matter of life and death. But first we must be quite sure that we understand it. Now, its meaning will very much depend upon the character of the person who makes it. If he is a Broad Churchman, who regards dogma generally as a transient form of expression, within the limits of that vague term 'Christianity,' and Church institutions as State institutions in Church matters, we may concede that there is a continuous persistence, unbroken by the Reformation, of all that is

[1] See for the process Child's *Church and State under the Tudors*, passim.

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conveyed to him by the expression 'English Church'—viz. legality, locality, and maintenance. At first one is tempted to protest that these are qualities only, without any suggestion of a subject in which they should inhere. But we are mistaken: the subject is the English nation; the English Church is merely an adjectival or departmental expression, signifying the national organisation for purposes of worship, precisely as there is a national organisation for war or commerce. The Establishment is the same form of national activity, exhibited on the same premises, and maintained by the same funds, as the pre-Reformation Church. We have no pretext for denying such continuity as this, nor, indeed, any interest in doing so, for such identity is quite compatible with the substantial substitution we maintain took place.

The High Churchman's contention is, of course, something very different. He begins by admitting that the Church of England, if it is a Church at all, must be part of a world-wide institution, which Christ formed for the instruction and sanctification of mankind; that it is committed to a large body of dogmatic truth, and to an episcopal organisation. Hence it follows that it is by no means an otiose question for him to ask if the present Church of England has preserved its continuity with the Church of the pre-Reformation period, for it might have forfeited it, as he confesses, either by losing its episcopal succession, or by letting fall an integral portion of its faith. He proceeds then to insist that the Church of England has preserved through the storm of the Reformation the apostolic succession of her bishops, the integrity of her faith, and the plenitude of her jurisdiction, in which, and not in any external political or social relations, he makes the identity of her ecclesiastical personality to consist. Now, on each and every one of these matters of fact do we Catholics join issue with him. Our contention is that the Church of England (1) has no orders—*i.e.* possesses bishops, priests, and deacons in name only, without the *potestas ordinis*; (2) has made shipwreck of her faith, at least, by committing herself to positions of indifference in respect to a point of faith and its opposite heresy, and by remaining in full communion with notorious heretics; (3) has thereby forfeited all authority and jurisdiction in respect to Christ's mystical body. The primary duty of a member of the Church of England, on the hypothesis of the truth of this contention, would be (1) schism, or separation from his unnatural mother; (2) union with his nearest orthodox kindred. Such an obligation, be it observed, would exist independently of any question of the special claims of the see of Rome.

I propose to consider the Church of England's claim to continuity, directly as to her orders, touching indirectly upon her faith and jurisdiction so far as these are related to her orders.

Her orders. These have been pronounced by the highest ecclesiastical judge of Christendom, in a bull bearing date September 1896,

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'to have been from the first, and to still continue, altogether invalid and utterly void.'

The Pope devotes a considerable portion of the bull (pp. 6–12) to establishing (1) that the present practice of unconditionally reordaining Anglican clergymen is in strict conformity with that initiated by Cardinal Pole, and pursued in the intervening centuries; (2) that the ground of condemnation has always been, in substance, defect of form and intention; and that an adverse decision had not been come to without a careful examination of the Anglican ordinal, which was collated with Eastern as well as Western forms.

The Pope grounds his charge of insufficient form and intention, upon which he bases his declaration of nullity, (1) upon the fact that the Anglican formulary is differentiated from all approved uses in containing neither reference to the sacrifice nor mention of the order conferred; (2) because even if the prayer, 'Almighty God, Giver of all good things,' might be regarded as a sufficient form in an approved Catholic rite, yet it cannot avail, seeing that the term 'priesthood' has lost its meaning in Anglican hands. It may also be added that not only is this prayer widely severed from the supposed matter, the imposition of hands, but even where it was somewhat closer—in the Prayer-books previous to the Caroline interpolation—a point triumphantly reported by the archbishops, it was still separated from it by the episcopal examination, in which the ordination is assumed not to have begun. Whatever may be thought of Lugo's opinion that the matter may be posited early and await its form occurring later in the service, it obviously does not follow that the reverse holds—viz. that the form may await its matter, which the Anglican case requires; for if the form cannot adhere it is 'vox et præterea nihil,' or it returns like the dove to the ark; (3) and principally because the mutilation of the form, with intent to eliminate the doctrine of the Real Presence and the Oblation, is a direct violation both of form and intention, thus involving a violation frustrating performance, and this certainly, not merely probably.

Anglican controversialists are fond of quoting Morinus, whose researches have done so much to establish the non-essential character of several of the ordination ceremonies. They could not quote a more learned authority, but they hardly seem aware that he advocates a theory wholly destructive of their position—at least as this is reflected in the eyes of the rest of Christendom. He maintains, as the more probable outcome of an exhaustive and wholly uncontroversial study of the Church's conduct from the earliest times, in respect to the orders of heretics and schismatics, that she did not recognise them as valid, except in the case of those with whom she had in some degree kept in touch, and to whom she had tacitly granted a dispensation. Although this view of Morinus was strenuously supported by Sbaralea, the editor of the Franciscan *Bullarium* in the last century, it is very

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generally rejected by theologians. Yet I am sure that no one can study his precedents without seeing how very far the ancient and the mediæval Church in East and West was from accepting alien orders on the minimistic principles for which Anglicans contend.

An assurance of the validity of heretical and schismatical orders only very gradually prevailed, on the strength of the consideration that the form in its inviolate integrity being applied to the matter, and an intention seriously to perform the rite being fairly presumed, the effect intended by the institution of Christ was brought about. On the other hand, once suppose the form mishandled in the interests of heresy, and the orders have no longer their *locus standi*; the presumption, the *onus probandi*, lies altogether against them. It is for their partisans to prove that the alteration is not substantial, that the intention of the minister is adequate and unqualified by the heretical envisagement.

But this by no means does justice to the situation. The intention to which objection is taken is not so much the constructive intention of the heretical *ordinans* or *ordinatus*, as the intention with which the reformer of the ordinal in question executed his work. The sufficiency of the intention to do what the Church does only holds good when the form is left substantially intact, when the intention is at least so far carried out as is implied in carrying out the form. By excluding from the form, which is the Church's embodiment of her intention, a substantial portion of what she intends, a formal predominance is given to an alien intention, which no private intent of the particular minister, however orthodox, will be able to displace.

On the supposition that, the normal matter and form remaining untouched, a sufficient intention for orders is an intention of ordaining according to the institution of Christ's Church, it is obvious that the breaking up of the form of itself exposes the contents to an introsusception, as it were, of sense and intention. If you break the vessel of the form in which the Church has stored her meaning the contents are dispersed, and you can no longer intend the whole implicitly *per modum unius*, in the simple intention of doing what the Church does, but must explicitly intend each scattered element of the Church's meaning.

The idea of the form is that it must determine the matter by impressing upon it the distinctive character of the sacrament conferred, so as at least to imply, where it does not express, the main truth concerning it. In holy orders the subject is ordained to the use of a certain liturgy, which liturgy at least supplies the form with an authorised comment and explication. It tells us, for instance, in what sense the subject is a priest. A very implicit undeveloped form may thus be invested with a very full and complete significance. The same result is often more directly brought about by such additions to the ordinal as the porrection of the instruments, in which, according to one view, a

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matter and form, only divinely instituted *in genere*, is itself developed or expanded; according to another view, is illustrated and enforced by explanatory accretions. In either case there is a development of the doctrine implied in the matter and form, by the same authority that originally specialised it.

It is impossible that a reverse process should be set up, by which the form should be stripped of its developments, without detaching from it not merely the external expression, but the inward significance it tacitly possessed in its undeveloped condition. Thus, even if Anglicans were able to find their ordinal word for word in an approved use, say, of the third century, it would in no wise necessarily follow that their ordinal was valid. As an illustration, let us suppose that a solemn verdict was recorded on a man that he was 'wise;' it might be argued with considerable force that, regard being had to Scripture use, the encomium was meant to include the moral virtues of justice and charity. But supposing the verdict orginally ran, 'He was wise, just, and charitable,' and the sentence, 'He was wise,' was shown to be the survival of a process in which the epithets 'just and charitable' had been carefully erased, these virtues could no longer be read into the praise of wisdom, which must henceforth bear without any ambiguity the exclusive sense of intellectual wisdom. The Anglican form might possibly be understood to cover the power of sacrifice, had not the explicit reference to that power throughout ordinal and liturgy been deliberately expunged or discoloured.

When the archbishops insist that the one object of the English Reformers, in their manipulation of the canon, 'which agrees sufficiently with our Eucharistic formularies,' was popular simplification, I can only reply that no sane person inaugurates a spring-cleaning when the house is on fire. The Reformers knew that the doctrine of the canon was in jeopardy; and had they not been hostile to it, would certainly have deferred mere emendations of form to a more convenient season.

The canon, the archbishops maintain, is completely outrun by the Tridentine definitions. Yet, oddly enough, we did not find it necessary to emend the canon at Trent, whereas they mutilated it at the Reformation. The canon means what it is understood to mean, and it would seem that both parties understood it in the same sense, the one conserving, the other mutilating. That the Reformers did something more than simplify, the archbishops practically admit when they adopt the old phrase from our canon concerning the gifts 'that they may become to us the Body and Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ.' Edward's First Book substituted 'may be' for 'may become,' and the Second Book suppressed the passage altogether, because it had been quoted for transubstantiation, and it never subsequently reappeared. If the archbishops are to be taken literally 'in the

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liturgy we use,' they must use the First Book corrected from the Pontifical.

Anglicans meet our charge of unwarrantable disorder, in a national Church destroying what the whole Western Church had ruled, by insisting that the ritual in possession had been of gradual and irregular growth, and had for long varied in different national Churches; and the archbishops wax quite pathetic in their appeal to Christian liberty. But granting that this is true as regards the genesis of the ritual, still it had been for centuries codified, so to speak, and accepted as invested with the sacred authority of the Church. The early ritual processes in the different Churches were at least processes of accretion; at the Reformation, for the first time, the process is reversed, and the ritual stripped and mutilated to suit the dwindling faith and schismatical aspirations of a single national Church. At what period of Church history, I would ask, would such a departure be reckoned other than illegitimate?

The more we are persuaded that there was no precise form specialised by Christ, the more dangerous we should feel it to be to meddle with the ritual in which the Church has practically interfused her form. Where so many veins and arteries intersect, no prudent surgeon will venture to operate; and where, as *in casu*, the results are silent, we are justified in acquiescing in nothing short of the completeness which alone can give security. On this principle, in cases altogether removed from the arena of controversy, where, for instance, the porrection of the instruments has been accidentally omitted, it is ruled that the whole rite be repeated *sub conditione*.

The expression of a condition in conferring orders marks the extreme limits of recognition that Anglicans, before the Pope's recent decision, might have hoped to obtain. It would have been a recognition that there was a ground of probability, however slender, that their orders were valid. Of course, no sacrament that can only be given once is ever given except upon the implied condition that it has not been given before. For many centuries the condition was never expressed, even when there was a recognised probability of a previous conference. When the present practice was introduced, the change effected nothing, prevented nothing; but the truth that the sacrament could not be repeated was honoured by a formula equivalent to *salva reverentia*, whilst the probability was recognised that in the particular case the sacrament may have been previously conferred.

This consideration should have made the following utterance impossible: 'Rome stands accused of sacrilege committed habitually during the last 300 years, of reordaining, and unconditionally, men already ordained by a Catholic rite.'[2] Sir W. Palmer[3] would have

[2] *Anglican Orders and Papal Bull*, by Rev. H. E. Hall, with letter of approval from Father Puller, p. 4.

[3] *Church of Christ*, ii. 434.

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taught the writer better. Palmer frankly identifies himself with Morinus, whom he thus quotes: 'The axiom was most commonly adopted, "non est iteratum, quod certis indiciis antea non ostenditur peractum." For sacraments are of such great moment, especially those which are conferred but once, that when there is any probable doubt that they have not been validly received or delivered, they ought certainly to be conferred again without scruple.' The truth is, of course, that the practical danger of sacrilege lies in the opposite direction—viz. that of taking for granted.

One of the most painful features in the Anglican position is their profession of absolute confidence in their orders, and their claim to have them assumed, as a preliminary to any negotiations for union (see Mr. Hall's brochure *passim*, and the conclusion to Messrs. Denny and Lacey's volume). Such extravagant confidence under circumstances of such grave suspicion is, to my mind, incompatible with any serious belief in the necessity of any special form or intention in the administration of orders. If you thought your life depended upon your pistol, you would hardly dismiss so lightly the suggestion that it might not be loaded. I can hardly persuade myself that some of those whose confidence is of the loudest are not secretly comforting themselves with the opinion expressed by the Bishop of Nova Scotia,[4] implying that, after all, episcopal orders do not so much matter. 'Is it too much to hope,' asked the preacher, addressing the assembled bishops of Canada, 'that the Church of England in Canada in her corporate capacity may see fit to publish abroad an open and hearty acknowledgment of the blessing which the great Head of the Church has vouchsafed to those portions of the household of faith which are organised upon another basis than that of the threefold order of the ministry, even if she cannot *as yet* recognise their validity, while denying the regularity of the holy orders of their ministers?'

Though disconcerting enough in view of the attitude of Anglicans towards the recent bull, the sentiment is not without respectable Anglican precedent.[5] Taylor, 'qui apud omnes Anglicanos maximo in honore habetur,'[6] thus expresses himself:

> Where hath God said that those Churches that differ from the Roman Church in some propositions cannot confer true orders nor appoint ministers of the Gospel of Christ? and yet, 'super totam materiam,' the Roman Church is so implacably angry with the Churches of the Protestants that if any English priest turn to them they reordain him; which yet themselves call sacrilegious in case his former ordination was valid, as it is impossible to prove it was not, there being neither in Scripture nor Catholic tradition any laws, order, or rule touching our case in this particular.

Observe 'the Churches of the Protestants,' episcopal and non-episcopal, on the same footing; and all orders are to be accepted that cannot

[4] Synodical sermon reported in the *Guardian*, the 14th of October, 1896.
[5] *Dissuasive*, Op. x. 511. [6] Denny and Lacey, n. 152.

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be *disproved.* The last point is thus noted by Cardinal Newman in a private letter of the 9th of September, 1868: 'As to the question of Anglican orders, I think the real point is, with whom the *onus probandi* lies. Anglicans say to us, "You have not demonstrated that our orders are 'invalid.'" We say, "You have not demonstrated that your orders are valid."'

The following evidence of doubt, quite independent of conversion to Rome, affords a singular comment on the *outrecuidance* of modern Anglicans. Early in the seventeenth century Anglicans were twitted by the Jesuit Eudæmon Joannes with their customary efforts to obtain a Greek bishop as a *Deus ex machina* to put right their faulty orders.[7] Again, at the end of the same century, two clergymen are mentioned by Le Quien[8] as vainly applying to Greek and Egyptian bishops for the same purpose. In our own time Dr. Lee and his followers have obtained ordination from various schismatic bishops on the ground which they thus set forth in a document bearing date of the 8th of December, 1878: 'The ancient and venerable rites for conferring holy orders in the old Church of England having been either tampered with, rudely mutilated, or deliberately made ambiguous, during the changes of the sixteenth century, and so in the eyes of many rendered of doubtful import and power.' For these they then proceed to substitute translations of the forms of the Pontifical, with certain omissions.

From the first stage of Anglican controversy in the sixteenth century to the bull 'Apostolicæ curæ' our main contention against Anglican orders has been the defect of their form and intention, a defect arising from the exclusion of the doctrine of the Real Presence and the Sacrifice to which it is of the essence of sacred orders to refer. The Pope, on the whole, confines himself to what makes for certain invalidity, leaving on one side arguments of mere dubiety, such as Barlow's questionable consecration, simply because it is obviously unnecessary to dwell upon the doubtful value of what has been declared valueless.

Anglicans have ventured to join issue with us on the question of fact as to the rejection by Cranmer and his *collaborateurs*, and again by the Elizabethan framers of the Articles, Jewel, Horne, &c., of the Catholic doctrines of the Real Presence and the Sacrifice of the Mass. It is maintained that they never rejected the doctrine that Christ is offered upon the altar a propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead, and that what they rejected were exclusively certain popular abuses—to wit, (1) that the Mass is a new redemption in which Christ remerits our salvation; (2) that apart from the Sacrifice of the Cross, and in contradistinction to its pre-baptismal efficacy, the Mass remits all post-baptismal sin; (3) that the Mass will avail for any person for whom it is offered, provided he has attrition or the

[7] Le Quien, *Nullité*, tome ii. p. 243.

[8] *Ibid.* pp. 321, 323.

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sorrow of fear, in such sort that he is dispensed for the nonce from the obligation of using the Sacrament of Penance.

I would answer that, even supposing such abuses were in full vigour at the period of the Reformation, this could have but little practical bearing upon the question whether the Reformers did or did not repudiate the Catholic doctrine of the Mass, which must be decided by a consideration of their language and action concerning it.

Of the statement of abuses I would observe (1) that the idea of a new redemption is taken from an hyperbolical expression denounced in a sermon of Gardiner's, and that there is not the slightest trace of any such view as that of remeriting among contemporary writers; (2) that Catharinus, the typical offender in the case, whilst attributing the remission of post-baptismal sin to the Mass, nevertheless insists that the entire merits of the Mass are those of the Sacrifice of the Cross, and that the Sacrament of Penance is a necessary factor in its expiatory effect, and even so his view is on all hands rejected; (3) there is no indication of the substitution of Mass for the Sacrament of Penance, which could not take place without a violation of the Fourth Lateran and of Trent, and would have entailed extreme penalties. It was notoriously the Calvinist and Lutheran, not the Papist, who would fain substitute the Eucharist for penance. Stapleton,[9] to Calvin's charge that the Mass was used as an amulet against all evils, 'idque sine fide et pœnitentia,' answers: 'To such an extent do Catholics insist upon faith and penitence for obtaining the benefit of this Sacrament and Sacrifice, that both Calvin himself makes an egregious mock of one part of the proving with which they approach this Sacrament; and Luther, too, vehemently reproaches those who would fain confess completely. "Nihil," saith he, "hoc aliud est quam misericordiæ Dei nihil relinquere ignoscendum." So to these knaves Catholic piety is at one time a superstitious excess, at another hath neither faith nor penitence.'

The view that the Mass in the case of an attrite can directly remit sin is mentioned without attribution by Canus; and *auctores nonnulli*, but nameless, are referred to by Vasquez as maintaining it. It is referred to by no author hitherto produced except in the way of condemnation, and its direct opposite is taught by the Council of Trent—viz. that the Mass can only indirectly remit sin by procuring the offer of the grace of repentance.

It is hard to keep serious, or, if serious, patient, when we are told that the English Reformers, at a time when the sacrifice of the Mass —nay, the whole sacramental system—was in its death agony, joined hands with its murderers, out of a passionate regard for the purity of its exhibition.

If we ask ourselves what it was precisely that the English Re-

[9] *Antidota Apostolica*, p. 876.

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formers rejected, the answer is not far to seek. The classical passage is from Cranmer.[10] 'The greatest blasphemy and injury that can be against Christ, and yet universally used throughout the Popish kingdom, is this, that the priests make their Mass a sacrifice propitiatory, to remit the sins as well of themselves as of other, both quick and dead, to whom they list to apply the same.' Observe his admission that what he is denouncing is a matter 'universally used'—no extravagance of a Catharinus or of nameless *nonnulli*. Then the words in Article XXXI.: 'The sacrifices of Masses in the which it was commonly (*vulgo*) said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead to have remission of pain and guilt were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits,' are found word for word in Cranmer's Articles of 1552, under title XXX., except that for 'blasphemous' we read 'forged'—a sufficient proof that it is the ordinary practice that is condemned, and not a particular extravagance. Neither can any argument of limitation be based on the expression 'vulgo,' seeing that in the XXVth Article, on the sacraments, the same expression is used, 'those five commonly (*vulgo*) called sacraments,' without any possible suggestion of a variant upon Catholic teaching.

Mr. Hall complains (p. 28) that 'it is not just to quote' this passage from Cranmer 'without also adding that Cranmer was at pains to assert his belief in the sacrifice, "commemorative," "applicative," and even in that sense "propitiatory."' The reason why it is not at all to the purpose to make this addition is because Cranmer repeatedly denies all real presence of Christ under the sacramental species. According to him, Christ is present equivalently by the effect of His grace *in usu*; He is not there upon the altar in the hand of the priest to be offered. Calvinists, as Le Quien observes, and as Harding had observed before him, had no difficulty in admitting a sacrifice in some sense propitiatory, provided only it was not a sacrifice of Christ, except so far as he is represented by the substances of bread and wine, the only substances present. No one can read Cranmer in his Answers to Gardiner and Smith, and in his examinations before his judges at Oxford, without being absolutely assured that this, and this only, is his meaning.

'It is well known,' says Mr. Hall,[11] 'that Bishop Guest of Rochester was mainly responsible for the final form of Article XXVIII.; it is equally well known that a letter of his is extant in which he vindicated that article because it taught the Real Presence.' He calls this 'the historically fixed meaning of Article XXVIII.,' and complains that it was never brought home to the Pope.

The whole of this contention is a mistake. Guest never asserted that Article XXVIII. taught the Real Presence, still less vindicated it on this account. His words are, 'I told him' (the object-

[10] *Answer to Gardiner*, bk. v. ch. 1.

[11] *Anglican Orders and Papal Bull*, p. 26.

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ing Bishop of Gloucester) 'that this word "only" ("eaten in a heavenly and spiritual manner only") in the aforesaid article, did not exclude the presence of Christ's Body from the Sacrament, but only the grossness and sensibleness thereof.'[12] Fortunately we can learn something more of Guest's theology from another letter to Cecil on the subject of liturgical reform.[13] 'Because it is thought sufficient to use but a surplice in baptising, reading, preaching, and praying, therefore also it is enough also for the celebrating of the Communion. For if we should use another garment herein, it should seem to teach us that higher and better things be given by it than by the other service, which we must not believe.'

Mr. Round, in his May article, supplies a passage from Guest's *Treatise*, 1548, in which he maintains that infants at baptism 'eat His body and drinke His bloude as realye as we do at His Supper.' What real presence remained for Guest's holding, after these admissions, it is difficult to imagine; something, however, he thought he held. Mr. Hodges, in his monograph *Bishop Guest and Articles XXVIII. and XXIX.* (p. 34), admits that in Article XXIX. 'the Elizabethan Reformers condemned by implication the doctrine of a Real (objective) Presence, and that thus the insertion of Article XXIX. was tantamount to a rejection of Article XXVIII., in the sense attached to it by Guest.' Guest recognised as much, and denounced Article XXIX. as 'contrary to Scripture and the doctrine of the Fathers,' in a third letter to Cecil early in May 1571, and yet on the 11th of this same month did not hesitate to affix his signature thereto. Verily, the Church of England has done well to reject as apocryphal the record of that old man who died rather than merely seem to eat the forbidden flesh.

Jewel:[14] 'Further, he' (the Roman Catholic priest) 'saith that he presenteth up Christ unto His Father, which is an open blasphemy.' Again, in his challenge to Papists in the same sermon, he denies 'that the Sacrament is a sign or token of the body of Christ that lieth hidden underneath it.'

Horne, Bishop of Winchester,[15] after enumerating three kinds of priesthood: (1) Aaronic; (2) of Melchizedech (Christ's alone); (3) that common to all Christians, continues, 'A fourth sort is found amongst Papists, called the sacrificing or massing priesthood; priests of this sort the Apostles and true ministers of His Church were not. For this order belongs solely to the apostate Roman clergy of Antichrist. If, therefore, you incline to believe that Christ left any governance to priests made after this Papistic rite, it is an heretical opinion and most false assertion . . . wherefore, if ever I have called

[12] Letter to Cecil, ap. *Hierarch. Anglic.* p. 126, note.
[13] Ap. Cardwell, *History of Conferences*, p. 50.
[14] Sermon at St. Paul's Cross, p. 9.
[15] Ap. Stapleton, lib. iv. cont. Horn, ch. i.

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the ministers of Christ "priests," I should wish you to understand that I am only making use of a customary and long-received, though improper, form of speech.'[16]

Whitaker: 'We want not ministers for offering sacrifice (for of that we have no need), but for the public ministry of the Church, which consists in preaching the Word and administering the sacraments.' 'If you regard us as laymen I am not sorry, for priests we neither wish to be nor to be esteemed.' 'Most absurdly and unjustly have the Pontificals done in that they have arrogated to themselves alone by a singular privilege what was granted of equal right to all Christians. John and Peter call all Christians priests.' Whitaker finally abandons the word 'priest' to the Papists, because it is too suggestive of sacrifice.

Mason, a mouthpiece of Archbishop Abbott:[17] 'Your ordination consisteth in two parts, the first in these words: "Take thou power to offer sacrifice, and to celebrate masses," &c., which you account the principal function of Christian priesthood; but in truth maketh you, not the ministers of Christ, but of Antichrist. . . . By this you may plainly perceive that no Popish priest can possibly be admitted in the Church of England unless he utterly disclaim and renounce the first function of your priesthood, which consisteth of massing and sacrificing.'

The Primitives (Non-jurors)[18] admit that the framers of the second liturgy, in suppressing the prayer of oblation, had no other intention but to 'defeat the notion of a proper sacrifice.' They revert in consequence to the first liturgy.

A Discourse of the Holy Eucharist, 1686, with the imprimatur of Archbishop Sancroft's domestic chaplain (p. 441): 'We deny that in the sacred elements which we receive there is any other substance than that of bread and wine distributed to the communicants.' He quotes for this doctrine, amongst others, Cranmer, Andrews, and Taylor.

Taylor (*The Real Presence*) says: 'They (the Papists) say that Christ's body is truly present there, as it was upon the Cross, but not after the manner of all or any body. . . . But we, by the real Spiritual Presence of Christ, do understand Christ to be present, as the Spirit of God is present in the hearts of the faithful by blessing and grace; and this is all we mean besides the tropical and figurative presence.'[19] He is 'present . . . by His Divine power . . . blessing . . . fruits . . . effective consequents of His Passion; but for any other Presence it is *idolum*; it is nothing in this world.'[20] The quotations from Taylor prove how remote the Church of England was from Catholic doctrine even after Laud. For examples of the

[16] *De Parad.* lib. 9, n. 49, ap. Le Quien, tome 2, p. 238.
[17] *The Consecration of the Bishops of England*, L. v. c. 12, ap. Le Quien, p. 225.
[18] *Answer to Mr. Lesley*, see Le Quien, p. 258. [19] Op. vol. ix. p. 428, ed. 1828.
[20] Letter III. vol. ii. p. 213.

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doctrine of the Non-jurors, Hickes and Johnson, I may refer to *Catholic Controversy*, Appendix, note H, in which I defend Cardinal Newman's thesis that before the movement Anglican doctrine on the Eucharistic sacrifice, setting aside the spiritual sacrifice of the heart, did not rise beyond a sacrifice of bread and wine.

The Anglican formularies are of set purpose ambiguous, but with a strong bias on the side of a denial of the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharistic Presence and sacrifice; and this bias has found an emphatic commentary in the traditional irreverence which has prevailed from the first even to our own day. Upon this Stapleton[21] very justly insists: 'It is clear that the Protestants . . . regard the Eucharist as ordinary bread . . . from this, that what is over from their Communion they do not hesitate to put to profane uses. For the remains of the wine of Communion either the minister himself drinks at the common table, or, if there is not much remaining, he sometimes pours it on the ground, as Poinet, pseudo-bishop of Winchester, did of late at the public Communion which he administered in the cathedral church of Winchester. Whatever, then, Protestants may say, from their actions it is quite clear that they use no consecration whatever.'[22]

The main ground upon which we have always disputed Anglican orders—viz. their repudiation of the Real Presence and the *Juge sacrificium*—would seem to be established.

An attempt is made by the archbishops to exploit the important but secondary priestly function which, in words at least, their ordinal retains—the forgiveness of sins. 'They' (the English Reformers) 'gave the first place to our Lord's own words' (Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins, &c.) 'not merely out of reverence, but because those words were then commonly believed to be the necessary form.'

The common belief in 1549 was that the 'Accipe potestatem,' &c., the words accompanying the porrection, was exclusively 'the necessary form.' This opinion, Morinus[23] tells us, was before Trent 'communissima,' and after Trent still defended by 'doctores permulti et celebres.' Before the close of the century it had become the more common opinion that the 'Accipe Spiritum Sanctum' was, with the 'Accipe potestatem,' a partial form. No opinion in the Catholic Church that I ever heard of, from the sixteenth century until now, has regarded the 'Accipe Spiritum Sanctum' as having more than an integrating effect which supposed the previous application of the form 'Accipe potestatem.'

Neither can the 'remission of sins' upon Anglican lips be taken to signify with any certainty the power of priestly absolution, and so a distinction of the priesthood. Jewel[24] explains himself in terms which well deserve Harding's commentary. 'The summe of all these

[21] *Nota Falsitatis in Juel retorta*, p. 1216.
[22] For further instances see Hodges, 'Guest,' note 3.
[23] *Exercit.*, vii. c. 6. [24] *Apology*, ap. Harding, *Confutation*, pp. 61, 62.

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gay words abridged doth attribute loosing or absolution first to preaching, next to assoyling such as be excommunicate;' and Mason[25] explains the absolving power to be 'the mystery of reconciliation, which consists in the due administration of the Word of God and the Sacraments.'

The so-called Black Rubric in Edward's Second Book ran, 'No adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either to the Sacramental Bread or Wine there bodily received, or unto any real or essential Presence there being of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood.' It is maintained that it was added by the King's sole act, and had not time to receive the sanction of the episcopate. It disappeared in the revision of Elizabeth. When it was restored in 1661, for the words 'real and essential' was substituted 'corporal' (Presence). The conclusion 'and as concerning the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ, they are in heaven and not here. For it is against the truth of Christ's natural body to be in more places than one at the same time,' remained unaltered. Messrs. Denny and Lacey have discovered that in virtue of this slight alteration, 'Sensus verborum hæreticus totus evanuit.'[26] They are easily satisfied. Bishop Gauden, a man of by no means unimpeachable veracity, reports that Gunning, the supposed author of the emendation, defined 'præsentia corporalis' as 'quæ corpori naturaliter competat.' But what has the manner of the Presence to do with the duty of worship? That He is not here but in heaven is a sufficient reason for not directing one's worship here; that He is here without the quantitative relations to space which He has in heaven, affords no reason whatever for refraining from worship. The expression 'natural body' which is not here, is equivalent to 'the body He took from His mother.' If a reason may be assigned for the alteration, it was probably that the authorities did not care to repudiate all reality, on the same principle that the archbishops object to the expression 'nude' (commemoration); and 'essential' suggested too wide a field of metaphysical speculation. The original heresy remains intact, if it be heresy to deny Christ's presence on the altar.

It is this Presence which Ritualists, who decline to accept the *mot d'ordre*, to lower the theological pitch, and cry up the Reformers, would fain recognise with us when they recite such prayers as these: 'After the act of consecration;' 'Hail most Holy Flesh of Christ;' 'Hail most heavenly Drink of Jesus' Blood;' 'Hail to Thee, true Body sprung from the Virgin Mary's womb. The same that on the Cross was hung, and bore for man the bitter doom;' 'I adore Thee, O Lord my God, whom I now behold veiled beneath these earthly forms. Prostrate I adore Thy Majesty.'[27] Again: 'Thou dost still

[25] Ap. Le Quien p. 249. [26] *Hierarch. Anglic.* p. 119.
[27] Canon Carter's *Treasury of Devotion.*

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expose Thyself to the profanity of ungodly men rather than withdraw Thy sacred Body from our churches.'[28]

This is the Real Presence which the Reformers eliminated; which the Anglican archbishops dare not reclaim; with which, if I may be allowed the expression, they play fast and loose. Anon, it is a sacrifice 'in some way certainly one' with 'the sacrifice of the eternal Priest;' no 'nude commemoration of the sacrifice of the Cross;' anon, the reference in our canon to the offering of Melchizedech, which is called 'sanctum sacrificium, immaculatam hostiam,' is dwelt upon as showing that 'the comparison is not only in respect to the offerer, but also to the things offered;' a suggestion that one is as much bread and wine as the other, and contains as little of any other presence. Their criticism, I venture to think, involves a complete inversion of the economy of types. The anti-type is not lowered by comparison with its type, but the type is invested with qualities which only belong to it in its representative character, and find their formal realisation in the anti-type only. No doubt there is a peculiar appropriateness in the purity of the bread and wine offering, as containing no refuse unfit for sacrifice; but the terms 'holy sacrifice, spotless victim' are a reflex of the Divine victim represented. The type, like the image, receives the cultus and transmits it to its object. St. Leo, the reputed author of the addition, can hardly be supposed to have made it out of devotion to Melchizedech. Thus manna has been designated 'the bread of angels,' not that angels eat manna, but inasmuch as manna represents that Presence which is the spiritual food of angels.

This is the Presence which, whether denied or trifled with, is absolutely necessary to produce the victim of the *juge sacrificium* offered upon the altar of the Church; whose place no figure, or reference, or effect; no praise of heart or lips, no immolation of fervent multitudes, can occupy or obscure.

If, indeed, the persons who use the prayers I have quoted are in earnest, and are possessed of the smallest portion of historical sense, there will be no question as to the view they will take of the Reformers, of Cranmer—'our lawful archbishop,' as the 'Sæpius officio' calls him—of Latimer, of Jewel, and of Horne. They will denounce them in spite of their fine Tudor English and their unrivalled talent for strong language, as nothing less than sacrilegious thieves who, so far as in them lay, have robbed their country of its Saviour's presence.

Although it cannot be doubted that the teaching of the English Reformers, both of Edward's and Elizabeth's reign, is little better than Zuinglian, or at best Calvinist, with a bracket, perhaps, for one or two half-hearted Lutherans, like Guest, I cannot deny that there are

[28] *The Priest's Prayer-book*, p. 17. London, 1870.

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phrases here and there, especially amongst the Caroline divines, such as Andrews, Ken, Taylor, Forbes, which are patient of a true Catholic sense. But even if these are to be taken as serious expressions of opinion, and are not, as is generally the case, mere patristic buttonholes, more or less in the fashion, this will by no means relieve the Church of England from the imputation of heresy. If it be heresy to deny the Real Presence and the oblation of Christ, which had been part of the explicit teaching both of East and West for so many centuries, assuredly it is also heresy to teach indifference as to belief or disbelief. It is this heresy of indifference upon which I am contented to base my charge of heresy against the Anglican Church. As the final cause of the manipulation of the ordinal it has vitiated both form and intention, and as formal heresy it is a bar to all exercise of jurisdiction. When will Anglicans learn that the faith of a Church cannot be rated higher than the level of its conscious communion; that whatever a man may be individually, as a Churchman he is neither more nor less than what his Church allows?

H. I. D. Ryder.

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THE FRENCH AND THE ENGLISH TREATMENT OF RESEARCH

THE 26th of December last was cold and misty as I passed through the gateway of Notre-Dame at 8 A.M. to take part in the funeral service of a man who had died a year and two months before. This man was the son of a tanner, and although he had lived for seventy-three years he knew not the world as most human beings know it, having opened up a world of his own in which he lived, moved, and worked. It was singular to think that this man, so perfectly simple-minded to the last, was brought, at the time of his death, to this temporary resting-place amidst all the pomp of a State funeral, in a city whose people know how to honour the living as well as the dead; and whose loss was felt to be the loss of all nations. After wandering about in the midst of the vast cathedral, I came at length upon the object of my search, the little chapel containing the remains of Louis Pasteur. Around this spot the immediate members of the family soon gathered, and presently the scene was changed from one of silence and solitude into one of ecclesiastical magnificence, with the rich tones of the organ pealing forth the dirge, and stringed instruments and voices filling the air with divine melody.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the family to keep the ceremony strictly private, it was impossible to restrain the intense enthusiasm of the public, who showed their reverence all along the line of route from the cathedral door, through streets some of which were named after him, to the Pasteur Institute. Here were assembled, for the second time, representatives of the Government, members of the French Academy, and delegates from the universities and scientific societies of Europe. At the entrance to the tomb a tribune was raised, from which laudatory orations were delivered in various languages before a dense concourse of people who had come from great distances to be present. Above the gateway of the tomb were the simple words, *Ici repose Pasteur.*

The crypt wherein he reposes was artificially illuminated through cupolas of pale yellow Algerian marble shedding a soft light throughout the interior, revealing a scene of exquisite beauty and grace. All

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around, the walls and roofs told mutely, but eloquently, of a life which had been given up to discovering the causes of death. Strange to say, the design of this beautiful tomb was suggested by one built 1,456 years ago at Ravenna, by, and for, the Christian Empress Placidia, daughter of Theodosius the Great, where it was seen by Pasteur's son, under whose fostering care and that of the family the idea was now developed. Instead, however, of the walls representing works of science as in this case, they of the fifth century represented the Apostles and the triumph of the Christian faith. These were the Dark Ages of history, when the light of Christianity was only beginning to be diffused over the land, and science lay crushed under the heel of persecution. Here, then, was surely a wondrous occasion, the tomb of an early Christian Empress forming a model for the tomb of a latter-day man of science, with a religious and academic service happily combined, taking place in the presence of all manner of thinkers in perfect unity and harmony. After this ceremony was over admission was given to the public, when 25,000 persons visited the tomb.

Two months after this I presented myself early one morning at the Institute to visit my friend Madame Pasteur, who still occupies the residence connected with the laboratory, as neither M. Duclaux (the new director) nor M. Roux would permit her to leave the home she had shared from the beginning with the master whom they loved and revered. Here she spends her time in taking an interest in all the work going on; in wandering about among the golden laurel wreaths and works of art showered upon her husband during life; and in taking charge of the innumerable Grand Crosses, medals, and other beautiful and treasured tokens of esteem.

As the people were beginning to assemble for the anti-rabic inoculations, and I was anxious to visit the laboratory, we wended our way in that direction first. Entering the passage which led to these apartments, we stopped at a door on the right which I was told I might enter. On the other side of this door I found myself within a glass enclosure designed with a view to preventing the ingress of dust to the sanctum beyond. In the far corner of this dark room sat a trained assistant at a table under a single light. He was busy cutting up the spinal cords of rabbits that had died of dumb rabies, and which were brought to him suspended in glass jars by an assistant who never spoke. These little spinal cords looked like mere threads, and were in every stage of desiccation, from the innocuous and quite dry, to the most virulent, still fresh and moist. In silence each labelled jar was brought from its wired cupboard in proper sequence, and the previous jar taken away. When these various marrows were mixed with a small quantity of bouillon, a row of covered and labelled wine-glasses denoted that all was ready. It was interesting to watch how every precaution was

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taken to prevent inimical germs getting access to the fluid which in a few minutes would be injected into the blood of the human beings now assembling. The system with which the whole thing is arranged and carried out indicates the most minute and scientific attention to detail. No loophole is left for danger to creep in, and here an example of caution is laid down that should be followed in all other human inoculations. No accidental virus must be allowed to interfere with the perfectly studied progress of events. It is curious to consider that the original venom of the mad dog should be thus intercepted and neutralised by a graduated virus which in its strongest form is even more virulent than the original virus of the mad dog; and that it can be so introduced into the blood that human beings can live, and not even suffer, with all this poison in them! These assistants and all the employés are previously rendered immune by inoculations before they are allowed to engage in the work.

Stepping back into the passage once more, I found Madame Pasteur talking to a poor woman who had brought her little girl to be inoculated. She whispered to me it was too late, nothing could be done; fever had developed the night before, and the child was, even then, gazing up at us with fever in her eyes.

In the large reception-room people were arriving rapidly, people of every degree and in every stage of the treatment. The daily average is about eighty; six of these this morning were English, one or two having come from India. All are treated alike and free of charge. One poor little workhouse girl had been brought all the way from Ireland by the lady who accompanied her, but as she had been bitten through thick woollen clothes it was considered there was no danger, and no necessity for the treatment. After seeing a whole family of peasants inoculated who had been badly bitten on the face and hands, we pursued our way upstairs to see what was going on in the laboratories above.

In the very first laboratory we entered we were shown a glass phial containing a number of beautiful crystals with clear-cut facets like diamonds. Now, these crystals had not been taken from the bowels of the earth, but they had been produced artificially through invisible agency in the most simple and natural way. A common domestic onion was left to itself, a prey to the organisms or moulds of the air at a temperature suitable to their development, and lo! through the action of these little chemists the material, or part of the material, of that onion was transformed into these pure crystals. But those were not the only crystals produced by microbes, for we were shown others which we were politely invited to taste, and after some encouragement did taste and found the flavour delightful, being that of pure lemon. Now, there were no lemon trees growing within miles, yet here was fresh lemon grown in a cupboard amidst the terrible paraphernalia of a chemical laboratory! But again the method was very simple;

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just a little sugar and water in a glass phial inoculated with some fungoid growth and placed in a culture chamber at 27° C., and in three weeks these lemon crystals were found lying at the bottom of the flask. This discovery of Pottevin's has already led to the formation of a large company in Paris for the manufacture of lemonade by this process.

Now in the scientific world it has been said that in the crystal lay 'the mystery and miracle of vitality,' Pasteur maintaining that here a sharp line of demarcation existed between organic and inorganic nature, while Professor Tyndall and other chemists were of opinion that the barriers had been overcome and that all things in Nature were united in one unbroken chain. Here, then, we seemed to be in the very act of picking up the links which brought the organic and inorganic together, the visible and invisible world into unison.

Passing into another laboratory, we found Metchnikoff studying the life history of bacteria when in the blood of man or animals. He showed us, under the microscope and in drawings, the white blood cells (which are always present with the red) in the act of absorbing pathogenic bacteria and digesting them at leisure, much as the oyster does with the bacilli of typhoid fever, which it can digest and get rid of in a week, if there are no more to follow. M. Roux, in the opposite laboratory, was giving his mind to serums, having already with others worked out and established the antitoxin which is now so much used in diphtheria. It was deeply interesting to note the enormous amount of brain power working at every point under the same roof to penetrate the mystery of disease and the mechanism of immunity. In some cases the living organisms of disease may be seen at work by placing a drop of infected blood under the microscope, and for such cases various methods of treatment have been found which destroy the organisms without killing the patient. But in other cases where no organisms are found in the blood the mystery is increased, and the difficulty of treatment is proportionately enhanced, for the symptoms of disease are actively present, and the physician has to deal with them at the bedside. For instance, in such deadly diseases as tetanus and diphtheria the living organisms do not enter the circulation, but stop short at the point of inoculation, and send through the blood the invisible poison they have the power to elaborate. Now, it was found in the course of these researches that the blood serum of rabbits which had been rendered immune against tetanus and diphtheria had no power to destroy or to retard the growth of the bacilli which caused these diseases at the point of inoculation, but it possessed the power of neutralising the poison they manufactured and sent through the blood. In short, the blood serum of the immunised rabbit was found to be an antidote to the poison, but not a destroyer of the living bacteria. But to this I shall refer later.

The savants whom I found in the midst of their work took the

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opportunity of expressing the deep interest they felt in the experiments of their late colleagues, Yersin and Haffkine, with the plague serum and cholera vaccine in India. They seemed to be in touch with all the researches going on in every part of the world. One of the great advantages of a central school like this is that it brings all the workers in similar schools together, thus throwing a concentration of light on one subject till it is thoroughly thrashed out and developed. It is, in fact, a vast brotherhood working in the cause of humanity.

Returning home next day across the narrow streak which divides our proud little isle from the continent, the ease with which scientific researches are conducted on the one side of the Channel compared to the difficulties on the other could not fail to strike my mind. There the Pasteur Institute was erected as a thank-offering and tribute of respect to the founder of this new school, through the contributions of all nations save ours. Through an enlightened appreciation of the work being done, this living monument to Pasteur is perpetually being fed with votive offerings which pass through the grindstone of science, to come back, in various shapes, to the human race enormously increased in value. In common with many other individuals who contributed, the Comte de l'Aubesppin gave 1,600*l.*, while Madame Hirsch has recently given 2,000,000 francs (80,000*l.*). Another lady has founded four scholarships of 4,000 francs, or 160*l.*, each, and the town of Paris and Conseil Général de la Seine are instituting others. Then the French Government, encouraged by public opinion, contributes 1,200*l.* a year, which is paid by the Minister of Agriculture, who thereby enjoys the perpetual right to a place for a pupil sent from the Ecole Normale. This Government pupil receives a salary of 2,800 francs (112*l.*) a year, which is paid by the Minister of Instruction, who also contributes towards the salary of two *chefs de laboratoire*, each receiving 4,000 francs (160*l.*) a year, out of the fund for the 'Hautes Etudes.' Thus, abroad, science glides along under the happy auspices of enlightened public opinion, aided by the National Exchequer, while in England public opinion, being opaque to the advantages, fetters the hands that would help, and holds down this branch of science under the ban of unreasoning disapprobation.

The result of this difference between the two nations was brought home to us in a somewhat embarrassing way not long ago, through a little correspondence which took place between M. le Clercq, the president of the French Shorthorn Society, and Lord Brougham and Vaux, the president of the English Shorthorn Society. It seems that the French Government, profiting by their subsidies to the Pasteur Institute, have decreed that 'all imported bovine stock shall be tested at the frontier, and if they react unfavourably to tuberculin, that they must be immediately slaughtered or returned to the country

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whence they come.' Accordingly, when two important bulls had been purchased in England by French breeders (one being 'Nonsuch,' the champion of last year's Royal Show), and were tested according to law on the frontier, they were both found to be tuberculous, and therefore unfit for breeding purposes. 'You will understand,' wrote M. le Clercq to his lordship, 'our unfortunate position and the cruel loss to our Society, because if our colleagues will not give us the assurance that their stock is free from tuberculosis, our subsidies will be withdrawn by the French Government, and consequently no more English purchases will be made.'

There is a calm dignity about this rebuke; and not a word to suggest that we do not enjoy the same means of testing cattle for disease that they have. In circumstances such as these it is not difficult to see how impossible it will be for us to meet the requirements of more advanced nations unless our Government also gives facilities to enable us to carry out the necessary conditions, for without the means of learning it is not easy, or even possible, to teach.

We are much in the position now, so far as the teaching of this new science goes, that we were in fifty years ago, when the public were horrified with the stories of body-snatching which ended in the trial of Burke and Hare. How was it possible, argued the professors of human anatomy, to qualify the students for their future responsibilities towards the public, without teaching them the structures of the human body? But it required the horrors of a public scandal to compel the Government to inquire into the existing state of things, and afford the medical schools the legitimate means of acquiring and imparting the necessary knowledge in the open light of day.

Ten years ago, when Pasteur's researches had already brought untold blessings to France, and had shed their light over Great Britain and all other countries, the first public laboratory for bacterial research was just beginning to be established in England, at King's College, at the private expense of the professor who has presided over it ever since. True, Sir Joseph (now Lord) Lister had introduced the antiseptic methods of surgery which were the outcome of Pasteur's studies on the micro-organisms of the air, &c., but Lister, in carrying out his early researches, had always to go abroad to obtain the necessary material. Meanwhile he had many disciples in this country who could neither afford to go abroad to study, nor find any school advanced enough in which to pursue the study at home.

Accordingly it was literally underground I had to burrow, when I was taken to see the only laboratory in London doing useful, though limited, work a decade ago, and just before the completion of the present one at King's College. It was strange after visiting Pasteur's laboratory, with its many tributaries in and out of Paris, to descend

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into the humble basement of an ordinary private dwelling-house to find similar work going on there. There was a sense of secrecy in the atmosphere, as if the work intended for the good of humanity were conducted under the shadow of that dread persecution which so often stalks in the wake of ignorance, till the day of enlightenment comes. Above our heads was reared a noble pile of modern mansions, on every floor of which resided a family in peaceful unconsciousness of the arsenal of disease down below. It struck my feminine mind that the cook must have had a trying time of it, for I found that half of the kitchen, the whole of the scullery, and the entire pantry were given up to disease cultures in every stage of progress, while the wine-cellar, totally innocent of wine, made an excellent dark and heated culture chamber. Observing a dish of milk on the table, I inquired of my friend if that were meant for his own consumption. 'Oh, no,' he casually remarked, 'that is sown with typhoid fever, and is under observation.'

It may be consoling to the public to know that the only person who suffered at all from these dangers was the medical man himself, who lay for weeks very near unto death, a victim to his researches under difficulties. All this science in the wine-cellar has long since been given up, and the victim of enthusiasm is now in the forefront of his profession, teaching others, and giving the benefit of his experience to innumerable patients who little know how his special knowledge and skill were acquired. Since then I have found him working in the laboratory at King's College, the first established in London for the teaching of students, and available for the investigations of Lister and other men in surgical and medical practice.

Since then the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons have opened a research laboratory at the Examination Hall, and every here and there laboratories have sprung up in connection with medical schools and universities, but rarely without objections on the part of the public being raised, and every obstacle to research being thrown in the way. Now let us consider what this antagonism means. It means that these are efforts in a right direction, and distinctly intended for the good of the human race, but owing to the opposition of the ignorant they prove so inadequate to the requirements of the age, that we have to stand aside and allow other nations to do the work, while we either suffer the consequences, or reap the benefit, as the case may be. For instance, as to the benefits, we are distinctly a beer and spirit drinking nation, but outside scientific circles we are untroubled with the reflection that all the waste and difficulties we encountered in the manufacture of beer and spirits a few years ago have been entirely overcome owing to the laboratory researches of Pasteur. The beer no longer goes sour before it has matured, without our knowing the reason why. Its manufacture is no longer limited to the autumn, but can be continued throughout

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the year. The result to the country is enormously increased revenues from this source, and as an indirect outcome the people are enjoying the advantages of free technical education, through the county councils, the funds for which, amounting to over 700,000*l.* a year, are provided by the Government out of the surplus duty on beer and spirits.

Again, we hear no more about the silkworm disease, which five-and-twenty years ago threatened to devastate the lands of the golden cocoon, until Pasteur was induced to take the matter up, and, after two years of arduous study, discovered the remedy now universally applied. But it never occurs to us to think why silk is so abundant and so cheap.

Let our minds wander to those cruel battlefields which afflict us to think of, and the comforting thought comes to our relief that even the most severely wounded have now a chance of life they never had before. If we push our reflections a little further we shall find this is due to the knowledge of 'those lurking principles of death' which has sprung from the laboratories of other nations. True, it was Lister who first grasped the principle and applied the remedy to surgery, but the knowledge of the living cause of disease originated abroad, and, as I have already said, was elaborated by Lister on foreign soil.

When our Government officials, postmen and policemen, and people generally, are bitten by mad dogs, we thankfully send them to Paris to be inoculated with the anti-rabic virus at the expense of the Pasteur Institute. A fund at the Mansion House exists for this purpose, but we have never contributed as other nations have to the erection, endowment, or expenses of that great school.

In Australia it was Pasteur's assistants who discovered the Cumberland disease to be the same as anthrax, and who have established the protective vaccine in that country.

At this moment Yersin and Haffkine are succeeding in inoculating the people of our Indian Empire against the plague with their defensive serum, and Germany has sent a scientific commission, consisting of her most distinguished men, to Bombay to study the disease. Our illustrated papers, without the slightest jealousy, have depicted the group established in a well-appointed laboratory.

To Pasteur we owe the inestimable knowledge of what a ferment means, not only within the brewer's vat, but within the blood and tissues of men and animals. What was dead to us before now lives, what was unseen is now visible, what was intangible can now be dealt with. The result is that these studies, having already conquered new worlds, open up vistas of endless worlds yet to conquer. But are we doomed to leave all these possible conquests to other nations for ever? or has the time come when we can hope to join the great brotherhood, and work shoulder to shoulder in the cause of humanity?

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Let us survey the land of our birth and see what our prospects are towards this scientific unity of nations.

Through the energy of some of our leading men, what is known as the British School of Preventive Medicine was established in London a few years ago. People pass the door every day on their way to the British Museum, but there is nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary houses in the street. Yet within this very ordinary house lies that which has the power to save mothers from the life-long agony of seeing their children die of diphtheria, and also that which may save husbands from the misery of seeing their young wives sacrificed to certain forms of puerperal fever, while all the research is going on which is necessary to accomplish these ends. We are getting accustomed to hear of serums, and we shall soon take it as a matter of course that we can send round to the nearest chemist for a bottle of antitoxin for this complaint or that; but it is not within the power of the uninformed mind to conceive the nature of the work required to produce such remedies.

In connection with this ordinary-looking house there is what the director is pleased to call a 'farm' a few miles out of town; but the farm is a villa residence on the roadside, with a little paddock at the back where structures have been erected for the necessary horses, and the laboratory. In the first place it is interesting to observe that the farm is kept in the most perfect sanitary condition, and that the horses are all tested for glanders with an antitoxin called mallein, and for tuberculosis with tuberculin, before they are subjected to the treatment necessary to make them immune against other diseases. This *testing*, and the preparation of the tests, involve the most advanced scientific knowledge, and is what the French Government expects of us before sending the animals they have bought into France. In the farm laboratory, which is under the charge of Dr. Bullock and an assistant, you may see diphtheria growing visibly before your eyes. In the flask containing it is a little soup, which was quite clear yesterday before it was inoculated with a trace of diphtheria culture taken from another flask. Now it is clouded, and on the surface a morbid growth is settling, painfully resembling the growth that may be seen in the throat of a patient suffering from that cruel disease. This particular specimen of the diphtheria bacillus had gone through hundreds of generations, passing from flask to flask, without losing any of its virulence. Two years before it had been taken from the throat of a child in Norway, sent to the Pasteur Institute, and from there passed on to us. The culture is grown for seven or ten days in the flask at a temperature of 37° C. It is then filtered through a Chamberland filter and its strength tested.

The horses, which are well fed and kept in excellent condition, are now inoculated with small and gradually increasing doses of this

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active diphtheria poison, until they are rendered perfectly immune. During this process they seem more bent on the bits of sugar they are getting than disturbed by the prick of the syringe. At first the temperature slightly rises, but after twenty-four hours all symptoms are gone. After three, four, or five months the maximum anti-toxicity is reached. A little of the blood of the horse is now drawn into a glass flagon, carefully protected from the possibility of inimical germs reaching it. The red constituents of the blood fall to the bottom of the flagon, leaving a clear fluid above; this is the anti-toxic serum, the antidote for the poison. But it is not completed yet, for it has to be tested to see that its value comes up to the standard which has been established by the German Government. This done, a number of very small blue bottles are withdrawn from the sterilising chamber and filled with the precious fluid, every bottle being labelled and marked with the strength of the dose. They are then forwarded to the laboratory in Great Russell Street, and are ready for the hospitals and for use in private practice.

This work is of such paramount importance that all the scientific men engaged in it are agreed as to the necessity for Government jurisdiction in the preparation of serums. That coming to our country from some quarters is frequently found to be below the accepted standard, hence likely to fail at the critical moment.

The method I have just described applies equally to the tetanus serum, only the process is slower, owing to the horse being more susceptible to this disease.

To prepare an antitoxin for the treatment of septic diseases, living cultures of the micro-organism known as the *Streptococcus pyogenes* are used. The maximum of virulence is obtained by passage from rabbit to rabbit, and the serum is used for erysipelas, some forms of puerperal fever, blood poisoning, &c. Both in France and in this country good results have followed the treatment in puerperal fever.

Thanks to the goodwill of a humane individual, Mr. Berridge by name, who left a large sum of money to be devoted to the spread of sanitary knowledge, a portion of this benefaction has afforded the means for carrying out this work for the last few years, in a small way, pending the erection of a more suitable building. A site for this has been found on the Thames Embankment, and there the structure may now be seen. It is proposed that this should be a school of hygiene as well as a school of preventive medicine, but it is not considered either desirable or necessary to carry on anti-rabic inoculations here, owing to the easy proximity of Paris. People, however, would be able to have the question definitely decided in this laboratory as to whether the dog was really mad that bit them. This is a point at once affecting the happiness and the purse of those who are bitten. It is known that 'dogs suffer from symptoms simu-

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lating those of rabies; and formerly, when human beings were bitten, it was impossible in some cases to determine whether the dog had been suffering from rabies or not. We are indebted to Pasteur for the only trustworthy test which can be applied; and we are now in a position, when a human being is bitten by a dog supposed to be, but not really, rabid, to remove all cause for anxiety, which would otherwise remain for months or even years.'[1] All that is required is to have the dog killed and the head sent to the research laboratory, where a rabbit would at once be inoculated with a portion of the brain. The death or life of the rabbit in a few days would settle the question of going over to Paris for the anti-rabic treatment or resting in peace at home. With a test laboratory in India many of the people now sent on to Paris in anxiety and haste might be spared a long and costly journey. Again, instead of our Government vaccine station occupying the ground floor of a poor house, in a poor street, it would be better to annex it to this new School of Preventive Medicine, with a suitable subsidy from the Government. Here also questions affecting not only the health of human beings and animals, but the industrial and agricultural prosperity of the people, will be scientifically studied, and brought to a practical conclusion. It further holds out a prospect that animals intended for breeding purposes in our own and other countries may be tested at home, and this with serums or vaccines sent forth from our own central laboratory made by the experts of our own country. If this can only be done in a large national way, and certificates of health after testing could ensure sound meat at the market-place, and wholesome milk in our homes, the boon to the community would be quite as great as vaccination against smallpox is at present. It is due to the Berridge fund that a start has now been made, and it is hoped that enlightened public opinion will enable it to go on.

At the end of the nineteenth century it is deplorable to think that as a nation we are still much in the same position with regard to this branch of science as that in which Sir Isaac Newton found himself when he said, 'I have been but a child playing on the sea-shore, now finding some pebble rather more agreeably variegated than another, while the immense ocean of Truth extends itself unexplored before me.'

ELIZA PRIESTLEY.

[1] Crookshank's *Bacteriology*.

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LIFE IN POETRY: POETICAL DECADENCE[1]

In my last two lectures[2] I traced the conditions under which Poetry comes into existence in the mind of the poet, and the manner in which it clothes itself with external form. I showed that it was the product of the harmonious fusion of two contrary elements, the Universal and the Individual. By the Universal element I mean what we often call by the name Nature: whatever is furnished naturally to the poet's conception by forces outside himself; the sources of inspiration springing from the religion, tradition, civilisation, education of the country to which he belongs; the general mental atmosphere of the age in which he lives; the common law of the language in which he composes. By the Individual element I mean what we usually call Art; including all that is contributed by the genius of the poet, and that helps to constitute the characteristic form or mould in which the universal idea is expressed.

I shall in my present lecture go further, and try to pursue the course of Life in Poetry in the history of the art, because the Art of Poetry has a life of its own, exactly analogous to the life of individual men and of States, proceeding from infancy to maturity and from maturity to decay. Great poetry of any kind is, as a rule, produced within certain well-defined periods of a nation's history, and the culminating point in every such kind of poetry is reached by a gradual ascent to the work of some great representative or classic poet. When this point has been reached we generally find an equally regular course of declension, represented by poets not without genius, but whose work is always characterised by certain common defects, which denote the exhaustion of the art and give warning of its approaching end. In the Greek epic, for example, Homer, representing the zenith of the art, has for his successors the literary composers of the Alexandrian period; and these again have their epigoni in poets like the Pseudo-Musæus. In the history of the Attic drama, the movement of decline begins almost insensibly with Euripides, but proceeds with increasing speed in the days of Agathon and other tragedians, whose names Time has not cared to preserve. The

[1] A lecture delivered in the University of Oxford on the 6th of March, 1897.

[2] Published in the *Nineteenth Century* for August 1896 and February 1897.

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epigrammatists of Alexandria are the only representatives left, after the fourth century, of all the lyric singers of the free Greek cities; and thus by degrees the voice of Greek poetry dies into silence. Latin epic poetry declines from the height to which it has been raised by Virgil, through Lucan to Statius, from Statius to Claudian, from Claudian to nothingness. The English poetical drama, culminating in Shakespeare, moves downward to Massinger, and expires in the rhyming tragedies of Dryden and Lee. The ethical and didactic poetry of England, arriving at its grand climacteric in Pope, shows a dwindling force in Johnson and Goldsmith, and reaches its last stage of senility in the sounding emptiness of Erasmus Darwin.

Now, this law of progress and decline, which is common to all the fine arts, may, I think, be formulated as follows. In the infancy of poetry or painting the universal element of life predominates over the individual; men's imaginative conceptions, as we see in the work of Giotto and Chaucer, are stronger than their powers of technical expression. In the maturity of art there is a perfect balance of the two opposing elements, as shown in the works of Raphael and Sophocles and Shakespeare. In the decadence of art, the individual overbalances the universal: we come to the stage either of insipid mannerism, exemplified in the paintings of Carlo Dolci and the poetry of Rogers; or of violent exaggeration, such as we find in the pictures of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, and in tragedies like those of Seneca and Nathaniel Lee.

I shall ask you therefore to consider the symptoms that betoken the decline of poetry from its culminating point; and I shall take my illustrations from different periods, which, by universal critical consent, are periods of decadence. The subject is indeed a vast one, but I think I shall be able to establish the truths which I am anxious to impress upon you, by presenting the matter in three aspects: (1) The Decline of the Universal in Ages of Poetical Decadence. (2) The Exaggeration of the Individual in such ages. (3) The Abdication by Society of its right of judgment in questions of Poetry and Art.

Now, as regards the Decline of the Universal, the most vivid examples of this phenomenon are furnished by the history of Greek poetry, because the Greek genius was so comprehensive that there was no form of poetical expression in which it did not produce work of the highest excellence. Let us in the first place make our observations on the ground of Greek drama. Probably few critics would care to contest the opinion that the culminating point of Greek tragedy is to be found in the *Œdipus Rex* and indeed the reason for this is plain. In the early days of the Greek drama the universal predominated strongly over the individual. Everyone who listens to me knows that the form of Greek drama was worked out almost instinctively by means of a union between the Greek myths and the

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Chorus, which was the original mouthpiece of the worship of Dionysus. Now, the essence of the drama lies in the exhibition of action; but even as late as the time of Æschylus the religious, or didactic, or universal element in tragic conception was so powerful that, in plays like the *Agamemnon* and the *Eumenides*, though the course of the action is well defined, the Chorus seems to be a more important part of the whole structure than the actors themselves. In the *Œdipus Rex*, on the other hand, there is a perfect balance between Nature and Art; the moral of the play is expressed mainly by means of the action. Pity and terror are aroused by the tragic order in which the events are made to succeed each other; the elevation to which the hero is raised by his genius and wisdom before the great περιπέτεια to which he is exposed; the irony which makes the whole horror of the situation apparent to the spectators, while the person most affected remains unconscious of the truth; the crash of ruin in which he is involved by the antecedent sins of others rather than by his own—all this is as much in accordance with the Greek sense of religion as are the doctrines of the Chorus in the tragedies of Æschylus; and it is more in harmony with the nature of the drama as a form of poetic art.

But when we come to Euripides, with whom begins the period of tragic decadence, the state of the ideal atmosphere has manifestly changed. Poet and audience have both lost much of their old religious belief, and this mental change brings with it a great change in the form of the drama. The Chorus, no longer the natural mouthpiece of the universal feeling of awe and reverence, dwindles into a mere instrument for the invention of new melodies; on the other hand, the story is not arranged for the purpose of bringing out the moral, but to display the poet's ingenuity in the construction of his plot, or some other kind of artistic cleverness. And this tendency was doubtless strongly developed by Agathon, who, if there is any truth in Aristophanes' representation of him in the *Thesmophoriazusæ*, must have been a typical representative of those who follow art for art's sake.

Let us now turn to the Greek epic, and contrast the work of its maturity and decadence as illustrated in the *Iliad* and the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius. One of the most striking characteristics in Homer's poetry is the richness and variety of its materials, the universal nature of its interest. The poet is at once a theologian, a statesman, a moralist, and—observe this particularly—a painter. There is scarcely an object in nature which he does not represent; and yet so perfect in him is the balance between the universal and the individual, that each of his conceptions is placed in its just relation for the purposes of art. Those exquisite touches of pathos, seeming to spring instinctively out of the narrative; those lofty strokes of rhetoric, so proper to the occasion; those detailed descriptions which

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embody the very genius of painting—all is adapted to elevate, to humanise, to relieve the progress of the action. How different is the case with Apollonius Rhodius! The master from whom Virgil learned so much was no mean poet; but in him whatever is excellent comes scarcely at all from the universality of human interest which abounds in the *Iliad*: almost everything depends on the ingenuity of the artist. I do not remember in the *Argonautica* a single passage of natural pathos, a single general reflection or observation universally true, a single effort of soul-stirring rhetoric. All these elements have disappeared from the life of the epic; what remains to it is the genius of painting. Apollonius's descriptions are admirable, whether he exerts himself to paint the external symptoms of love in Medea, or to heighten a scene of romantic adventure. As a specimen of his powers in the latter class take his description of Medea hypnotising the snake that guarded the Golden Fleece,[3] which may be translated thus:

When to his ears the sweet enchantment came,
A languor shuddered through the serpent's frame.
Through all his length the soothing influence rolled,
Relaxed the spiry volumes fold on fold;
As swells a sudden wave mid Ocean's sleep,
Sullen and soundless, through the stagnant deep,
Yet, though the powerful charm benumbed the rest,
High o'er the ground up-towered his grisly crest:
Wide gaped his jaws to seize their prey. But now
The dauntless maiden dipped her charmèd bough
In the fell broth, and on his eye-balls flung
The magic dew, and, while she sprinkled, sung;
Till, 'neath the charming voice and odours shed
From the drugged potion, sank the languid head,
And through the trunks, inert and brown as they,
The lifeless coils stretched rood on rood away.

This reminds one of Turner's picture of Apollo killing the Python. It is the work of a great painter. And yet how inferior to Homer is Apollonius even on his own ground! Homer will often stand still to breathe his imagination, in the midst of his rapid narrative, by elaborating a simile; but he never does this without making the simile really illustrate the action. For instance, he illustrates his account of Agamemnon watching the mustering of the troops of the two Ajaces by the following simile: 'As when from a rock a herdman sees a cloud coming over the sea before the blast of the west wind, and as he stands afar off, it seems to be rushing across the sea blacker than pitch, carrying with it a mighty whirlwind; and as he looks he shudders, and drives his flock under a cave.'[4] Apollonius admired and imitated Homer's manner of painting: he is even more picturesque than Homer himself; but there is this difference between them, that the poet of Alexandria introduces similes that do not

[3] *Argonautica*, book iv. 149-161.

[4] *Iliad*, book iv, 275.

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illustrate anything, merely for the sake of the painting. Here is a characteristic example. 'As when a sunbeam plays on the side of a house, reflected from water which has just been poured into a cistern, or perhaps a pail: hither and thither it dances on the quick eddy; even so'—What? 'even so the maiden's heart in her breast was tossing, and tears of pity flowed from her eyes.'[5] Or take this, which is still more elaborate: 'As when a poor working woman heaps straws under a burning log, while she is at her task of spinning wool, that she may make a blaze for herself at night beneath her roof, waking betimes; and the flame rising wondrously from the little log consumes all the straw.' A very charming and pathetic picture! But what do you suppose this poor working woman is like? Why, once more, Medea in love. 'Even so,' says the poet, 'beneath her breast cruel love burned always secretly, and he changed her tender cheek from red to pale by reason of the anguish of her mind.'[6] Now, if one wishes to measure the decay of the universal in Greek epic poetry by a positive standard, just compare this kind of thing, which is really the best that Apollonius Rhodius can give, with the contrast between the eloquence of Menelaus and Odysseus as described by Antenor. You may feel the greatness of it in Pope's version :—

> When Atreus' son harangued the listening train,
> Just was his sense, and his expression plain,
> His words succinct, yet full, without a fault,
> He spoke no more than just the thing he ought:
> But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
> His modest eyes he fixed upon the ground;
> As one unskilled or dumb, he seemed to stand,
> Nor raised his head, nor stretched his sceptred hand;
> But when he speaks, what elocution flows!
> Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
> The copious accents fall, with easy art,
> Melting they fall, and sink into the heart.[7]

Thus, you see, in Greek poetry the drama declines and disappears: the epic declines and disappears. For a moment you have a flash of fine inventive genius in the Idylls of Theocritus. But look where Theocritus goes for his invention. Though the inspiration of poets in the great days of Greek art proceeded essentially from civic sources, Theocritus has to go into the country, and to refresh the jaded imagination of the effete Alexandrians with the rustic melodies of shepherd life.

At last you have no distinctive form of poetry left to the Greek muse but the epigram. I am strongly tempted to linger over the Greek Anthology, and to show how much of the universal element in poetry, how much of the spirit of Nature, survived even in deca-

[5] *Argonautica*, book iii. 756–761. [6] *Ibid.* book iii. 291–298.
[7] *Iliad*, book iii. 213.

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dence, by attempting versions of such characteristic and charming epigrams as Callimachus's verses on the death of Heraclitus, Plato's love epigram beginning Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς, and, what is perhaps the most compact epigram in the world, his couplet on the finding of the gold and the noose, beginning χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὑρὼν. But the shortness of time and the necessities of my argument bid me pass on to the poetry of other civilisations that I may point out how exactly parallel to the course of decadence in Greek poetry, in respect of the dwindling of the universal element of life, is the history of the art both in Rome and in England. The Roman genius of poetry rises in an ascending scale from Lucretius and Catullus to Virgil, from whom it moves in a declining course through Lucan to Ausonius. In Lucretius there is an abounding source of native energy, but a deficiency of art. Something of the universal, something of poetic energy, had been consciously lost even in Virgil's time, as we see from his complaint at the opening of the third *Georgic*:

> Cetera quæ vacuas tenuissent carmine mentes
> Omnia jam vulgata.

But Virgil knew where to go to repair the loss; and having selected such a truly Roman theme as the *Georgics*, he produced, in his treatment of it, that complete balance between the universal and the individual which Lucretius had failed to attain in the *De Rerum Natura*. When we come to Ausonius, on the contrary, we find that the universal element has almost vanished: there is, for example, in his very charming poem on the Moselle, as compared with the *Georgics*, a loss of poetical life almost exactly analogous to that which occurs in Greek poetry between the period of Homer and the period of Apollonius. The *Georgics* are full of beautiful pictures, but they are also full of the genius of Roman action, and of the Roman imperial spirit; while the poem on the Moselle depends for its charm entirely on its landscape-painting.

I come to our own country. Did time permit it would be easy to show in detail that an exact parallel exists between the rise and decline of the poetical drama in Athens and in England. In England, as in Athens, the idea of tragedy arose out of the religion of the country. Shakespeare's tragedies are a direct development of the miracle plays and moralities, just as the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles are the final results of the evolution of the drama from the rude exhibitions given by Thespis at the festival of Dionysus. So, too, with the matter of tragedy. In the Attic drama the universal underlying idea of the greater tragedians is Misfortune, necessarily entailed on families and peoples by the curse of hereditary sin: this idea is derived from the popular myths on which the drama was founded. In the Shakespearian tragedy the fundamental idea is Misfortune, brought about by the weakness and corruption of the

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human will; and this idea of conflict between good and evil, the natural product of the Christian faith, is the central principle determining the action of all the ancient miracle plays and moralities. It may be said therefore to be the universal idea of tragedy in the mind of the English people, and, in one shape or another, it survived on the English stage so long as the poetical drama continued to flourish. When the stage was revived after the Restoration, this fundamental idea had vanished as a motive of tragedy. Plays were then written to embody some abstract idea of romantic love, or honour, or absolute monarchy, favoured by the Court, but not indigenous in the mind of the people. The universal element in the poetic drama was extinct; and the poetic drama itself, having no root, withered away.

It is the same with our epic poetry. The English idea of epic action was composite, made up of many contrary elements—ecclesiastical, chivalric, civic, Christian and Pagan; and it was long before these elements could find the right form of organic expression. We see them trying to struggle into poetic life in the *Faery Queen*, a poem which is overflowing with imaginative matter; but they do not assume in it a consistent and intelligible shape; the English epic does not settle into its ideal unity until a mould is found for it in *Paradise Lost*, in which all the elements treated by Spenser are mixed with each other in such right proportion that the just poetical balance is attained. After Milton, the universal idea of the epic so rapidly dwindles that it has no exponent in English poetry but Sir Richard Blackmore, who, as Dryden says, 'wrote to the rumbling of his chariot wheels.'

I pass on to consider the second symptom of poetical decadence, namely the exaggeration of the individual element, which is the necessary result of the decline of the universal. As the sense of poetry dwindles in society at large, as people less and less care for and believe in what is beyond and above themselves, the poet endeavours more and more to fill up the gap in imagination by novelty in art. Observe how this was the case on the stage at Athens. It is evident that neither Euripides himself nor a very considerable portion of his audience cared anything for the myths which formed the subject of the tragic drama, except in so far as they provided a groundwork of supposed fact on which plays could be constructed. The moral counted for nothing; what Euripides wanted above all things was a subject that had not been treated in poetry before. Hence he chose just those myths for representation which his greater predecessors had left untouched, and he defended his practice on the ground that he was only representing realities. You know how Æschylus deals with his argument in *The Frogs*. Euripides asks (I use Frere's translation):

> But after all what is the horrible mischief?
> My poor Sthenobœas, what harm have they done?

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Æschylus replies:

> The example is followed, the practice has gained,
> And women of family, fortune, and worth,
> Bewildered with shame, in a passionate fury,
> Have poisoned themselves for Bellerophon's sake.
> *Euripides*: But at least you'll allow that I never invented it;
> Phædra's affair was a matter of fact.
> *Æschylus*: A fact with a vengeance! but horrible facts
> Should be buried in silence, not bruited abroad,
> Nor brought forth on the stage, nor emblazoned in poetry.
> Children and boys have a teacher assigned them;
> The bard is a master for manhood and youth,
> Bound to instruct them in virtue and truth,
> Beholden and bound.[8]

Euripides again, if he chose an old myth, cast about in all directions for a new way in which to treat it. Æschylus and Sophocles roused pity and terror by the ideal nature of the tragic situation: Euripides sought to rouse the feeling of compassion by stage effects, making his characters poor and lame, dressing them in rags, and, generally speaking, reducing the myth as far as possible to the level of actual life. He endeavoured also to attract attention and excite wonder by novelties of thought and expression, making his *dramatis personæ* say things which he knew would shock the prejudices of the majority of his audience, and would please the cultivated and clever minority: 'Who knows whether living is not the same as dying?' 'The tongue swore, but the mind remained unsworn,' and the like.

Still, when all is said, Euripides was a great poet, and his art was kept within due bounds by the sense of the universal still surviving in his audience. If we wish to study the exaggeration of the individual in poetry, the most striking examples of this are to be found in the plays of Seneca. All Seneca's plays are founded on Greek myths; and of course these myths were in themselves nothing to him: they did not in any way form part of the Roman conscience; moreover, his plays were never meant for acting; hence the sole motive of their composition was his desire to match himself as a poet with the tragedians of Athens, and to do something in tragedy which they had not done. Now observe how he goes to work. In his *Phædra* he enters into competition with Euripides. Euripides, though he overstepped due bounds in the selection of the subject, treated it with tragic instinct, and invested the character of Phædra in his *Hippolytus* with dignity and nobility. Seneca aimed solely at giving an exhibition of frenzied female passion, and his representation of Phædra's character is so horrible that I cannot use it for the purposes of illustration. Again, in his *Œdipus*, Seneca matches himself with Sophocles, and of course the result is still worse. You can imagine for yourselves the

[8] Aristophanes, *Ranæ*, 1049–1057.

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lengths to which exaggeration carries him from the single fact that, after the awful περιπέτεια in the story, he positively ventures to imagine a meeting and a dialogue between Œdipus and Jocasta. In the *Trachiniæ* Sophocles represents the terrible death of Hercules by means of a poisoned garment, which has been sent to him by Deianira, under a misconception. The hero in the midst of frightful suffering meets his end with manly resolution; but all that Sophocles makes him say is—I use the excellent translation of Mr. Lewis Campbell:

> Stubborn heart, ere yet again
> Wakes the fierce rebound of pain,
> While the evil holds aloof,
> Thou, with bit of diamond proof,
> Curb thy cry, with forced will
> Seeming to do gladly still.

In his *Hercules Œtæus*, Seneca supposes that the garment was sent to Hercules by Deianira in a moment of mad jealousy. His mother Alcmena exhorts him to die with fortitude, to which the hero makes the following reply: 'If Caucasus exposed me to be feasted on by the beak of the greedy vulture, though all Scythia groaned, no tear or groan should be wrung from me. If the wandering Symplegades should crush me between their rocks, I would flinch not from the dread of each returning shock. Let Pindus fall upon me, and Hæmus, and Athos who breaks the Thracian waves, and Mimas shaking off the thunderbolt of Jove. Nay, mother, though the world itself should fall upon me, and on the world the chariot of Phœbus all in flames should fire my couch, no coward shriek should subdue the will of Hercules. Let ten thousand wild beasts descend and rend me all together. Let the Stymphalian bird on one side with fierce yells, and on the other the bull batter me with all the terrors of his neck; let all the monsters Earth breeds and dreadful Sinis hurl themselves on my limbs. Though I be dragged in pieces I will keep silence.'[9] But if he means to keep silence, why so many words? Absence of inspiration, exaggeration of art!

It will suffice if I give you one more example of the exaggerated art which arises out of the exhaustion of nature. It is perfectly plain that both Dante and Cowley derive their poetical ideas from the same source, namely, the Scholastic Philosophy, though one wrote when that philosophy had reached its zenith, and the other when it was in the last age of decline. Each of these poets makes use of objects of sense, in order to convey to the mind of the reader an image of some unseen spiritual form of life. Dante gives his reason for this practice, which is as follows: 'It is necessary to speak thus to your wit, since only from an object of sense does it apprehend

[9] *Hercules Œtæus*, 1378–1396.

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what it afterwards makes the subject of understanding. Hence the Scripture condescends to your capacity, and attributes feet and hands to God, meaning something else; and Holy Church represents to you in human likeness Gabriel, and Michael, and the other who made Tobias whole again.'[10] See how real this universal belief makes Dante's imagery. Thus, describing the appearance of certain souls whom he met in the moon's sphere, he says: 'As through glasses transparent and polished, or through waters clear and calm, not so deep as to make the bottom dark, the lines of our faces are so faintly returned that a pearl on a white forehead comes not with less force against our eyes; so saw I many faces ready to speak.'[11] Judging these to be reflections, he turns his head behind him to see the objects from which they proceed; but Beatrice, 'with a smile glowing in her holy eyes,' explains to him that these appearances are true substances. Compare with this Cowley's description of the Tree of Knowledge:—

> The sacred tree midst the fair orchard grew;
> The phœnix Truth did on it rest,
> And built his perfumed nest,
> That right Porphyrian tree, which did true logic show:
> Each leaf did learnèd notions give;
> The apples were demonstrative:
> So clear their colour and divine,
> The very shade they cast did other lights outshine.

Clearly there is nothing natural here; the poet merely wants to make a display of his art—art which is in itself poor, because its mechanism is glaringly apparent: nothing is required but to think of the ideas suggested by 'tree,' 'leaf,' and 'apples,' and to couple them in a verse with the ideas suggested by 'logic,' 'learned notions,' 'demonstrations.'

The last symptom of poetical decadence which need be considered is the Abdication by Society of its right of judgment in matters of Art and Taste. In all great periods of poetical production this right is freely exercised. Sometimes the people judges as a whole, as at Athens, when the spectators decided, rightly or wrongly, on the merits of the dramatists who competed before them for the prize. Sometimes the standard of taste is determined by the voice of a few judges who are felt to represent the sense of the community, men like the Quintilius Varus spoken of by Horace, who could say to the poet, 'Correct this and that,' because as both had the same universal idea in their minds, the critic would point out to the poet the places in which his expression fell short of what was ideally right. But when this universal sense of law in art decays, then the average man begins to doubt about the truth of his own perceptions; and the strong-

[10] *Paradiso*, canto iv. 40. [11] *Ibid.* canto iii. 10.

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willed artist introduces such novelties as he may choose. The individual becomes despotic, and, like all despots, he instinctively fortifies himself with a bodyguard, consisting partly of fanatical admirers, partly of those who find their account in imposing on the public.

This is the origin of the Coterie, which in all ages of artistic decline is a powerful factor in directing the fashion of taste. The poetical decadence of Greece enjoyed a comparative freedom from the plague, because the Greek genius was so richly endowed that an idea of truth and nature survived the loss of political liberty; yet in Alexandria the coterie of Callimachus was able to prevent Apollonius Rhodius from obtaining a hearing. The coterie throve at Rome in the Silver Age of Latin Literature; and from the letters of Pliny the younger we can easily divine how the machinery of admiration was prepared beforehand, and worked by wire-pullers at the public readings and recitations. When the last of the great mediæval Italian poets vanished, a hundred literary academies began to squabble over the rival merits of Ariosto and Tasso. In France the decay of mediæval Romance was emphasised by the enthusiasm with which it was cultivated in Mademoiselle Scudéri's little literary circle; and the Précieuses went on copying the obsolete fashions of the Troubadours till they were extinguished by the ridicule of Molière. In England the poetical barrenness of the last quarter of the eighteenth century was illustrated in the notorious coterie of Della Crusca, who, with Laura Maria and Anna Matilda, attitudinised before a gaping public, and fell at last too easy victims to the somewhat laboured satire of Gifford.

This brings me naturally to the conclusion I desire to draw from my argument. You will have observed that all my examples of poetical decadence have been taken from the historic periods of literature, and that I have said nothing about the art and poetry of our own day; had I attempted to do so I should have been in fault, because that would have involved the assumption that we are living in an age of artistic decline. Whether this is or is not the case, posterity alone can decide with certainty; but meantime it is of the highest importance that we should be able to form an opinion on the matter, since we have Matthew Arnold's authority for the statement that 'in poetry, when it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay.' Poetry which is to fulfil a duty of that kind must not be of a decadent order.

Now modern society finds itself face to face with this phenomenon, that the present creative tendency in all forms of art is opposed to tradition. The Preraphaelite movement in English poetry and painting; the movement of the Symbolists in French poetry; the revolution effected by Wagner in German music—all of which claim to be the determining factors in the art of the future—agree in this,

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that they have broken with the artistic principles of the past. Moreover, the ideas involved in these movements have given rise to a most interesting dispute between the representatives of science and art. On the one side the artists say to society: 'There is coming a new heaven and a new earth. Old things have passed away; all things have become new. Religion is powerless. Science is "bankrupt"'—that is their phrase—'Art alone, mystical, symbolic, spiritualistic art, can supply the void in the human imagination.' On the other side come the men of science, represented by Herr Max Nordau, a name of European reputation, and they say: 'Do not trust these artists; they are charlatans, who, so far from being Apostles and Prophets, are to be classed as "Mattoides," "Circulars," "Graphomaniacs," and other varieties of hysterical patients.' Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

Now, I confess that, when I read Herr Nordau's book on 'Degeneration,' from which I have extracted these names, and which is full of vigorous and vivacious thought and admirable literary criticism, I thought that he was intending to take a humorous revenge on the artists, for having called him a member of a 'bankrupt' company; and that he had hit on the happy device of the philosopher who, having fallen into a dispute with a voluble fishwife, reduced her to silence by calling her 'an isosceles triangle.' But closer study showed me that the book was written with true Teutonic seriousness. Frivolous observers may regard art and poetry as the product of mere fashion and whim. Not so the man of science, who treats them as belonging to the department of pathology. 'The physician,' says Herr Nordau, 'recognises in the tendencies of contemporary art and poetry, in the style of the creators of mystic, symbolic, decadent works, and in the attitude of their admirers, in the æsthetic impulses and instincts of fashionable society, a concurrence of two well-defined pathologic states with which he is perfectly well acquainted, degeneration and hysteria; the lower degrees of which are called neurasthenia.'

Do you ask how this is proved? The late M. Paul Verlaine, the poetical chief of the French symbolists, wrote an Art of Poetry, in which he lays down rules very much opposed to those of Horace. M. Verlaine's portrait shows, it appears, that the shape of his skull resembles that of the degenerate hysterics whom Lombroso classifies as born criminals. What then can be more reasonable than to conclude that the new French Art of Poetry is the product of hysteria? Again, in one of his poems, M. Verlaine calls very frequently on the name of the Virgin. Of course; says Herr Nordau; exactly the same symptoms were noted by Dr. Legrain in an omnibus driver suffering from hereditary mania. Mr. Rossetti, in a ballad, employs a burden which is certainly as senseless as it is ugly, 'Eden bower's in flower,' and 'O the flower and the hour!' Clearly, Herr Nordau thinks, this

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is a case of *echolalia*, a mode of utterance which seems to prevail among imbeciles and idiots.

Now, when these pathological methods of judgment are applied to works of art, I think we may venture to say, even to men of science, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* The methods are unscientific. Unless Herr Nordau can prove that he has followed all the operations of a poet's brain when he is composing, it is not scientific to couple his case with that of the madman or idiot, whose symptoms can be watched in the ward of a hospital. And, again, unless his investigations in the history of poetry have been very much more extensive than I imagine, it is not scientific to ascribe the practice of a poet to a physical cause, when it may have been the result of mere literary imitation. Will Herr Nordau, for instance, venture to say that, when Shakespeare introduces such a line as, 'with hey, with hey! the thrush and the jay!' into a song, he does so under the influence of hysteria? Or when he finds, as he may, examples of *echolalia* in the poetry of the Greeks and the Romans, has he evidence to show that these people were widely afflicted with neurasthenia?

There is indeed something question-begging in Herr Nordau's whole argument. 'The ancient Northern myth,' says he, 'contained the frightful dogma of a Twilight of the Gods. In our days the finest imaginations are haunted with the sombre apprehension of a Twilight of Nations, in which sun and stars are gradually extinguished, and in the midst of a dying Nature men perish with their institutions and works.' In other words, the whole of modern society is incurably affected with hysteria: hence all modern art and poetry must necessarily reflect the universal disease.

Conclusions of this kind are not very respectful to the human race, to the judgment of which even men of science must submit their opinions; and perhaps they are somewhat premature. It may be, of course, that time will justify Herr Nordau's forebodings, and that the historian—if any historians are left—will be able to trace the ruin of a perished society to the ravages of hysteria. Meantime we, who live in the present, are bound to regard the artist, the individual who receives pleasure from art, and the organised body of individuals who judge of art, as responsible beings, who have as natural a capacity for deciding what is good or bad in the principles of taste as for perceiving what is right or wrong in the practice of morals. And hence, when the modern painters and poets and musicians come to us, telling us that the principles of ancient art are obsolete, and that they themselves can supply us with new sources of imaginative pleasure, and even fill the void caused by the loss of religion, it is not sufficient to dismiss them as 'mattoides,' or 'graphomaniacs,' or 'circulars,' even though they may have fairly provoked this kind of retaliation by speaking of the 'bankruptcy of science.' On the other hand, they can hardly expect us to accept their own estimate of

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themselves without examination. We ought to consider patiently what they have to tell us, and my main object in this series of lectures is to suggest a method of induction from experience and observation, by which society may be able to test the quality of the pleasure which the modern artists are offering to our imagination.

I have shown in my earlier lectures that all poets whose works have provided the world with enduring pleasure have followed a universal mode of conception, and have conformed to certain invariable laws of expression. I have shown to-day that the work of all poets produced in periods of undoubted decadence is distinguished by other characteristics also invariable, also universal. In support of my argument I have not relied upon a single opinion that has not received the critical consent of ages, or cited a single fact that is not capable of positive verification, in so far as the subject admits of this. I think therefore that, in judging of the value of any modern poem, I have the right to infer that, in so far as it is conceived or expressed in a manner fundamentally different from the great living poems of the world, it is unlikely to contain the principle of enduring life; while in so far as it reproduces those particular features we have been considering to-day, it is in all probability the fruit of poetical decadence.

Let me apply this test, as a crucial instance, to the principles and practice of modern French poetry, because in France, as is usual, the leaders of the new School of Art defend their innovations on the ground of logic. Speaking of right aim in poetry, M. Mallarmé, chief of the French symbolists, says: 'To name an object is to destroy three-quarters of the enjoyment of a poem.' From this we see that the new school of Poetry agrees with the old school in holding that the end of poetry is to produce pleasure for the imagination; but if M. Mallarmé's words mean anything, they must mean that, when Homer named the wrath of Achilles, or Milton the loss of Eden, as the subjects of their poems, these poets at once destroyed three-quarters of the pleasure that their art might have produced. M. Mallarmé goes on to say: 'The true goal of poetry is suggestion. Symbolism consists in the artistic employment of mystery; in evoking, little by little, an object, so as to indicate a state of soul, or, conversely, to choose an object, and to disentangle from it a state of soul by a series of decipherings.'

This, you may say, is a little obscure. But we may divine M. Mallarmé's meaning from M. Paul Verlaine's *Art Poétique*, a poem containing very many charming ideas that could have occurred only to a man of genius, however perversely that genius may have been employed. He says:

> Il faut aussi que tu n'ailles point
> Choisir tes mots sans quelque méprise:
> Rien de plus cher que la chanson grise,
> Où l'Indécis au Précis se joint.

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C'est des beaux yeux derrière des voiles,
C'est le grand jour tremblant de midi,
C'est par un ciel d'automne attiédi,
Le bleu fouillis des claires étoiles!

Car nous voulons la Nuance encor,
Pas la Couleur, rien que la nuance!
Oh! la nuance seule fiance
Le rêve au rêve et la flûte au cor!

I do not pretend to understand what M. Verlaine meant by these last two lines: probably he would have admitted that he did not know himself. But the drift of his advice is quite intelligible. Like M. Mallarmé, he says, 'Do not choose definite subjects: what we want in poetry is not expression but suggestion; neutral tints, not positive colours.' His *Art Poétique* is therefore naturally opposed to the *Ars Poetica* of Horace:—

Cui lecta potenter erit *res*
Nec facundia deseret hunc nec lucidus ordo.

M. Verlaine would maintain that Horace's principle, 'Denique sit quidvis simplex duntaxat et unum,' would not produce the effect that he himself desired. Nor would it; but why? Because Horace and M. Verlaine aim at producing pleasure of a different kind. Horace aims at pleasing the imagination with ideas, at creating an illusion of organic ideal life, outlined with all the clearness of sculpture, but animated with the breath of human sympathy. M. Verlaine and M. Mallarmé seek, by means of metrical language, to evoke moods of the soul. Horace strives to produce pleasure that may satisfy the philosopher; the pleasure desired by M. Verlaine is the intoxication of the opium-eater. A poetical idea is enjoyed as a thing of beauty by one generation after another, *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*; the mood of the individual soul evaporates with the fumes of the intellectual drug by which it is called into being.

The French symbolists are therefore opposed to the classical poets both in their ends and means; but these are in full accord with the ends and means of the poets of decadence. For observe that their symbolism is quite of a different kind from that of Dante, who, perhaps above all other poets, aimed at the 'facundia' and 'lucidus ordo' desired by Horace. Dante's symbolism was based on the scholastic philosophy, when that system was universally accepted as the key to the interpretation of Nature. When this philosophy ceased to satisfy the intellect, then it also lost its poetical power, and, as we see from the lines of Cowley I have already cited, fell, for poetical purposes, into complete decay. Modern symbolism or mysticism, which aims in poetry at suggestion rather than expression, is in reality identical with the taste for enigmas and obscure thought represented in the style of Lycophron of Alexandria, surnamed ὁ σκοτεινός,

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whose *Cassandra* is said to have been composed with a riddle in every line. And who now knows anything of Lycophron except his name?

Again, one of the distinguishing marks of great classical poets, like Sophocles and Virgil, is their reticence and reserve. The chief characteristic of poetical decadence, as we see in Seneca, is lawlessness in the choice of subject and violence of expression. M. Rollinat, who is said to enjoy a high reputation among his countrymen, is probably the only poet in the world who can boast of having surpassed Seneca in these qualities. Here are the titles of some of his poems: *Buried Alive; The Soliloquy of Tropmann; Putrefaction; Rondeau of the Guillotined*; and the following is the only quotable portion of a composition describing the embalming of a dead woman's body: 'To snatch the dead one, fair as an angel, from the atrocious kisses of the worm, I caused her to be embalmed in a strange box. It was a night in winter.' Then the whole process of embalming is minutely painted.

One more example will suffice. All great classic poetry reflects in an ideal way the active life of the society in which it is composed. The *Iliad* breathes in an heroic style the spirit of Greek warfare. Æschylus, who fought at Marathon, Sophocles, who served as a general with Pericles, fill their tragedies with the heroic sentiment of their age: the old Attic comedy found its matter in contemporary social interests: Shakespeare's chronicle plays popularise half the history of England: the satires of Dryden and Pope are the monuments of once living manners. But the French symbolists—whose aim it is to evoke moods of the soul—dread nothing so much as any form of social activity. 'Art for Art's sake!' is their cry. There is something pathetic in the earnestness with which M. Charles Morice, the chief philosopher of the school, utters his lamentations over the exacting tyranny of public duties. 'To think,' he cries, 'that the poet should be obliged to break off in the middle of a stanza in order to go and complete a period of twenty-eight days' training in the army!' And again: 'The agitations of the streets; the grinding of the Government machine; journals; elections; changes of administration—never has there been such a hubbub; the turbulent and noisy autocracy of commerce has caused the public to suppress in other preoccupations the preoccupation of Beauty; and industry has killed whatever might have been allowed by politics to live on in silence.' One feels sad as one thinks of the happiness and quietism which might have been the lot of this forlorn soul in some other period of poetical decadence. One sees, for example, that he might have obtained from one of the Ptolemies, say in the second century B.C., the post of sub-librarian at Alexandria, and one fancies him composing some afternoon, in a cool portico the pentameter of the epigram which he had begun in the morning, without any interruption from the drill-sergeant. Or he

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might have lived at Rome under the placid reign of Domitian, certainly without being disturbed by the clamours of a vulgar newsboy, bawling over the Palatine the latest stages of a ministerial crisis, and breaking in on his preoccupation as he put together some tuneful trifle on a Greek subject, or prepared for public recitation a flattering elegy on Cæsar's pet bear.

I have confined my observations to the modern French School of Poetry, because I find there the philosophy of a widespread movement put forward in the most frank and lucid form. But, in fact, the features which this school presents are repeated with variations in the contemporary literature of every country in Europe. For the moment, at least, life in poetry is no longer looked for in that perfect balance between the universal and individual elements which is the essence of all classical art. The aim of the poet is not now to create the natural in the sphere of the ideal, the image of

> Nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

The essence of Life in Poetry, and in all the arts according to the new philosophy, is Novelty. And whence are the sources of this new life to be derived? The answer is that each of the arts is to borrow some principle from the others; the painter aims at effects which have hitherto been attempted only by poetry; the poet devotes his efforts to imitate in words ideas which are more naturally expressed by means of forms and colours, or indefinable emotions like those which are aroused by the notes of music; the musician tries to combine with the resources of his own art the beauties peculiar to poetry and painting. I do not deny that, when these experiments are made by men of genius, the artistic result produced is often striking, and for a time even pleasurable. But when it is claimed by the pioneers of the new movement by the brotherhoods, the societies, the coteries, which seek by organised efforts to impose the new doctrines on the taste of a bewildered world—that this confusion of the boundaries of art is the beginning of a fresh and vigorous outburst of artistic life, experience says No! The things that are being attempted are as old as civilised society. The poet-musician who endeavours to create a new kind of pleasure, by combining on the stage the principles of poetry, painting, and music, is only doing what was done two thousand years ago by Agathon and the late Attic dramatists. The poet who exalts the element of painting inherent in his art above the principle of action is following the example of Apollonius Rhodius. The poet who tries to attract attention to himself by an ideal representation of extravagant and unnatural passion is modelling himself upon Seneca. And Agathon, and Apollonius Rhodius, and Seneca are all poets of decadent ages.

Now, if we are living in an age of poetical decadence, it is a very

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serious matter, and questions arise which urgently demand an answer. Is this decadence confined to the genius and methods of the poets themselves? or does it extend to the taste of that portion of society which the poets are specially anxious to please? or does it, as Herr Nordau thinks, imply a failure of the sources of life in the nation at large? These are problems of the profoundest interest, and I shall attempt to deal with them in the lecture with which I propose to conclude this series—namely, on the relations that exist between the Life of Poetry and the Life of the People.

W. J. COURTHOPE.

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THE TEACHING OF MUSIC IN SCHOOLS

It is now close upon sixty years since John Curwen, then an unknown Congregational minister, evolved a system of musical notation which he afterwards delighted to describe as 'easy, cheap, and true.' He had been trying to teach music 'by ear' in his own Sunday school, but found that the attempt meant nothing more than learning by heart, by a tiresome process of iteration, a few pieces of music, just as a parrot might learn certain phrases of melody on hearing them repeated time after time. To teach the people to read music as they read their newspapers, to make musical performance easy of attainment—this was Mr. Curwen's object, and the question of the means whereby it might be realised soon became the all-engrossing subject of his thoughts. That the ordinary staff notation—the musical notation of the world—could not be made to serve the desired end was, as he declared, evident from the results obtained by it. There were few good readers of music, and, so far as Mr. Curwen could see, there was no method by which good readers could be formed. What was needed was a notation which a child might understand—a notation from which a child might sing with at least as much ease as he read his school primer.

Some time before this, a certain Miss Glover of Norwich had been experimenting with a notation which helped to remove something of the mystery of lines and spaces and sharps and flats by a substitution for the ordinary pitch names of the old Italian Sol-fa syllables *Do, Re, Mi*, &c. Mr. Curwen saw at once that here was the germ of the thing he had been looking for; and setting himself to work on the crude idea, it was not long before he had evolved the Tonic Sol-fa notation, practically as we now know it.

Lectures and literature followed quickly upon the invention, and the system was rapidly propagated among the people. Mr. Curwen had the instincts of the true philanthropist. He did not address himself to the musical profession—that, indeed, would have been a futile proceeding. He addressed himself to the clergy, to day school and Sunday school teachers, to temperance and mission workers, to amateur choirmasters, and the like. He was able to show by actual demonstration that his notation was easy enough for the meanest

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comprehension, and he encouraged those who had themselves learned to sing by it to start and instruct others. The early teachers of the Sol-fa method and notation were indeed a very different set of men from those who now walk in their footsteps. They were mostly amateurs who, having read the Curwen literature and caught the Curwen enthusiasm, set up their 'modulators' in remote villages and out-of-the-way corners untouched by the professional; and thus, even while the professional was declaring the absolute impossibility of teaching the people to sing from a combination of letters and dashes and punctuation marks, the people were actually showing that the thing had been done.

Of course, the system met with plenty of ridicule and abuse. It was natural that the profession should not give a kindly welcome to a notation which threatened to disestablish the staff. But the followers of Mr. Curwen fought their way manfully, step by step, and at length they succeeded in gaining the official recognition at which they had aimed. In 1869, the Committee of Council on Education, finding that the system was already being largely taught in the schools, put it on an equal footing with the staff. The Committee expressed no opinion upon the merits of the new notation; they merely recognised it as having been adopted on a sufficient scale to justify official recognition. Tonic Sol-fa was thus accepted upon the same conditions as the staff—namely, that one shilling and fourpence per pass was to be granted, provided the inspector reported that the children were systematically taught.

Fourteen thousand schools under Government inspection were thus thrown open to the new-notationists. They went to work with immense enthusiasm; and whereas, previous to the recognition of Sol-fa, only one school out of all those under inspection had earned the music grant, in the year ending March 1871 the number had risen to forty-three. Since that time the history of Sol-fa in the schools has been a record of continual, nay, of phenomenal progress. In 1872, the London School Board adopted the system, and that step was soon followed by all the leading Boards in England and Scotland. Most of the Boards have appointed visiting masters, so that the regular school staff are left free for the other duties of their office. What is being done is easily and accurately learned from the statistics which are carefully prepared by the Education Department. The latest official returns of the Department show an increase of children under Tonic Sol-fa instruction in the elementary schools of 187,080 for the year, while those being taught by staff notation have increased by the small number of 7,974. For singing 'by ear' a decrease of 74,854 is reported. In 1896, the number of children being taught the Tonic Sol-fa in schools under the English and Scotch Departments was 3,908,642, nearly six times as many as in 1883; while of all those taught to sing by note, 88·8 per cent. in England and Wales, and 95·3

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per cent. in Scotland earned the grant for Tonic Sol-fa. Last year the large sum of 206,000*l.* was given in grants for music to something like four and a quarter million pupils in elementary State-aided schools in England alone (Scotland and Ireland being left out of count), and the larger proportion of this sum was gained by means of the letter notation.

All this teaching from Sol-fa it is now proposed—or at least it has been proposed—to turn into another channel. It is proposed, and the proposal has been pressed upon the Government by an influential deputation of musicians, that the teaching of the staff notation should be made compulsory in the schools. The agitation had its origin at a Conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians—a thoroughly representative body of the profession—held at Cardiff in January last. Various speakers at that Conference dwelt upon the imperfections of the Sol-fa notation, especially in so far as it was not the universal notation—the notation in which the great bulk of the literature of music is written; and in the end a resolution was unanimously agreed to that 'in the interests of music in this country it is most desirable that the recommendation which the Education Department has already issued to the effect that singing should be taught from the staff notation should be rendered compulsory in the higher standards.' Since this resolution was passed, the matter has been warmly debated throughout the country, and will, no doubt, continue to be debated until some official pronouncement has been made upon it. In the meantime it may be well to look at the question in its various bearings and see for ourselves what really is to be said for and against the suggested change.

That the ordinary staff notation should be taught at some stage of the school curriculum is generally admitted. Even the Sol-faists themselves admit this. It is true there are a few fanatics in the Sol-fa ranks who declare that their notation is sufficient for all requirements, and that any concessions made in favour of the staff are a confession of weakness which must not be encouraged. But men of this type are recognised by their fellow-propagandists as hopelessly out of touch with the needs of the time. They are essentially 'old school' men who, having been trained in the earlier days of Sol-fa 'storm and stress,' cannot be brought to see that the two notations are not necessarily antagonistic—that they should run abreast, the one making the complement, the helpmate of the other.

But whether the Sol-faists recognise it or not, the claims of the staff notation as a finish off to the day-school training in music are indisputable. Whatever results the followers of Mr. Curwen may have achieved by means of their notation—and they have achieved magnificent results within certain limits—there is no getting over the fact that the staff is the recognised notation of the musical world, whereas the letter notation is, after all, the notation of only a

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comparatively small section of the globe—of a comparatively small number, moreover, of the people of that section. This was very well put by Sir A. C. Mackenzie, the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, in speaking as a member of the deputation to Sir John Gorst. The new system, after a given point has been reached, leads no further; in other words, children who in after life are inclined to proceed to higher knowledge are compelled to begin their studies anew. Cases have come under Sir Alexander's notice, as they have come under the notice of others, in which young men and women have discovered that they possess a voice and would like to have it trained with a view to enter the musical profession. They proceed to carry out their desire and find that they have to start *de novo* by learning the very alphabet of the recognised notation of music. Many of these specimens are found in Wales, which has been practically annexed by the Sol-faists. Nearly all of them belong to the poorer classes, who have received their entire education in the Board schools, and therefore have had no other musical instruction. There is, of course, a very large quantity of music printed in the letter notation, but it is of a specially distinctive class, and totally inadequate for the needs of a well-filled musical life. The leading publishers of music do not print in Sol-fa unless in cases where choral and church works are likely to be demanded in considerable numbers; and hence there is often great inconvenience when Sol-faists are required to join with old notationists in musical performance. In short, the literature of music is practically shut and sealed to the Sol-faist. He is entirely dependent upon such few works as may happen to have been selected by others for his benefit, and doled out to him by the Sol-fa printing press.

Again, in this matter of notations, there is the very important question of instrumental music to be considered. The Sol-fa notation is essentially a singer's notation: it is absolutely useless for players—at any rate for players who want to get beyond the very simplest music. No reasonable and unprejudiced Sol-faist claims that it can be employed for more than this. Even Mr. Spencer Curwen, the official head of the Sol-fa body, remarks: 'I do not myself consider that we have yet had enough experience of the use of our notation for instruments to justify us in speaking as strongly of its superiority in this as we do of its superiority in the vocal department.' No; nor will any amount of experience ever enable the Sol-faist to glorify his notation as a notation for the player. No one has yet heard of a player of the first rank, or even of respectable rank, who employs the letter notation at his instrument. For one thing, it would be impossible for such a player to read from it the repertoire he would require to have at his finger-ends; while, for another, he would find that repertoire all but non-existent in his pet notation. A good deal of instrumental music has certainly been

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translated into Sol-fa; but it is mainly outside the great classics of the art; and there has been so much to do in the way of translation for the singer that the player has received only secondary and, as a rule, very lukewarm consideration. The lack of Sol-fa organists has sometimes been deplored by those who believe they would make the best choir-trainers. But what is the sense of crying for Sol-fa organists when such organists would find it practically impossible to play one of Bach's great fugues from their notation, to say nothing of the fact that these compositions are to be found only in the notation of the great master himself? In this matter of music teaching in the schools it is only right that the prospective player should be considered. In these days a very large number of young people want to learn an instrument of some kind; and there is no reason why, while they are being taught a notation at all, they should not be made acquainted with the only notation which will serve them when they begin to play.

The expediency of teaching the staff in the schools being thus apparent, it remains to be determined whether that notation should be made compulsory, as has been proposed; and further, if left to the option of teachers, at what stage of the school curriculum it should be introduced. Since the date of the Cardiff Conference, the feeling has spread that the staff should not be made obligatory, except perhaps in the higher standards. And this is a wise concession. The staff is assuredly not a notation for very young children. To do anything at all effective by its means requires more thinking than the juvenile mind either cares to give or is capable of giving. The mastering of the names of lines and spaces, of the meanings of sharps and flats, of the precise relations of semibreves and minims, crotchets and quavers, and so on, is too much to ask at first. Young children require a notation which will allow them to do more and think less—a notation, moreover, which will enable the teacher to keep his attention on those before him, rather than on the setting forth and explanation of intricacies such as the teaching of the staff admittedly involves.

That the Sol-fa notation is the easier to teach cannot be doubted for a moment. The statistics prove it, if nothing else did, for teachers can have no reason for placing the notation in such a unique position other than that which has to do with the ready attainment of results. All teachers frankly admit this. One writes: 'During one year I taught singing from the staff and secured the higher grant. Next year I used the Sol-fa notation, and, though giving less time, I made more progress and covered more ground; the children were surer readers, and this with less strain upon teachers and scholars and with more pleasure to all concerned.' Similar evidence might be abundantly quoted. This ease of teaching Sol-fa must certainly be taken into consideration in looking at

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the question as affecting the junior standards. In these standards it would be at once unjust and subversive of all good results to enforce the staff. There is no time in the already overcrowded syllabus to do the subject anything like justice. In some schools, where very large classes have to be divided, the music lesson occupies no more than fifteen minutes. In this limited time it is not easy to do much even with the letter notation; with the staff notation it would be next to impossible to do anything at all. 'The technicalities of the staff,' says an English teacher, 'are so numerous that the time now apportioned to singing on the school time-table would be totally inadequate to produce good results; and every teacher knows too well how difficult it is at present to afford sufficient time to all the subjects embraced in the school routine of lessons.'

Again, one must take into account the class of children being taught. To make the learning of the staff compulsory with the very young children of the poor in our large centres of population would be ridiculous if not positively cruel. Such children have not the capacity for it, even in the higher standards, neither have they the inclination for learning which better-class children generally show. Some of these points are touched upon in a letter which the writer has received from an eminent visiting music-master. He says:

> Compulsion certainly will not do. It would rouse the teaching profession. In small schools where the whole five standards are taught in one class, or even when three standards are taught together, it is already hard work to get up the requirements in Sol-fa. The difficulty would be immensely increased with the staff, and, if attempted at all, would only produce a result that would be of no practical value. In small places the teaching of singing is merely a matter of *grant-earning*. The day-school teacher has so much put on him already that he will resist any further burden. In some cases he would, if the staff were made obligatory, give up singing altogether, and say that the two half-hours given to it would bring in more money if spent on other subjects where the grant varies from 'good' to 'excellent.'

Sir John Gorst saw this danger when the deputation from the Incorporated Society of Musicians appeared before him. That the deputation themselves failed to see it is a circumstance that can readily be accounted for. The staff notationists who desire to entirely extinguish the letter notation in the schools really do not know the task they would be setting to those who have to teach school music. Very few of those who are taking a prominent part in the present agitation know anything at all about the practical difficulties of the situation.

Some of these difficulties have already been pointed out. There are others worth remarking on. There would certainly be great difficulty in finding effective teachers of the staff in all the schools throughout the country. This would be specially felt in rural and in understaffed schools. It is a comparatively easy matter for teachers to qualify themselves for instruction in Tonic Sol-fa. The notation

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itself is so simple and the teaching of it is so methodised by its educational literature that no more trouble need be experienced with it than with reading or arithmetic. But there is no systematised method of teaching the staff. Every teacher is a law unto himself in the matter; and it needs a very good man indeed to achieve results by it such as may be obtained by Sol-fa. Then there is the difficulty of securing proper inspection in the staff notation. The present inspectors are certainly not, taking them as a whole, highly qualified in that direction. Already, since the Code gave encouragement to the staff, they have been pushing it all over the country and examining it with more zeal than knowledge. One hears of a class being asked by an inspector the question: 'How is modulation expressed in staff notation?'—a question certainly far beyond the capacity of any child; another inspector is reported to have quite upset the juveniles by giving three beats to the bar in a six-eight time test! If there is to be compulsory teaching of the staff, provision must be made for better inspection than these incidents indicate.

But, to leave this point, while it is inexpedient and practically impossible to teach the staff in the junior standards, there can be no question about the necessity for making some official provision for its teaching in the higher standards. What the very young child cannot learn, the more advanced scholar can master easily under proper instruction; and this instruction should, as far as possible, be provided for and encouraged. To enforce it would probably be a mistake under any circumstances. One difficulty would be the fixing of the stage at which the staff should be introduced—or rather the stage beyond which it should not be delayed. In many schools the children leave at the fifth standard. In such cases any attempts to teach the staff would probably be ineffectual. In country schools, again, the upper standards are, as a rule, very small, so that there the bulk of the children would escape in any case. In large schools where the social grade of the children is fairly high, there is nothing to prevent the staff being introduced with the fourth standard. But any hard and fast rule would certainly prove abortive in practice. The country teacher could not be expected to do what the town teacher with the help of the professional visiting master might accomplish; nor would it be fair to expect from an East End school the same results, at a given stage, as may be obtained in districts more favourable to education.

There need, however, be no difficulty about introducing the staff at some stage before the children leave the schools. Indeed, as a matter of fact, the staff has been taught for many years in the higher standards of a large number of the elementary schools; so that the new proposal is really not the revolutionary thing that some would have us believe. In Scotland especially, where Tonic Sol-fa is

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stronger than anywhere else, the staff has long held a prominent place in the schools. Mr. William Litster, the head music-master in the Aberdeen Board schools, says in a letter to the writer dated the 1st of June:

> I have always taught the staff in schools where there is a sixth standard. We have lately introduced it in Standard V., and next week at several inspections will offer to pass the tests in either notation. The Government returns do not show this, for two reasons. The schedule puts it thus: 'Is singing from notes taught from Tonic Sol-fa or staff notation?' I cannot answer this; the two are put as if they were opposites. I teach staff from Tonic Sol-fa, and by the Tonic Sol-fa *method*. The question in the schedule applies to notation only, hence we fill in all our returns 'Sol-fa.' Again, if we *profess* staff the inspector can demand it, and may test us as *he* likes. Now we often at a backward school put staff aside near the inspection, and merely show it as fulfilling the 'hope' expressed at the end of the Code requirements that the connection between the two notations will be taught. We profess to earn the grant by Sol-fa, but we gratuitously teach the staff.

This encouragement of the staff where Sol-fa is the foundation of the teaching is reported from other places. Thus in Edinburgh, where there are nine music-masters teaching in the elementary schools, and receiving over 1,600*l.* a year—more than is paid in London, Leeds, Bradford, Birmingham, and other towns put together—the staff is taught in nearly half of the schools in the upper standards, and that while it is purely optional. In Glasgow the same practice is observed. Dundee is in the unique position—unique as regards Scotland—of having through its School Board made the teaching of the staff compulsory in Standards V. and VI. In England the staff is also taught as a supplement to Sol-fa, though not to the extent that obtains in Scotland. In some parts of England, indeed, it is impossible to get even a few notes sung at sight, except from the letter notation. But in nearly all the larger centres the staff is introduced to the adult pupils, and in certain cases—in the case of Leeds for example—the Boards have made it compulsory in the upper standards. This position of affairs shows very clearly that there is an honest intention on the part of teachers to bring forward the staff wherever the circumstances will permit. Is there not every reason, then, for maintaining the *status quo*, with perhaps some special means of promoting the teaching of the staff in all the schools where it is found possible to introduce it?

The real solution of the difficulty would seem to be in the direction of an extra grant for the teaching of the staff as an addition to Sol-fa. This, indeed, has already been suggested in several quarters. Some of the leading inspectors have proposed that a grant of eighteenpence should be given for the staff in Standard V. and upwards; and a motion to similar effect was carried at a conference on school music held recently in Edinburgh. This would leave the staff, as it is now, a purely voluntary subject, but it would certainly

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lead to its being taught in every case where it was at all possible to teach it. Nothing more than that could reasonably be demanded under any circumstances. In any case, there is plenty of room for both notations to work side by side; and while the staff should certainly be taught sooner or later in the school curriculum, nothing can be lost by the retention of Sol-fa in the junior standards. On the contrary, much may be gained; for, after all, in the case of the singer, the staff is best learnt through the Sol-fa.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

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THE WRECKING OF THE WEST INDIES

'It is idle to say that this man or that measure lost us the American colonies: it was that baleful monopolising spirit of commerce that wished to govern great nations on the maxims of the Counter.'

Posterity has endorsed the justice of Arthur Young's epigrammatic judgment on England's commercial policy in the eighteenth century. Are future historians, *mutatis mutandis*, to refer to the wrecking of the West Indian colonies in the nineteenth in the same strain?

The issue is now hanging in the balance. Up to within a few months back it looked almost certain that History would repeat itself. But on the 9th of November last, a very different aspect was given to the case by the publication of an official letter from the Colonial Office to the Treasury, in which, after a short *résumé* of the evils accruing and likely to accrue from a continuance of the non-intervention policy which has hitherto allowed the West Indian sugar industry to be sacrificed to the operation of the foreign bounties, appear the following noteworthy paragraphs:

The foreign sugar bounties have been and are at present of substantial interest to some of the industries in this country. It was in great measure on this account that the Bill introduced by Her Majesty's Government in the year 1889 to give effect to the Sugar Bounties Convention was not pressed. It has now in view of further developments become a question whether the continued enjoyment of this advantage does not involve the ruin of the sugar producing colonies, and, if so, what this prospect further implies, both as regards the social future of such colonies and in claims for Imperial expenditure which it will not be possible to resist.

The position of affairs being as indicated, Mr. Chamberlain is not prepared, as the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to accept the responsibility of allowing matters to take their course and to acquiesce in the policy of non-intervention hitherto pursued in regard to the bounties, without having satisfied himself as to what such a policy may entail as regards both the colonies and the exchequers; nor would he think it right that Her Majesty's Government should adhere to their present attitude in this question without knowing as clearly as possible at what cost it may be to the welfare and stability of an important part of the Empire and to industries in which English capital is largely invested. Mr. Chamberlain has therefore come to the conclusion that it is expedient that a Royal Commission shall be appointed to inquire, &c.

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A noteworthy document this in two respects: as the prologue to a new chapter in our colonial policy of the future, and as an instructive commentary on the past.

This question of the West Indies and their staple industry is no new one. Ten years ago Froude startled the English at home with the gloomy picture which he drew of the prospects of 'the English in the West Indies.' True, the value of his criticisms was somewhat discounted by the strong Tory bias of his intellect, the persistence with which he fitted facts to suit his prepossessions and the monotonous reiteration of false analogies drawn between Irishmen and niggers and Dublin Castle and Downing Street. But, as a whole, the truth of his scathing indictment of the methods and results of English rule in the West Indies since the abolition of slavery has never been seriously questioned, and little or nothing, beyond the half-hearted attempt to pass the Sugar Conventions Bill above referred to, has been initiated or accomplished by the Imperial Government within the intervening decade to render the indictment any less true now than on the day when it was penned.

We set the slaves free, as he pointed out, and with a generosity for which we never cease to applaud ourselves voted an indemnity of twenty millions to the owners. They begged that the emancipation might be gradual. Our impatience to clear our reputation refused to wait. We practised our virtues vicariously at the planters' expense; we had the praise and honour, they had the suffering. Their system of cultivation being deranged, they petitioned for protection against the competition of countries where slavery still continued. The request was natural, but it could not be listened to, because it might raise infinitesimally the cost of the British workman's breakfast. They struggled on, and even when a new rival rose in beetroot sugar they refused to be beaten. The European Powers, to foster their beet industry, went on to support it with a bounty. Against the purse of foreign Governments the sturdiest individuals cannot compete. Defeated in a fight which had become unfair, the planters looked elsewhere, and looked in vain to their own Government for help. Finding none, they turned to the United States. The Americans were willing to admit the West Indians to their markets on a basis of reciprocity, but a commercial treaty was necessary, and a treaty could not be made without the sanction of the English Government. The English Government refused to Crown colonies which were weak and helpless what it would not have dared to refuse if demanded by any of the large self-governing colonies.

It is a miserable story of the coercion of the weak in the interests of the strong, of the practical survival in an odd corner of Queen Victoria's Empire of the long discarded theories of the old Georgian mercantile system, which laid it down as a 'maxim of the Counter,' that the colonies existed for the benefit of the mother

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country; that the welfare of Greater Britain should be regarded not as synonymous with, but as subsidiary and secondary to, that of Great Britain.

Look again at the correspondence relating to the appointment of the Royal Commission. There, in black and white, is found official and responsible confirmation of the charges which Froude, with all the glorious irresponsibility of an Imperialist free lance, hurled against the officials responsible for an Imperial policy.

To all the petitions which have been pouring into the Colonial Office from the West Indies month by month and year by year, no mere *ex-parte* allegations of interested traders, but responsible statements of facts confirmed and corroborated by the representatives of the Crown, the same invariable reply has always been returned. It is always—'Her Majesty's Government do not see their way to take any effectual or active steps whatever;' 'Her Majesty's Government is deeply sensible of the disadvantages under which your industry has so long laboured' (the Government printers must surely have had standing orders to keep this special sentence in type for the benefit of the West Indian Department of the Colonial Office); 'Her Majesty's Government will take advantage of any favourable opportunity to bring home to the minds of the Powers concerned the inadvisability of continuing a system,' &c. &c.; 'No such opportunity, however, has yet presented itself,' and so on. It is always this shilly-shally temporising policy of *laisser faire* punctuated by sincere condolences; always this passive readiness to wait cap-in-hand on the good pleasure of 'the Powers concerned;' never a hint that the Government would bring the matter before the Parliament of the one Power chiefly concerned; never a sign to indicate that British statesmanship (save in after-dinner speeches) could rise above the 'maxims of the Counter' in the moulding of a colonial policy, or act up to the professions so loudly preached of recent years anent the unity and indivisibility of British and Imperial interests.

Out of the mouths of its own scribes stands self-confessed and self-condemned the narrow principles on which have been based the past policy of the Colonial Office: 'Because, forsooth, the foreign sugar bounties have been and are of substantial advantage to some of the industries of *this country*!' Because, presumably, according to the 'maxims of the Counter,' John Bull, as a shrewd trader, could not possibly be expected to look at the matter in any other light save that of his own till receipts. Mark the expression *this country*. 'This country' is predominant partner in what Max O'Rell has called the firm of John Bull and Co., and the small branch establishment of the firm in the West Indies is to be refused not only any assistance from the head office at home, but even a free hand to make fresh business arrangements elsewhere, because 'this country' reaps a golden harvest from the plan of campaign waged

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against 'this country's' colonies, because *their* losses mean '*this* country's profits!' Could a 'baleful monopolising spirit of commerce' go further? What sort of partnership is this which leaves all the kicks to the one and the ha'pence to the other? Of the West Indies, at any rate, it is impossible to deny the truth of Froude's characteristically exaggerated dictum that, 'to belong as a Crown colony to the British Empire, as things stand, is no partnership at all. It is to belong to a Power which sacrifices, as it always has sacrificed, the interest of its dependencies to its own, refusing what they ask and forcing on them what they had rather be without.'

Such a policy must needs in the long run bring its own reward. The nation is now called on to pay an accumulated bill of damages which by timely action in the past might have been altogether avoided. The 'Powers concerned' have not seen fit to come to the rescue of the Micawbers of the Colonial Office by the abolition of their sugar bounties, and have negatived in very practical fashion the fondly cherished expectations of Downing Street that they might, even at the eleventh hour, see the errors of their way and abjure their economic heresies. Last August, Germany and Austria approximately doubled their bounties, and France has since followed suit. The 'Powers concerned' have nailed their colours to the mast and proclaimed *guerre à outrance;* Mr. Chamberlain has taken up the challenge on behalf of our colonies, and in accordance with the tactics of the new diplomacy intends to take the nation into his confidence. 'From what Mr. Chamberlain has communicated to you, you will have gathered that he intends that, if the West Indies are to be sacrificed to the sugar bounties, it shall not be done without clear public warning as to what that may entail and involve,' I read lately in an official letter, addressed to the members of a deputation from Antigua on their return from an interview at the Colonial Office.

So far, so good. The nation, as yet, has never shown itself behindhand in backing up the efforts of Government in promoting a generous Imperial policy. In fact, it may almost be said that things have drifted to their present state in the West Indies because the national conscience has, so far, neither been enlightened as to the facts of the case nor appealed to for a verdict. Public opinion has been kept thoroughly informed both by the press and by Government of the phases of the numerous campaigns, military or diplomatic, which have been attending the expansion of England's Empire in Africa and the East, but knows little or nothing of the monotonous record of her humiliation in the West, where England's sons have been left to wage unequal war in defence of field and factory and hearth and home, not against raiding parties from French and German warships, but against the more deadly weapons of economic warfare launched

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against their industry in the council chambers of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

Puzzled and bored by the apparent intricacy of the problems involved, the 'man in the street,' on whom Mr. Chamberlain now proposes to throw the responsibility of continuing or not the 'policy of non-intervention,' has taken about as much interest in sugar bounties as he has in bimetallism; editors have eschewed the subject as 'too technical;' the West Indies themselves, unrepresented in England save by the 'still small voice' of the West India Committee, have been powerless to command a hearing outside their own circle; and these questions of the West Indies and their staple industry, of Beet and Bounties, of Cane and Countervailing Duties, have been left as nuts for the experts of Mincing Lane and the Cobden Club to crack their teeth over.

To these experts the report of the Royal Commissioners, which, I understand, is to be ready this month, will present little that is new.

In fact, judging from the mass of evidence given before them in the West Indies, there is little new to be said on the subject which has not already appeared in some shape or other, either in Government despatches and planters' petitions, or the sugar-trade papers. It is not so much the facts which are in dispute as the nature of the remedy to be applied, and Mr. Chamberlain would appear, from the wording of the letter of the 9th of November, to have found time in the intervals of leisure left him by Messrs. Rhodes and Kruger not only to master the facts, and to read and dictate West Indian despatches for himself ('very different from those we have been used to receiving from the Colonial Office'—I was told more than once by those in authority in the West Indies), but also to make up his mind pretty clearly that nothing but a straightforward policy of active intervention can save the situation.

That this is the only possible solution of the question, and is dictated alike by considerations of justice and expediency, whether it be looked at from the Imperial or West Indian point of view, I shall endeavour to show by a series of propositions, summing up the facts as they presented themselves to me during a recent tour through the West Indies, premising that no two of the West Indian colonies exactly resemble one another in the aggregate of their social, climatic, and industrial conditions, and that particular exceptions may consequently be found to all broad generalisations referring to the whole.

(1) By natural process of evolution, the cultivation of the cane and the manufacture of sugar have been proved to be the natural industry of the West Indies, by having supplanted and survived all others as the staple industry for over two centuries.

(2) On the stability of this natural staple industry are dependent

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the very existence of several of the colonies as civilised communities, and the future prosperity, directly or indirectly, of all. Without a sound industrial and economic basis and a prosperous exchequer to work upon, the colonial Governments will be forced to abandon the task, already well begun, of raising the teeming black populations in the social scale. Bankruptcy, with its sure corollary, a reversion of the negroes to barbarism and a vegetable existence of squalid squatting, is even now confronting more than one Executive.

(3) No other industry can be regarded as a satisfactory alternative to or substitute for sugar. The cultivation of other tropical produce is possible and profitable in certain localities where the climatic conditions or accessibility to a suitable market, or both combined, permit it (as with fruit and oranges in Jamaica, limes in Montserrat, and cocoa in Trinidad and Grenada). But, acre for acre, such cultivation implies not one tenth the circulation of capital or employment of labour (and therefore trade and revenue) involved in the production of sugar, which not only necessitates field work almost throughout the year, but also combines a manufacturing with an agricultural industry. The substitution of cocoa, coffee, &c., for the sugar cane, even on the few sugar lands where such substitution is possible, would be a step backward, not forward, almost comparable to the substitution of damsons and blackberries for corn and roots on a farm in England. The best guarantee for the development of these appropriately called 'minor industries,' and, thereby, of a yeoman class of peasant proprietors, lies in the stability of the staple major industry.

(4) This staple industry is threatened with extinction in the immediate future (though it is true that a few exceptionally situated estates can even at present prices pay their way), not because cane cannot hold its own with beet, not because cane sugar cannot be produced in the West Indies as cheaply as beet sugar in France and Germany, but because the bounty, or rather bounty-cum-protection, system of foreign Governments, by simultaneously stimulating production and checking consumption in their own countries, enables the continental producers, after clearing their profits on their home sales, to unload their surplus stock on the open market (viz. England), and sell them there with the help of the bounty, if need be, under cost price. That the action of the foreign Government is dictated as much by the necessities of continental militarism, in the desire to foster the beet and cattle industries, and so prevent the depopulation of their rural districts, their best recruiting ground, as by the principles of an aggressive commercial policy is beside the point. We have to deal not with the causes but with effects, which, to illustrate the case by a specific instance, work out briefly thus. Sugar made in Germany is enabled by the aid of German taxes to oust sugar grown in British colonies from British markets.

And yet, till now, British statesmen have not dared to appeal to

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the English at home on behalf of the 'English in the West Indies' for fear they should cry, 'Périssent les colonies plutôt que—le sucre bon-marché!' If only the German Emperor had sent a telegram on the subject!

That the extinction of the sugar industry is due to imperfect and obsolete processes of manufacture is a charge often levelled in English newspapers against the West Indian planters. As a matter of fact, one finds exemplified in the West Indies almost every phase of development, from that of the tiny windmill-driven factory of a hundred acre estate in Barbados, content to produce its hundred tons of low grade Muscovado in the year, to that of the immense Demerara and Trinidad 'usines,' equipped with finest machinery that Science and Capital can furnish, handling their thousands of tons of cane, and turning out their hundreds of tons of high grade crystals in the week. The conditions of manufacture are found to vary, as in every other industry under the sun, inversely with the natural advantages incidental to the industry in each locality.

The planters of Barbados and Antigua know well that they are behind the times. They know well also the obvious remedy. But with their industry at the mercy of the action of foreign Governments what is the inducement and where is the credit to effect the necessary improvements? Again, we find the bounty system at the root of the whole matter, the primary cause of the paralysis to-day, as it is of the threatened extinction to-morrow, of the whole industry under whatever conditions it may be carried on.

So much for the facts and arguments from the standpoint of England's high Imperial responsibilities and West Indian necessities. They point clearly enough in one direction, and one direction only, viz. the necessity for a forward policy of active intervention.

There is still a last—but not the least—argument in favour of the same course. It is that, whichever alternative be adopted, whether active intervention against, or passive acquiescence in, the operation of the bounty system, some form of expenditure has to be faced by the British taxpayer.

An approximate estimate of the liabilities which would be thrown on the Imperial Exchequer in the event of a failure of the sugar industry—and what must follow as the night the day—the bankruptcy of the sugar colonies, is being prepared by the Royal Commissioners, and I found that they laid special stress in sifting the evidence given before them on this point in all their inquiries throughout the various colonies.

Three inevitable items of expenditure must be met: (1) the extra cost of maintaining law and order among an ignorant and excitable population of unemployed, (2) the repatriation of coolie immigrants indentured under contracts which entitle them to a return passage to India, and (3) the transplanting of the surplus negro population

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from the most densely inhabited islands to those where Crown lands are still available for settlement.

Not the least interesting part of the Commissioners' Report will be that section dealing with this estimate of 'claims for Imperial expenditure which it will not be possible to resist.'

That the policy of 'passive acquiescence' will be a costly one may be gauged from the fact that the legal liability, under contract, for the repatriation of the coolie immigrants in British Guiana alone exceeds a million sterling. But, however carefully the estimate is prepared, a wide margin must be left for contingencies. In estimating the cost of a policy of 'active intervention' we are on surer ground.

So far, to use an expressive colloquialism, John Bull has made a 'rattling good thing' out of these bounties. Even taking into account the damage inflicted in his trade and shipping by the decay of important colonies, the net results of the system must have been to leave him many millions in pocket thereby. Besides allowing him as consumer to revel in cheap sugar at his breakfast table, it has enabled him, as manufacturer, to command the markets of the world in all the many industries where sugar is largely used as raw material. His twopence buys as much as does a half franc or half mark in France or Germany, and his imports for the year now reach 1,600,000 tons.

To reduce these advantages to actual £ *s.* *d.* is a difficult matter, seeing that the fall in the price of sugar is partly due to natural causes. The amount by which the price has been artificially lowered by the direct action of the foreign bounty-cum-protection system in favour of the British consumer, and to the undoing of British colonies, is commonly accepted as about one farthing per pound, or, approximately, 2*l.* per ton. Let us assume, for purposes of argument, this estimate to be correct (and this is one of the few points on which the experts on either side apparently do not agree to differ).

'Counteract, by a corresponding countervailing duty of one farthing per pound, this artificial interference with the natural laws of supply and demand,' cry out the planters, 'restore to us the conditions of true Free Trade, by which the prices of all the other commodities you import find their natural level, and we guarantee to hold our own in fair competition against the world.'

To which, in reply, their opponents of the 'maxims-of-the-Counter' school make answer: that this suggestion of a countervailing duty, to begin with, is by implication an avowal that the cash benefit to the United Kingdom from the operation of the bounty system is not less than three million sterling per annum; that it is impossible for the teeming population of our crowded islands, who depend on cheap food and cheap raw material as the very breath of life, to forego such a splendid windfall; that the vexations and costly additions to our

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Customs machinery implied by the imposition of a preferential sugar duty, and the probability of counter retaliations by the Powers against whom it is aimed, are in themselves a sufficient bar to such a proposal; that the 'claims for Imperial expenditure' consequent on the ruin of the sugar colonies are not likely to exceed the present cash benefit accruing to the mother country; that the greatest good of the greatest number must prevail, and in the meantime the West Indies must carry on as best they can with their 'minor industries.'

At first sight there would appear to be no compromise possible between two such opposing schools of thought. And yet on closer analysis there seems to be a middle course open by which at once the future of the West Indian colonies may be safeguarded, and the inevitable call on the British taxpayer's pocket reduced to a minimum. The key to a possible solution of the problem is to be found in the relative insignificance of West Indian exports compared with British imports of sugar. The West Indies export roughly 300,000 tons of sugar a year, the United Kingdom imports roughly 1,600,000 tons. The West Indies and Mauritius together can only supply us with about one-fourth of our requirements.

If, on the farthing per pound basis, the net cash profits per annum to the mother country from the bounty system amounts to 3,000,000*l.* per annum, the net loss to the sugar colonies from the operation of the same causes may, by a converse calculation, be set down as 750,000*l.* per annum. Treating the Empire as a whole, then, and subtracting losses from profits, there is still a handsome margin of 2,250,000*l.* The problem looked at from this point of view takes another aspect, and is seen to be rather a question of how best to secure the proportional distribution of profits than how best to equalise the pressure of losses.

There is no need for the mother country to be sacrificed for the good of the colonies, or for the colonies to be sacrificed in the interests of the mother country; there is no need for any rearrangements of our fiscal system. Let a committee of experts work out the actual direct cash effect of the foreign bounties on prices, and, so long as the bounty system holds, let the British colonial producers be reimbursed in a corresponding amount per ton from the Imperial Exchequer. Let the exporter from Demerara be put on the same footing as the exporter from Havre or Hamburg. I have, of course, only taken the farthing per pound and the 2*l.* per ton as the commonly accepted estimate for the purposes of argument and illustration. The actual amount may be more or less, and will vary from time to time with the rise and fall in the amount of the bounties or other direct or indirect aids given by foreign Governments. But, whatever the amount, the proportional distribution of profits as between Great Britain and her sugar colonies will remain constant. Great Britain

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will secure three-fourths for herself and pass on one-fourth to her colonies.

So may the 'maxims of the Counter' be modified to meet the needs of Empire. So may Great Britain make amends for the past, and give a guarantee for the future to her sorely tried West Indian colonies. So may the cause of 'Free Trade within the Empire' be promoted in a form complementary to that lately initiated by Canada. So may we in this year of the Victorian Jubilee recall and obey the behests of the great Elizabethan whose words ring out across the centuries: 'It is the sinfullest thing in the world to forsake or destitute a plantation once in forwardness.'

MAYSON M. BEETON, B.A.

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HOW POOR LADIES LIVE

A REJOINDER AND A 'JUBILEE' SUGGESTION

An article which attacks existing evils, runs counter to prejudices and passions, and arouses wide and deep interest, must inevitably evoke not only criticism, but misrepresentation. To deal in detail with the latter, proceeding in the main from three classes of readers—those who are incapable of clearly understanding what they read, those who do not take the trouble to carefully read what they contradict, and those who read and understand and wilfully misrepresent, to prove their own point and advance their own theories—is impossible within my present limits; and I must confine myself to a consideration of the criticism which has for the most part appeared in the pages of this Review.

The first matter calling for attention is the letter written by Mr. Bousfield, the chairman of the Girls' Public Day School Company, in which he denies the correctness of the figures that I gave with regard to the average salaries of assistant teachers in the Company's schools. My average ranged from 80*l.* to 100*l.*, my figures being based on the salaries given me by 100 mistresses in the schools, who, it now appears, may be considered, so far as the salary list is concerned, 'junior teachers' or 'teachers on probation,' though the ladies themselves seemed to think they were engaged as 'assistant' teachers, and carried out the work of assistant teachers.

I must digress here to say—it is urgently necessary, as I shall show in a moment—that my inquiries were not conducted *en masse*; nor were they obtained in an official manner, but privately and personally; and in the majority of cases were believed by the teachers to be made out of pure curiosity, and for no ultimate object. I mention this because—and it strikingly illustrates the insuperable difficulties that surround every attempt to bring to light the facts as to the work and payment of educated women—some ladies who were good enough to supply me with information for my former article have been identified and censured, apparently for the liberty of action they exercised in enabling the truth to be known!

From the salaries furnished me by these 100 mistresses, I deduced the figures given above. These figures Mr. Bousfield declares

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to be incorrect. 'Only seven teachers,' he says, 'are earning 70*l.*, the average being nearly 120*l.*' It is clearly impossible for me to either refute or to subscribe to this vague statement. What I want to know is how many teachers get 75*l.*, how many 80*l.*, how many 85*l.*, and how many 90*l.* Why did not Mr. Bousfield give the exact figures? Again, my difficulties in arriving at a true conclusion are increased by Mr. Bousfield's inability to see that for the purposes of this inquiry the arithmetical average does not accurately represent the actual salaries; yet surely any practical person will see that the distinction is vital. If, of six teachers in one school, five are earning 100*l.*, and one 400*l.*, it is obvious that while the arithmetical average is 150*l.*, the real salary of five of these teachers remains at 100*l.* Finally, upon my application to Mr. Bousfield to permit me to obtain the exact returns from each head-mistress, I have been met with an unqualified refusal. What is the object of this secrecy? and cannot Mr. Bousfield see that, if 'erroneous statements' are made, he is responsible for them? Consequently, until I am furnished with the details now refused, my position remains precisely where it did, and is in no way affected by the fact that many thousands of pounds are paid in salaries. Meanwhile I am perfectly willing to admit that, in asserting the Company during its existence had opened twenty-five schools instead of thirty-five, I made an error, based on a list which I had good reason for believing to be the latest issued. I also agree with Mr. Bousfield that the salaries paid by his Company compare favourably with those of other Companies, many very wealthy, and notably one under the highest clerical patronage, where the remuneration of the teachers is so low that the children are being practically educated at their expense.

I have said that one of the grievances of which a writer on controversial matters may justly complain is the ascribing to him of sentiments and views which are not borne out by anything that he has written. Let any impartial person re-read my article, and ask if there is a single word or line to justify Miss Eliza Orme's assumption that I regard millinery, or dressmaking, or book-keeping, as 'below the dignity of a lady.' So opposed is the whole tenor of my article to this view, that one of my chief reasons for urging the establishment of an Employment Bureau was that, by accurately acquainting itself with the fields of labour where skilled work is wanted, it would operate in educating women to 'rigidly train themselves for this real demand.' But Miss Orme has no desire to see such an organisation established, advancing this singular reason against any attempt to bring facts to light, and methodise them and distribute them. 'Who,' she asks, 'are the impartial judges to decide between a real and an artificial need for women's work?' implying that because the body of persons appointed to the task would not be infallible, we must therefore acquiesce in the present condition

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of chaos; we must let tyranny and fear prevail, so that the real working woman dare not speak for fear of losing her bread; let loose and foolish suggestions go unchecked (as, for instance, the original suggestions gravely put forward in a magazine a few months ago, that 'poor ladies could make a livelihood by going around to men's chambers and tying their neckties for evening parties;' or another equally practical one, that a 'good income might be made by picking up curios and re-selling them at a profit to wealthy Americans'); leave girls to lightly rush into the struggle for existence, and find out for themselves its heart-breaking nature, with its fight to keep a footing, and never-ceasing accompaniments of anxiety for the future and terror of sickness; and finally permit comfortable emancipated ladies, with bankers' balances, to scream upon every platform that it is the 'golden age' for women, which only just wants the one consummating touch of female suffrage to be the millennium.

Let me tell Miss Orme that the body which should constitute the direction of this Bureau would consist of men and women *practically* conversant with the problem they were endeavouring to elucidate; whose function it would be to patiently and impartially collect facts, and whose efforts, even if they were mingled with errors and blunders, would be the first step in obtaining and diffusing the truth. Miss Orme questions the correctness of my assertion that 'unless a girl be very expert, and in addition an accomplished shorthand writer and French and German scholar, she can make but the most wretched pittance.' By 'wretched pittance' I mean 1*l.* 5*s.* or 1*l.* 10*s.* a week. If we examine Miss Orme's statements, we find that whilst denying the general truth of what I state, and maintaining that good shorthand is unnecessary, she actually strengthens my position by adding the qualification that the typewriter must be a 'college graduate,' who can then make an 'excellent income by typewriting.' A woman who has spent two or three hundred pounds on a college education will presumably not become a typewriter unless she have capital to set up a business, but it is really of no consequence whether she has been to college or not. I repeat she must be a good shorthand writer as well as typist, a good French and German scholar (I am of course only speaking of these languages in so far as they bear upon commercial matters), and have received the ordinary education given to girls in higher grade schools. The evidence for this conclusion is based upon the practical opinions held by the heads of various shorthand schools where female pupils are trained, and still more upon my own most valuable personal experience gained week by week in connection with the employment column of *Hearth and Home*, a paper devoted to women's interests—where my advice is sought by girls about to earn their livings, by those wanting work, by those in ill-paid situations, and by employers. I cannot find a single fact in Miss Orme's arguments that induces me to alter my convictions; nor can I see that

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'interesting surroundings' (which so far as I know generally consist of office furniture), or a compliance on my part with Miss Orme's invitation to 'extend my sympathies to professional men unable to meet their Christmas bills,' in any way affects the situation; though my sympathies are readily extended to all persons who are in a chronically impecunious condition, the only salutary effect of which, so far as I know, is to cause its victims to be very slow—in singular contrast to persons with incomes derived from their ancestors—to pronounce impertinent judgments upon the 'thriftlessness' of their fellow creatures.

A propos of a suggestion that has been made in various quarters that the functions of this proposed Bureau are already carried out by the Working Ladies' Guild, one can only presume it is put forward by persons who know neither the *raison d'être* and functions of the proposed Bureau (which, at the risk of being wearisome I must repeat, will investigate and regulate the educated female labour market), or the scope of operations of this useful society, which has a registry office, a loan fund, various departments for the production and sale of women's work, and also, like many other societies, grants a small number of pensions. So far as its exertions go it is admirable, but the very fact that applicants must be introduced by an associate, and that the associates are ladies of high social position, makes it obvious that its operations are necessarily on a limited scale, and do not affect the larger proportion of friendless gentlewomen wanting help.

To attempt to disprove the arguments of Miss Orme and Miss Shaw upon the subject of modern teachers and those of an older school would be futile, seeing that my views differ from theirs by the whole wide width of Heaven, and can only be explained and justified by a communion of ideas upon education, its nature and ideals. Whether a 'semi-educated, smart, sharp young woman fresh from the board schools' can give as full and real an education as a cultivated gentlewoman, to whom the scheme of feminine education includes the culture and sweetness and graces of life, to whom education means not a 'system of facts' which can be stowed away into a girl's brain by any reasonably alert person, but something that operates upon the heart and character, is so purely a matter of feeling and taste that any attempt at *rapprochement* would be the merest futility; and I am obliged, therefore, to leave on one side the entire arguments advanced by these ladies, which bear upon the exclusion of older teachers, merely contenting myself with remarking that I never at any time advocated the employment of 'decrepit gentlewomen' in the schoolroom.

For the same reason, that it is purely a matter of feeling, I am at a loss to know how to meet Miss Shaw's crushing criticism of 'Miss Low's poor lady—a poor sort of lady indeed who vexed her soul because the same roof sheltered her and a policeman.' It is perfectly

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conceivable that those amongst us who have more coarse, robust, and what might be called agricultural temperaments would inevitably regard finer, softer, more exquisitely delicate and tremulous souls as ridiculous, contemptible, and even condemnable. Here we have a lady, very aged, very ailing and almost destitute, cheerfully facing hunger and cold and dispensing with every sort of physical enjoyment, whose spirit is so highly wrought and so capable of subtle forms of suffering, that the mental distress caused her by living under the same roof with policemen and other honest working people wholly overrides the material discomfort and suffering which are far more easily apprehended and sympathised with by persons of coarser clay. To those with discernment it is perhaps unnecessary to add a single comment; but I have sadly failed if I have not made it clear that the whole pathos and tragedy which characterise the uncared-for age and sickness of these gentlewomen lie in the fact that they possess these fine and sensitive natures, whose memories and remembrances of brighter days constitute their keenest pain.

One theory of mine, more hotly controverted than any, seems to call for another word of defence. I advocated, as a preliminary and effective method of diminishing the struggle for existence of the real bread-winners, the withdrawal of women of means from the labour market—that is from the *journeyman* labour market, where neither talent nor genius is involved. Miss Orme, who evidently thinks her political economy argument decisive, characterises this as a 'fallacy.' Briefly stated, her argument is our old familiar friend that wealth employs labour, and that if the directors of a school company have 5,000*l.* to distribute in salaries, it is of no consequence whether the 5,000*l.* be pocketed by persons each with 1,000*l.* a year or by those who have nothing. Miss Orme quotes Professor Cairns: she need not have done so. This is just the sort of orthodox book-learning with which women are crammed at college, where political economy is taught. Does she maintain that it makes no difference to a country whether property is divided between millionaires and serfs, or in more equal shares? Surely too, judged by the hardest scientific rules, in the case of a woman who has already 200*l.* a year earning 200*l.* more, the result would not be the same as in the case of the penniless woman earning this salary; because the control over the expenditure in the latter instance would be much more direct than in the former; and the poor woman would be much less likely than her competitor to spend her salary on non-productive luxuries. But forsaking these disputed maxims of Political Economy, let us see how Miss Orme's theory actually does bear upon one particular labour market, the only one I have had under consideration. Supposing a woman with 200*l.* a year earns as a teacher another 200*l.*; let it be granted she dresses more expensively, employs a better cook and lives in a finer house, is Miss Orme unable to see that her presence in the

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educated women labour market is, as I have stated, prejudicial and mischievous, since she is ousting some poor woman equally capable from occupying this very post? And finally there is a moral argument to this which I can only refer to here, and which possibly Miss Orme would not admit; and that is, that it has a direct and distinct effect upon the sum of human happiness: for the woman who has already an income, and who greedily takes what would be given to an equally able applicant, is directly responsible for the production of individual suffering and class hatred. Those critics who have questioned the soundness of my theory that women with incomes bring down salaries (being able to provide for some part of their living from some other source than their earnings) are recommended to carefully study the excellent introduction to the new *Englishwoman's Year Book*, by Miss Janes (no partisan of my views), in which she instances 'one great school which never engages a teacher who has not guaranteed private means, because the fees are too low to allow of adequate salaries being paid, and the authorities like to see their teachers suitably housed and dressed.' I would specially recommend this situation, prevailing in every branch of educated feminine work, to the consideration of the *Spectator*, which, in a set of ingeniously wrong reasonings, endeavours to prove that the presence of these persons with incomes actually *raises* wages.

One word remains to be said about the careless and cruel charge of 'unthriftiness' and 'extravagance' freely passed upon good women who have not only been honourably self-denying but generously helpful to others with intimate claims upon them. Here is an extract from a letter, before whose gentle rebuke those of us who have managed to keep a footing, or who through no moral desert of our own are in the enjoyment of settled incomes, may well bow our heads in silence. The writer, an aged lady of rare intelligence and cultivation, has, I rejoice to say, since the appearance of my original article, been rendered free of care and anxiety for the rest of her life by the kindness of a generous reader of this Review.

There is a passage in the article by Miss Shaw which seems to me to strike the keynote of the modern woman's attitude towards life. It would seem as if to get on as a 'business woman,' and to show the pushing, selfish, aggressive qualities of successful business people, were the highest to which women should aspire. Why should Miss Shaw sneer at the governess who helped her young sister by buying a piano? Perhaps she helped her to obtain a musical education, and at any rate she gave her some happiness, and that is something. Is it wrong to try and contribute to the happiness of those who have such close claims upon us, even at the expense of our self-interest and worldly prudence?

'Will women,' asks Miss Shaw, 'never understand that they cannot both eat their cake and have it, and that the luxury of giving away costs money which, spent in that immediately pleasant fashion, cannot also be spent on the dull purchase of a pension for old age?' Would Miss Shaw care to know (and, as you know, my experience is the rule rather than the exception) that for seven years, whilst I was earning 40*l.* as a teacher in a cheap boarding school, I was giving to my father, who was completely paralysed, 25*l.* a year of it? This 'pleasant

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fashion' of giving meant that during all those years I never bought a single article of clothing except boots and one or two other necessaries which I could not myself make. My sewing was done after the children were in bed and on half-holidays.

I was always compelled to take a holiday engagement, and I left the school after seven years with a few pounds in my pocket.

I notice that Miss Shaw finds fault with the grammar of some of the papers sent in by poor ladies, many of whom, no doubt, like myself, though their minds are clear, write with trembling fingers and dim eyes, and I too may be expressing myself inelegantly and incorrectly. But I should like her to put to herself, in as polished a form as she chooses, this question: 'Does she really think I should have let my father go to the workhouse, and have set aside this sum for my old age?' Many elderly women have had a similar life history to myself, and many who *have* saved have had long and exhausting illnesses. I think very few have lived self-indulgently.

Let Miss Shaw cast her eyes over the list published last year by the Governesses' Benevolent Institution of the ladies who are compelled in their old age, after years of self-denying toil, to know the sting of charity from public institutions.

No. 15. Age 56. Became a governess for a maintenance and has taught twenty-six years. Ever since her father's death has supported her mother. Suffers from the effects of rheumatic fever.

No. 17. Aged 56. Became a governess owing to the failure and death of her father. Has always helped her two younger sisters. Taught thirty-seven years. Has nothing but 10*l.* a year and interest on her savings.

No. 25. Aged 64. On the death of her father became a governess. Assisted her mother in educating the younger children, and has since helped her brothers and sisters, one of whom requires help. Her sight is seriously impaired.

No. 157. Aged 76. Taught fifty years. Had to help maintain her parents, a younger sister, and two nieces, besides two orphan pupils left penniless on her hands.

And so on throughout the whole sorrowful scroll in whose bare records lie, for those with eyes to see, life stories of silent and beautiful heroism. The only compensation for saddening the mind and heart with these painful memories is derived from the consciousness that the feeblest pen which writes with feeling and sincerity can do something towards arousing sympathy and a desire to soften suffering; and, as a result of what has appeared, there are now ten ladies who are in receipt for life of pensions varying from 5*s.* to 10*s.* per week, one lady, Mrs. Llewellyn, having charged herself with four pensioners. In each instance, with one exception, where the giver has insisted on remaining unknown to those he is caring for, the donor of the annuity and the recipient are in personal communication, with, I venture to think, mutual benefit. Other ladies have undertaken to make gifts of clothing and country produce, flowers, and books; and a lonely infirm creature has, to her immense pleasure, been

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visited by a sympathetic lady living in Kensington, and taken out for drives.

Almost any sort of attention unobtrusively and delicately rendered is acceptable: and one old lady, partly paralysed, without a relation in the world, and living on what she can earn by her needle (the case is known to Miss Smallwood), is even glad of a kind, cheerful letter. I may say here that I have learned within the last few weeks that the distress is even more widespread and poignant than that presented by me, and that there are scores of ladies who would thankfully accept 2*s.* 6*d.* a week, and be substantially helped thereby. I cannot myself either receive or distribute funds; but I will gladly put any one willing to help in the most modest way in communication with one or other of those patient dumb sufferers, who sorely need help and are likely to need it but for a few brief years.

It has been suggested to me that I should approach Her Majesty, and obtain her co-operation in some scheme by which part of the enormous funds now being collected for the hospitals and district nurses (both benefiting a class for which an immense amount of charity is given) should be utilised for pensions and homes for aged gentlewomen. I believe that the sympathy of the Queen, herself well on in years, could without difficulty be obtained; and that, if the matter were taken up by a person of standing, we might in this Jubilee year see the initiation of a movement whose purpose would be to give shelter to the large army of gentle, blameless ladies thrown upon the rough world in their pathetically helpless and ailing old age.

FRANCES H. LOW.

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WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AGAIN!

THE maxim that the second reading of a Bill in Parliament amounts to the acceptance of the *principle* of the measure certainly seems a fine piece of irony in regard to Mr. Faithfull Begg's achievement on the 3rd of February 1897. For it would be hard to discover in the Bill he then carried to its second reading any definite principle of action—except indeed the principle that any people who wish very much for anything ought, for that very reason, to have it.

This simple little Bill does not propose to enfranchise women as women. Its basis is not that women in general, inasmuch as they can read and understand the newspapers, can direct the politics of this Empire just as well as men in general—that the female sex has quite as large a stake in national affairs as the male—that there are great and crying wrongs and evils, pressing peculiarly and exclusively on women, which can and will be redressed and removed only when there is a female vote to turn elections, and return members to Parliament to legislate at its dictation. No; no such reasons as these are put forward. Women are considered simply as they are (or are not) householders disencumbered of any male associate, upon whom the State makes the same money demands as if they were men. If they are in this position, they ought to return members to Parliament. It is a very simple thing; why make any fuss about conceding it? The goose, it is argued, pays rates and taxes just as does the gander; therefore, the goose is, in every other conceivable light, socially and politically, exactly the same as the gander; parity of reasoning applies to them both; in a word, to reverse a venerable proverb, what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. It is true that what is sauce for all ganders is only to be sauce for certain selected geese; but the principle of selection is beautifully simple, it is based merely on contribution to rates and taxes. *These* 'cash payments are the only nexus.' They bind you to the body politic; they efface the disability which still attaches to you as a mere woman. If a principle is wanted, this is the one and all-sufficient principle. No other considerations are worth anything.

Upon this *locus standi*, then, as from the area of a pocket-handkerchief, it is with all light-heartedness proposed to initiate a

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revolution in the whole continent of human affairs, without recognising, still less owning, that it is a revolution at all. And as the Bill proposes to take us into chaos unawares, so its first step (as Sir Charles Dilke pointed out in his letter the other day to Mrs. Jacob Bright) is chaotic; it would introduce one more complication, one more source of confusion and difficulty, into that already confused welter, our electoral 'system.' It is a suitable beginning.

The principle upon which all the societies of the Old World, and the most important among those of the New, have acted and do act in the distribution of the affairs of life between the sexes is plain, intelligible, and consistent—the principle that public concerns should be directed by men, domestic by women. As I was permitted on a former occasion to urge in these pages,[1] this principle is consonant with the unalterable facts of human nature, with the differentiation and correlation of masculine and feminine energy. We are now once more invited to leave this sure ground—to give up any intelligible basis of distinction between the functions of men and women in the community—and in pursuit of a fancied analogy, which cannot by any devices of ours be maintained throughout the whole field of life, to make our distribution in the highest degree chaotic, inconsistent, and capricious.

Supporters of this hand-to-mouth legislation of course dismiss as mere foolish banter such questions as that put the other day in *Truth*, whether 'the lady who may lead Her Majesty's Opposition will sit in a similar attitude, facing Mr. Balfour,' to his—viz. with her 'feet resting on the table, legs tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees?' But, though put in burlesque form, the dilemma is a real one. Have the innovators the courage of their opinions or have they not? To take the case as brought before us by Mr. Faithfull Begg's Bill: If the fact that women pay rates and taxes as men do necessitates the conclusion that they ought to exercise one masculine function in public affairs, why not others? If on this ground they are to be electors to Parliament, why not members of Parliament? If members of Parliament, why not ministers of the Crown? Why should any function of the male citizen be denied to the female? Why should not a woman command the Channel Fleet if a woman is to send orders to the Admiral in command? Here, of course, one is met by a superior smile, and told that natural disabilities will always exclude women from functions for which their physical constitution unfits them. Very well; but if any part of the natural constitution of women is to be the basis of their exclusion from public functions, where are we to draw the line? Oh, it is answered, it is drawn for you by Nature. Nature will always prevent women from being efficient soldiers and sailors; but Nature has nothing to say against women's voting at the

[1] *Nineteenth Century* for April 1886.

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polling booths. I answer, Does Nature draw the line here? For my part I think she does not. I hold that voting for members of Parliament is only one detail, which it is absurd to single out, in one vast department of human affairs for dealing with which women are 'by nature' unfit, and that Nature points out this their general unfitness very clearly. Women are really just as unfit for being members of Parliament and ministers of the Crown as for being admirals of the fleet or generals in command of the army. The thought of a woman conducting an arduous campaign, the ranks being womanned instead of manned, or manœuvring a squadron of line-of-battle ships against a watchful enemy, supported mainly by feminine bluejackets, may be dismissed as absurd and beside the question by the innovators in behalf of 'Women's Rights;' but it is a valid consideration nevertheless, it only brings into salient relief a disability not confined to soldiering and sailoring. Public functions are interdependent; and it is surely the height of unreason to single out one function of public life, and one set of women, and confer that one function on that one set.

'But there is a logical connection between taxes and representation.' Granted; but a conclusion from one logical process in regard to the affairs of life is often diametrically opposed to a conclusion from another. And further, there is one *ultima ratio* to which, as has been often pointed out, all governments, all political organisations, come at the end of their logic—all politics, in the last resort, rest upon force. Now men can be called upon, in this last resort, to make good their contention by their bodies—to support the cause they advocate with life and limb. Women cannot. It was the late Sir Fitzjames Stephen, I think, who pointed out that it is by no means impossible that questions might arise in which a female majority in the country should be arrayed against a male minority, and that the male minority should override the decision of the feminine majority *vi et armis*. And, short of this, there will always be matters coming up for decision in public affairs on which the persons who decide should know that they do so at their own risk. It ought not to be competent to any body of electors to dictate a policy to be carried out at the sole expense of another body. Yet (as I am told Sir William Harcourt urged in the debate of the 3rd of February last) this might frequently be the case in this country should women be admitted to the franchise on equal terms with men.

For these and like reasons, if I am confronted with the logic of taxes and representation, I answer that the argument is valid as far as it goes, but it only takes you a very little way. It must be overridden by other more weighty considerations. There are other things to be taken into account besides tax-paying. The promoters of this Bill themselves override all logic but the logic of the purse

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when they admit certain women to the franchise and exclude others just as capable of exercising it intelligently.

But I do not rest my contention upon a *tu quoque*. Our quarrel (if I may presume to speak for those opposed to this Bill) is not merely with the piecemeal, inconsistent character of the legislation proposed. It is not with this arbitrarily cut fragment that we are mainly concerned. This is probably—it is avowedly with many of its promoters—the thin end of the wedge; and our opposition is to the entrance of women on the political arena, whether by classes or by masses. No Act of Parliament conferring the suffrage on women could change their nature, or the main demands of life on their energy. All it could do would be to introduce additions, small or large, to the electorate, of persons weak in the qualities most necessary for the due discharge of political functions, while they are excellent in other qualities equally valuable, to which political life is inimical. Such a consummation would be, to use Carlylese, 'quite infinitely' more deplorable, as we think, than the spectacle which seems so to distress many worthy people at present, of an educated lady seeing her coachman go to record his vote at the poll, while she has none. It appears, indeed, to be forgotten that voting at the poll does not begin and end all power and influence, even for ordinary members of our community, and that women have their own share in the ordering of the affairs of life quite as important as that of men. Long may they keep to it, and exercise it worthily!

THEO. CHAPMAN.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

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FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND THE ENGLAND OF THE JUBILEE

That popular feasts may have a political, national, even international import, every one knows who has not got so pedantically frivolous a soul as to deny even to street rejoicings their deep meaning. Just now the Jubilee has put it once more out of doubt. *Jubilatum est.* The great cycle of matchless celebrations is closed. For my own part, I should sincerely pity the man with mind narrow or sight short enough not to have discerned in this great spectacle, beside the picturesqueness, the state and splendour, the inmost sense of a people's festival. How much more should I not pity a man with a heart too low, with a fancy too mean, to be attuned to noble sensibilities, and to feel what in this Jubilee has appealed to generous natures and moved them to their depths. A great people have celebrated worthily the great reign of a justly beloved Queen. It has been the glorification of a sovereign. It has been, chiefly, the self-glorification of a people. First, as to its splendid past. Then, as to its intoxicating present. Finally, as to its unique future.

Of course Victoria has been the rightful addressee and the lawful receiver of all this service and of all this incense. Her loyal subjects have been right in extolling the private and public virtues which have so much altered popular feeling that there is some risk of forgetting how shaky was the throne when she ascended it. After the small-mindedness, the narrow obstinacy, the foolish prejudices and the grasping selfishness of a George the Third, for whom even the heart-rending melancholy of a life closing behind the double-barred wall of

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blindness and of lunacy was not able to command our sympathy; after the craven profligacy of the fat, bald-headed Adonis, the betrayer of Mrs. Fitzherbert and of all the private and political friends of his youth, the only man able to make Queen Caroline interesting; after the bluff, coarse good-nature of an old Jack-tar; it wanted the girlish innocence, the maidenly graces of a seventeen-year Queen to cleanse and freshen and sweeten the Court atmosphere. Englishmen have not been slow in thankfully acknowledging how much the last half-century has owed of its prosperity and glory to what Victoria has done and yet more to what she has been.

Truly, an enviable praise! Yes, by what she has done and by what she has left undone Victoria has been *the* perfect constitutional Queen. She has never been by an inch below her duties or above her rights. She has known how to be a loving, obedient, dutiful wife at home, in the circle of her domestic duties, and a sovereign lady by her own birthright in her kingdom. Sometimes she has let appear her inmost feelings—either in youth when, under the faithful guardianship of Lord Melbourne, she was become at heart more than half a Whig and she resented bitterly the stiff, uncourtierlike peremptoriness of Sir Robert Peel in the Bedchamber-Women's business or the deliberate, insulting niggardliness of the Tories in the vote of the Prince Consort's annuity—or, later, in her old age, when, under the fostering care of that Semite of genius, Lord Beaconsfield, she developed, as to persons and policy, the natural Conservative prepossessions of her kingly trade. What influence has she not discreetly exercised on the external relations of her kingdom, either on account of the unparalleled experience of sixty years in the thick of the plot, or because of the unique position of the mother and grandmother of the heads of nearly all the great Western dynasties!

Certes, such a life is worthy of all honour, and even those of us who do not fancy it possible for people, when they have outgrown the anthropomorphic monarchical phasis, to turn back and to raise anew what at the best would be a Brummagem counterfeit of true royalty, cannot but look with some envy on the spontaneous, unanimous enthusiastic manifestation of loyalism Great Britain has just witnessed. However, it would be mere shallowness to rest satisfied with this personal aspect of the spectacle. After all, what people most willingly glorify is themselves. They are the true heroes of all sincerely popular feasts. So it was the other day. They have solemnised in London a kind of semi-secular retrospect. They have passed with a proud contentment the review of sixty years of change—of radical, organic, thoroughgoing change—of revolution, political, social and moral, which have been also sixty years of perfect internal order, peace and prosperity. They have, above all, taken possession of a new fact: the Empire in all its greatness; and of a new feeling, Imperialism in all its intoxicating freshness.

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Such has been the special originality of this Jubilee. Everywhere, among the pomp and the state of the gala functions, among the splendour of the Court dresses and the military uniforms, the cynosure of all eyes has been the small group, modestly and sombrously attired in broadcloth, of the *Premiers* of the self-governing colonies. These men have been the lions of the season where so many lions of the first order have roared. They have been breakfasted, lunched, dined to death. They have been put to every sauce. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the French Canadian, who was their spokesman as the Prime Minister of the Dominion—that is to say, of the first federation of autonomous colonies—has been put on his mettle to do honour to all the calls on his time, his strength and his eloquence.

In fact, what remains of the Jubilee, in the public mind, in the everyday preoccupations of the man in the street, is the advent of the Empire as a portent of the first order, as an immense force to be put to use, as a brand-new ideal to be gradually realised. It was natural, even legitimate between certain bounds, that the revelation of the Empire should be followed by the birth of Imperialism. It is already some time since some far-seeing, keen-smelling men have foreseen the new departure of public opinion, and have tried to get betimes a good footing on the new platform. Lord Rosebery has been one of the prophets of Imperialism. Sir Charles Dilke was if not the discoverer, at any rate the godfather, of Greater Britain. Mr. Chamberlain, now so very far off from his salad days of Radicalism and vestry politics, has, for good or evil, put his venture on board the good ship *Empire*. Everybody now has always been on the winning side, except the unfortunate Little-Englanders.

There is something very amusing in the strange perversion of facts with which parties or individuals try to make out they have never been shaken in the true faith. For instance, it is now accepted as Gospel truth that Disraeli was the maker, if not of the Empire, at any rate of Imperialism. On the other side, the Manchester men, those doctors of a school now utterly repudiated, the Cobdens and the Brights, are reproached for their utter want of intelligence and sympathy for this great thing; they are accused of having looked with equanimity, nay, with pleasure, to a time not very far off when, by the accomplishment of a law of fate, the colonies would have conquered their independence and broken the Empire one and indivisible. A pleasant manner, truly, to write history! These severe critics forget two things: the first, that everybody—Disraeli and the Tories as well as the others, or rather much more than anybody—partook of this feeling of diffidence about the future of the Empire, and predicted its unpreventable dissolution. Secondly, who, though unable to believe in the perpetuity of so artificial an agglomeration,

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has made possible the consolidation of its parts, and the birth of a new imperial feeling? Who, if not precisely these selfsame Radicals of Manchester, these Cobdens and Brights, who were instrumental in obtaining for the colonies the beneficent institution of self-government—that birthright of every Anglo-Saxon, without which there is no order and under which the utmost degree of freedom is perfectly compatible with the unity of the Empire? It is necessary to recall these facts, because nothing would be more dangerous—I mean for the Empire itself—than the constitution of a false feeling about the conditions of its existence. After all, the sincere friends of Greater Britain as she is and as she may become ought not to forget that Imperialism is not empire, that the Empire has been created, not by Imperialists, neither in a fit of absence of mind, but by those healthy, vigorous, liberal-minded generations who took for their first duty the conquest and the preservation of freedom at home and abroad; that perhaps the worst foes to this great fabric would be so-called Imperialists, trying to tighten purely ideal bonds which cannot be shortened or materialised without becoming shackles.

Some colonial statesmen have given timely advice about this point. Mr. Reid, of the parent and model colony of New South Wales, has spoken some weighty words. It is to be sincerely hoped that they will be taken to heart by the destined leaders of a great movement, and that the dissociation of the Empire—perhaps a contingency not to be prevented, but at a very long distance—shall not be precipitated by the clumsy and self-seeking promoters of Imperial Federation. I have purposely confined my remarks thus far on this all-important subject to the internal point of view. It seems to me that, if it is true, as I am quite disposed to believe, that the advent of the imperial factor is the accession of a new force and is perhaps to inaugurate a well-timed renovation of party and parliamentary politics, now in full decay and weighed down with the burden of antiquated dead questions, the first necessity is to prevent a wrong departure, and the perverted use, at home, in British policy of this new great power.

I do not mean that this upheaval of the imperial feeling has nothing to do with external politics. On the contrary, I hope to show in the second part of these rapid considerations that it is possible to find there a kind of indication of the true orientation of British diplomacy, and that this new fact, so brightly put in evidence in the Jubilee feasts, so eagerly taken to heart by the public, is perfectly consonant with the most harmonious development of international relations. That is what I have now to try to point out after having taken a short account of this great historical event: the rising above the horizon in its full-orbed majesty of the British Empire and the simultaneous advent in the popular soul of the imperial feeling.

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II

It would be rather too bad a joke to compare what is going to take place in St. Petersburg with what was done last June in London. The Neva has no mind at all to compete with the Thames. It was last year, at the crowning in Moscow, that the whole Russian people gave out the inmost feelings of their soul, and took the sacrament of loyalism. Nothing—not even one of those dreadful catastrophes which live for ever in the memory of a nation—was wanting to consecrate this feast. This time it is not to be the public betrothal of a sovereign and a nation which embodies the thought and the will of one hundred and twenty millions of subjects, and of a people conscious of having but one head. Petersburg will see something of a Cronstadt on a grander scale, a repetition of the never-to-be-forgotten days of the Parisian week. Truly, quite enough: first, because after all there is something heart-moving in the meeting of the representatives of two great States; and then because some things, when they are deliberately reiterated, gain a new significance and a larger import.

However, it is not my purpose to expatiate here once more on the Franco-Russian friendship. Let it be sufficient for me to point out that the mere efflux of time is giving the lie to the prophets of misfortune, that years go by and that the *unnatural coupling* does not seem to slacken, and that, even among the upheaval and the earth-shakings of an Eastern crisis, that alliance has kept solidly enough its ground. We may foresee with some degree of confidence that the personal intercourse of the heads of the two States will yet more strengthen it, and that the mob, always easy to be moved and *enthused*, on the banks of the Neva as well as of the Thames or the Seine, will give to the President of the French Republic a reception nearly as warm as that the Tsar had last year in Paris.

All that is very well, but what I want to show is how this tightening closer of the bonds of the Franco-Russian *entente* offers a new occasion for the drawing nearer of England. Assuredly it is not a mere fancy to find some analogy between the feelings recently ripened and brought to a head in England by the Jubilee and those Russia is accustomed to entertain. The two States are two, or rather are *the* two, great world-empires. While Britain has got her possessions disseminated over the whole surface of the globe, a magnificent estate on which the sun never sets, Russia, herself disproportionately distended, holds in a lump, attached to her side, her immense Siberian domain. England is queen of the seas, and has scattered down her colonies on the whole extent of the ocean. Russia is wedded to the land, continental to the core, and hems only the fringe of her garment with the foam of billows. England is the free mother, or perhaps only the eldest-born sister, of free daughters or of equal sisters; Russia, herself held in the hollow of the hand of an all-powerful

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autocrat, has no liberal institutions, no self-government for her most distant dependencies.

With all these differences, who does not feel the strange similarity of circumstances? Empire is Fate, and England as well as Russia is more and more every day urged on, led away, carried away by the weight of dependencies. For both countries the problems of international politics are more and more stated in terms of empire. For both the great question is to live up to a great future without compromising the present or repudiating the conquests of the past. Both are struggling with this new power, Imperialism in England, Panslavism in Russia, which threatens to enslave or to embroil them. It would be foolish to close the eyes to the dangerous consequences involved in the advent of these new forces. They make undoubtedly, to some extent, for discord and war.

However, one thing is reassuring. There is no fatal antagonism, no pre-ordained hostility between the two world-empires. On the contrary, each one of them has its appointed sphere and element. A rivalry between them would be madness. Long ago, a clear-minded statesman ridiculed the very idea of a duel between the Whale and the Bear. In fact, there is only one ground—I do not say where such a struggle is natural, but where it is possible. India has always been looked on, either at Petersburg or at London, as the appointed theatre of a great Russo-English war. It remains to be seen if really it would be so very easy to gain access to this mountain-encircled peninsula. In any case India is, at the utmost, the possible ground; it will never become the legitimate cause of a war. There is no germ of a conflict in the possession of those three hundred millions of subjects. But then, where are, just now, these latent antagonisms, these causes of mutual suspicions, which have so long embittered the relations of the two countries, and which yet prevent their cordial understanding?

III

Everybody—the first man in the street—will tell you. 'Tis all in this blessed word—not Mesopotamia—but the *Eastern question*. Not to go farther off, since the Crimean war there has been a settled attitude of diffidence and hostility between the two nations. What is strangest of all is that the two countries have accomplished a complete reversal of their Eastern politics, they have made a true *chassé-croisé*, they are now occupying each one just the position the other occupied twenty years ago, and was denounced roundly for occupying it—and yet they do not seem any the nearer a sincere reconciliation!

There was a time when the *shibboleth* of English diplomacy, the Alpha and Omega of wisdom and statesmanship in Eastern matters, was that old, battered formula, the integrity and the independence of

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the Ottoman Empire. This was the time when Russia, always on the alert, always wide awake in order to fall upon Turkey, favoured by all means, foul and fair, the progress of the dismemberment of the Empire, promoted the formation and the emancipation of new vassal States, and looked fixedly on the dome of St. Sophia as on the landmark of her forward march. To-day we see England indignant because Lord Salisbury has not gone out alone to war with Turkey, and because he makes to the other Powers, in the first rank of which is Russia, the sacrifice of postponing the liquidation of the estate of the Sick Man. Russia, who has made at Bucharest, Belgrade, Sofia, Athens too, the experiment of that freedom of heart which is the only form of thankfulness practised between nations, is become the guardian, the friend, perhaps the residuary legatee, of the Padishah. So it has come to pass that in this queer exchange of policies, the two Governments have literally taken one the place of the other, and, none the less, they continue to look on each other with a supreme, incurable diffidence.

Such a misunderstanding is not to remain for ever, even if the present healthy habit of working in some kind of concert does not make away in the long run with such prepossessions. It is impossible for right-minded people to keep things upside down for ever. After all, England has no sufficient reason to suspect Russia because Russia is gradually coming to something like the point of view of England ten years ago, and *vice versa*. And what is more, both countries, if you look under the surface, are not so very distant the one from the other. Granted that England feels herself more or less coerced by her conscience to try to hasten the liberation of the Christian nationalities in Turkey, she does not at all want the immediate disruption of the Ottoman Empire with all it involves. Suppose Russia as very much wedded as you can fancy to the new method of guardianship and supremacy in Turkey: you are not authorised to impute to her the wicked resolution to prevent the gradual emancipation of the vassal races in the East.

In fact, when you look to the results of a half-century of history, what do you see? That famous conversation between the Tsar Nicolas and Sir Hamilton Seymour is almost completely realised by events. We could easily fancy the Crimean war a figment of Mr. Kinglake. It has not changed an iota in the state of the world—I mean of the Eastern world. If the allied armies had not fought and bled and suffered the horrors of the great winter before Sebastopol, things would be exactly the same—except for the unhappy victims who fell on the battle-fields of the Crimea with the proud illusion that they kept back the grandsons of Peter the Great on their way to the Bosphorus! Such a lesson must be taken to heart. What a warning, too, in the memory of 1877, when Lord Beaconsfield was nearly letting loose a great war in order to maintain the integrity of Turkey,

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snatched away from victorious Russia a part of her spoils, and put back under the yoke of the Sultan Eastern Roumelia, fated to be freed eight years later with the concurrence of Great Britain, and a part of Armenia, condemned to become the cockpit of Turkish homicidal fury!

When a nation—a just, generous, conscientious nation—has such a record, when she remembers years and years of unhallowed quarrels against Russia on behalf of the unspeakable Turk, she may very well pause before throwing herself into a new struggle with her ancient rival on account of a total reversal of sides. A little thought, a little sincerity, a little disinterestedness are amply sufficient to show that, within bounds, England and Russia are getting on the same ground; that the one has forsworn her foolish Turcomania and the prejudices of Stratford de Redcliffe, while the other has given up the brutal simplicity of the method of conquest and dismemberment; and that both have never been more ready for an agreement. It would be superfluous to lay stress on the supreme gravity of the moment; everybody knows that, now or never, the Concert of Europe is to solve peacefully the Eastern Question, and that, if it fails, as seems too possible, it will have tolled the knell of many things besides the peace of Eastern Europe. Everybody feels more or less darkly that England and Russia have perhaps more than any other two Powers the ball at their feet, and that it rests chiefly with them to make the European Concert a byword and a mockery, or to initiate with its first work a fair era of good-will and progress among the nations.

IV

It is a popular saying that empires, exactly the same as private individuals, are drawn close together by common ill-wills or enmities as much as or even more than by common friendships. Nothing is less in my mind than to lay a gross, misleading emphasis on facts of which the true import dwells chiefly in delicate shades. It would be a notorious exaggeration to speak of the antagonism of Russia and Germany just at the time when William the Second, notwithstanding the rope which so inopportunely whipped his eye, is going in state to return to Nicolas the Second his visit of last year. However, we have only to read the Bismarckian press in Germany to measure the extent of the cooling between the two nations since the time when the old Chancellor knew how to bind Russia to his system, while chaining Austria to the wheels of his triumphal car. Between the two great neighbouring Emperors there is a mutual diffidence, a growing coldness, a little tempered down by the long habit of dynastic intimacy, but ready to go down to the freezing point under the blighting influence of temper and psychological peculiarities. The relations of Russia and Germany have known hitherto three distinct

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phases: first, the honeymoon of the *Drei-Kaiser* alliance; then the scarcely less idyllic period of the *double ménage*, when Bismarck, that Don Juan, supplemented the lawful homely bonds of Austrian matrimony by a regular flirt with Petersburg; now the half-veiled bitterness of the Franco-Russian understanding.

During all this time, England, faithful to the Palmerstonian system, has remained—or, ought we to say has fancied she remained?—outside any international connection in her *splendid isolation*. The Cabinet of St. James's professes a perfect hate for Continental encumbrances and eventual engagements. Lord Derby as well as Lord Granville, Lord Rosebery or Lord Kimberley as well as Lord Salisbury, have remained shy before the seducements of the Western States. They have seen the Triple Alliance rise, grow, become the all-spreading upas-tree of Europe, lose something of its glory and begin to scatter some of its leaves. They have seen France and Russia, conscious of their loneliness, stretch out their hands and mutually seize them. It was a very flattering prospect to remain free, equally distant from both systems, with a perfect right to consort, according to the wants of the day, with the one or the other. Only it was—it is a dream.

At first, perhaps, England was able to keep aloof, to drive back successfully the advances of the leading partners in the other firms. Just now things have altered. Germany, or rather, since Germany is bodily in a man, William the Second, seems to pursue towards England the policy of a disappointed lover. Nobody has forgotten the sudden flash of his telegram to President Kruger. Since that time there have been hot and cold fits. The official and officious press of the Fatherland has been sometimes unduly hostile, sometimes threateningly friendly, nearly always coarse and uncourteous. It has been more and more obvious that Germany—or at any rate her imperial master—feels that the drift of the fates, between both countries, makes more and more for a rivalry, evidently not to be decided without the arbitrament of arms. The greatness of the British Empire, as set off by the Jubilee, importunes and plagues to death the soul of the modern Cæsar. He, too, wants a world-wide empire. He, too, wants a navy such as that which made such a splendid appearance in the roads of Portsmouth. He wants colonies. He wants a Germany beyond the sea as there is a Britain beyond the sea. Such day-dreams fill his mind. Even his internal policy is for the largest part determined by those loose, grand projects. When a statesman agrees to help or to pretend to help these undertakings, he may have been in his youth a Social Democrat, and in his ripeness that more hateful politician, a Liberal; he becomes, as Herr von Miquel, the favourite coadjutor, the chosen minister of William the Second. When, on the contrary, he shows some coldness, some diffidence, he is immediately out of favour, as the Prince of Hohenlohe.

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All that must give some food for reflection to the minds of English statesmen or publicists. If it is true that between Germany and Britain the final struggle is but a matter of time; if between the two countries, notwithstanding the relations of blood and the dynastical bonds, good observers discern something not very different from the state of mind in France and Prussia during the four years which separated Sadowa from Sedan, it is evident that every lover of his country will look with new eyes on the question, no longer a merely theoretical one, of the alliances of England. Where is the man who, following with some care the slow development of the Eastern crisis, and the cumbrous working of that heavy machine, the European Concert, has not noted that the two poles were occupied by Germany and England; that, notwithstanding sweet words and polite forms, there was no love lost between their public men and their diplomats; no agreement—not even always the agreement to differ peaceably—between their leading statesmen, ministers, or sovereigns, and that, in fact, without the constant, well-meaning mediation of third parties, they would have left the common ground and taken each her own path? If such is the case when Europe is resolved to remain at one and to astonish the world by her unanimity, it is easy to guess what will be the state of things at the first encounter of a new difficulty.

My readers have perhaps noted with some surprise that, hitherto, I have carefully abstained from mixing up France with that question of the English alliances. In truth, as I have already had occasion to speak my mind in this Review on the relations of France and England, I have purposely tried to look at this problem on every side but the French one. It seems to me that if the suitableness and, much more, the necessity of a Russo-English *entente* were made good to the satisfaction of the public mind, there would be much less difficulty in trying the same demonstration with France. After all, in this case, 'the movement has been proved by walking:' a *cordiale entente* between Waterloo and Sedan has been one of the facts of modern history. Such a precedent is not wholly to be disdained.

I know it is the custom to look down upon the period when the Peels, the Aberdeens, the Russells, the Derbys and the Palmerstons held out their hands loyally and had them locked in the peaceful grasp of the Molé, the Thiers, the Guizot, the Drouyn de Lhuys and the Walewski themselves. However, we must not forget that it was the time when our fathers did great things without boasting, knew how to unite freedom and empire without attitudinising imperially, and how to lead Europe in the path of progress.

Doubtless, the thing is no more, and there must have been a cause for the change. But let us for the present only remember that a Franco-English friendship has been possible and that both countries have not exactly had to lament its fostering. If there is nothing to prevent a mutual understanding between Russia and

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England, what should hinder France from making a third in the arrangement? It is only necessary for those who in England dream such perfectly reasonable dreams not to forget that it is absolutely of no avail to try a flirtation with Russia without France. The coupling of France and Russia is one of the few steady, fixed points of the present state of things. Subject to this there is nothing at all against the attempt of an *entente à trois*. In fact, I dare to say the true inwardness of the Franco-Russian friendship makes such a completion necessary.

At first, perhaps, it was possible to mistake more or less unwillingly the real character of that understanding, and to see in it a kind of war-engine. One of the weaknesses of this contrivance was that, even among its best friends, it was erroneously taken for an instrument of revenge. Time and experience have made away with this mistake. It has been more and more obviously proved that the Franco-Russian alliance is an alliance, not of war, but of peace; not of revenge, but of equilibrium; that its end is to make Europe again a reality, to give a counterpoise to the too preponderating power of Germany and her confederates; to put the security of the world on a broader and steadier basis than the goodwill of a leading potentate. That such is the object of the Franco-Russian alliance has been sufficiently removed from doubt by its results. It is a fact that, during the last three years, while the Eastern crisis unfolded its interminable coils, France and Russia have been by their mutual understanding, by their spirit of conciliation, the true *honest brokers* of the European Concert. France, after all, in so doing, is acting in strict conformity to her genius, to her interests, and to her history. In the East, she has always known how to be the friend of the Turk and the guardian of the Christians. She wants the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, insomuch as it means the absolute exclusion of all egoistical and untimely attempts on the estate of the Sick Man, something like a *self-denying ordinance*. At the same time, she has no other wish than the gradual enfranchisement of the Christian nationalities, the constitution of native States subject only to the preservation of the peace. Everywhere she is animated by such feelings.

Truly, it cannot be very difficult to find a way to the goodwill of a nation so chastened by the lessons of misfortune. Of course there are on the broad surface of the earth many points where the interests of England and France may clash. I make bold, however, to say that not even in Egypt are these divergencies above the reach of a well-meaning diplomacy. The hour is come to look in the face all these small difficulties and to make a choice between two ways. I have tried to show the drift of events between Germany and England, the gradual estrangement, the nearly unavoidable conflict of the future. I must not pass in silence over the counterpart of this antagonism; I

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mean the so striking, so oft-renewed, so newly emphasised advances and offers of goodwill the German Emperor is making all the while to France.

Nobody ignores the immense, the nearly insuperable difficulty which prevents the prompt acceptance of these flattering attentions. Between France and Germany there is not only the memory of the war, a ditch full of blood: there is the cry, the bitter cry of children brutally taken from their mother; there is the unconquerable protest of Alsace and Lorraine, that flesh of our flesh, that bone of our bone, against the cruel abuse of the law of the stronger. I believe from the bottom of my heart that, for a long time yet, a statesman in France who should deliberately accept the friendship of Germany and make gratuitous love to the Emperor would be buried under public contempt. However time flows; the years go by; the generations come and go. Circumstances may arise where France, where the Franco-Russian couple, would feel obliged to strike a bargain with the German tempter. For England this prospect is worthy of a moment of reflection. It is useless to entertain self-deception. Just now England has or seems to have three ways open to her. She may either remain as she is, an erratic body, wandering through the paths of other constellations; or she may make a fourth in the Triple Alliance and follow suit to Germany, the leading State in this league; or she may contract with France and Russia one of those *mariages de raison* which are perhaps never perfectly delightful, according to La Rochefoucauld, but to which diplomacy, in allowing the happy consorts to be three, gives a kind of additional zest. Only she must choose quickly. It is already too easy to see that the Sibyl does not intend to leave her offers a long time open or to renew them without some reduction.

FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ.

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THE TOURIST IN IRELAND

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
Who sups of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west.—MOORE.

WITHIN the last few years the public have had their attention drawn, by articles in the press and advertisements, to the beauties of Ireland as a tourist resort.

The press are unanimous as to thinking Ireland and its scenery beautiful; we in Ireland think so too.

But the hard-worked individual longing for a holiday wants to know more about a country than to hear from newspaper correspondents that the scenery is charming and the people interesting. He leaves his home and wishes to feel assured he will have a clean and comfortable inn to sleep at and wholesome good food to eat.

Irish inns have always had a bad name. I propose in this article not to praise the scenery of my country so much, but rather to show those seeking for a new place where to spend a holiday that we Irishmen have improved our inns, hotels, and means of communication. Let me state that I am not directly interested in any hotel or inn in Ireland.

There is a great cry out amongst Irishmen that tourists go to Scotland, Switzerland, the Continent, and here and there, but do not come near Ireland. It must be borne in mind that when a weary, hard-worked man wants change, he naturally prefers a country where his own language is not spoken, where he does not eat the same food or breathe the same air he was brought up on. This is a complete change, and this is what doctors order. To get away from all one's usual surroundings, business worry and domestic worry, is the main reason why the tourist goes far afield.

Now to many, Ireland is an unknown land. It is still, in the eyes of a large number of English ladies and gentlemen, far afield. Even still many say 'I hear you are going to Ireland; take care you are not shot!' This kind of remark has now begun to be a sort of chaff, for, as the chaffer may not be able to get away on a holiday, he envies his more fortunate companion.

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Allow me now to conduct personally some of my readers to Ireland, 'Sweet gem of the ocean, bright Isle of the sea.'

We intend going the way the letters go, by the Irish mail from Euston Station, starting at 7.15 A.M. This is too early in the morning for the general public.

What results is this: in London at this early hour of the morning it is very hard to get a cab; the night cabs have crept off home, and the day cabs have not come on to the stands. The train is an easy one to miss. It would be a great comfort to tourists bound for Ireland if the North-Western Railway would start the Irish day mail at a later time.

The Irish mail travels at the rate of forty-two miles an hour, including stoppages—not an alarming rate of speed. We are promised an acceleration of pace. At last, after much agitation by the Irish members of Parliament and the Irish Tourist Association, the London and North-Western have put on third-class carriages, and they are comfortable.

Holiday-seekers like seeing all they can, so we will travel by the day mail, and during August and September, those being the best months for visiting Ireland, except May. After a pleasant run through England and Wales—not forgetting, if in third-class, to order a hot luncheon-basket to be put in at Crewe, or if first-class to patronise the dining-car—we arrive at Holyhead at 1.20 P.M., and step on board one of the brand-new mail steamers. These boats are really an immense improvement to the through service from London to Dublin *via* Kingstown. I have been shown over one of these screw steamers and have travelled on them. Their greatest advantage is that the saloon, where meals are eaten, is in a different part of the ship from the cabins. The smell of brandy and cooked meats does not now pervade the solitude of one's cabin. The former state of things always assisted in making the most hardened tourist feel very uncomfortable when the breezes blew.

The mail-boat glides out of Holyhead Harbour. We hear the ring of the bell in the engine-room; the order 'full speed ahead' is given. We pass the South Stack Lighthouse, and soon are flirting with the waves of the Irish Channel; given fairly fine weather, a pleasanter three hours at sea is rarely experienced.

The Kish Lightship soon appears in sight; then we see the Bailey Lighthouse nestling under the Hill of Howth, and the sweet Bay of Dublin opens up to view.

> Sweet Bay of Dublin,
> My heart you're troubling;
> Your beauty haunts me
> Like a fevered dream.'—LADY DUFFERIN.

The afternoon sun shines on the dancing waters of the Bay. The

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Wicklow Mountains, rising and fading in the blue distance, form a background which is unlike anything ever seen.

As we approach, villas and houses are seen dotting the slopes and shore. We enter the port of Kingstown, filled with yachts and a few fishing-boats. A long stream of porters lands the mail bags, another strings the luggage. A very fussy railway official shouts, 'Take your sates,' and then, with a loud whistle and banging of doors, and a feeling that one has left something or other on the boat, we puff away to Dublin, which we reach at 5.5 P.M.

I shall expect some of my party to stop and see 'Dear Dirty Dublin,' but if they are in a hurry and bound for the North or South of Ireland, they can go by the loop line round it, either to the Great Southern and Western Railway, or, if they are for the North, to the Great Northern Railway, Amiens Street.

There is an Arab proverb which says 'Haste is devilish.' We will stay in Dublin a day at least, and see the lions of the town. Dublin inns and Dublin hotels have improved within the last very few years. The Gresham, the Shelbourn, and the Métropole are large hotels. Among small hotels there is Miss Power's Royal Hotel, Kildare Street. Fish and meat are good in Dublin, but we are still rather old-fashioned in the manner of serving them. The Dolphin is a good restaurant, and the Red Bank, D'Olier Street, a capital place for oysters. A dozen oysters and a golden plover cooked on the grill before one, and some Guinness's draught porter, is a luncheon only found in Dublin: I recommend it to all who come to Ireland in the autumn and especially in the late autumn. My party have had their first 'joulting' on an outside Irish jaunting-car over the cobble-stones or setts of the Dublin streets on their way to the hotel. They have climbed with some exertion on to that high conveyance, clutched the rail, and held on as best they could, whilst the handbag, rugs, and luggage are held on more or less by the jarvey, while he drives at a great pace, regardless of danger, talking all the time, and just missing running over some foot passenger or bicyclist. For all this the fare is sixpence, and twopence for every parcel or package carried. Cabs can be had at the same price. One must not forget to ask for a *cab*, and not a 'four-wheeler.' There was a day when some enterprising person tried to introduce hansoms into Dublin. The car-drivers, assisted by the coal-porters, which latter in Daniel O'Connell's time called themselves, and indeed were, his body-guard, pitched the hansoms over the quays into the River Liffey. We have never seen a hansom in Dublin since. Dublin is a great town for bicycles. Dunlop, the inventor of the tyre, is an Irishman, and a great deal of money has been made by Dubliners out of cycle shares. The wheel is everywhere.

What strikes the stranger on seeing Dublin for the first time are the fine houses and fine buildings; but there is a certain air of decay

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and melancholy, as if the past had been brighter and money more abundant. All through Ireland this sign of decay appears on the outside of buildings. It is owing to the extreme dampness of the climate, especially in winter. Dublin is not decaying: Dublin is flourishing; and, in comparison with other provincial towns, trade now is good and the commerce of the port of Dublin is increasing. The city might be cleaner; but what it must have been on a wet winter's day at the end of the last century, at the period when these fine buildings were erected, is hard to imagine. Dublin has got a bad name, and that bad name sticks to a town that during the spring months—that is to say February, March and April—is gayer than any in the world. Hunting, dancing, and racing then go on. While the Castle season lasts the fun is fast and furious. Hotels are full, and all residents entertain to the best of their means. There is one thing that is especially good in Dublin, and that is the wine. A man who gives his guest bad wine is avoided. The tourist may say he has little to do with all this, but my party, I am sure, like a little gossip, and some of the ladies, I am certain, would enjoy a Dublin season. Our Viceroy entertains right royally.

In the morning we walk out to look at the shops, and then, calling a car, we drive to see all that we can in Dublin—College Green, with the old Parliament Houses; the fine statue of Grattan, and the statues of Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke. In the old Parliament Houses the Chamber of the Irish House of Lords still remains as it was, and one or two of the committee rooms are exactly the same as in the days before the Bank of Ireland bought these premises. We must see the library of Trinity College, the 'Book of Kells,' and the 'Book of Durrow'; the Custom House with its handsome façade bordering the River Liffey; our National Picture Gallery, which forms one of the sides of the Leinster Lawn; the Science and Art Museum, and the City Hall, formerly the Exchange—these are things all really worth seeing, and would be worth seeing in any capital in the world. We must drive down Sackville Street, a magnificent broad stretch with the Nelson Column in the centre.

It is now getting near luncheon-time, and we shall go to Corless, a great oyster purveyor. After luncheon we will take another car, and, driving down the quays by the side of the Liffey, enter the Phœnix Park, telling the driver to go on up the road while we take a stroll through the people's Garden, now gay with flowers and shrubs, and perhaps visit the Zoological Gardens and see the lion cubs. There are always lion cubs at the Dublin Zoo, bred in the gardens. The income derived from the sale of these animals is substantial. We get on the car again and drive up the centre road. The Dublin mountains rise out of the plain on our left, and a verdant landscape forms the foreground. A large herd of fallow-deer are seen feeding and grouped under the trees of the Park, celebrated for its

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numerous and magnificent whitethorn trees. The carman will draw attention to all points of interest, and many of these drivers can tell a good story, and tell it well.

Shops shut early in Dublin, and the streets look deserted in the long days. The Dublin 'cits,' as a rule live in villas outside the town. There are few or no evening amusements. Good companies come over to the Gaiety Theatre, but that is generally in the winter, or during our annual saturnalia—namely, Punchestown Race week in April, and the Dublin Horse Show Week in August. This year their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York pay Ireland a visit, and will be in Dublin for the Horse Show. Already rooms in the hotels are taken. Her Excellency Countess Cadogan's textile exhibition is to be opened by the Duke and Duchess of York, and Dublin will be *en fête*. Irishmen all wish that the Royal Family would visit Ireland more, and this wish is often and often expressed at meetings and in our public Press. We Irishmen will give them a hearty welcome whenever they come.

After breakfast the next day we start for Harcourt Street Station, bound for Bray, our point of departure for Powerscourt and the County Wicklow. As this is our first excursion, allow me to impress on the tourist in Ireland to take with him the excellent guide-book published by Mr. John Murray, the fifth edition, 1896: revised and edited by Mr. John Cooke, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin. It is accurate and not too bulky. Also a little more advice gratis, and that is to send a telegram or postcard to any inns that may be visited. Ireland is a very old-fashioned country still, and the people and the innkeepers are not accustomed to the rush that has become a practice in continental or English travel. Good manners the traveller will find, from the peasant in his mud and thatched cabin to the owner of a big Dublin hotel. But it is better not to hurry these good people if possible. A hurried holiday is not a rest to any one.

Arrived at Bray Station, we make a bargain with the driver, we put our luncheon-basket in a well of the outside car, and go off to see the Dargle and Powerscourt Waterfall. The Dargle and the Waterfall are favourite picnic-grounds of Dublin people. The River Dargle flows through a lovely and thickly wooded glen, and the Lovers' Leap is one of the spots to be visited. A huge rock projects from the glen side and overlooks the silent depths of the ravine. Joining our car again, we drive through the deer-park of Powerscourt to the Waterfall, where the River Dargle falls down 300 feet. Here, on mossy seat or green lawn, we rest and enjoy the good things brought with us, not forgetting to cool the bottles of wine in the pool at the foot of the fall.

We stroll about and view the beauties of the place, and in the evening, on our way back to Bray, see Powerscourt and its beautiful terrace. The noble Viscount who owns the fine mansion allows

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tourists to see his important collection of pictures. Our return drive is by the Glen of the Downs, a deep ravine a mile in length, the sides of which rise 800 feet above the road. We go on to Delgany, and have tea at the hotel, taking leave of our car at Greystones, where we stay for the night at the Grand Hotel.

The next morning we start for Glendalough and the Seven Churches. We take train in the morning to Rathnew Station; from there we drive to the Devil's Glen. While the car waits, we follow the footpath up this beautiful ravine, not unlike the Dargle, but more sombre and rocky, some of the rocks rising to 400 feet above the Vatrey River, which forms a beautiful cascade at the upper end of this dark valley. There is a summer-house in the Glen, where the luncheon-basket can be discussed. We rest and return by the same path to the car, and start again for Glendalough *via* Ashford and the village of Laragh. We reach the Vale of Glendalough in the evening. Glendalough means 'between two lakes.' We have been passing through wild and open mountain scenery. The Vale of the Seven Churches seems dark and gloomy; scarcely any trees are to be seen, and the birds shun such a sunless spot. Tommy Moore writes,

> By that lake whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never warbled o'er.

A mass of ruins is scattered over the valley, which makes it of the greatest interest.

There is a comfortable inn at Glendalough, where we sleep, and the next day we go to the Sweet Vale of Avoca and the Meeting of the Waters, then take the train at Wooden Bridge back to Dublin; for my party are now bent on seeing the 'Prince of Wales's Route'—that is to say, the drive from Bantry to Kenmare, and thence on to Killarney. Will the weather last, or, if it has been wet, will it clear? As Irishmen, we can improve our hotel and railway communication; but alas! it does sometimes rain in Ireland. The fisherman blesses the rain, for the rain and wind make the Irish salmon rise, and the trout become most unsophisticated. There is excellent salmon and trout fishing to be obtained in my country, the former cheaply, the latter free. I could tell of acres of loughs, of miles of river, where the tourist can cast his line with perfect freedom, and fill his basket too. But is it not all published by my friend Mr. John Murray, whose guidebook bulges my pocket while I talk? King's Bridge terminus in the early morning finds us starting for Cork and Bantry. The Great Southern and Western Railway runs fast and good trains, though perhaps the fares on Irish railways might be less. We who live in Ireland all say they ought to be. But one must remember that in Ireland there is no mineral traffic; eliminate the mineral traffic from English railways, and what price would their shares be? During the tourist season special fares are offered, and in Northumberland Avenue,

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London, there is an office where Irish tourists' tickets can now be bought, and every information obtained concerning tours in Ireland. The English railway companies have at last recognised that Irish tourist traffic is worth fostering.

We are now in the train, passing quickly through the plains of that fox-hunting county, Kildare, past the Curragh, with its splendid racecourse, and the Cathedral of Kildare, with the round-tower at the western limit of this large expanse. I suppose every one has heard of the round-towers, and know that they are peculiar to Ireland. The best one for the tourist to view is the round-tower of Clondalkin, close to Dublin. Clondalkin is the first station out of Dublin on the Great Southern and Western Railway. It is a pretty village, and is only six and a half miles' drive from the capital. Its round-tower is one of the most perfect in Ireland. Its height is eighty-four feet, and it is remarkable for its projecting base. It also still has intact the conical cap so often wanting. The round-towers of Ireland are always near the ruin of some ecclesiastical establishment. They were campaniles or detached belfries, and were used as places of refuge, and were the treasure-houses of ecclesiastical monasteries, &c. The entrance door was always some feet from the ground, reached by a ladder, which was pulled up after the last man had entered. They form a feature in many an Irish landscape, and should always be noticed.

They are not older than the twelfth century, and are fully written of by Dr. Petrie in his work *On the Origin and Uses of the Round-Towers of Ireland.*

The train now passes through a land of marsh, bog, and flats, and we see and are passing over part of the great Bog of Allen that stretches nearly across Ireland. The country looks very different from what we travelled over at the commencement of our journey. The green pastures of Kildare have given way to the rushy lands near Monastrevan, which are covered with water during winter. We soon reach Limerick Junction, where there is one of the most comfortable hotels in Ireland; then on to Mallow on the river Blackwater, where some of the best salmon-fishing in Ireland is rented, notably the reaches of Upper and Lower Carysville; then Blarney, and at last Cork. Here we stay at the Imperial. Cork hotels might improve, and there is room for a really first-class hotel on modern lines in Cork. Cork is the Marseilles of Ireland; its people are impulsive and easily roused. The city stands on the pleasant shores of the river Lea, sung of in Father Prout's (the Rev. Francis Mahony) famous lines:

> . . . . The bells of Shandon
> That sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters
> Of the River Lea.

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Shandon Church, with its high tower of 120 feet, contains the peal of bells sung of. They bear the inscription: 'We were all cast at Gloucester in England. Abel Rudhall, 1750.'

There is a large export trade from Cork of agricultural produce to Bristol and the Welsh ports. Our party stroll about and see what they can, and we take a run by train to Queenstown to view the magnificent and landlocked Harbour, where the American liners call, and where all the mails are landed. The Great Southern and Western Railway from Dublin, Cork, and Queenstown is one of the links in the chain round the world, for the overland New Zealand letters *via* Canada and Vancouver are carried by this route.

Before we start for Bantry, where we commence our drive over the Prince of Wales's Route, so called from its having been the route chosen by his Royal Highness in 1858, I announce that we shall stay a few days at Glengariff, a most lovely spot lying in an indentation on the north-west coast of Bantry Bay.

Mr. Vickery is the man who has worked and made the Prince of Wales's Route popular. Last winter the whole of his coach and mail-car service was bought by the Development Syndicate (Ireland), who are now working this traffic. In June last, a large meeting of the Irish Tourist Association, presided over by our Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, was held at the Imperial Institute. Irishmen of all shades of creeds and politics were there, and many English friends who came to hear what we Irish had done and intended to do with regard to developing the tourist resources of our country. The outcome of that meeting was the Development Syndicate. What the company have done is this: they have opened up the river Shannon to tourists by floating the Shannon Development Company, which is subsidised by the Irish Government. Six grand juries of the different counties bordering the Shannon have voted substantial financial help. There are three steamers now on the Shannon, plying between Killaloe and Athlone, and on into Lough Ree, north of Athlone. They are the *Fairy Queen*, *The Countess Cadogan*, and *The Countess of Mayo*. This service began on the 1st of August. The Syndicate is also working, under the Board of Works of Ireland, the coach service from Tarbert to Listowel. I do not think this a bad start, considering the short time the company has been in existence.

Next morning we leave Cork at 8.50 A.M.—

> Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking,
> The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill

—by Cork, Bandon, and South Coast Railway, arriving at Bantry at 11.28 A.M., where we find a well-appointed coach waiting for us, and at noon we start for Glengariff. The high road skirts the north-eastern shore of Bantry Bay, and from it we get glimpses of this glorious bay, studded with green islets. The lofty peaks of the

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Macgillicuddy Reeks and Mangerton, overlooking Killarney's Lakes, are seen in the blue distance. In 1796 General Hoche and Admiral Galles left Brest with 14,000 men in a fleet of forty-three vessels to invade Ireland. They were bound for Bantry. The expedition was disastrous. The weather was stormy, and only sixteen ships anchored in the Bay. More storms dispersed and paralysed them, and a small reconnoitring party that landed were made prisoners.

'The French are on the say,'
Says the Shan Van Vocht;[1]
'The French are on the say,'
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
'The French are on the say,
They'll be here without delay,
And I hope they'll win the day,'
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

So runs the rebel song. These are echoes of an unhappy past. Peace reigns in our country. It has come, we trust, to stay with us for all time.

Glengariff, or the Rough Glen, is reached after an eleven and a half miles' drive, and we pull up at the Eccles Hotel. We can also patronise, if we like, Roach's Hotel. The Eccles Hotel, covered with creepers and roses, is charmingly situated, facing the water. The views from its bedrooms command the Bay, its islands, and the surrounding mountains. There are five miles of beautiful walks and drives through the extensive pleasure-grounds. Both Roach's and Eccles are well-furnished and comfortable houses for the traveller or invalid. Glengariff is a lovely retreat, and is completely sheltered from the east, north, and west winds. The yew, the holly, the arbutus, and the fuchsia, natives of the place, fill the crevices of the rocks that border the shore of the Bay. Their branches dip into its waters. The air is balmy, and the influence of the Gulf stream makes the vegetation rich and luxurious. In this district consumption, that dread disease so common in Ireland, is almost unknown; for the breezes from the Atlantic make Glengariff less enervating than other spots celebrated for shelter and warmth. Here at last we find repose and contentment. Charming excursions and picnics can be organised. The trout-fisher finds sport at hand. The hotel we live in stands on an almost land-locked inlet of the larger Bay, which is surrounded by bold and rugged mountains, a contrast to the soft luxuriant beauty of the Glen. That beautiful air in the opera *Mignon* which begins 'Connais-tu le pays' might indeed be sung of Glengariff.

Our party have rested, admired, and made excursions. Tourist impulse draws us to Killarney, the district which every one who visits Erin is compelled to seek. The drive to Killarney from Glengariff

[1] The little old woman.

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is forty-nine miles; the first stage is Kenmare, twenty-one miles. For a short distance we wind up the Valley of Glengariff, and then, striking into the mountains, we rise to 1,393 feet above the sea, the actual pass being through a tunnel. The views going up to the pass are magnificent; mountains surround us, and the bright waters of Bantry Bay below glance in the sunlight. On emerging from the tunnel we descend into the valley of the Smeen River, passing through three more tunnels. The prospect is beautiful, and the lights and shades on the mountains ever changing. At the end of the descent we cross the Kenmare River and arrive at Kenmare. Here there is an excellent hotel built by the Southern Hotels Company, who have also hotels at Caragh, Waterville, and Parknasilla. These houses have all modern comforts. The Great Southern and Western Railway Company were subscribers for a substantial amount of the capital, and this season sees the completion of this group of hotels; indeed so patronised was one of them last year that an addition has had to be built. Good fishing, and in the winter good shooting, is to be had at the hotel at Caragh. Kenmare is celebrated for the point-lace made at the Convent hard by, which fetches from 10*l.* to 100*l.* a yard. The best Irish point-lace is made at the Convent at Youghal in county Cork. I mention this because the lace industry has within the last few years become an important business, and the most exquisite kinds of Irish lace command a high price in Paris, where our best customers are found.

If we are now tired of driving, we can change our minds and go by train to Killarney from Kenmare. It is always delightful in travelling to have two or even three courses open to one. We put the matter to the vote, and the party decides to stick to the road. I am glad, for this drive is one of the finest in the south of Ireland. Starting next day at 12.15 on a well-appointed four-horse coach, we gradually ascend from the valley of the Finnihy River, and the view of the Lakes of Killarney bursts upon our sight; all agree that they have come the way to enjoy the country, and see the charming panorama of lake and mountain which is unfolded as we bowl along a good road. Killarney is reached at 4.45 P.M., but I do not intend to tell of its beauty or recommend its hotels, as it is a well-known tourist resort. Two views I take my party to see—one the view from the Cross near Muckross, erected to the memory of Mr. Herbert, of Muckross. This should be visited as the sun is setting behind the Purple Mountain which overlooks Killarney's shore. The other is from the terrace and garden of Killarney House, Lord Kenmare's residence. This should be visited when the full midday sun lights up the enchanting prospect of lake and mountain. I know these views well, and, as a rule, the tourist is not taken to see them by the regular guides. All the other tours, excursions, boating parties, and fishing resorts are well known and fully written about.

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We have now spent a week or ten days at Killarney, and we start on a new tourist route only opened up this year.

The shortest way to the river Shannon is to go by train to Killaloe *via* Limerick, both towns being on the Shannon. We are on a holiday, and we are taking our time; so we get into the train at Killarney for Listowel, leaving Killarney at 10.23 A.M., arriving at Tralee 12 noon.

Tralee is the largest seaport town in the south-west of Ireland; its port is about a mile distant, connected with the town by a ship canal.

In the woods of Glanageenty, hard by, the Earl of Desmond (1583) was tracked to death. His head was sent by the Duke of Ormonde to Queen Elizabeth, and it was spiked on London Bridge. The spot where he was killed by a common soldier, one Daniel O'Kelly, is still shown, and is called Bothar-an-Iarla, the Earl's Way. The Earl was hunted and killed because his brother, Sir John Desmond, murdered at night in Tralee (1579) one of the English Commissioners of Munster and the Provost Marshal of Munster, who had come to induce him to join against the Spaniards, who had landed at Smerwick. We pass on in the train, arriving at Listowel at 12.48, and here the luncheon-basket must be brought into requisition. At 1.30 we leave Listowel by a well-appointed four-horse coach for Tarbert Pier. Listowel is only famed for the Fort of Tuathail, the last that held out against Elizabeth in the Desmond insurrection. Nothing is left of it save two ivy-clad towers. From Tarbert Pier we cross the mouth of the Shannon to Kilrush, arriving at 4.15, departing for Kilkee at 5.10 P.M., arriving at 5.45, our halt for the night.

Kilkee is fashionable, and is the place for those living in the south-west of Ireland to go for the 'salt water.' He or she is gone to the 'salt water' is a common expression with us Irish. Sea-bathing used to be more fashionable years ago than now.

Moore's Hotel is our abode. The houses at Kilkee border a crescent-shaped strand about a mile in length. A dip in the clear Atlantic waves is most invigorating. No place in Ireland exceeds Kilkee for sea-bathing, and on a rough day the full fury of the western ocean, as its huge waves roll in, is a sight never to be forgotten.

A day or two spent here watching the amenities of my country men and women enjoying the salt water may amuse and interest those who have never visited Ireland before. When we are tired of bathing in the broad Atlantic, we go by steamer to Foynes on the river Shannon—

The spacious Shenan spreading like a Sea.—SPENCER

—thence by rail to Limerick, 'Where the girls they are so pretty and the boys they are so jolly, oh!'

Limerick is built on a plain bordered by the river Shannon, and is one of the neatest and best built cities in the kingdom. It is

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celebrated for butter, bacon, and pretty girls. It is a station in the present day for a large quantity of troops, and is one of the most bustling and pleasant of garrison towns. The Treaty stone[2] on which the famous treaty was signed, 1691, is at the west end of Thomond Bridge, which is the most important and ancient of the three bridges which cross the Shannon.

We stay the night at Cruise's Royal Hotel. Next morning we leave for Killaloe, a name well known to every salmon-fisher in Ireland. The broad weirs and rapids of the Shannon make it a paradise for anglers. As the Shannon Development Company's steamers only begin their regular service the day this article is published, I cannot give the times of their departure and arrival, but they will be found in all the Irish time-tables of August, and the below named gentleman[3] will give every information, and in fact every assistance, to tourists visiting Ireland. A letter, a post-card, or a telegram will have, I can assure my readers, immediate attention.

We leave Killaloe by the new route which forms a 'cross-country' connexion between three of the leading railways in Ireland—viz. the Great Southern and Western, the Midland Great Western, and the Waterford and Limerick, also the Cavan and Leitrim Light Railway. It is intended that the steamers shall call at the following places:

KILLALOE, in conjunction with trains from Dublin, Limerick, Cork, Killarney, &c.

DROMINEER, for Grand Canal Hotel, Nenagh, &c.

WILLIAMSTOWN, for Mount Shannon, Holy Island, and large district without railway.

KILGARVAN PIER, for Borrisokane and large district without railway.

PORTUMNA, for Woodford and large district without railway.

MEELICK, for Victoria Lock, Eyrecourt, &c.

BANAGHER, for Great Southern and Western Railway (to Dublin, &c.) and large district.

SHANNON HARBOUR (Flag Station), for junction of Grand Canal.

SHANNON BRIDGE, for Ballinasloe (6 miles) and district.

CLONMACNOISE (Flag Station), for Seven Churches, Crosses, Towers, &c. and district.

ATHLONE (Lock)—one of the few towns in Ireland increasing in size, manufactures and prosperity—for Midland, Great Western and Great Southern and Western Railways, meeting trains for East and West of Ireland.

[2] The famous treaty of 1691, after the fall of James the Second's power in Ireland, provided under Article 9, that the Roman Catholics should enjoy the same privileges of their religion as they enjoyed in the reign of Charles the Second, and that William and Mary would endeavour to ensure them immunity from disturbance on account of their religion. This article, however, was never carried into effect.

[3] Mr. F. W. Crossley, Managing Director, Shannon Development Company, 21A Nassau Street, Dublin. Telegraphic Address 'Develop.'

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LANESBOROUGH, for large district without railway; and for Roscommon (9 miles).

TARMONBARRY (Lock), for Strokestown and large district without railway; also Longford (5 miles).

ROOSKEY, for large district.

DROMOD, county Leitrim, for junction of Midland, Great Western, and Cavan and Leitrim and Roscommon Railways, in conjunction with trains from Dublin, Sligo, Enniskillen, Cavan, and north of Ireland.

The total distance is about 100 miles.

Refreshments of every description can be obtained on these new boats, so one can be comforted while enjoying the view. We leave Killaloe and enter Lough Derg, a broad expanse of the Shannon which extends as far as Portumna. The scenery to the east is generally uninteresting, but to the west a lofty range of mountains rises up from the very shores of the Lough. At Meelick (in Irish a marsh) the navigation is so devious that a canal has been cut. The scenery becomes uninteresting. We reach Banagher, remarkable in Ireland for its fairs and distilleries. 'It beats Banagher!' is a common expression in Ireland. I imagine the fairs and the drinking beat everything ever seen. The inn is curious! Shannon Harbour, our next stop, is where the Grand Canal joins the Shannon. This canal runs from Dublin across Ireland into the Shannon and has its terminus at Ballinasloe. In the pre-railway days fly-boats used to ply from Dublin, drawn by two or more horses, and this was a pleasant way of travelling. Many a merry party met on these boats. Lever describes the hotel at Shannon Harbour, and in his novel *Jack Hinton* tells an excellent story. A party were travelling in one of these boats; it was Friday, a fast-day. A fine boiled salmon was on the cabin table, and his reverence the priest was taking a very large helping of the fish, when one of the travellers called across the table, 'Will your Rivrence plase to pass the fish? Do you think no one has a sowl to save but yourself?'

Shannon Bridge is our next stop, and after that Clonmacnoise (the Meadow of the Sons of Nos). It is one of the most interesting and holy places in all Ireland. There are round-towers, crosses and inscribed stones, and a castle. They are well worth visiting. All these antiquities are fully described in Murray. At Athlone Lock we enter the Canal, and on to the town of Athlone, sung of by Lever:

> Did you hear of the Widow Malone ohone,
> Who lived in the town of Athlone alone?
> She melted the hearts of the boys in them parts,
> So lovely the widow Malone ohone,
> Oh so lovely the widow Malone.

We stop there for the night at the Prince of Wales Hotel or the

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Royal, whichever we think best. Athlone is a very important military station, in the centre of Ireland. It is a capital place for fishing, and on the banks of the Shannon free shooting can be obtained. The next day we enter Lough Ree, two and a quarter miles, where free angling can be obtained, and our first stop is Lanesborough. Lough Ree is another of those wonderful and picturesque expansions of the Shannon which are quite peculiar to this river. Its banks are richly wooded, and so are the numerous islands which dot its waters. Some of them are large, nearly all possess ecclesiastical ruins of very ancient date. This opening up of a new tourist route will be of immense benefit to the country, which has been up to now almost entirely cut off from the pleasure-seeking traveller. It would be a pleasant experience to camp out on one of the islands of Lough Ree; boats and fishermen can be hired at Athlone. Tarmonbarry (Lock) is our next stop, then Rooskey and finally Dromod.

Before reaching Tarmonbarry the Shannon at Lanesborough narrows to a river, and at Rooskey we are detained by a lock. We then pass through another widening of river called Lough Forbes and finally reach Dromod in the county Leitrim, where we find the railway again. Here, if our party have had enough of Paddyland they can return to Dublin or proceed to the north of Ireland, or, better still, pay a visit to the west and see the wilds of Connemara.

To go west we must return to Athlone and then take the train to Galway, see Lough Corrib, Lough Mask, then Westport, Achill, staying at the new Midland Great Western Railway Hotel at Mallarany, and back to Roscommon and Athlone. We leave Athlone at 12.10 P.M., arriving at Galway at 2.4 P.M., and put up at Mack's Royal Hotel. There is much to interest the traveller in this ancient town, which wears an air of picturesque dilapidation. The best way to see Galway is to take a guide, who will be amusing and instructive as he describes all the points of interest, breaking off now and then with little bits of local gossip. We must visit Lynch's Mansion, a fine specimen of domestic architecture. It is a monument of an ancient and powerful family, and is now used as a soap and candle shop. Galway has a splendid harbour, often talked of and suggested as the point of departure for American liners. It is the nearest Irish port to the American continent, but it is not sufficiently protected from the westerly gales of the Atlantic. To make the harbour safe, a breakwater would have to be erected, which would cost about 700,000*l*.

The tourist should stand on the bridge at Galway and look at the salmon which at certain times are seen in layers one over the other, waiting for a flood to get up into Lough Corrib. The fishing is in the hands of the members of the club close by, and the rod-fishing is most interesting to watch, as the stretch of water is so short, and actually in the town, that when a salmon is hooked and runs, the line

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often crosses that of another fisherman close at hand. The remarks of the 'Gallery' on the bridge are most amusing. Lough Corrib, reached by boat from Galway (about three miles), is one of those inland seas which Ireland is remarkable for. It is full of all kinds of fish, and very large trout and pike are taken. The fishing is free. The best time to troll for the big trout, which run up to twenty pounds, is on a hot day in August. The lake is covered with islands, like many of these Irish loughs. Every information can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary of the Fishing Club, Galway. Oughterard, seventeen miles from Galway, is a good fishing centre on the west shore of the lake, and there is an hotel there (Murphy's).

On the isthmus between Lough Corrib and Lough Mask stands the town of Cong (Irish, Curga, a neck). The tourist must see the celebrated cross of Cong, and the fisherman try the waters of Lough Mask, where cross-lining[4] for trout has lately been prohibited; so for this season and the future sport ought to be good. Large pike and trout abound.

If we want to visit Westport, Mallarany, and the Island of Achill, we must drive from Cong to Ballinrobe Station, and take a train at 1.58 P.M., arriving at Mallarany at 4.48 P.M., where there is a new hotel, before mentioned.

Achill Sound, which divides the island from the mainland, is crossed by an iron swivel bridge. The island is well worth visiting, and the new hotel on the mainland at Mallarany makes the trip easy and comfortable for the tourist. This island is the largest of any on the coast of Ireland. A mass of dark heather covers the broad undulating moors that stretch from the high mountains of the western end of the island. Achill contains a large population on an ungenerous soil. The agriculture carried on is of the most primitive character and the district is a 'congested' one in every sense of the word. The cliffs on the western side of the island are bold and rugged, and tenanted by wild goats, which the sportsman can have a shot at, by telling the islanders he is going shooting and giving them a small present. As the cliffs are dangerous, a guide is necessary. The views over the Atlantic are magnificent, and Achill Head, about 300 to 400 feet high, is a grand and bold promontory. The summit in many places is but a few yards wide. The sea teems with fish, but the means the islanders use to catch them are totally insufficient. In fact, you here see 'the finest peasantry in the world,' as the Irish were called by O'Connell, in their primitive state, as they were before Land Acts and Light Railways came to assist them. The railway to Achill Sound will in time greatly improve the condition of the people. They are a fine healthy race, although poor.

[4] Cross-lining, a mode of fishing with two boats; a long line dressed with flies is dragged between each boat; many fish are pricked on rising, and not hooked, which renders them shy for the rest of the fishing season.

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On our return to more civilised parts we can visit Westport leaving Mallarany Station at 1.53. P.M., arriving at Westport Town at 2.14. We put up at the Railway Hotel, Westport. The town lies in a hollow, embosomed on every side by groves and woods, and is the centre for many pleasant excursions, notably one to Croagh Patrick, or the Reek—*i.e.* the Rick of St. Patrick. The Reek is an extraordinary mountain, rising with great abruptness to the height of 2,510 feet, terminating in what appears to be a point, though in reality there is a small platform at its summit. As one stands on the isolated summit of this mountain the most magnificent panorama in the west of Ireland can be seen—Murrisk, Ballycroy, Achill, Erris, and even Slieve League, a mountain on the coast of Donegal—and to the South are seen the Jenane district and the Twelve Pins Mountains. To the Irish peasantry this mountain has a far greater interest; it is a sacred hill and devoted to patterns or pilgrimages.

Many hundred of pilgrims visit the Reek in July and go through their devotions, and in some places go on their knees over the rough rocks.

We have seen the peasantry of Achill, and we have ascended the mountain of St. Patrick, so honoured by them in their pilgrimages; but we have not yet heard of their superstitions or spoken of the 'good people'—*i.e.* the fairies, so named as not to offend them. We have wondered what a Banshee was—a true Irish Banshee.

The Banshee makes a howling sound which in Ireland is looked upon as a certain precursor of death to any of a family.

The Banshee, from (bean) a woman and shee (sidhe) a fairy, is the attendant fairy which follows old families, and none but them. It wails and cries before a death, and many have seen her as she goes wailing and clapping her hands. Sometimes there is a chorus of Banshees when some great or holy person is about to die. Sometimes an omen accompanies the Banshee, and that is the Coach-a-tower, an immense black coach mounted by a coffin and dragged by headless horses. It comes rumbling up to your door, and if you open it a basin of blood will be thrown in your face.

A LAMENTATION

(from the Irish by Clarence Mangan) for the death of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, killed in Flanders, 1642.

Not for Churls with souls like hucksters
Waileth our Banshee:
For the high Milesian race alone
Ever flows the music of her woe!
For slain heir to bygone throne,
And for Chief laid low!
Hush! . . . Again, methinks, I hear her weeping
Yonder! Is she near me now, as then?

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Or was but the night-wind sweeping
Down the hollow glen?

Here is a good description of a country fellow having seen a Banshee:

'But how did you know it really was the Banshee after all, Thomas?'

'Begor, sir, I knew the apparition of her well enough; but 'twas confirmed by a sarcumstance that occurred the same time. There was a Misther O'Nales was come on a visit, ye must know, to a place in the neighbourhood—one o' the ould O'Nales iv the county Tyrone, a rale ould Irish family—an' the Banshee was heard keening[5] round the house that same night, be more than one that was in it; an' sure enough, Misther Harry, he was found dead in his bed the next mornin'. So if it wasn't the Banshee I seen that time, I'd like to know what else it could a' been.'

We will continue our peregrinations, and, taking train to Claremorris, we go by Castlerea and Roscommon back to Athlone. From here we can, as before, go back to Dublin and home if we will, but we have come to see Ireland, and so decide to go north.

The northerners are an entirely different race from the southerners in Ireland. Thrifty, industrious, and thriving, they are a great contrast to the sanguine, easy-going, and perhaps idle peasant of the south. The northerner is rough of speech and abrupt in manner, but his industry has made Belfast the centre of the linen trade of the world. He is Protestant to the backbone; sometimes we southerners think he protesteth somewhat much.

There is also a feeling of jealousy between Belfast and Dublin; but we are all Irishmen first and partisans afterwards.

We leave Athlone, repeating our trip up to Dromod, and there take the train on the Cavan, Leitrim, and Roscommon Railway for Enniskillen *via* Ballinamore, Ballyconnell, and Belturbet to Ballyhaise, Clones, and on to Enniskillen. Let us study our Murray, which is well indexed, and all these Ballys will be found—Bally being Irish for a 'town.'

At Ballyhaise we change for Clones; from here we can go direct to Belfast. If, however, my party, or even some of the more adventurous of those who know how to handle a salmon or trout rod, wish to visit the highlands of Donegal, they should at Clones go on in the train to Enniskillen.

Some have gone, some have stayed. Our little band start for the county Donegal.

Enniskillen is our starting-point, and the Imperial Hotel, which has lately been enlarged, is the best to be found in the town.

Enniskillen is beautifully situated, being entirely girt about with water. That is to say, it stands by the river which unites the Upper and Lower Lough Erne. On the upper lake a steamer runs up to Belleek, where there is the only porcelain manufactory in Ireland, celebrated for the beautiful and lustrous glaze on its

[5] Keening = crying or howling.

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manufactures. We can proceed from Belleek to Ballyshannon by road, and this is a most beautiful drive along the western shore of Lough Erne. There is a soft verdant beauty about the country, which is equal to, if not more charming, than the foot of Windermere. At Ballyshannon is the celebrated salmon fishery, and as this is a shrine with fishermen I propose stopping at the Imperial Hotel. The falls are well worth a visit, and the roar they make is almost deafening. The whole body of water from the two upper and lower lakes (Loughs Erne) is precipitated over a cliff some thirty feet high. Here is the Salmon Leap and the Salmon Traps. The fishery is one of the most valuable in Europe, and is owned by Messrs. Moore and Alexander. The outflow from Lough Erne to Ballyshannon is the most certain place to catch a salmon in Ireland. The run of fish commences in May, and the fishing ends the last day of September. When we have fished and caught an Erne salmon I propose taking my party to Bundoran in the southernmost corner of Donegal Bay. The best hotel is the Great Northern, lately enlarged and improved. There are good golf links here. This, like Kilkee in the south-west, is the fashionable watering-place of the north-west of Ireland. There is a regular service for tourists from England and Scotland between Bundoran and Dublin, Belfast and Londonderry. Here we can stay a day or two before starting for a long rough drive to Donegal on an outside car, 18½ miles. The sea-bathing at Bundoran is excellent, and there is every facility to enjoy it with the greatest comfort. The geologist can delight himself with searching for fossils in the carboniferous limestone which the action of the sea has worn into numerous grotesque forms. Lough Melvin is close by, and at the little village of Garrison boats can be hired. Most of the fishing is free. This Lough is celebrated for the Gillaroo trout, which afford splendid sport and are free risers. The drive from Ballyshannon to Donegal is dreary and wild. In the winter the full force of the Atlantic gales sweeps over the country, but when the sunlight lights up these sad wastes the air is pure and the scene lovely, and the drive not being long, I recommend it as the easiest way to get into the heart of the county Donegal. There is a very comfortable little hotel at Donegal, the Arran Arms; and the Castle of Donegal is worth visiting—one of those Jacobean mansions which combine defensive with domestic purposes. County Donegal is celebrated for its tweeds and its stockings. The women of the county Donegal knit an enormous quantity of stockings, which are sold in Scotland; and the tweeds are more than often sold out of Ireland for Scotch. I do not propose taking any party through the wilds of Donegal. I know them well myself, and the magnificent views over mountain, lake, glen and sea. However, from Donegal the tourist can go by rail to Stranorlar, changing there for Fintown Station, and driving from there to Dungloe, one of the

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most beautiful and wildest mountain drives I know of or have seen. At Dungloe there is excellent white trout fishing in the many lakes near, and the hotel to stay at is Sweeny's. County Donegal has been immensely improved and made more get-at-able by the Light Railway which runs from Stranorlar to Glenties. We have to thank Mr. Arthur Balfour when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland for this. There is another railway projected from Letterkenny which will tap the congested district of the Rosses, then on to Dungloe and Burton Port. Nearly all the able-bodied men in Donegal go every year to work in Scotland or England, and even as far as London. The immense boon that these Light Railways are to the population can be imagined, as, before, these labourers had to tramp miles and miles over rough road, and very often in rainy weather—for Donegal is a wet place—to reach the railway at Letterkenny or Stranorlar. Brown trout fishing over nearly the whole of the county Donegal is free, and with a small Berthon collapsible boat a fisherman might explore the most charming loughs and pools, which have hardly ever been fished.

Our time in Ireland is drawing to an end; we must see Londonderry, celebrated for its siege, and from there we shall go to Belfast. Belfast is the Manchester of Ireland, and situated at the head of the lough which bears its name; its position is eminently suitable for trade. The city and its people have a busy look, so different and so striking from the towns south of the River Boyne, the Rubicon of Ireland. The buildings are all modern, but there are certain manufactories which certainly ought to be visited. Firstly, Messrs. Harland & Wolff's Ship-building Yard, the largest in the world; next Mr. Gallagher's tobacco manufactory, the next largest to Messrs. Wills of Bristol Bird's Eye fame, and, thirdly, the Rope Walk, where the largest of cables are made. Belfast is the centre of the linen trade of Ireland, but the flax which supplies the mills of the towns around Belfast is now grown to a very small extent in Ireland. The raw material is imported from Holland and Belgium, made into the linen which we all use, and sent again over the sea. The northern farmer might have been encouraged more than he has been to grow flax, but, do what he could, the trade has assumed such dimensions that he could hardly supply all the mills now working in the north.

While I have been discoursing on linen I have forgotten to tell of Londonderry, its 'prentice boys, its shirt-making industry, and the celebrated siege which took place in the year 1689, when King James's Irish army, under three successive commanders, tried their best by assault, famine, and pestilence to reduce the courage of its Protestant defenders. The anniversary of the closing of the gates of Derry on the 18th of December, 1689, is the day on which the 'prentice boys march round the wall. 'Five generations have passed away, and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the

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trophy of Marathon was to the Athenian.'[6] Londonderry is easiest reached by making a trip in the train from Belfast. Before my party breaks up, I take them a little tour over the North Antrim coast route. We leave Belfast in the morning, and find at Larne a carriage waiting for us, provided by Henry McNeill & Co., Limited. The terms are very moderate, and the carriage is much more comfortable than the ordinary car. We drive by Glenarm, Garrontar, Glenariff—a most beautiful glen, very often confused with Glengarriff, in the south-west of Ireland. Then on to Cushendall; from Cushendall to Ballycastle, and at Ballycastle we take train for the Giant's Causeway. And now to describe shortly this coast route. Larne is the nearest port in Ireland to Great Britain, being only forty miles to Stranraer by mail steamer. It is the Royal Mail route to Scotland. Glenarm, our first stop, is the residence of the Earls of Antrim, and the castle is well worth a visit. Although modernised, it stands in such a beautiful situation and the scenery is so magnificent that one forgets the mixture of towers, parapets, and pinnacles which are singularly inconsistent. Glenariff, which we go on to, is the most charming of all the Antrim glens. Henry McNeill & Co. and the Northern Counties Railway have done their best to bring it within easy reach of the tourist. The road sweeps round the base of the cliffs of Red Bay, and the tourist should notice the curious and natural columns of chalk that stand like sentries along the seashore.

Cushendall is next reached, which, in Irish, means the 'end of the River Dall,' and we continue on this fine coast road, which has many points of interest, the most interesting feature being the variety of its geological formations, and the grandeur they give to this coast line. At Ballycastle our drive ends, and we take the train for the Giant's Causeway. One's first impression of the Giant's Causeway is disappointment, and it is not till after one has visited the whole of it that one can realise the immense scale on which this geological phenomenon exists: 40,000 basaltic columns rise from the ground and the Causeway consists of three platforms of these columns. There are numberless guides, and the tourist is pestered to buy fossils and other curios. Boat excursions can be made, and the hotel which we stop at is the 'Causeway,' where there are golf links, and the tourist is catered for in every possible way.

Here is our last point before we leave Ireland; and let me say good-bye to my party in the words of our favourite Irish poet, Moore.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

. . . . . .

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;

[6] Macaulay's *History of England.*

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Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd,
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

I hope my party will not forget that here I express my feelings and I trust the feelings of those who have accompanied me in our fancy trip round Ireland; and before I say good-bye, let me from poetry come to the more practical things of life, and ask the tourist in Ireland to note this: that I trust those who visit Ireland will, if they have cause of complaint, not write to the Public Press. The Irish Tourist Association will take notice of complaints, and they will be remedied as far as possible.

A letter to the Secretary of the Irish Tourist Association, Leinster House, Dublin, will be acknowledged and dealt with at the next Council Meeting by the before-mentioned gentlemen. F. W. Crossley, Esq., 24 Nassau Street, Dublin, can also be communicated with.

Letters to the press I feel and know are a great means of letting off steam when one has been badly treated at an inn either in respect of high prices, bad attendance, or dirty apartments; but as a rule these letters do not have the desired effect. The Irish Tourist Association will put the matter before the Irish Hotel and Restaurant Keepers Association, and it will then be remedied. Both these bodies are respected and carry weight in Ireland. Being myself a Vice-President of the Tourist Association and very often presiding at our Council Meetings during the winter, such complaints would have my earnest consideration. Farewell, and safe home to you all.

MAYO.

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FROM INSIDE JOHANNESBURG

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS

MORE than eighteen months have now elapsed since the memorable 29th of December, 1895, when Dr. Jameson crossed the Rubicon with his little band; and although quantities of books and an immense number of articles have been written, as well as masses of evidence adduced upon what is generally known as the 'Jameson Raid,' it is questionable whether the majority of persons have a clear conception of what actually took place.

The object of this article is to put in as concise a form as possible the causes which rendered such an event possible, and the considerations which led the various persons connected with this political tragedy to act as they did.

In the last number of this Review, a contributor who took an active part has given expression to his conception of the facts, which makes it imperative for me, as Chairman of the Reform Committee, to present the Johannesburg view thereof.

It is of paramount importance to appreciate that the 'Jameson Raid' was merely an episode, and a very unfortunate one, in a large question.

In August 1881, after a war disastrous to the British arms, the Pretoria Convention was signed, subsequently amended, and modified by the London Convention of 1884.

The object of these instruments was briefly to safeguard the interests of Her Majesty's subjects and those of natives in the Transvaal, leaving the internal administration of the country in the hands of the Boers, who constituted at that time the bulk of the white inhabitants.

The discovery of gold gave the first impetus to European immigration, and the development of the mining industry caused an enormous influx of foreigners as well as the investment of a large amount of European capital. In 1895, the Uitlander population had grown much larger than that of the Boers; and the State revenue, to which they contributed nine-tenths, was twenty times as large as it had been prior to their advent. They were, however, denied

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the smallest direct representation in the councils of the State or in the expenditure of the funds which they were called upon to provide.

A constitutional agitation had for some years been carried on with a view to securing political rights, but without practical or prospective result. Indeed, the whole tendency of legislation was to debar them for ever from the common rights of citizenship.

The most important representative Uitlander institution was the Chamber of Mines. It comprised delegates from all the principal mining companies and mine-owners, and the writer presided over its deliberations for four years.

Apart from being a statistical bureau, the Chamber of Mines formed a link between the mining population and the Government, and interested itself particularly in opposing new monopolies which fortune-hunters sought to obtain, and investigating the manner in which the then existing concessions were being carried out.

As the head of that institution, I was in frequent touch with President Kruger and his Executive, and accompanied numbers of deputations to Pretoria upon matters of business. I learnt in the course of those interviews that in the first place the Government was incapable, and in the second place that it evinced a spirit of hostility towards the newcomers.

To sum up the situation, the Government saw that the increasing prosperity of the gold-mining industry meant the attraction of more foreigners and the greatest danger to exclusive Boer rule.

I cannot pretend to deal exhaustively with the sentimental and the commercial grievances within the narrow limits of this article; but in order to appreciate the problem it is necessary to realise that about fifteen years ago the Transvaal was only a pastoral country, in the hands of probably the most ignorant white population in the world. There were of course a few exceptions to whom this sweeping assertion does not apply.

In 1886 I remember crossing the Witwatersrandt on my road to Barberton, whither I had been directed to look at the then budding mining district. The famous Rand of to-day comprised a bleak and almost uninhabited stretch of plains, upon which at intervals of ten or twelve miles the Boer lived in a wretched hovel, sustaining life by means of a few head of cattle and some sheep, which had to be removed to the more genial low country during the boisterous and inclement winter.

The average value of a farm of 6,000 acres was about 200*l.*

I describe this to show that it is neither surprising nor to the discredit of the Boers that, living as they did in a wild and cheerless country upon the outskirts of civilisation, in constant touch with savages, and with an occasional visit to a distant neighbour of the same calibre as the only form of society, they should be a primitive, rough, and ignorant people.

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They had many hardships and trials to overcome, and eked out a mere existence without any market for produce as an incentive to activity. In fighting savages and wild beasts, and in struggling through unknown territories, having to traverse swamps and rivers, with little but a waggon and a gun as appliances, these people learned patience, but at the same time were educated to a life of extreme idleness. A traveller at that time could always rely upon kindly treatment and hospitality, such as it was, at their hands.

Imagine a crude and slothful population of this order as the sovereign people suddenly brought face to face with a bright cosmopolitan population such as that which flocked to the gold fields.

In all old and civilised communities, events march very slowly: the reverse applies to new countries. From 1887 the gold-mining industry expanded by leaps and bounds. Those who are not witnesses of the almost magic growth cannot appreciate the feverish activity, the inventive capacity, and the habit of rapid decision which such a condition of life rears. The whole atmosphere is foreign to Boer traditions and manner of thought, which are obstinately opposed to progress.

The ordinary omnivorous reader has a totally erroneous conception of the great gold-mining industry, and of the people who have built it. Thousands of otherwise not ill-informed people imagine that gold-mining is a species of satanic trade evolved for the purpose of robbing the unwary. I do not for one moment defend the many infamous projects that have been launched upon the world by unscrupulous persons, but I am not quite sure, from a moral standpoint, whether those who gamble in shares about which they know nothing, in the hope of planting them upon others who can be induced to give more, are not just as guilty as the wily promoter. It is only a question of degree, the voracious design being the same.

Leaving this aspect aside, however, you have an enormous legitimate business in the production of gold, somewhat similar, but of course on a smaller scale, to that of coal-mining in Great Britain.

A strong, capable, and honest government is required to cope with and resist many insidious temptations offered by schemers and adventurers seeking on all sides and in devious ways to fleece such an industry. This in a nutshell is the respect in which the Transvaal Government failed. One always looked with a tender eye as long as their errors could be attributed to slowness of thought and ignorance, but when it became obvious that the industry was being hampered by design, when, for instance, President Kruger stood up in the Raad and besought the members not to proclaim as a mining area the Pretoria townlands, on the ground that another population similar to that of Johannesburg might arise, and that a police force to manage them could not be found, the Uitlanders' patience became severely tried. The bolstering up of indefensible monopolies in favour of

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foreign concessionaires—principally German—at the cost of the mine-owner, coupled with faulty administration and the absence of that assistance to which a staple industry is entitled at the hands of the Government, and moreover the contemptuous reception accorded to respectful petitions, filled the cup of the Uitlander.

The dynamite monopoly is a striking example of Boer incapacity —to use a charitable term.

A concession had been granted for the sole manufacture and sale of explosives, at a very high price, prior to the discovery of gold. When dynamite became an article of daily use, the consumers naturally resented the cost, which far exceeded that at which it could be procured by direct importation. Finally the then concessionaire was proved to be importing dynamite under the title of *guhr imprégné* at an enormous profit to himself, but in direct violation of the terms of the concession, which was thereupon cancelled; the President himself declaring that the State was being defrauded. But the concession was revived under the euphemistic title of a State monopoly. The old concessionaire became the agent, and was allowed to form a company of which approximately half of the shares were presented to the former concessionaires for rights (*sic*) which they had been declared to have forfeited, and for a few tin shanties, styled the factory.

This was all done in the teeth of the most violent opposition from the mine-owners; and, to make a long story short, the 200,000 cases of dynamite now consumed per annum cost at least 400,000*l.* more than they would if the trade were free and importation permitted under an import duty calculated to return to the Treasury quite as large an amount as it derives under the concession to-day. This is done, be it recorded, by a Government one of the members of which has been accused over and over again of receiving a royalty upon every case of dynamite sold—an accusation which has never been denied.

The same strictures might be justly applied in regard to the Netherlands Railway Company, by whom coal (to take another glaring illustration) is carried over an average distance of less than twenty miles in a comparatively flat country at the monstrous tariff of threepence per ton per mile.

The withholding of assistance in the matter of a native labour supply, bad administration of the Liquor Laws, improper legislation in some cases proposed and in others effected in regard to cyanide, education, *bewaarplaatsen*, and other questions, with which space does not permit me to deal, all contributed to spread disaffection.

Until June 1894, when Sir Henry (now Lord) Loch came to Pretoria, I did not appreciate the extent of the seething discontent. Sir Henry was received with enormous enthusiasm. The crowd unharnessed the horses and dragged the carriage containing himself,

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President Kruger, and Dr. Leyds from the railway station to the Transvaal Hotel, where the Governor and Dr. Leyds alighted, leaving the President in the carriage. The mob having exhausted their cheers, then devoted themselves to violently hooting and yelling at the President, and declined to draw the carriage round to his house. His Honour had therefore to await the impanelling of a number of trusty burghers before he could proceed to his residence.

The spectacle of such a scene occurring in the sleepy capital, where the Uitlanders are proportionately much weaker than in Johannesburg, was a more striking object lesson of the disfavour into which the Boer Government had fallen than the many densely packed and enthusiastic meetings which had been held in Johannesburg under the auspices of the National Union. It was this incident, indeed, coupled with the challenge which was thrown out about that time by a member in the Raad, that if the Uitlanders wanted any rights they must fight for them, which won me over to the side of open revolt.

I need scarcely dwell in detail upon the discussions which I had with Mr. Rhodes. They have been elicited by the Parliamentary Committee. Suffice it to say that it was decided that the reform programme should seek equality of rights for all the white inhabitants of the State, customs union, railway union, free trade in South African products, and a South African Court of Appeal.

The insurrection was to take place under the Transvaal flag.

Dr. Jameson was to be on the border with twelve to fifteen hundred men, and was to come in when summoned by us, bringing with him 1,000 spare rifles and some ammunition. Apart from this, it was arranged that 2,500 rifles were to be smuggled into Johannesburg.

I feel now as I felt then, that the association with an external force was a weak point in the plan of campaign. But in view of the fact that it was impossible to estimate the number of rifles which could be successfully smuggled, the advantage of having a thoroughly equipped and well-organised force as an auxiliary outweighed the objection to possibly wounding African sentiment.

Dr. Jameson came to Johannesburg in November, when we gave him the memorable and much-quoted undated letter of invitation.

The object with which that letter was given was twofold:

(*a*) To justify him with his directors after the event.

(*b*) To read to his men in the event of their raising any objection to coming in upon mere statement that we sought their assistance.

The telegram sent by Dr. Jameson to his brother on the 27th of December, which concludes, 'Let J. H. Hammond telegraph instantly all right,' is in itself an acknowledgment that he was only to start when summoned by us; and so far from calling upon him to come

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when he did, we sent numbers of telegrams and two of his own officers, who were with us, as emissaries to curb his impatience and forbid any premature action. It has been proved that the telegrams and messengers duly reached him.

I am compelled to give prominence to these facts owing to the article which appears under the name of Sir John Willoughby in the last number of this Review.

Towards the middle of December the rifles began to arrive, and almost simultaneously Dr. Jameson showed signs of impatience. It was about this time that two gentlemen of the Johannesburg party brought the intelligence from Capetown that the rising was (according to views expressed there) to take place under the British and not under the Transvaal flag.

We thereupon despatched a well-known gentleman—whose name has not so far been disclosed—to Capetown, to set this matter at rest. He returned to Johannesburg on Christmas morning with the impression that the information brought by the two gentlemen previously referred to was correct. A meeting was thereupon called of the persons who were so far aware of the plan, and the matter was fully discussed. Briefly our deliberations resulted in the conclusion that, whilst many of us of British nationality would have hailed the hoisting of the British flag with the utmost satisfaction, the attempt to effect it would alienate the Americans and persons of other nationalities, including some Dutchmen, who were in accord with us, and that there was no justification for such a course of action. Thereupon we delegated Mr. Charles Leonard and Mr. Hamilton to proceed to Capetown and make this perfectly clear. They arrived there on Saturday the 28th of December, and in the afternoon sent us a telegram which reached us at ten o'clock on Sunday morning—the day upon which Dr. Jameson started—to the following effect: 'We have received satisfactory assurances from C. J. Rhodes, but a misunderstanding evidently exists elsewhere. Go on with your preparations slowly, but without any sort of haste, as a new departure will be necessary. Jameson has been advised accordingly.'

At this time we were in possession of 1,500 rifles, 500 of which were unpacked, the remaining thousand being distributed in the oil-drums in which they had been imported at different mines within about a radius of ten miles from Johannesburg. Three hundred, however, were located at a spot ten miles from Pretoria for use in taking the arsenal—the seizure of which was, at that time, a much simpler task than residents in a settled country would imagine. Four ordinary soft brick walls, of which one was partially demolished and under repair, comprised the only obstacle to the large open square within, upon which the barracks were erected, as well as the trumpery buildings which contained 10,000 rifles, quantities of ammunition, and twelve field pieces, chiefly Maxims.

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The total number of men housed within the enclosure was under one hundred, of whom but ten were on guard after nine o'clock.

Our plan was to surprise the garrison, and help ourselves to rifles, ammunition, and Maxims. We intended to take as much as we could to Johannesburg by means of the waggons and teams of mules which we had in readiness at Pretoria, destroying the balance. A certain number of men were already detailed for this task, under the leadership of a man well known both to us and Dr. Jameson. But little more than half the arms had arrived, so we were not ready; but had we known definitely on Saturday that he meant to start in spite of us, we should certainly have made the assault that or the following night; in it lay the only chance of success. But as our impatient ally marched without our knowledge on Sunday night, and we received advice of his incursion only seven or eight hours after the Boers, they were able to muster sufficient men in the capital to render any attack by us futile.

The news of his precipitate action caused us the greatest surprise and concern. Some three or four days previously I had personally telegraphed to Capetown predicting absolute failure if he took the initiative.

It has been urged that the President was aware of all that was going on, and that he had made plans to meet any emergency. I disagree entirely with this view. That the President expected an insurrection is now ancient history; but beyond warning the Boers that trouble was to be expected after the new year, he took no active steps, and indeed, to use his own graphic simile, was 'waiting for the tortoise to put out its head.' We had hoped to put it out to some purpose had it not been prematurely exposed by our allies. It was generally anticipated that a crisis would be brought about by a refusal on the part of the Uitlanders to pay the taxes and by resistance to any attempt at compulsion. We had not decided upon the exact form in which we should have started the ball, but assuredly it would have been in a more sudden and effective way than that.

A perusal of the *White Book* clearly demonstrates that our Teutonic cousins were in close touch with President Kruger at that time, that they were tendering him advice, and that he was in return reporting to and consulting the Imperial German Government through their Consul as events moved.

Let us glance at the position in Johannesburg for a moment.

Between 2.30 and 3 P.M. of Monday, the 30th of December, we heard of the raid. We immediately sent out instructions to start unpacking the rifles. We despatched trusty agents down the railway line to hasten the forwarding of the trucks containing the balance of the rifles, the bulk of the ammunition (which finally totalled about 350,000 rounds) and the three Maxims. We formed the Reform Committee and enrolled a police force. On Tuesday the Govern-

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ment withdrew the police, leaving us to deal with an excited and turbulent population, including thousands of natives. We closed the canteens and coped with the populace. Meanwhile we threw up trenches round the town, and, as speedily as we could arm men, located them at the best points for defence. We found shelter and food for the thousands of men, women, and children who flocked into Johannesburg from outlying districts, and provisioned our men in the trenches. On Tuesday night the balance of the weapons arrived. We distributed them and completed our scheme of defence. In the first rush, numbers of volunteers succeeded in securing arms who in some cases did not know one end of a rifle from the other. On Wednesday, therefore, our military department was busy transferring our poor stock of rifles from the hands of those unversed in their use into those of valuable men, and finally we had about 2,700 men in the trenches. Taken as a whole, they were as valiant and useful a body as could be collected at such short notice in any town in the world of the size of Johannesburg. The force included a great number of men who had seen service in Africa and elsewhere, and would have been exceedingly valuable behind earthworks, but it must be remembered that it was an undisciplined, undrilled body of men on foot—the whole of our mounted force consisting of 130 men. This should dispose once and for all of the absurd suggestion that any responsible person could have promised support or contemplated despatching a force to Krugersdorp. The evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee disposes effectually of that *canard*.

Apart from the evidence of Colonel Rhodes, who wrote the letter which was alleged to contain such a promise, several gentlemen besides myself, including Mr. George Farrar and Mr. S. W. Jameson (brother of Dr. Jameson), who read the letter prior to its despatch, assert most positively that it contained no suggestion of sending a force to Krugersdorp to co-operate with the men from Pitsani.

The fragments of the letter as found on the battlefield were pieced together by the Transvaal authorities, and being anxious to clear this matter up, I cabled for and obtained a photograph of it, upon which Mr. T. H. Gurrin, the well-known expert in handwriting, made an examination, and an exhaustive report, which is too long to reproduce. It concludes with the following paragraph:

> Consequently I am of opinion that the theory that the words 'will send' or 'we will send out some men to meet you,' 'you are a fine fellow,' is perfectly consistent with the spaces left in the torn document, but that the theory that the words which were originally in the spaces were, 'I will bring at least, or about, three hundred men to meet you at Krugersdorp,' 'you are a gallant fellow,' is not only inconsistent with the amount of space available, but does not fit in with the letters and portions of letters visible.

The cyclists who were the bearers of this letter also confirm our version of it.

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As a further proof that the alleged agreement to meet at Krugersdorp is entirely visionary, I may state that it was left an open question, to be decided *en route*, whether the Pitsani force should go to Johannesburg or to Pretoria.

The whole essence of the arrangement with Dr. Jameson was that he should come to our assistance, and not that we should go to his. Nor was the contingency of his wanting help ever contemplated. It is true when he came in person to Johannesburg he informed us that his force would consist of only 800 men, instead of the expected 1,200; and the telegrams telling us of his having 'taken the bit between his teeth and bolted' assessed his force at 700—it was only after the surrender that we knew he had made the meteoric plunge with less than 500 men.

On Tuesday night, the 31st of December, Mr. Eugene Marais and Mr. Malan came from Pretoria to Johannesburg as delegates of the Transvaal Government to confer with the Reform Committee. They stated that the Government were desirous of meeting the Committee, and that if we would send a deputation to Pretoria the matters in dispute would be probably amicably settled. On this occasion I made a statement in the clearest terms as to our relations with Dr. Jameson, and I stated amongst other things—and I am now quoting from shorthand notes of the interview—'that I would be no party to any compromise that should place Dr. Jameson in any invidious position.' We were aware at the time of this interview that the High Commissioner had issued a proclamation calling upon Dr. Jameson to retire and forbidding British subjects in Her Majesty's name from rendering him any assistance.

It was decided to send a deputation to Pretoria, and upon the following morning I and three others accordingly met the Government Commission, which consisted of a member of the Government, the Chief Justice, and another judge. The grievances were fully discussed, and our connexion with Dr. Jameson frankly and clearly declared. Amongst other things I stated that we regarded him as one with ourselves. The Government Commission handed us in the end a document to the following effect: 'Sir Hercules Robinson has offered his services with a view to a peaceful settlement.' 'The Government of the Republic has accepted his offer.' 'Pending his arrival no hostile step will be taken against Johannesburg, provided that Johannesburg takes no hostile step against the Government. In terms of the proclamation recently issued by the President, the grievances will be earnestly considered.'

Believing that the Transvaal Government had really accepted the services of Her Majesty's High Commissioner as mediator, and anxious to do all in our power to effect a satisfactory settlement, we made the following offer on behalf of the Reform Committee, and in accordance with authority received by wire from Johannesburg, that if the

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Transvaal Government would allow Dr. Jameson to come in unmolested, the Committee would guarantee with their lives that he should leave again peacefully with the least possible delay. The offer made by the Government which has been commonly referred to as the armistice was neither accepted nor rejected. All that I undertook to do was to report what had taken place to the Committee at Johannesburg. From that moment we were as free as we had been before the interview to begin hostilities.

I think to-day as I thought at the time that it would have been an act of the grossest folly to send out a force on foot to meet an ally who we had not the slightest ground for believing was in any need of our aid, in direct opposition to the commands of the High Commissioner, and moreover as a declaration of hostilities against the Government which we were hopelessly unprepared to fight. The mere fact of the invasion having occurred prior to the internal rising put us hopelessly in the wrong.

The British Government had declared itself in definite terms from which they could not retreat, and we had the combined Transvaal and Orange Free State as opponents.

The only solution, therefore, lay in relying upon the strong arm of Great Britain through Her Majesty's High Commissioner, whose services had been accepted with a view to a peaceful settlement. He arrived in Pretoria on Saturday, the 4th of January, 1896, but did not meet President Kruger until the following Monday. He appears to have relied entirely upon information supplied to him by the Transvaal Government, for he persuaded Johannesburg to disarm upon the ground that the lives of Dr. Jameson and his men were in our hands —an error into which he would not have fallen had he made inquiries as to the terms of surrender from the imprisoned officers. He held no communication with our party, and hence was probably not aware of the minute passed by the Executive Council which had been handed to us. The German White Book upon this subject is rather interesting, more particularly telegram No. 20, from the Consul in Pretoria to Berlin, in which he states: 'President Kruger has explained to me and to the French and Dutch Consuls, that his Government will only ask Sir Hercules Robinson, who arrives here to-morrow, to induce the revolutionary party to lay down their arms.' The discussion and consideration of grievances was omitted. It would be interesting to review His Excellency's negotiations in detail, but that would entail an article of undue length.

The motives of all concerned were perfectly honourable.

The goal aimed at was a just and reasonable one, and, but for a little too much self-confidence and impatience, quite within the range of accomplishment.

The enthusiasm of the people in Johannesburg was unbounded,

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and had we been in possession of 25,000 rifles we could have placed them all in willing hands during Tuesday and Wednesday.

It may not have occurred to some of our hostile critics that the responsibility for the safety of the huge unarmed population of Johannesburg rested upon the shoulders of the Reform Committee and not upon those of the force from the Bechuanaland border.

Before passing from what must be regarded as the personal aspect of the question, I am bound to observe that I cannot understand how 'transport riders and others coming from the direction of Johannesburg' could have informed the invading party early on Tuesday morning at Doornport that Johannesburg had risen, nor can I find justification for Sir John Willoughby's statement that his force had been 'urgently called in to avert massacre, which we had been assured would be imminent in the event of a crisis such as had now occurred,' seeing that the only 'crisis' which had occurred at that time was caused by their forbidden invasion, more particularly after having themselves dated the letter of invitation, and telegraphed on the 27th of December to Dr. Harris: 'We will make our own flotation and publish the letter.'

I share Sir John Willoughby's desire to avoid petty controversy, or I should analyse his report in much greater detail and criticise it by the light of comparison with a report upon the same subject written by four of the officers who accompanied the expedition which is in my possession.

LIONEL PHILLIPS.

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PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND AN ALLEGED 'HAUNTED' HOUSE

I

ONE of the obvious snares into which we all fall when we talk of what we don't understand is that of misusing the nomenclature of the subject, an error which we may generally avoid by refraining from talk until we are better informed. When, however, we are discussing what nobody understands we have the further difficulty that the nomenclature itself is provisional, probably inadequate, and not improbably confused. Thus, when we say that the subject of this paper is Psychical Research in general and its application to haunted houses in particular, we beg the question twice over at starting. The very term 'Psychical Research' is misleading, as involving the *a priori* assumption that the special phenomena under observation are necessarily psychical, and not, as is the case in the majority of instances, psychological or even physiological; that is to say, phenomena of brain or body, and not of that undefined and mysterious residuum of the individual which we vaguely designate as Soul. It would be more satisfactory could we substitute some phrase which should rather connote *the inquiry into certain special phenomena with the view of ascertaining what claim they have to the qualification 'psychic.'*

To talk about 'Haunted Houses' involves us in an assumption even more difficult to maintain than the other. We agree, most of us, to accept the classification 'psychic' as implying, at least, a tenable hypothesis. The classification 'haunted' commits us to very much more. It demands, at the outset, the acceptation of certain views as to life and death, time and eternity, the persistence of the individual and (to make use of phrases which are part of the slang of the subject) 'spirit identity' and 'spirit return.' Such a term used generically can only be applied by reasonable persons to a house in which there occur certain phenomena of sight or sound which cannot be traced to normal physical causes, and which, in the absence of any other explanation, are assumed to be of super-normal origin. As our unit of thought, for the moment, is the reasonable person, we will take it for granted that he will not complicate the problem by begging the question still further, and talking about the 'supernatural.'

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It would be in vain to deny that a great many reasonable persons don't want to talk about the subject at all, and no other reasonable person is anxious to force it upon them. They dismiss the problem as non-existent, the evidence as superstition, the inquiry as futile. The reasonable person, perhaps, reflects that these things might seem to them less infinitely little if they knew less infinitely little about them; but being at the present stage of things not in a position to tell them much more, he accepts the great lesson of Nature and of Time, and—waits.

That observant rascal Sludge puts into a nutshell the position I seek to maintain for the moment.

> Which of those who say they disbelieve,
> Your clever people, but has dreamed his dream,
> Caught his coincidence, stumbled on his fact
> He can't explain?

One looks at the roll of the Society for Psychical Research, and undoubtedly one finds the names of a great many of 'your clever people;' men, one may assume, who have stumbled on the fact they can't explain and who are looking to the Society for the collection and collation of the *evidence* which in the present rudimentary state of knowledge on the subject is of far more consequence than theory.

The Society has had as Presidents five men of conspicuous position: Professor Sidgwick, Professor Balfour Stewart, F.R.S., Professor William James of Harvard, Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., and Mr. Arthur Balfour, F.R.S. (his political distinctions, except as adding to the weight of his name, are of less consequence in this relation than his position in science). On the Council of the Society we find other names distinguished in natural science: Lord Crawford, Lord Rayleigh, Professor Oliver Lodge, Professor Thomson, as well as those of several medical men of wide reputation. Among vice-presidents and honorary members we find scholars such as Mr. Gladstone; other distinguished men of science, Alfred Russel Wallace and Professor Langley of Washington (so well known in connexion with his invention of flying machines), and, perhaps to some minds more naturally, the artists John Ruskin and G. F. Watts. Lord Tennyson when among us grouped with these. To single out well-known names, such as the Marquis of Bute or the Bishop of Ripon, from among the crowd of members and associates, would be invidious, but their abundance is at least significant.

To appreciate the popularity of this Society from another point of view, one has only to turn to its lately published lists. To use the schoolboy formula, a good many will take their dying oath who won't bet sixpence, and it is instructive to observe that, not counting the 422 members of the American branch nor various officials and honorary members, there are 696 persons willing to 'bet' a guinea and 182 willing to bet two. The Society pays small salaries to a

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secretary and to the editor of its *Proceedings*, and presumably a heavy printer's bill; but when one reflects that all other work is honorary and that it has received some handsome gifts and legacies, one thinks wistfully of possible investigation of the hidden lore of Egypt and of India, of the curious gifts of decaying races, of rites, and traditions, and powers as yet recorded only as curiosities of folk-lore, and which the missionary, and the sword, and the gin-bottle will but too soon render 'extinct as moly.'

'Your clever people' who are interested in what, for want of a better name, we call Psychical Research, are apparently sufficiently numerous to make the study at least reputable. It is not necessary to suppose that all are interested from the same point of view, or in the same degree; nor that, in giving their names to the Society, they pledge themselves, unless they specifically say so, either to the methods or the theories of the small group of real workers. To quote again the astute Sludge, many are

> Bidding you still be on your guard, you know,
> Because one fact don't make a system stand,
> Nor prove this an occasional escape
> Of spirit beneath the matter.

When the work of the Society began, in 1882, there was not, one gathers from the published list of 'Principal Contents of the *Proceedings*,' the desire for any other policy than that of 'being on your guard, you know.' The historic sequence of first making 'a system stand,' and afterwards of proving 'the escape of spirit beneath the matter,' belongs to a later period.

If we judge the work of the Society by its published documents, we shall find, I think, that its history may be divided into two periods, that of 1882–89 and that from 1890 to the present time. The first period may be distinguished as that of inquiry into phenomena mainly spontaneous, and occurring in the normal state; with the exception of the special study of the hypnotic states, mainly from the point of view of somnambulism. During the later period we hear very little of spontaneous phenomena, very little of the kind of criticism for which we were mainly indebted to Mrs. Sidgwick, whose calm judgment has won the confidence of all.

'Your clever people' have probably found among the facts they can't explain some apparently well-attested stories of phantasms of the dead, many instances of premonition and, if they are observant, very frequent examples of Thought Transference; and they must have welcomed a collection of the experiences of others in this direction. They have all heard people talking in their sleep and in delirium, and they may have been interested that a similar condition should be harmlessly and painlessly reproduced for exploration. Somnambulism is an affair of everyday life, and we want to know the

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how and the why. Whether hypnosis should ever be reproduced for mere demonstration and amusement is another question. The 'clever people' by this time might conceivably have become interested also in the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, and may have liked to hear how Mrs. Sidgwick and others went to Séances and were cheated, and how other people thought their conclusions premature. The reader would find such goods in more variety elsewhere, for as yet the medium was not domesticated among us in Buckingham Street. This was all part of the process of subtraction, which was going on side by side with affirmation. 'Such and such things are worth investigation, but Theosophy and Spiritualism are not for us.'

'The Calculus of Probabilities applied to Psychical Research' in the *Proceedings* of 1885 and 1887 must have given 'your clever people' great pleasure, so too 'The Possibilities of Mal-observation and Lapse of Memory,' and Professor Sidgwick's address on the Canons of Evidence in Psychical Research. This was business, 'because one fact don't make a system stand.' (Bad English on the part of a medium is what we call, in the Society, 'veridical.') All this time, Mr. Myers was discoursing brilliantly on Automatic Writing, then new as a phenomenon for serious discussion, and of the possibilities of Suggestion, also new as a working theory for daily use; and I had myself the honour, in 1889, early in my relations with the Society, to introduce experimentally the subject of Crystal-gazing, one of the very oldest forms of divination, and interesting as a psychological study. One other form of divination only had been discussed by the Society, that of the Divining Rod, but we heard no more of it after the second volume, though the power of finding water is still fairly common. As a matter of fact, there is no evidence that such a power is 'psychic' at all, and the only educated professional water-finder in England avows that the rod is merely a dramatic accessory. He shares his instinct with most savages, most wild animals, and even many horses. There are cases of the reversion by the white man, living among hunters and trappers, to what was probably a widely diffused primal instinct, lost or held in abeyance in a changed environment.

In 1889 and 1890 the Society produced that monument of industry 'The Census of Hallucinations,' in which it was conclusively proved, in five figures, that the very cleverest need not fear to acknowledge that he

> has dreamed his dream,
> Caught his coincidence, stumbled on his fact
> He can't explain.

To discuss the value and nature of the evidence is quite beyond the scope of the present paper; but it is interesting to point out, what may not be known to persons not concerned with the work of the Society, that it has one special characteristic, essential to the student

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of evidence, which is often said to be lacking in other reports of Psychical Research—namely, the counting of misses as well as of hits, of giving to the world the results *as a whole.* 'The Census of Hallucinations' does not count how many persons have had hallucinations, but—in little—in what proportion the human race is subject to hallucination at all. 'Hallucination,' by the way, in 'psychic' (such is the complexity of that language) means 'non-hallucinatory,' having 'a more or less objective existence.' If the apparition which appeared to Sir Walter Scott, for example, had not been resolved into a cloak and hat, and if somebody he knew had died at the moment, then only would it have been 'an hallucination,' instead of only a cloak and hat.

So far the Society for Psychical Research had done little to which 'your clever people' could object. If 'the fact they can't explain' occurs in the natural order of things, it is a part of life, of their own experience, and, as such, is a lawful object for inquiry. The Society afforded them an opportunity of comparing their own experiences with those of others, and, provided that the real names of the persons concerned were known to some responsible person, generally some official representative of the Society for Psychical Research, it enabled one to do so anonymously; for an experience which is interesting is, as a rule, too personal for general discussion. The phenomena under investigation had been those which might occur to anyone under ordinary circumstances, entirely apart from morbid conditions of mind or body.

The close of 1890 brought us a new order of things, with the importation of Mrs. Piper from America. 'Your clever people' had learnt about automatism, and thought transference, and suggestion, and the elements of the theory of subliminal activity. They had seen some of 'the system stand,' and almost before we knew where we were we had begun on the task of proving 'an occasional escape of spirit beneath matter.' Mr. Crookes, against fearful odds, had laboured in this field already; Lord Crawford and Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace and the medium Home had seen and done, what we do not even profess to have seen and done since: an active body of workers had long been industriously recording spiritualistic phenomena, but so far we had practically rejected them. The mechanism of Séances with their trances and paid mediums (one can't apologise every time for the words that are question-begging) had been felt hitherto to be contrary to the genius of the Society for Psychical Research, and to all our manners and customs for eight years. But now we began to 'level up,' or 'level down,' as the case may be, and we acquired a medium of our very own. Certainly Mrs. Piper, in her secondary personality of Dr. Phinuit, was very startling.

Sludge begins
At your entreaty with your dearest dead.

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It is perhaps a matter of taste whether this gives you pleasure, and one cannot argue as to matter of taste. The lawfulness or utility of any such experiment is another point upon which even the clever people as yet disagree. It was a weird metamorphosis. One saw a gentle quiet woman of pleasing appearance, sewing industriously at pinafores for her little girls and pleased to discuss the 'make' of their next frocks. The time had come for another Séance, and thimble and scissors were put neatly away, the blinds drawn down and the poor woman prepared to induce another fit. One was told that the heavy preliminary sigh, the convulsed countenance, the gnashing teeth, the writhing body, the clenched hands were 'purely automatic,' but they were none the less horrible for that. Even more horrible was the change of personality; the evil expression, the loud voice, the coarse speech, the shrewd cunning of 'Dr. Phinuit.' Those who heard him 'at his best,' discoursing most volubly of one's private affairs, of facts, as far as one can tell, unknown to any living person, could not but acknowledge that here indeed were problems which even all our learning as to multiplex personalities and thought transference and automatism failed to explain. If we admit the 'psychic' hypothesis at all, if we feel that such deterioration of personality denotes anything more than a change in brain matter or nervous force, ought we not to ask ourselves how far we have a right to express our problems, however interesting, in terms of human souls, to work our sums in addition and subtraction in induced suffering and unconscious sacrifice?

After such literature as the Phinuit episode, occupying two entire numbers of the *Proceedings*, the every-day spontaneous phenomena, so interesting formerly to many of us, seem stale and unexciting enough, or would do if we troubled much further about them. But we have changed all that, and the two great features of the subsequent history of the Society have been Mr. Myers's brilliant exposition of his hypothesis of Subliminal Consciousness, and the acceptance of the phenomena of the high-priest of Spiritualism, Mr. Stainton Moses; the cult of hysteria and 'induced' states on the one hand, and the belief in the suspension of the laws of matter, as commonly received, on the other. It is not our concern here to discuss either subject from the standpoint of ethics, of science, or even of evidence, but only to note how entirely we have accepted the programme our friend Sludge devised for us, student of human nature that he was, that Browning was, in his every 'personality.'

When the work of the Society began, it accepted as its field certain facts for which no explanation had yet been offered except by the Spiritualists. Rejecting their conclusions as at least premature, the Society, with infinite labour and mainly by the collation of evidence by Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick, and by the original and ingenious theorising of Mr. Myers and of the late Mr. Edmund

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Gurney, had sought to narrow down the difficulties and mystery of the situation. When the various theories already enumerated had been applied, there still remained a margin of the 'unexplained,' and for those of us who accept gratefully such hypotheses as seem to reduce nine out of ten of so-called 'psychical' facts to the classification 'psychological,' the whole question now is as to the width and treatment of that margin. Are we to seek, in that shame to our civilisation—the hideous, baffling disease of hysteria—the support of a new hypothesis, already, on its earlier lines, sufficiently tenable to be at least worthy of serious consideration? and that, moreover, in relation to a subject which of all others demands absolute sanity and clear-headedness, the evidence for which requires the most careful analysis, the most judicial attitude, the entire absence of prejudice, and of *parti pris*. Extreme as the hypotheses of even Spiritualism may appear, unwelcome as they may be to the taste and religious feeling of the majority, we ought, even to this extent, to consider any evidence that is sane, honest and healthy; but if the subject of our inquiry demands the handling of the uncleanliness of hysteria, the induction of morbid conditions of mind and body, surely, in the name (to invoke none more sacred) of the dignity of human life, let us restrain our prurient curiosity, and leave the morbid secrets of nature to the physician and the alienist whose lawful concern they are!

II

It has seemed necessary, in such cursory fashion as the exigencies of space allow, to describe the present position and interests of the Society for Psychical Research in order to show the special value from the point of view of some among us of the opportunity lately afforded for a protracted and systematic study of the phenomena of a house alleged to be 'haunted.' So many ingenious clues to the 'facts we can't explain' have been suggested to us, that one cannot but regret the almost total neglect of what is at least a widespread tradition, of a mystery which at present is commonly treated as 'lies' on the one hand and 'ghosts' on the other; in either case a somewhat hasty conclusion. The phenomena have at least one advantage, that, unless we accept Mr. Podmore's theory of telepathic infection, they do not depend upon the observers; there need be no nonsense of 'will,' and 'magnetism,' no machinery of trances and automatism; and although some persons seem to be more 'sensitive' to such phenomena than others, we are not limited to the evidence of the 'Mediumistic' and the Morbid. The great inconvenience of the inquiry is precisely its independence of the observers; 'ghosts,' like others unconventionalised, refuse to come up to time. Like the

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cactus, some blossom once a year, others once in a century, others at caprice; and failure to witness the alleged phenomena does not prove the case not-proven. For this reason, and also because one can only expect to prove the existence of super-normal phenomena by subtraction of the normal, a lengthened inquiry, an entire familiarity of the investigator with all normal phenomena of the house and household, are imperatively necessary.

That the Society for Psychical Research recognised that 'haunted houses' were among the alleged facts of general interest was proved by their early appointment of a Committee of Inquiry, on the management of which it is too late to reflect. At the end of a few months only, they practically dismissed a subject which, if considered at all, required years of patient research. They had come across the surprising number of twenty-eight cases which they considered worth inquiry; but these were presented to the public on the evidence of only forty witnesses—that is to say, an average of less than one and a half to each! The appearance of figures is recorded in twenty-four of these stories, whilst four record noises only. Ten years later, the *Proceedings* take up the subject again, and give us at some length an elaborate story on the evidence of two or three ladies, two servants, a charwoman, and a little boy. No proper journal was kept, and the Society for Psychical Research investigators came upon the scene when all was practically over.

Mr. Podmore has since given an exceedingly careful paper recording a number of cases into which he had personally inquired, in which he argues, with some plausibility, that the ghosts were in most cases naughty girls, which I think quite conceivable. The phenomena of hysteria are legion!

The inquiry into the existence of hauntings does however continue, mainly through the industry of Colonel Taylor, a candid and experienced inquirer; but as the results are largely negative or doubtful, we hear no more of them. It has not occurred to the Literary Committee that a record of such investigations might prove a valuable object lesson, and at least save us from the rat and cat and bat suggestions with which elementary thinkers rush to the papers at the mere mention of a 'haunted house.' I have had the privilege of working more than once with this industrious inquirer, and can testify that in ingenuity of material tests he could give points to a Scotland Yard detective. But a haunted house that does not contain 'ghosts' seems to be beneath the consideration of the Society, just as when the Italian Medium was alleged to cheat quite normally, we had no report of her. Surely if in a 'haunted' house we are unable to prove 'ghosts,' either the phenomena have another interpretation or they don't exist at all, and it seems scarcely logical to drop a subject because, after a very perfunctory inquiry, we have abandoned one hypothesis.

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Early in the present year the Society for Psychical Research had an admirable opportunity for a three months' study, during the tenancy of Colonel Taylor, one of its oldest members, of a house alleged to be 'haunted.' One would have expected such an opportunity to be eagerly seized. But as it happened he himself was detained by a family bereavement which not only postponed but curtailed his residence, and Mr. Myers could not undertake to gather and conduct a representative party of investigators until Easter.

Not a person could be found to take the smallest trouble in the matter, and with some feeling of indignation, and at considerable personal inconvenience, I offered my services as a *pis aller* for one fortnight in order to arrange for the comfort of those more efficient whom I expected to follow. An accident which disabled me for a considerable time detained me for some weeks longer, and led to my remaining at the house from the 3rd of February to the 9th of April. Mr. Myers and his party then appeared, and after their departure I returned to wind up household affairs and remained from the 28th of April to the 19th of May.

I had absolutely no theory to prove. My concern was only to keep a daily record, with the help of such intelligent persons as were willing to share our visit. The house and grounds are delightful, cheerful, healthy and sunny. He would be indeed foolishly timid who objected to such a residence on account of phenomena which, when we were there, were frequently intermitted for days together, and have previously been intermitted for years, which are in no degree alarming, and which may, for anything we know to the contrary, be perfectly susceptible of normal interpretation.

As to any antecedents which might have to be studied in attempting any hypothesis of a 'haunting' as commonly understood, I can say nothing. Science, it is true, knows nothing of secresy, and its votaries, in however humble a grade, are bound in honour to share their information with all who are interested; but the physician does not publish the name and address of his patient in the *Lancet*, and only a vulgar curiosity could desire so unessential a detail.[1]

Upon the strange medley of fact and fancy which has recently given rise to so much newspaper discussion of the subject, it is unnecessary to dwell. Local gossip imperfectly remembered, and after-dinner chat misinterpreted, combined with entire lack of experience of the phenomena under observation, need hardly be seriously considered, especially when the ordinary courtesy and reticence of social life have been ignored with the impunity of the anonymous.

Some of my friends asked how I proposed to organise a haunted house research, to which I could only reply that I didn't propose to

[1] It may be noted that in a similar case quoted by Professor Sully (*Illusions*, pp. 185, 186) neither names nor addresses are given.

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do anything of the sort. It seemed to me that among several things to be avoided was self-consciousness of any kind, that the natural thing to do was to settle down to a country-house life, make it as pleasant as possible, and await events. The house, built as lately as 1806, has all modern conveniences, is bright and cheerful and has no mysteries or dark corners. The principal rooms are built round a hall and staircase, lighted by a large glass domed roof. We lived a great deal out of doors, being fortunate in weather which never kept us in a single day. We drove, bicycled, walked, tobogganed, as circumstances permitted; there was fishing and shooting for those who liked killing things, there was a wealth of wild life on the hills and by the river for those who liked to see them alive. We made excursions, archæologised, botanised: in the evening we played games, we made music, we danced. If anyone had an 'experience' to relate, I always endeavoured to hear it *tête-à-tête*, or, still better, not to hear it at all, but to receive it in writing. The subject of the 'haunting' was never accentuated, and we always tried to prevent 'talking it over' with new comers. Only one or two of our guests ever exhibited the slightest fear, possibly because the nervous person preferred to stay away. Those who stayed any length of time have slept in nearly every room in the house, and have been about, in light or dark, at all hours. When, after we had been in the house a few days, I began to hear of 'experiences' among the servants, I lived in terror, much worse than that of ghosts, of the unanimous resignation of the household; and the distribution of the housework among the guests was a standing joke. Happily it never came to that; the servants, at first sceptical, but afterwards convinced, soon accepted the mental standpoint of the dining-room, and behaved in a rational manner. They were instructed, after the existence of phenomena (at first concealed from them) had become matter of experience, to inform some responsible person of what they observed, at once, and a written deposition was always made. We carefully watched, after our anxiety as to their steadfastness was appeased, for any symptoms of the other extreme, that of emulation in narrative, but of this we saw no sign whatever; I have no reason to believe they were otherwise than scrupulously truthful. When I, or anyone else, cross-questioned them as to their stories, we made, when possible, a practice of having a second person present, so as to distribute responsibility on this head, and we have reason to consider the evidence, of at least the four upper servants, as equal in value to any in our possession.

As to the guests, for the most part they came on no special principle of selection. Before leaving town I happened, at a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, to have an opportunity for talk with many of its most important officers. They all knew, of course, that their presence was invited, and my part was only to assure them

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that during the short period I proposed to remain I would do my utmost to make their visit agreeable. As they are mostly professional men, I was not surprised that they should find it difficult to leave London early in February; and as I knew that Mr. Myers proposed to come north at Easter, and felt that he was the proper person to arrange for the presence of his colleagues upon the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, it was not for me to do more.

As a matter of fact, on the theory of the value of absence of self-consciousness in our observations, out of the thirty-four persons who visited the house four only (besides Colonel Taylor and myself) were members of the Society for Psychical Research, and all were personal friends except two or three who were introduced by other guests. About half-a-dozen other members were asked, but for various reasons were unable to come. Several among our visitors had more or less special interest in the inquiry, but others merely came for a country-house visit, or for sport, and some knew nothing whatever, till after their arrival, of any special interest alleged to attach to the house.

The visits of the ladies, three of whom came in succession to act as chaperon, were in most cases of some duration; those of the men, except of course Colonel Taylor, who stayed five weeks, ranged from three days to a fortnight. In three instances men who had paid one visit without any 'experience' were rewarded for their perseverance on the occasion of a second. Analysing our list of guests, I find that there were eleven ladies, twenty-one gentlemen, and the *Times* correspondent. Of the gentlemen, three were soldiers, three lawyers, two were men of letters, one an artist, two were in business, four were clergy, one a physician (it was to my great regret that none of seven others invited, belonging to this busy profession, could come), and five, men of leisure. I don't know whether it is worth while to record that five of the eleven ladies were married.

Of the thirty-two guests, eighteen besides myself gave willing testimony to the occurrence of sounds which they found themselves unable to explain, and four to the hearing of noises which, not knowing the habits of the household or the structure of the house, they had regarded, possibly with justice, as normal.

The remaining eleven drew blanks. One of these slept sound the whole of the one night of his visit, but he was quite satisfied, as were we, that he should do so, even in a room in which seven persons had found sleep impossible. He observed that he could sleep 'through an earthquake.'

So, too, did another—a journalist, who did not often get a whole night's rest, and wisely took it. Moreover, during his stay of forty-eight hours, no phenomena of any kind occurred to any of us. Two others, however, in vain gave the phenomena every chance, but one of these laboured under the disadvantage of a preconceived notion, that of practical joking, and spent all his energies devising how it

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could be done. His hypotheses were ingenious, and we were at considerable pains to verify them, but if joking (save the mark! how dull it must have been!) were the cause of the disturbances, I do not think we have yet discovered how it was done, or why. A fifth experienced no definite phenomena, but was very grateful when, on the fourth night of his stay, we moved him into the wing where, during our time, nothing occurred. The sixth and seventh were members of the Society for Psychical Research, who were very useful in the material part of our work, inventing possible causes, exploring, and imitating the sounds under the direction of others who had heard them. They stayed about ten days and witnessed nothing. Both had been members of the Society for Psychical Research for some years, and neither (I think I may say—to his disappointment) had ever witnessed anything, though active in investigation. Two others (ladies) stayed four nights, but at a time when, as often happened, the sounds did not occur. Almost our latest visitors were a distinguished physician and his nephew, and the *Times* correspondent. During their visit no phenomena were observed by any of us; they arrived on the evening of Saturday, and the two former left before two o'clock on Monday, while the other very nearly completed his forty-eight hours.

That three of the witnesses who testified most often to the sounds and to the greatest variety of the sounds were women, may, I doubt not, to some minds be a weak point. It is perhaps worth while to observe that one of these was myself, and that with two interruptions I was in the house over eleven weeks; another lady was with me for over eight weeks; and a third for two periods of six and two weeks. A fourth lady, also a capable and clear-headed witness, remained for five weeks.

Besides myself, so far as I know, only two or three of our guests had had any previous 'psychic' experience at all, It was not our fault that we were not more scientific, but we were at least sane and healthy, and had I seen the smallest tendency to what was morbid or hysterical in any guest, I should have sacrificed courtesy to common-sense on such an occasion as this, and—ordered the carriage.

What it was which my friends testified to, or didn't testify to, is exceedingly difficult to describe without quoting at some length, with elaboration of notes and explanations, from our journal of nearly three months, which, perhaps happily for the reader, is not possible within my present limits.

Nevertheless 'because one fact don't make a system stand,' it is only as a whole that the story can be judged. The character, even the personal characteristics of the witnesses; the comparison of the evidence of this one or that with other statements corroborative; the precise amount of previous knowledge as to any phenomenon on the part of each person; the possibilities of self-suggestion and of mal-

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observation; the capacity of each one for accurate observation and statement; the possible personal prejudice or expectation in any special direction; even the mental habit of each individual—these things, and many more, should be considered before judgment can be pronounced as to the value of any statement on a question so obscure. The direction of the hypotheses which are the alternative to the 'I don't know,' which is the furthest point at which most of us have arrived at present, is more easy to indicate.

The phenomena recorded in the journal may be dichotomised as (1) audile, (2) visual. The audile subdivide into (1) Footsteps. (2) Voices, more especially a voice as of a person reciting or reading. (3) Raps, which are not what Spiritualists call 'intelligent,' but simply of a person impatiently demanding entrance at a door. (4) and (5), Noises, which for lack of more descriptive terms we differentiate as (4) the 'clang' and (5) the 'thud.' (6) A detonating noise, heard not very often by us, but reported with great emphasis by other visitors to the house during former years.

The visual phenomena were much more rare, and the evidence is supported by five witnesses only. The phenomena, which were of three kinds, were: (1) seen independently by three witnesses; (2) by two, again independently, the second not having heard of the earlier experience; and (3) by two separately, but after the first incident had become known to the second seer. This, however, received later unexpected corroboration from the evidence of another visitor of some years ago.

Upon these I do not propose to dwell further. Whatever may be the personal convictions of the witnesses, it is especially difficult to make such experiences in any degree evidential, and they must always rest, to some extent, upon the personal veracity of the seer. Poor Sludge's climax of imposture was 'I'm ready to believe my very self.' I, on the other hand, one of the witnesses to all these visual phenomena, and to others since my earliest childhood, never believe myself under such circumstances at all, until my impression is corroborated by others, or unless there is some independent coincidence in fact. I know my own mental habit, that of an intensely vivid visualiser, and I am, perhaps morbidly, alive to all possibilities of expectation, and suggestion, and thought transference, and subconscious memory and observation. It would be necessary to enter into circumstances too minute for the present occasion were I to attempt to describe these occurrences with any sort of detail, and I therefore prefer merely to mention them in passing.

Inconclusive as is such a method, it is obvious that I can in the space at my disposal but very briefly indicate the nature of the evidence. I take the phenomena *seriatim*.

(1) *Footsteps.*—These have been heard by eight persons independently, and by two, three, four and five persons at a time, under

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circumstances when it seemed difficult to account for their origin: for example, overhead by three ladies in broad daylight, at intervals during half an hour, when they knew with absolute certainty that all the servants, the sole other occupants of the house, were at tea in the hall, which was in the basement, fifty feet away in an opposite direction; by two ladies in broad daylight in the early morning, when no one in the house was up, walking round the bed occupied by one of them, and heard too, apparently, by the dog, who seemed to follow them with his eyes; or again, by three persons at the same time, as if in a room overhead, believed to be empty, but which, to make sure, was at once locked and the key removed by a servant sent up for the purpose. The steps continued. Again, by four persons separately in one room heard as 'overhead,' when, as a matter of fact, there was no room overhead, none of the hearers being aware of this; or, to quote yet one more case, heard by three persons in a brightly lighted room, at a moment when they were engaged in a particularly lively round game, and were certainly not in a state of 'expectation.' The steps seemed to enter at the door, pass round the room, and finally pass between the players and the fire, within a few inches of the table at which they were seated.

In every case the footsteps had a peculiar characteristic. They were described variously as 'lame,' 'halting,' or 'shuffling.'

(2) *Voices.*—These were heard constantly, from the very first night we entered the house. Almost always, the sound was of monotonous reading, and we found that not only the servants, but at least three of our visitors, had to be disabused of the notion that I was read to sleep every night. One visitor was so certain that the sound came from the next room, that we shut him up in his own, and I then proceeded to read at the very top of my voice (in the presence, as a matter of evidence, of a second person) and he could not hear a sound. Far from the house being resonant, as has been asserted, a loud hammering on a party wall with a poker sounded like a faint tick on the opposite side.

Other voices were heard out of doors in connexion with a part of the visual phenomena already referred to.

(3) *Raps.*—These I seldom heard myself, but they are testified to by at least five of our visitors, as well as three of the servants.

(4) and (5) *Clangs and thuds*, of which the last was, I believe, most common, though, as people have very different notions of the quality of sounds, I prefer to group them together. When eight people mentioned bangs at their door, or something falling just outside their doors, or a sound as if one of the stags' heads on the staircase had fallen heavily, we called them 'thuds.' When they talked of a noise 'like a wheel-barrow on a hard road' or of 'the quivering lid of a gigantic kettle,' or anything else metallic, we called them 'clangs.' It was the first of the mysterious sounds we

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ever heard in the house, and it may be worth while to produce my note of its occurrence made at the time.

JOURNAL.—*Wednesday, February* 3.

I had seen no plans nor photographs of the house, and merely desired that any rooms should be prepared for us that were near together—*i.e.* two for ourselves, communicating if possible, and a room for the maid. Mr. —— (who dined with us at the hotel where we broke our journey), who had seen plans, asked what orders we had given, and remarked that, so far as he knew, we should secure one quiet night, as the 'haunted' part contained apparently no dressing-rooms. We arrived about 9.30 P.M. It was not cold out of doors, but the snow lay thick on the ground.

February 4.—I awoke suddenly just before 3 A.M. C., who had been lying awake over two hours, hearing me move, said, 'I want you to listen.' Almost immediately I was startled by a loud clanging noise which seemed to resound through the house. The mental image it brought to my mind was as of a long metal bar, such as I have seen near iron-foundries, being struck at intervals with a wooden mallet. The noise, we agreed, was distinctly as of metal struck with wood, and seemed to come diagonally across the house. It sounded so loud, though distant, that the idea that any inmate of the house should not hear it seems ludicrous. It was repeated with varying degrees of intensity at frequent intervals during the next two hours, sometimes in single blows, sometimes double, sometimes treble, latterly continuous. We did not get up, though not alarmed. We had been very seriously cautioned as to the possibilities of practical joking, and as we were alone on that floor in a large house of which we did not even know the geography, we thought it wiser to await developments. We knew the servants' staircase was distant, though not exactly where.

About 4.30 we heard voices, apparently in Mac's room (the maid), undoubtedly on the same floor. We had for some time heard the housemaids overhead, coughing and occasionally speaking, and we thought they had got up and had come down to Mac's room.

After 5 o'clock the noises seemed to have ceased, and C. fell asleep. About 5.30 I heard them again, apparently more distant. I continued awake, but heard no more.

About 8 A.M. Mac brought us some tea. She said she had slept very badly, had worried over our apparent restlessness, as she had heard voices and footsteps, and the sound of things dragged about, but that the maids had not been down stairs. We had never risen, and had spoken seldom and in low tones.

In order not to have to discount expectation I had avoided learning anything as to the alleged phenomena, and broke the seal of the packet of statements by earlier witnesses in the presence of a second person twenty-four hours after our arrival, on the evening of the 4th of February.

(6) *The detonating noise.*—The phrase was used by one of the earlier witnesses in regard to a phenomenon of some years ago, and for some time we failed to understand its significance. Subsequently, we became somewhat familiar with the sound, which seemed loud but distant. It was described by one person as 'like the noon gun at Edinbro'; " by another, who had once been in a fire, like 'the snapping of the wood in a burning house.' Another, hearing it at night, thought 'our poachers especially noisy,' an imputation resented by the keeper. Moreover, it was in May, when there was nothing to poach. They don't waste shot over rabbits—nothing so sportsmanlike!

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As the house was not engaged for an idiot asylum, though we were not scientific we exercised some common sense in exhausting, as far as we knew how, all the obvious hypotheses, as, no doubt, had earlier witnesses.

Our first visitors were the two gentlemen already referred to, who as members of the Society for Psychical Research may be expected to know something of the conduct of similar inquiries, and they were speedily reinforced by three others who supposed us to be mere unprotected females, and chivalrously came on purpose to defend us from possible 'humbug.' Moreover, during most of our stay one man-servant slept in the basement, another on the ground floor, and both were very much alive to all possibilities of the kind. I have already said that Colonel Taylor has made somewhat of a speciality of such investigations. It may be worth while, as evidence of his critical acumen, to add—generally with a negative result.

When we were first at the house, the snow lay deep on the ground, and we carefully watched for signs of footsteps near accessible doors and windows. Colonel Taylor—later—took other precautions to assure himself on this score. We familiarised ourselves with nocturnal noises. There was no human being resident within a quarter of a mile, except the gardener, who came round once, sometimes twice, at night to visit the greenhouses, and whose step and habits we observed carefully. We knew the cry of the owls, of the night-jar, and of other nocturnal vocalists; we satisfied ourselves not only by servants' evidence, but by that of a cat and a terrier, that there were no rats or mice about the house (the stables were distant and empty); we knew and allowed for the fact that there was a right of way through the grounds, though not near the house, and that on a Saturday night strayed revellers occasionally took a short cut below our windows. We discovered and took into account that the false windows (put in for symmetry) came, in some cases, very near the backs of the fireplaces, and that noises may be made by the contraction and expansion of glass in change of temperature. We discovered for ourselves, some weeks before the visit of the *Times* correspondent, who explains most of the noises by the fact of its existence, that there was a very small space where the roof met the walls, through which a slight person could creep the whole way round the house. We knew that some of the sounds we had heard could be fairly well imitated by the rolling of croquet balls, or the banging upon joists, within this space, provided some one could be found, at intervals, during several years, to gain entrance to the house on the ground floor, pass the butler's bed-room, mount to the upper floor, pass the doors of several bed-rooms, climb to the attics, pass either through two servants' bed-rooms, or, while close to the door of another, unscrew a board three feet by two (which, when Colonel Taylor opened it in the presence of three persons, I myself being the

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first to enter, had obviously not been touched for a long time), and, creeping on hands and knees, manipulate his croquet ball or what not, being careful to avoid ringing the bells as he crawled along the unprotected wires and water pipes which had their home there; careful too to keep his candle alight, as the slightest slip might easily precipitate him through the plaster into the room below. We considered the possibility of noises made by falls of snow from the roof, and saw that it was kept clear; we knew exactly at what times the train could be heard on the little single line which ran through the valley; we knew the exact measurements of all the walls and that there was no space not accounted for. We knew from careful plans made by an expert the whereabouts of all the pipes, and that the noises occurred just the same when the water was frozen as when it was running. We knew—the housemaids told me of the fact at frequent intervals, and added to the difficulties of the domestic question—that every drop of hot water had to be brought up from the basement, as none ascended even to the first floor. If the correspondents who solve everything as 'hot-water pipes' knew the tone in which a patient maid can murmur 'the seventh can I've brought up from the kitchen, miss,' we should hear less positive statements on that subject. We knew exactly where to stamp on the upper corridor to produce a loud vibration in the hall lamp, and the extraordinary sound made by a swing-door. We had three, and kept them propped open day and night. We knew—I invented it myself after weeks of thought and practice—that if you take a bowl (for the game of bowls), and drop it over the railings of the gallery, standing well under the centre of the glass dome so as to cause as much reverberation as possible, and if you contrive to give it a twist so that it shall, in rolling along the hall, strike against doors and pillars, you can get a fair imitation, on a small scale, of the reverberating noise so familiar to us. Whether in a house in which nearly three dozen people have visited, not to speak of our own half-dozen servants and those of our visitors, all very much on the *qui vive* and perambulating the house at all hours, this feat could be successfully and frequently achieved, is another matter.

We knew all these things and a great many more with which the reader need not further be troubled.

Of course, these suggestions were all very commonplace, but we spent a good deal of time and pains upon such experiment and investigation on ordinary common-sense lines. We left the scientific part of the inquiry to the later party, and were decidedly disappointed when Professor Oliver Lodge wrote, after some days' stay: 'There is nothing for me to do as a physicist.' We had quite hoped some sort of experiment would have been attempted, had it been only the use of a phonograph, or of some machines such as those used in the experiments of Professor Crookes, years ago.

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Some later scientific visitors, to our great satisfaction, suggested a variety of interesting tests, mainly as to the objectivity of the noises, and steps were at once taken to have these carried out. Professor Milne, the distinguished seismologist, most courteously advised us as to the use of instruments for measuring vibrations, as it seemed certain that sounds so loud as some of those fairly frequent, must, if they had any objective existence at all, be capable of registration. It was even conceivable that as we were well within a marked earthquake district, the sounds themselves might be due to slight seismic disturbance. But the suggestions came too late, the lease of the house was ended, and the opportunity lost.

I regret that the results of our inquiry have been so entirely inconclusive, but it must be remembered that we came, not to collect evidence as to the 'haunting' of a house, but to inquire into the phenomena of a house alleged to be 'haunted,' which is a very different matter. I have lived at different times in three houses with the same character, and have visited many others, in some cases with the satisfactory result of discovering the clue to the mystery, and laying the 'ghost' for ever. I can only repeat that I can conceive of no sane person unwilling to occupy the house alone, or to visit its any and every corner in light or dark; I myself, and I think I may say most of our visitors, would willingly do so.

The fact that there are noises in a house which we have been unable to explain in no sense proves that they are unexplainable, the limitations may be ours; Nature has her secrets which she yields up, not unwillingly, but not until they are ripe and the time for the harvest has fully come.

When, in psychical research we have allowed for the vulgarities of curiosity, the vileness of fraud, the ignorance of superstition, the inaccuracy of the incapable observer, the hasty deductions of the theorist, the illogical ravings of the merely emotional—when we have, in fact, rejected nine-tenths of so-called 'psychical' phenomena, we have, I venture to think, still a residuum of 'facts we can't explain.'

To some of us such facts have associations so personal, perhaps even so sacred, that we shrink from their treatment as mere matters of curiosity or the amusement of an idle hour; even more from interpretations which seem beneath the dignity of humanity, living and dead. If suspension of judgment be our only alternative, it is one we need not hesitate to accept. Science has lately been so liberal of her gifts that we may the better take heart and—wait.

A. Goodrich-Freer.
('Miss X.')

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SCHOOL CHILDREN AS WAGE EARNERS

THE following paper is based on information collected by a special committee called for that purpose by the Women's Industrial Council. The facts and figures here set forth are actually those presented to the Council; but for any opinions or inferences here expressed the writer alone is responsible, inasmuch as neither the committee nor the council have as yet dealt finally with the question, and there is plenty of room for individual differences of opinion.

The committee in question included head teachers; representatives of three 'settlements,' and of the Toynbee Economic Club; and school managers interested in the inquiry; and every effort was made to ensure that the information might be as thorough as the circumstances permitted.

Fifty-four schools were selected of varying type, representing different conditions of poverty, of industry, and population. It must be borne in mind from the outset that the figures apply exclusively to children who are earning a wage, however nominal; it does not cover the numbers who are employed by their own parents unpaid, and it touches only those who are in theory working full school hours.

As to the accuracy of the figures, it is believed that so far as they go they may safely be trusted. But it must be remembered that there is often a considerable reluctance to admit any fact at all when the intention of the inquirer is not fully understood and his official authority is not palpably—even dangerously—evident.

The reports received from the different schools vary greatly in their completeness and in precision of detail. Questions as to age, school standards, attendances, &c., have sometimes been answered, sometimes not. Averages, therefore, have been drawn from the figures supplied, and might require some revision if the whole of the information could be placed before us.

The total of children in round numbers among whom the inquiry has been made is: boys 16,000, girls 10,000; the total number *ascertained* to be working for wages is: boys 729, girls 523—that is, roughly speaking, about 5 per cent. If at first sight this seems a small number, it must be remembered that the real question goes beyond that of wage earners. That, taken by itself, is little more than an index to the habit of working school children generally.

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Our first table, A, at once suggests the need of modifying these percentages.

Table A. *Proportion of wage-earning children below and above Standard IV. out of a total return of 729 boys and 230 girls*

Standard	Boys		Girls	
	Under 11 years	11 years and over	Under 11 years	11 years and over
IV. and under . . .	124	241	95	79
Over IV.	14	350	6	50
Total . .	729		230	

In several cases, the numbers given show *only* those in the higher standards; so that the total of wage earners should evidently be increased. The table itself is an example of incomplete information, as of course it covers only those reports in which the standards have been entered; but it shows the girls beginning work earlier, and at a more backward stage of education than the boys. Of the girls over 11, the majority have not yet passed Standard IV.; of the boys, seven out of twelve have passed it.

Table B. (1). *Number of hours worked by children under* 11 *years of age*

—	Under 2 hours	From 2–3	From 3–4	From 4–6	From 6–8	From 8–10	From 10–12	From 12 and over	Uncertain	Number of workers
	Boys (150)									
School-days *only*. Before school	3	3	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	7
School-days *only*. Midday and after school . .	1	2	1	3	—	—	—	—	—	7
Saturday *only* . . .	1	1	4	6	4	4	6	7	5	38
Saturday and weekday: Saturdays	4	7	5	10	4	4	3	50	11	98
Saturday and weekday: Weekdays	25	18	10	2	—	—	—	—	43	
										150
	Girls (227)									
School-days *only*. Before school	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3
School-days *only*. Midday and after school . .	5	6	1	1	—	—	—	—	20	33
Saturdays *only* . . .	12	3	5	2	9	2	—	—	10	43
Saturdays and school-days: Saturdays	10	18	19	7	4	1	13	1	74	148
Saturdays and school-days: School-days	16	23	22	11	2	—	1	—	73	
										227

(2) *Number of hours worked by children over* 11 *years of age*

—	Under 2 hours	From 2–3	From 3–4	From 4–6	From 6–8	From 8–10	From 10–12	From 12 and over	Uncertain	Number of children working
	Boys (579)									
School-days *only*. Before school	3	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	10
School-days *only*. Midday and after school . .	9	7	5	1	—	—	—	—	3	24
Saturdays *only* . . .	2	2	5	6	11	14	11	75	1	127
Saturdays and week-days: Saturdays	48	27	44	68	28	10	19	114	60	418
Saturdays and week-days: Week-days	78	63	75	84	32	3	—	—	76	
										579

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—	Under 2 hours	From 2–3	From 3–4	From 4–6	From 6–8	From 8–10	From 10–12	From 12 and over	Uncertain	Number of children working
	GIRLS (296)									
School-days *only*. Before school	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2
School-days *only*. Midday and after school	4	3	4	4	—	—	—	—	—	15
Saturdays *only*	1	2	4	10	7	5	6	10	11	56
Saturdays and school-days: Saturdays	16	19	15	18	9	6	27	7	106	223
Saturdays and school-days: School-days	25	28	26	23	4	2	1	2	112	
										296

Our second table shows the number of hours during which the children are kept at work.

Now, to take the boys to begin with, the first point that must strike us, relatively to the percentage given above, is that of the boys nearly four out of five of the wage earners are over 11; therefore 4 per cent. of *all* the boys on the rolls are wage earners over 11. So that evidently far more than 5 per cent. of the boys over 11—boys, that is, who have just come to the age when the advantages of education are beginning to multiply—are spending their time out of school as newspaper or errand boys and what not.

Next with reference to the number of hours employed. The detailed reports show that an 'uncertain' period of employment on school days often means employment before school, at mid-day, and after school for an indefinite number of hours 'as required.' This is almost invariably true in those districts where child labour is in request for domestic industries.

'Uncertain' hours on Saturdays mean, in a vast number of cases, 'all day.' That is to say, these cases would, if accurately returned, be scheduled as twelve hours and over. Of the 249 boys who are returned under the heading of twelve hours and over, 220 are employed in shops and fifteen as barbers' assistants. Of these, thirty-nine work sixteen hours and over.

Nineteen, all milk, stable, market, or newspaper boys, work for *more than three hours before school*—that is, work begins at 5 or 5.30 A.M., in a few cases even earlier. Thus a butcher's boy goes to market at 4 A.M. every day, and shouts 'buy, buy' outside a stall till late at night, coming to school 'voiceless and stupid.' Another 'minds carts' at Covent Garden from 4–8.30 A.M. A. L., aged 11, delivers milk from 5.30–8.30 A.M. and from 5–9 P.M. on school days, and all Saturday. T. F., aged 9, sells papers from 6.30–9 A.M., from 5–8 P.M., and for sixteen hours on Saturday. G. S., aged 12, 'trades on his own account,' and sells papers from 5–11.30 P.M. daily, and for fifteen hours on Saturday. L. N. works at a fried fish shop 'all hours when not at school.' Thirty-eight boys work till midnight on Saturdays. These are all shop boys or barbers' assistants. In one school which returns a total of thirty wage earners, sixteen work over twelve

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hours on Saturdays, seven of these for fourteen hours and over, three for sixteen hours, and one for seventeen hours.

When we come to the question of wages there are no exact data from which to draw definite conclusions, but a rough approximation would be as follows: Delivering newspapers and milk, 1*d.*–1¼*d.* per hour; street selling, ¾*d.*; errands, ½*d.*; shop boys, 1*d.*–1¼*d.*; carrying and delivering coal, 1*d.* Sometimes food is given in addition, but this and the rate of payment seem to be purely an arbitrary arrangement. For instance, one boy takes out vegetables and serves at a greengrocer's from 8–9.30 A.M., from 12–1 P.M., from 5–7 P.M. daily, and for twelve hours on Saturday, for 3*s.*; while a boy of 9 is employed at a newspaper shop from 6–8 P.M. daily for ½*d.*

One boy chops lump-sugar for an uncertain number of hours for 2*d.* every evening; another cuts chaff for, apparently, the same time for 4*d.* a week.

R. A., aged 10, serves at a second-hand clothes stall in the street from 8 A.M.–12 P.M. on Saturdays for 6*d.*; S. P., aged 12, serves at an oilman's every night till 10 o'clock for 3*s.* a week.

A boy of 8 delivers morning milk for 1*s.* 6*d.* a week; but one of 11, going round to sell with a milk-barrow from 6–8.30 A.M., from 12–1 P.M., and from 5–6 P.M. on week days and Sundays, makes 3*s.* 6*d.* and food. A barber's boy, whose hours are from 5–10 P.M. daily, and all Saturday and part of Sunday, makes 2*s.* 6*d.* and food.

We should expect a boy following the magnificent profession of a 'tea traveller' to make more than 1*s.* 6*d.* for a thirteen hours' day, and it is a surprise to find that 'general work' in a private house commands a rate of payment of less than ½*d.* an hour. But with the boys, and to a more serious extent with the girls, it is in the home industries that we find the lowest pay combined with the longest hours; and boys employed as furniture and marble polishers, artificial flower, match and fancy box makers, boot sewers, &c., appear to work at every possible moment of the day and night with only a few pence at the end of the week to show for it.

Turning to the girls, the still larger proportion scheduled as 'uncertain,' both as to hours and wages, makes the results obtained decidedly less precise and informing. Moreover, the reports bear on them, with increased emphasis and frequency, reference to the children being employed not strictly as wage earners, but to 'help in the house' of neighbours or relations for food, stray articles of clothing, and casual coppers. In one school, where only twelve are returned as regular wage earners, 'nearly all' are said to be employed as above described.

From another school, in which sixty-two girls out of a total of 418 are returned as wage earners, comes the report that 'many of these girls are too heavily taxed for their strength; in fact, some of them have no real childhood, but are baby-minding, or taking home work,

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or meals to parents and elder brothers and sisters morning, noon, and night.' From a school where, out of a total of 307 girls, sixty-five are returned as out working at all hours in industries such as steel stitching, artificial flower-making, beadwork, furwork, box-making, paper-bag making and boot-sewing, we get the following opinion: 'No doubt all this nightwork unfits the girls for schoolwork, but possibly it is a necessary evil, as it keeps the girls out of the streets, and away from the quarrels of their parents at home.'

In another district seventy-four girls out of a total of 415 are returned, all employed in baby-minding, 'fetching errands,' and housework. Baby-minding often includes scrubbing a room, and housework and errands go hand in hand.

The time employed is usually an hour at midday, two to four hours after school, and 'all day' Saturday. The payment may be anything from 2*d.* to 6*d.* a week, the elder girls in exceptional cases making 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* The wages of these girls are purely arbitrary, and will often vary 60 per cent. in the same street. To quote from one report:

> The difference between the wages of the boys and the girls is not merely the beginning of that difference which is so strongly marked between the wages of men and women, but is a consequence of the fact that, while the boys accept employment largely in order to earn a little money, the wages are a subordinate consideration in the case of the girls. It seems to the mothers only natural that a girl should help to clean, or baby-mind; and if there is no need of her services at home, then she can 'oblige' a neighbour. In the latter case she may get 6*d.*, instead of 1*d.* or 2*d.* from her mother; but even if only 2*d.* or 3*d.* were offered, she would do the work all the same.

From another school which gives a return of twenty-three girls in and above Standard IV., out of a school total of 193, comes the following report: 'The employment appears to consist in helping neighbours in or a little above their own circumstances.'

The following examales will serve to illustrate the extreme irregularity of payment:

M. B., aged 10, minds a baby for six and a half hours daily and for thirteen hours on Saturday, for 6*d.* and food. L. N., aged 9, for two hours daily and eleven hours on Saturday, for 2*d.* without food. S. E., aged 9, for five hours daily, all Saturday, and all Sunday for 6*d.* B. P., aged 7, helps a landlady 'to clean' for several hours daily for 'a few pence a week.' F. C., aged 12, for two hours every day for 1*s.* G. S., aged 11, serves every night for four and a half hours in a shop for 1*s.* C. D. turns a mangle for three and a half hours daily and for ten hours on Saturday for 2*d.* and her food.

Nor are the conclusions much more definite with regard to girls in home industries. S. P., aged 9, works for four hours daily at quill-winding, and makes 6*d.* L. E., aged 10, does needlework for the same number of hours for 3*d.* Children of 7 to 10 years of age

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work five and six hours a day at artificial flower-making, getting for daisies ¾*d.* a gross, for other flowers 1*d.* to 7*d.* per gross. Steel-covering, also done by children of 10, is paid at the rate of 2½*d.* to 3½*d.* per gross, and children work before school, midday, after school, and all Saturday for 8*d.* Match-boxes are paid at the rate of 6*d.* for the same hours, though we find a child of 9 working six and a half hours daily, five of them *after* school, for 2*d.* a week.

Furwork and jetwork brings them in about 6*d.* to 1*s.*, according to age; fancy box-making from 1*d.* to 6*d.* per gross; paper bags, 4*d.* per 1,000. At this we find a child of 8 working two hours daily for 2*d.* a week. On the other hand, a girl of 12, employed as a brush maker for five and a half hours, returns her wages as 3*s.*; one of 14, a beadworker, working for five hours a day, at 2*s.* 6*d.*; and one of 12, a trouser maker, working four hours a day at 1*s.* 6*d.*

On the whole, girls seem to work at all these trades, as well as at chair caning, furniture polishing, boot sewing, and basket making, for an uncertain number of hours, 'as required,' on school days and all Saturdays, for wages varying from 2*d.* to 1*s.* per week, any higher rate of payment being very exceptional.

In one especial centre for feeble-minded children, almost all—boys and girls alike—are reported as so working, and as 'staying away from school occasionally to do the work.' From various schools come reports of girls kept away from school to mind babies for neighbours for a few pence weekly. Or again, we read: 'None of these girls go to little *places*, because all the people round are alike poor, but they go home with their mothers' work, shirt making, trouser finishing, &c., and are often kept so late as to be unable to get to school. This they speak of as "going to shop." The people who give out the work keep the children hours. I might say that, while they are attending school, the girls help with the work at home; *e.g.* button-holes for the elder girls, and sack making and so on for the younger ones.'

Table C. *Number of school absences in the year out of a total return of* 305 *boys and* 98 *girls*

Boys

None	Under 30	30–50	50–100	100–200	200 and over	Total
32	90	54	63	61	5	305

Girls

None	Under 30	30–50	50–100	100–200	200 and over	Total
1	17	15	28	31	6	98

Table C shows the exact relation between non-attendance and wage earning. That there is such a relation it is impossible to

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doubt, but it is easy to exaggerate its extent by ignoring that, in a large number of cases, an intimate knowledge of the home life shows the irregularity of attendance to be due to the evil influences *in* the home rather than the work done outside it. What this table does conclusively prove is that the practice of wage earning tells more seriously against the attendance of girls than of boys, the approximate average absences of the girls being ninety-five per annum, those of boys seventy.

Before coming to mere expressions of opinion as distinct from statements of positive experience, or direct inferences therefrom, we have another table to look at.

Table D.—Boys

(out of a total return of 729)

Nature of Employment	Number Employed
Newspaper delivery	102
Shops	313
Errands	134
Street-selling, hawking	56
Minding carts, vans, and barges	16
Sweeping schools	13
Work at private houses	22
Carrying and loading coal	15
Furwork, flower, stay, box, mat, and wire work	17
Mangling, rag sorting, pressing	9
Post Office	2
Wood chopping, lamp cleaning	8
Furniture polishing	4
Stable work	7
Carpentering, cabinet work	3
Jewellery	3
Minding children	3
Dog fancier, ticket-boy at theatre	2
Total	729

Girls

(out of a total return of 523)

Nature of Occupation	Number Employed
Sewers and machinists	18
Quill winders, paper bag makers, steel coverers, brush makers, bookfolders, and artificial flower makers	35
Jet workers, fur workers, and polishers	13
Street sellers	9
Singers and dancers	3
Boot sewers	9
Match box-makers	17
Fancy box-makers	16
Assisting in shops	5
Manglers	4
Baby-minding	135
House cleaning	115
Errands	140
Miscellaneous	4
Total	523

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In some respects, Table D gives the most serious food for reflection of all. For it might conceivably be urged that it is better for boys and girls, when they have reached the years of discretion—which arrive so much earlier for the children of artisans than for those of professional men—to begin learning the practical business of life instead of going on cramming their heads with useless knowledge. But how much of the 'practical business' is being learnt? The number of boys here shown as employed in a way which can by any possibility further them in occupations demanding skill and practice is too small even to take into consideration. A dozen out of the 729 would appear to cover them all. How some of the commoner employments are actually found to affect them we shall presently see. As for the girls, it would be difficult to find even half a dozen whose work is in any sense a training. Let anyone try a housemaid 'trained' in this fashion, or a nursemaid who has been in the habit of 'minding baby,' and she will not feel that those young persons would have been the worse servants in mind or body for a little more schooling and a little less drudgery. As for the other employments, they are mainly the worst paid and least skilled forms of labour in existence. It is, at any rate, a sorry civilisation which exacts such labour from its child population as their only refuge from the streets. Indeed, it is probable that the taste to earn something without being at the trouble and expense of acquiring much technical skill which is fostered to an unhealthy extent, in parents and children alike, by all this casual child labour is largely responsible for the unpleasant fact that of all the boys who passed out of our elementary schools in 1895, only 941 were traced to skilled employments, whereas 8,802 are known to have drifted into the ranks of unskilled workers.

The parents are too impatient for results to support their children through a long apprenticeship, the children too pleased and proud to be in a position of partial independence for any movement for the limitation of child labour to proceed to any appreciable extent from themselves. Nor is it by any means always the poorest parents who exact the hardest work from their children. The anxiety of the better-off parent to spend more on clothes often results in serious overwork to the little body in the tidier clothes, and, consequently, in a still more terrible curse to the little struggling brain, and involves an expensive waste of nine-tenths of the education which we are at such trouble to provide.

When we turn to the impression which these inquiries have produced on the minds of those who have collected the information we find remarkable divergences of opinion.

What is the effect on the children? The wage earners among the girls do not seem to be distinguishable from those who are merely domestic drudges. One mistress remarks that they are commonly the more intellectual girls; but that does not involve any

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inferences as to their intelligence compared with that of the girls who are not kept drudging at home. Several teachers hazard the opinion that it is better for the children—boys or girls—to be employed because it keeps them out of mischief, or keeps them away from home (truly a useful argument for those who tremble at the thought of weakening 'parental responsibility' by interference) or keeps them off the streets (a quarter of the girls are occupied 'fetching errands,' and a third of the boys are engaged with errands or newspapers). Some remark on the assistance to parents out of work or earning little, which opens up an unlimited field for an economic discussion on wages. But while, on the other hand, there are investigators who point to serious individual cases of manifest overwork, it cannot be said that there is any marked consensus of opinion that overwork is prevalent from this cause. The most emphatic expressions on this head are reserved for those cases of domestic drudgery, unpaid, and of help, also unpaid, extracted from their children by parents employed in what are called domestic industries.

And here perhaps we may introduce some notes not strictly relevant to the subject of wage-earning children proper.

We hear of a child of 9, who works regularly at match-box making till 9 o'clock or later, a regular attendant at school, but *sometimes drowsy*. Another of 8, match-box making till 9 o'clock also. But she is absent two or three times a week because she is 'doing the boxes.' And another of 10 who works till 12 o'clock every night, and 'is often very unfit for her lessons;' and so on. These instances only crop up casually in this inquiry, but how much might they be multiplied if its scope were extended?

On one point and one only does it seem that there is absolute unanimity of opinion—*i.e.* in the condemnation of street selling as an occupation for children. Newspaper boys, hawkers, sellers of 'penny wonders,' &c., amounting to about 7 per cent. of the whole, cannot by any possibility be said to be 'necessarily and beneficially employed,' and from all quarters come reports of the evils, mental, moral, and physical, resulting from such employment. Schoolmasters are practically agreed that the sale of papers by little boys seduces them into habits of betting, the sporting news in the evening papers being the chief cause of the sales. Three head teachers in one room agreed unhesitatingly to the proposition that as soon as they know that a boy has begun going round with the 'Winners,' his career ceases to hold promise. They did not put it like that. They avoided euphemisms. As for the miscellaneous sellers of 'penny wonders' and so on, their market is chiefly around the public house doors. Of course the domestic hearth may be demoralising, but the public house is not usually regarded as an improving alternative. A curious statement, too, is made in connection with

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this matter of betting—that the 'barbers' shops' in which several boys are employed are not seldom betting agencies.

In Prussia a law has recently been passed prohibiting the sale of anything in the streets by children under the age of 14, and a movement is on foot for closely regulating the limits and conditions of the employments of children in the streets in Prussia. No child of school age is allowed to deliver bread, milk, or papers between the hours of 7 P.M. and 7 A.M., under penalty of fines from parents and employers. In England, street selling by children is regulated by the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children 1894, which forbids it for those under 11 years of age; but these returns show that, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, there are many under 11 years of age, who are street selling in spite of the Act.

Incomplete as this inquiry is, I would suggest that it does fairly prove:

(1) That there are grievous cases of overwork among these children.

(2) That the overwork does make it impossible to obtain the best educational results.

(3) That it is sometimes extremely demoralising.

(4) That the economic value of the work done is too small to be taken into account.

(5) That further regulation of the employment of school children not under the Factory laws is desirable.

(6) That the whole matter ought to be seriously taken up and thoroughly examined into officially, with a view to obtaining a completeness and accuracy of information necessarily out of reach of any unofficial council or association.

EDITH F. HOGG.

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ELIZABETHAN REJOICINGS

A RETROSPECT

THERE is a freshness and verve animating the rejoicings over the Queen's unparalleled reign of sixty years that would do honour to a younger country, and which cannot fail to quicken the pulse and gladden the hearts of her subjects in every part of the empire. Assuredly the England of Victoria, while advancing towards a higher standard of intelligence and refinement, has lost none of the robust strength of character which marked the national life, say, in the 'Spacious days of Great Elizabeth.' The two periods present something in common which arrests attention, and sends the imagination trooping to discover features of identity. In each period, the Elizabethan and Victorian, a queen well-beloved of her people holds sway over the realm—the first for well-nigh half a century, the second overstepping her jubilee by a decade, still reigns over a loyal and devoted people; while the overflowing energies of the teeming multitude find a field for labour and enterprise in countries 'beyond sea,' where the earth's richest treasures reward their dauntless courage, as did the New World in the days of Elizabeth. Possibly the distant future may look upon the brilliant record of the Victorian era as upon a picture representing the veritable realisation of the high hopes and aspirations of Elizabethan statesmen and pioneers of civilisation. No one can fail to recognise how deeply England to-day is indebted to their wise statesmanship and heroic achievements. A brief retrospect to the jubilant days when the people rejoiced, and their hearts were glad in their idolised conception of 'Good Queen Bess,' will enable us to see something of how we stand in relation to them, their habits and manners. We pass at once under the inspiriting influence of a sense of freedom realised, finding utterance in unrestrained, bounding gaiety; of a love of daring adventure, out of which there sprang heroes worthy of their sea-girt home; while intellect, untrammelled, developed a galaxy of genius up to which men still look for inspiration. The Elizabethan age was rich indeed in every element which tends towards elevating a people to the first rank among nations.

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The Queen, like her subjects, delighted in joyous displays of pageantry, and a memorable day in the nation's annals was that which broke upon London on the 23rd of November 1558, when Elizabeth set out for her capital attended by a thousand nobles, knights, and gentlemen, and took up a temporary abode in the spacious dwelling of Lord North, the Chartreux—an immense pile of buildings which afforded ample accommodation for her retinue. In preparation for her further progress to the Tower, then a royal residence, a prison, a court of justice, and a garrison, the streets along the route had been spread with fine gravel; triumphal arches with appropriate decorations had been hastily constructed, and singers and musicians were stationed at intervals, who sang and played in 'most sweet and heavenly manner.' A vast concourse of people thronged the way, and right lustily did they give expression to their long pent-up love and admiration for the young Queen who, seated on a palfrey, attired in purple velvet, slowly wended her course towards the Tower, attended by the heralds and great officers of State. Simple offerings of flowers were made to Her Majesty by the poor and lowly, and as she acknowledged their gifts and listened to their prayers with winning affability, many a cry was raised for 'Good Queen Bess, God bless her!' and she would answer with a sweet smile, 'I thancke ye, my goode peuple.' This spontaneous flow of heartfelt greeting all along the route deeply touched Elizabeth, and her emotion on arriving in State at the Tower can be well understood. But a little while before she had entered it at the Traitors' Gate, a terrified and defenceless prisoner, hopeless of deliverance from an ignominious death. While a captive a band of armed guards had broken into her chamber and conducted her she knew not whither, though whispered words of comfort gave her courage. But a little while, and she finds herself again at the Tower re-entering the fortress in triumph, supported by all the great ministers of the realm and the ringing cheers of the good citizens of London. 'Devotion alone,' says Miss Atkin, in her sympathetic *Memoirs of Elizabeth*, 'could supply becoming language to the emotions which swelled her bosom; and no sooner had she reached the royal apartments than, falling on her knees, she returned humble and fervent thanks to that Providence which had brought her safely, like Daniel from the den of lions, to behold the day of exaltation.' Yet another and more impressive spectacle in her honour was soon to follow.

The morning of the 12th of January 1559 ushered in the long-hoped-for event of Elizabeth's coronation, for the celebration of which at Westminster preparations were being made on a scale of pomp and fertility of invention which was to outrival all the high festivals ever before held in the land. Let us take a bird's-eye view of the metropolis as it would appear from an elevation such as the Tower commands. Casting a glance over the scene below we marvel at the narrowness of

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the streets; they are crooked and ill-paved, and yet, irregular and winding as they are, are singularly picturesque, with their houses built of plaster, cross-beamed, and pinnacled with ornamental woodwork. The upper stories overhang the chambers beneath, and have floating from their windows and turrets banners and pennons of gaily coloured cloth, embroidered with gold or silver, 'needle-work sublime,' which would have done honour to the Bayeux tapestry. These, stretching over the narrow space, unite with similar emblems of festivity suspended from the dwellings on the opposite side; altogether, the ornamental structure of the houses, with quaint gables and overhanging balconies, with flags lazily moving to the breeze —the scene has a very old-world aspect, suggestive of the Orient.

But the Thames is the great thoroughfare of London; on its banks stand the famous summer residences of the Tudor princes, the palaces of Westminster, Richmond, and Greenwich; and on the wide, open beach of the Strand are reared the mansions midst spacious gardens of the nobility and opulent merchants of the City, who vie with each other in the grandeur of their equipages, and in all that wealth can display. And right in view, surrounded by a lovely garden stretching down to the river, is the historic Durham House, where the amiable and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, the nine days' queen, had married Guildford Dudley, and which was soon to pass into the possession of Raleigh, held on leave from the Queen. In this splendid mansion, whose upper rooms take in a sweeping view of the old bridge, the tower of Lambeth Palace, and the waving flags of the Globe, and of the distant pavilions of Paris Garden, would meet in friendly intercourse some of England's foremost men of thought and action, whose genius and enterprise were destined to shape the whole after life of the nation. The eyes of the populace are attracted towards the hundreds of barges lining the river banks, now aglow in all the showy colours and devices that the best craftsmen skilled in all the mysteries of their art can produce to enliven the scene. Each of the splendid array of royal barges is enriched with carved and gilded figures, and decked and trimmed with targets and banners, ancestral armour and escutcheons. And the rowers are attired in gaily coloured livery, each oarsman wearing on his left arm a distinguishing badge, a silver shield on which is engraven the coat armour or other device of his lord. Conspicuous among the crowd of gay craft is the bachelors' barge of the Lord Mayor's company, to wit, the Mercers, furnished with a foist supporting three tops or tiers, and which has artillery aboard gallantly appointed so as to shoot off lustily; add to these a band of musicians braying with a force as if they meant to blow down the Tower. Ringing cheers resound from the banks of the river as leisurely the state barges of the nobility, followed by those of the great City merchants, wend their course towards Westminster, in order to attend Her

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Majesty back to the Tower, where, according to arrangement, she will occupy the royal apartments for two days.

On the morning of the 14th of January 1559, Elizabeth issued from the Tower, radiant in the happiness born of conscious possession of her people's love, loyalty, and devotion to her person and aims. Her presence animates with new life the whole mass of human beings crowding the thoroughfare, and the air is rent with exultant acclaim as cheer upon cheer greets her appearance among them. Remarks pass from one to another that she looks right queenly; that a true daughter of great King Hal has come to her own. There she stands in her sumptuously appointed chariot, in the full glow of maidenly beauty; twenty-five, close upon her twenty-sixth birthday. She is strong-limbed and well-proportioned, rather tall than of middle height; her hair is light golden, and her forehead is high and well rounded; her eyes are brown and lively, full of self-restrained life and fire. The whole of her splendid physique is harmonised by gentleness, grace, and majesty, such as fascinated Essex and Raleigh and all who came into her presence. No brighter vision had ever before broken upon the nation than now appeared before the admiring gaze of the swaying multitude, eager to get a glimpse of their new Queen; and in the eyes of the old she was Aurora, ushering in the dawning of a new and brighter day for England. A new and imposing feature of her retinue through the City was a cavalcade of 'goodly and beautiful ladies, richly appointed. . . . Both they and the lords were habited in crimson velvet, with which their horses were also trapped.' This troop of fair equestrians shed lustre upon the procession and heightened its interest in the eyes of the populace, who saw in the alliance of power with grace and beauty something of romantic charm drawn from the courts of chivalry. But a deeper feeling than this stirred the hearts and revived the hopes of her more sober-minded lieges, who, though full of admiration and pride, welcomed this Tudor princess as a worthy daughter of that overmastering monarch whom they regarded, notwithstanding his flagrant acts of tyranny and violence, as the highest type of English manhood—a monarch who would brook no rival, temporal or spiritual, within his own dominions. The strong arm when invested with every acknowledged authority possesses a fascination for the multitude which always commands their admiration. Among the many incidents of the pageant a few stand out prominently, and may be taken as illustrative of the royal procession. On the top platform of one of the cars is exhibited 'The seat of Worthy Governance,' occupied by a living figure representing the Queen. Below are the Cardinal Virtues, trampling upon Ignorance, Vice, and Superstition. In the next are effigies representing a vanishing decay, and an oncoming flourishing commonwealth; in the same car Time, that always tells, holds his daughter Truth by the hand, who presents to the Queen an English Bible. This simple

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act touches in Elizabeth a chord in harmony with the gift; she graciously accepts it, then reverently pressing it to her lips and heart declares aloud, amid the grateful benedictions of her people, that she values the book above price, that she will read it, and it shall be to her as a pledge made to them that by its teachings she will govern the nation. Another scene represents the Queen as 'Deborah, the judge and restorer of the house of Israel.' The curious mysteries and moralities posted at different points along the way having been duly explained to Her Majesty are left behind, and the procession has now reached the farther end of Cheapside. Here the City Recorder sees that now his opportunity has come, and stepping forward presents to Elizabeth a bountiful purse filled to the mouth with golden marks, which she takes with alacrity, holding out both hands and answering his harangue 'marvellous pithily,' and in right merry mood; which little incident calls to mind Humboldt's story of his chameleon, which he said possessed a faculty in common with many divines, namely, of directing one eye towards heaven whilst keeping the other turned to the earth. Some charming touches of simple pathos occur on the way to Westminster. One of her attendant knights remarks that 'Yonder is an ancient citizen which weepeth and turneth his face away; how may it be interpreted? that he doth so for sorrow or for gladness?' With a just and pleasing confidence her Grace replied, 'I warrant ye it is for gladness.' The chronicler, overcome with rapt admiration, exclaims, 'How many nosegays did her Grace receive at poor women's hands! How many times stayed she her chariot when she saw any simple body offer to speak to her Grace! A branch of rosemary given her Grace with a supplication by a poor woman about Fleet Bridge was seen in her chariot till she reached Westminster.' And now, having reached the Abbey gates, Elizabeth takes leave of her people, and in a few cordial words thanks them for all they have done for her, and amid thundering applause she assures them that she will ever 'stand their Good Queen.'

Glancing across the surface of everyday life in the Elizabethan days of robust manhood, it is interesting to notice the lively, child-like simplicity of manners, the love of showy, brilliant colours worn by both sexes, and to compare these charming characteristics with the sober habiliments and reserved manners of the present day. Here is an example of the man of fashion, the beau-idéal of the metropolis, as he sallies forth into the City to parade himself in the favourite mart of fashionable loungers, St. Paul's Churchyard. His beard, if he have one, is on the wane, but his moustaches are cultivated and curled at the points, and himself redolent with choicest perfumes. Costly jewels decorate his ears; a gold brooch of rarest workmanship fastens his bright scarlet cloak, which is thrown carelessly upon his left shoulder, for he is most anxious to exhibit to the utmost advantage the rich hatchings of his silver-hilted rapier and dagger, the

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exquisite cut of his doublet (shorn of its skirts) and trunk hose. His hair, cropped close from the top of the head down the back, hangs in long love-locks on the sides. His hat, which was then really new in the country, having supplanted the woollen cap or hood, is thrown jauntily on one side; it is high and tapering towards the crown, and has a band round it, richly adorned with precious stones, or by goldsmith's work, and this gives support to one of the finest of plumes. In the neighbourhood of St. Paul's were to be found those worthy originals of the modern restaurant—eating-houses—celebrated in their day for the profusion and variety, rather than for the delicacy, of their viands. At one of these convivial establishments would assemble the gayest and liveliest of the metropolis. Here, about an hour before noon, the dining hour of rank and fashion, the gay gossiping Thomas Dekker, whose sparkling booklets on the social life of London were the joy and talk of the town, meets his fellow gossips and chosen bons vivants, Laneham and honest Harry Goldingham, the wild wag of the Court, all radiant with mirth, jollity, and jewelry, to regale themselves upon the rarest dainties of the season. Full of vivacity, with ready quip and crank, Dekker instructs them in the fashionable art of the 'tobacconist.'

> Before the meat comes smoking to the board [Dekker tells them], our gallant must draw out his tobacco-box, the ladle for the cold snuff into his nostrils, the tongs and the priming-rod, all of which artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach the price of it; it will be a reasonable useful pawn at all times when the amount of his money falls out to run low. And here you must observe to know what tobacco is in town better than the merchants, and to discourse of the apothecaries where it is to be sold. Then let him show his several tricks in taking it, as the whiff, the ring, &c., for these are compliments that gain gentlemen no mean respect.

The dinner is served, and the table literally groans under the hecatomb of veal, kid, coney, capon, and piles of red and fallow deer, spread out before them for their not unwilling acceptance. There are several courses, and each has its appropriate sauce. Strangely, beef is thought to be too gross, though brawn remains in favour, and the famous boar's head, though still reckoned among the choicest of dishes, shrinks aside in presence of the new and deservedly esteemed favourite, lamb. Of poultry, swans, cranes, cygnets, and storks rank among the excellences of the table; and for dessert, the finest fruits, jellies, confections, and spices are served. But to recount a tithe of the rich and rare delicacies (?), the triumphs of English cookery, which characterised the high and abundant living of this reign would place us somewhat in the position of the honest old annalist, John Stow, who says, 'To describe to you the order, the dishes, the subtleties, and strange devices of the same, I lack both a head of fine wit, and also, cunning in my bowels to declare the wonderful devices.' One little delicacy of the day, however, should not escape notice,

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particularly as it belongs to the art of roasting, in which, Fynes Moryson tells us, 'the English cooks excelled all others. A sucking pig a day or two old was taken from the sow and fed on dates and muscadine for a week or longer. When considered to be sufficiently fed for the spit it was "dressed and sent to table with a pudding in its belly."'

Having refreshed themselves they would stroll towards the playhouse, Blackfriars or the Globe, where the acting began about one o'clock. 'At a new play,' Dekker remarks, 'you take up the twelvepenny room, next the stage, because you and the lords may seem hail-fellows well met.' To less favoured parts of the house a penny or twopence was charged, and for an extra fee you might take up a place on the stage and recline on newly laid rushes. Speaking of this practice at the Globe Theatre, Hutton, in his *Follies of Anatomie*, says

> . . . If the crowded stage
> Must needs be graced with you and your page,
> Sware for a place with each controlling foole,
> And send your hackned servant for a stoole.

A flag was hoisted in front of the building, to indicate to the public that here was the playhouse. Inside, the stage was illuminated with branch torch-lights, as in churches; and a band of musicians armed with trumpets, cornets, hautboys, and other instruments, played three flourishes to announce the commencement of the performance. Between the acts, too, they would play lively airs to while away the time. The curtain was drawn not upwards as now but sideways; and in lieu of scenery cards were hung up, whereon was writ in a big, bold hand, we may be sure, the place or scene the spectator was to conjure up in his mind, as 'This is a Garden,' a 'Palace,' a 'Wood,' or 'This is Rome,' and so forth, as occasion might require. Judging from the light raillery of Sir Philip Sidney, it is very doubtful whether there was a change of scenes at the period when dramatic pieces were just coming into vogue, and supplanting the mediæval mystery and morality plays. Before the play began the audience amused themselves with reading, playing at cards, indulging in lusty banter, smoking, and drinking ale—'ale at huffcap, or dragon's milk,' which Harrison says people 'consumed so heartily that never did Romulus and Remus suck their she-wolf with such eager and sharp devotion as these men ale at huffcap, till they be as red as cocks, and little wiser than their combs.' If it be the intention of the Elizabethan Stage Society to revive the primitive playhouse, with all its early traditions strictly adhered to, it may be hoped that the minor details will not be wholly overlooked. The novelty and charm of the illusion would be heightened were gas-light excluded, and the stage floor strewn with rushes, and if were added a spruce, hidalgo-

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like playgoer stretched thereon at ease, his elbows resting on a stool, gazing with rapt attention as the play unfolds to his wondering imagination new phases in life's drama. Three centuries ago, on the 7th of December 1594, these very things happened in the hall of Gray's Inn, when Elizabeth paid her accustomed visit to witness the performance of the *Comedy of Errors*, and marvelled at the wondrous creations of Shakespeare's brain and the skill of the performers—Shakespeare himself and Bourbidge, Edward Allen and Richard Tarleton. Imagination pictures with fond delight the presence of the Queen, radiant in all the charms of royal beauty, and enables us to realise the proud enthusiasm with which the members of the society to-day, on the grand night of each term, drink 'To the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Good Queen Bess.' Queen Bess knew herself to be the idol of her people, gloried in the knowledge, and was happy; though, to be sure, she would have her fling now and then, as when she seized the dying Countess of Nottingham in her bed, and shook her vehemently, exclaiming, God might forgive her, but she never could. Then there are the claims of the critics to be remembered, who, honoured then as now, were furnished with free stools on the stage, and their creature comforts amply provided for, so far as pipes and tobacco and a joram of brown October could go. There seems good reason for hoping that the old fashion may come in again of playing masques of the early school (say, Ben Jonson's) at City festivals. The present year, when the whole empire is celebrating the Queen's Diamond Jubilee reign, would seem to be a peculiarly fitting occasion for the revival. Presented with all their quaint surroundings, they would stand out from the background of the picture of social life in Elizabethan days as landmarks indicating how far the Victorian age has advanced on the road towards other and higher ideals. It is not without interest to notice that perukes and masques formed part of the stage paraphernalia, and that the female parts for the first hundred years were performed by young men. It seems strange to us that plays should have been acted on Sundays only up to the year 1579; after that date they were performed on Sundays and other days indiscriminately. The earliest patent for acting comedies, tragedies, &c., is dated 1574, and within thirty years no fewer than fifteen licensed playhouses were opened to afford this rational amusement to the inhabitants of London. Such, briefly, was the state of the stage when Shakespeare, Jonson, Marlowe and others rescued it from the puerilities of mystery and miracle plays.

Looking back upon the 'Princelye Pleasures of Kennelworth,' one is filled with amazement at the unmerciful tediousness, the ludicrous incongruities, which afforded unabated rapturous delight for a period of nineteen days to Elizabeth and her lieges. Thirteen bears were

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baited, and Laneham in his celebrated letter (Nicholas's reprint) describes one of these exhibitions at the historic revels. He says:

> It was a sport very pleasant of these beasts; to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemie's approach; the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force [cunning] and experience of the bear again to avoid the assault; if he was bitten in one place how he would pinch in another to get free, that if he was taken once then what shift with biting, clawing, with roaring, tossing and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them; and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice, with the blood etc. about his visnomy.

With still greater zest he chronicles an exhibition of a country bridal:

> There were sixteen wights, riding men, and well-beseen; the bridegroom in his father's tawny worsted jacket, a straw hat with a capital crown, steeplewise on his head; a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as a sign of good husbandry; a pen and ink-horn at his back, for he would be thought bookish; lame of a leg that in his youth was broken at foot-ball; and well-beloved of his mother, who lent him a muffler for a napkin, that was tied to his girdle for fear of losing it. It was no small sport to mark this minion in his full appointment, that through good tuition, became as formal in his action as had he been a bridegroom indeed. The morris dancers followed, with maid Marian, and the fool; bridesmaids as bright as a breast of bacon, of thirty years' old apiece; a freckled-face, red-headed lubber with the bride cup; the worshipful bride, thirty-five years old, of colour brown-bay, not very beautiful indeed, but ugly, foul, and ill-favoured; and lastly, many other damsels for bridesmaids, that for favour, attire, for fashion and cleanliness, were as meet for such a bride as a tureen ladle for a porridge pot.

Perhaps the happiest effort of Leicester's inventive genius was the creation of the floating island, whereon stood the lady of the lake who had been invisible to mortal eyes since the disappearance of the renowned Prince Arthur. Now, however, she found herself irresistibly drawn towards the gracious lady Cynthia, queen of the heavens, who held benign sway over Britain. Praises were lavished upon Gloriana, and she drank at the fountain of adulation as would the parched Arab of the desert drink at the well of sweet waters. And yet this had not always been so; in her youth and up to her coming to the throne Elizabeth, it is said, had been occasionally reproved for inattention to her personal appearance. On her accession to the throne, however, she changed completely; her love of sumptuous apparel, indeed, grew with her years, and the leading fashions of the Courts of Europe furnished her with designs for new dresses, which she would continually cast aside for others such as her fancy might suggest. On all occasions she dressed in the richest costumes, adorned with brilliants, precious stones, and jewelry of the rarest workmanship; even in her old age she continued to dress like a young girl, afraid of nothing so much as of being thought old. 'Upon the subject of her personal beauty she would smilingly accept the most extravagant flattery,' says Carte, 'however fulsome it appeared to everybody else.' When Paul Hentzner saw her she

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was in her sixty-seventh year: being a German he observed her with an eye wholly unclouded by any sense of reverence for the divinity which hedges round a monarch. Indeed, he was so ungallant as to jot down in his note-book that Queen Elizabeth wore a wig, and that red! He goes on to remark that she had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops, and that her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have till they marry. She was dressed in white silk bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; instead of a chain she had on an oblong collar of gold and jewels.' He adds that 'wherever she turned her face everyone fell upon his knees'—an act of homage which on State occasions had been paid to her father, and Elizabeth never forgot, or allowed others to forget, that she was the daughter of Henry the Eighth. Carte, vol. iii. p. 701, says: 'Elizabeth was pleasant in conversation, graceful and active in all exercises, whether on foot or on horseback, and danced extremely fine; even in the last year of her life she danced *La Galliarde* with the Duke of Nevers; she did it with such an attitude and grace that everybody was struck with admiration.' Besides her accomplishments in music and languages, she was accredited by all who knew her with having an admirable understanding, great penetration, and sound judgment; and her ability to govern was never questioned by anyone. With these rare intellectual gifts it is difficult to understand how she could accept, and that so greedily, the most abject flattery, that it should have been to her as the breath of her nostrils. This overweening self-love and covetous longing for praise permeated her whole being, and influenced her actions throughout her life. It governed all her conduct towards Mary Queen of Scots, in whom she could see only a female rival near the throne; it induced the series of tyrannical acts wherein dissimulation, hypocrisy, falsehood, and cruelty culminated at the end of Mary's nineteen years' imprisonment in her signing the warrant for her execution, an act which has in the eyes of the world exalted the beautiful, amiable Queen of Scots to a throne of martyrdom, and cast an eternal blot upon the memory of Elizabeth. Some of her commentators have urged the plea that had Elizabeth married she would have been less exacting, less severe, less jealous of others winning the applause which she, being the sole occupant of the throne, could command. But surely the very opposite would have resulted; her intense egotism, her vanity, would never have submitted to share with another the admiration and worship of her subjects. And herein lies the secret of her remaining single; and a blessed thing it was for some one. Shakespeare has said that,

> The venom clamours of a jealous woman
> Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

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To understand aright the national feeling of admiration for the Queen, of heartfelt loyalty and chivalric devotion for her person, it is well to recall to the mind her presence at the camp at Tilbury, on the eve of one of the most momentous epochs in the annals of this country, recorded under the name of the Spanish Armada. On this memorable occasion she appeared before her troops with the dauntless courage of her race, clad as a warrior queen, mounted on a noble charger, with a general's truncheon in her hand, a steel corslet laced over her body, and a page in attendance bearing her plumed helmet. Bareheaded, she rode from rank to rank, stirring to its depths the stern patriotism of the soldiery, as England's heroes had never before been stirred—for she was a woman, and their Queen. Elizabeth's address to the troops at Tilbury should be in the hands of every Board school boy throughout the kingdom.

The beginnings of a new and rising power of commercial and manufacturing industry, springing chiefly from adventurous enterprise abroad, are everywhere visible, lifting up into wealth and importance the great middle class. The rapid influx of new and augmented sources of wealth soon led to a corresponding love of display which found a natural outlet in high and abundant living and costly attire, though habits of scrupulous cleanliness, comfort, and neatness were not so much valued as now. Luxury in dress among the wives of the well-to-do merchants made great progress; they wore bonnets of velvet, large and showy; their gowns were immoderately large and long waisted—a Spanish fashion introduced under Philip and Mary, which under the name of fardingale formed a fertile source of amusement for the wits and wags of the city. Heywood humorously chants the death of this monstrosity of female attire thus:

> Alas! poor vardingales must lie i' th' streete;
> To house them no doore i' th' citee's made meete.
> Syns at our narrow doores they cannot go in,
> Send them to Oxforde at Broadgate to get in.

Women of rank seldom went out of doors without a small mirror attached to their girdle, by which they could rectify chance disarrangements of coiffure; and a fan of ostrich feathers, the handle of which was mounted with gold or silver. The fly cap was in great vogue, the poking of which gracefully behind was considered a most important attainment; and ruffs made of lawn and cambric, stiffened with yellow starch, were immoderately large; chains and bracelets, rich and rare ornaments of gold and precious stones were the everyday personal adornments of ladies of wealth and fashion. Embroidered gloves were now worn, sweetwashed (scented), and masks of black velvet furnished with glasses for sight came much into use, and were worn for the purpose of preserving the complexion from the effects of the sun and wind. These, the puritanical Stubbs, in his

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Anatomy of Abuses, discourteously compares to the saucer eyes of the devil staring at the startled beholder. Here are his words: 'If a man knew not their guise he would think he had met a monster or devil.' Fair hair became fashionable, and Stubbs, remarking on the rage for light-coloured hair which took possession of ladies of distinction, led by the maids of honour, declares that fair-haired children were enticed into corners and feloniously polled of their hair, in order that these prodigal daughters of gaiety might have coiffures made of the spoil, and which he says were 'curled, frizzed, and crisped, laid out (a world to see) from one ear to the other.'

It seems a pity to destroy the magnificent illusion which all this love of gorgeous display, gaiety, and pageantry presents to the imagination; but truth bids us complete the picture and introduce the royal banqueting hall and reception chamber strewn with hay, and the imperious Queen breakfasting upon a steak, a horn of ale, and barley-bread. She would take her journeys abroad seated on horseback behind her chamberlain, grasping his waist for security. In this way royal visits were paid before coaches or caroches were introduced by the Earl of Arundel in 1585. Securely seated thus on her pillion, Her Majesty at an early hour (seven of the clock) passed through the village of Lewisham, and remarking to her chamberlain that the people did not come out of their dwellings to greet her, she relieved her feeling of annoyance by calling the place 'Lazy, lousie Lewisham!' Many of the niceties of social life, now regarded as necessaries sanctioned by usage, were almost wholly unknown—were but just dawning upon the quickened perception of Elizabethans. Though spoons and knives were as old as Edward the Confessor, forks were undreamt of, and the primitive practice of using the fingers to steady the meat and convey it to the mouth was still adhered to. But this barbarism under a Queen eminently conspicuous for a love of display, leading insensibly to elegance and refinement of manners, could not last long; meanwhile, in the houses of the wealthy it became the custom to wash the fingers before and after meals, and rosewater and perfumery for the purpose were abundantly supplied to the guests. Curiously enough, this country even then was indebted to Germany for needles. In 1567 one Gröuse, a German, first introduced to the English market these small and most useful implements of industry. And pins, an invention of Henry the Eighth's reign, had now almost completely superseded the use of thongs, loops and ribbons, clasps, buckles and skewers, for securing the dress. In order to better understand the 'good old times' we are all so proud of, it may be well to mention a few other minutiæ. But a few years before Paul Hentzner's visit, whose pithy descriptions of English manners and amusements we shall quote from presently, the Rev. Mr. Lee, of Cambridge, had discovered the art of weaving stockings; and soon afterwards Mrs. Montague, the Queen's silk woman, presented Her

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Majesty with a pair knitted of black silk, with which Elizabeth was so pleased that she vowed she would never again wear cloth hose. And here the name of Thomas Burdet is signalised in the annals of the period as that of an ingenious apprentice, living opposite St. Magnus Church, who was the first to knit a pair of worsted stockings, which he presented to Lord Pembroke.

Turning for a moment to the populace, the great mass of sturdy, thriving, energetic beings out of whose honest industry so much of this wealth and show and revelry sprang, let us see how they fare. From Holinshed we learn that a share of the general plenty which distinguished the living of the higher classes had descended to the humble artificer. Labour and provisions were abundant, and even the small farmer and his servants could obtain all the different kinds of butcher meat. In the *Pointes of Husbandrie* Tusser says: 'The farmer and familie's diet is fixed to be red herrings *and* fish in Lent; at other times fresh beef, pork, &c. At Christmas, good drinke, a good fire in the hall, brawn, pudding, and souse and mustard withal, capon, turkey, cheese, apples, nuts, with jollie gamboles.' Unless the table were crowded with dishes, says Stow, it was not considered worth the name of a dinner. The prudent housewife is advised to make her own candles; servants are told that they must be a-bed by ten o'clock in summer and nine in winter, and to rise at five in winter and four in summer. The holidays of the country folks are mentioned in order for the different festivals of the year, the chief of which is the village wake, or vigil of the parish saint, when 'every wanton maie daunce her wille.' Naked boards would no longer suffice for the well-to-do farmer or tradesman: he sate at the upper end of the table with a 'fayre napkyn layde before him, lyke a maister.' Table-cloths made of linen were coming into general use, and if we may judge from a remark in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, they must have been of exceedingly fine texture and quality, for we are there told that a damask table-cloth cost so considerable a sum as eighteen pounds. Their houses, says Holinshed, were mostly built of timber plastered over with clay. The people slept on straw pallets, and had for a pillow a good round piece of wood; almost all the household utensils were made of wood, and houses were literally dirt cheap, for a man of no less eminence than the Controller of Edward the Sixth's household paid no more than thirty shillings a year of our present money for his house in Channel Row. 'The luxury of a chimney to the houses,' Holinshed adds, 'even in considerable towns, was unknown, the fire was kindled by the wall, and the smoke sought its way out at the roof, or door, or windows.' We can readily believe that it was not without some show of reason that the proud Spaniards, emissaries of Philip the Second, reported to their master: 'These English peasants live like hogs, but fare as well as the king.' Fond of England as Erasmus undoubtedly was, his description of the

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dwellings of our peasantry in his day is by no means flattering. He says that 'the floors of their houses are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which remains in undisturbed repose an accumulation of beer, grease, fragments of meat and fish, bones, and everything that is nasty.' And he very justly ascribes the plague with which this country was so frequently visited to their great want of cleanliness. But all this absence of refinement had its parallel in his own land, and others across the Channel; visits to some of these towns even now far too forcibly recall through the senses visions of English rural life three hundred years ago. For example, a recent visit to Amsterdam calls forth from the traveller the pungent remark that 'the streets and canals of Amsterdam possess one prevailing, abounding, and most unmistakable characteristic of bad smells. The smells of Cologne have passed into a proverb, but those of Amsterdam ought to possess a history of their own. Anything more terrible, particularly in the rainy season, could not be imagined. And yet it is on record that Dutch doctors send patients here for change of air!' No wonder the Dutch are great smokers. But all the same, Erasmus was not deterred from advising his friend in Holland to forget his gout and fly to England, for the sake of the kisses and embraces it was then the habit in this country for acquaintances of either sex to salute each other with. He expatiates with great unction on the prevailing simplicity of manners in 'Merrie Englande.'

A rapid glance at the outdoor sports and pastimes of the people must conclude this necessarily brief survey of social life in the 'Golden days of Good Queen Bess.' Paul Hentzner in his *Itinerary* tells us that on one occasion he visited the Paris Gardens at Southwark. After describing the baiting of bulls and bears, he adds:

> To this entertainment there follows that of whipping the blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men standing circularly with whips, which they exercise upon him without mercy, as he cannot escape from them because of his chain. He defends himself with all his force and skill, throwing down those that come within his reach, and are not active enough to get out of it; and tearing their whips out of their hands and breaking them. At this spectacle and everywhere else the English are constantly smoking tobacco, and in this manner, they have a pipe on purpose made of clay, into the farther end of which they put the herb, so dry that it may be rubbed into powder, and putting fire to it they draw the smoke into their mouths, which they puff out again through their nostrils like a funnel.

Other games consisted largely of shooting with the broad arrow, contests with single-stick, playing at racket, and feats of leaping. The English people were 'vastly fond of loud noises that fill the ear,' Hentzner remarks, 'such as the firing of cannons and the beating of drums. It is common for a number of them that have got a glass in their heads to go up some belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise.' And Elizabeth, like her subjects, was fond of the sound of revelry. At meal times a band of twenty

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musicians were stationed outside the banqueting hall, who played upon trumpets, kettle-drums, fifes, cornets, and side-drums with a will that made the whole palace resound with tumultuous uproar for half an hour together. Happily for the banqueters, the worst of modern maladies—nervous prostration—was comparatively unknown, for they had not drunk of the waters of the celestial leaf; sound ale, sack, or canary was good enough for them.

We are to-day what our forebears were under Elizabeth; our pleasures and pastimes are but modified in outer form; for the merry clang of the steeple-bells we prefer the more decorous dumb-bells; and our aspirations and energies are directed towards the same objects. The tournament and the joust have departed, and the hawk and heron no longer afford amusement; yet the whole country side is alive with the exhilarating excitement of the chase, though the fox may have been imported, and the tame deer be carted to the meet. Like robust, growing youth pushing and bursting through every encumbrance of clothing, England's narrow limits were too small for her expansive and ever expanding sons, and now their field of enterprise encompasses the globe. Under the sovereignty of a Queen they have achieved some of the proudest triumphs within the reach of the human race. Elizabeth's reign was rendered illustrious by the great deeds of her heroes no less than by the signal advance made in philosophy and literature, struggling towards a fuller and more perfect light. The exuberant dedications addressed to her, as 'that bright Occidental star, Queen Elizabeth of most happy memory,' are but the natural outcome of a sense of relief from an oppression which before had stifled the aspirations of the nation. Accustomed to the full enjoyment of a freedom more complete than exists in any other realm, the nation no longer indulges in the expression of such a wealth of overflowing adoration; but on a hundred dominant features of the Earth sons of these islands have planted the name of Victoria—Victoria the Good—whose reign forms an era of prosperity and progress unexampled in the world's history. Not by word of mouth at Tilbury does Victoria the Good address words of commendation, encouragement, and solicitude to her brave sons fighting the battle of civilisation, but by electrical flash away to the heart of Africa, or to the remotest confines of her Indian Empire.

ED. VINCENT HEWARD.

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ZIONISM

I

In a former number of this Review (September 1896) the writer of the present article essayed to analyse, and appreciate at its historic purport, Antisemitism, or the vast movement directed against the Jews in modern times.

Since that time many leading minds among the Jews have, in their attempts at meeting the attacks of their aggressors, conceived of and fairly started a counter-movement under the name of Zionism. It is here proposed to give first a short sketch of the labours of the Zionists; and then to try to give a forecast of the results of that new movement on the basis of similar movements in the past and of the real character of Judaism in the present.

Zionism, it must be remarked, is a term admitting of more interpretations than one. There is, in the words of Jewish authorities, Zionism political, religious, and trading. The adherents of religious Zionism are in many ways bitter enemies of the partisans of political Zionism, and both look down with contempt upon the votaries of trading Zionism. Yet to the calm outsider, the political and the religious forms of Zionism have much in common; the difference being that the religious Zionist whispers *pianissimo*, where the political cries out *fortissimo*; and that the former does not mean to say what he is doing, whereas the latter says what he does not seriously mean to do. The religious Zionists, or the 'Lovers of Zion' as they style themselves, do not by any means intend to go back to the Holy Land in a body; they do not want to precipitate the work of Him whom in their prayers they fervently beseech to bring them back to Palestine. They only want to send there individual members of Jewry, not many, yet several; not shiploads of them, yet here and there a family or two; perhaps six or a hundred and six. By so colonising the Holy Land, they gratify their craving for the return to Palestine, which it is their religious duty to maintain in some corner of their hearts, without giving unnecessary offence in public. The political Zionists, on the other hand, come before Europe with a proposal of a much bolder nature. Since the present social condition

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of Jews, they contend, is becoming more and more insufferable on account of the spread of Antisemitism, they call upon the Jews to leave Europe and to found a State of their own; preferably in Palestine, but, if necessary, in Argentina, or anywhere else. At the head of religious Zionism are the numerous 'Tents' of the 'Lovers of Zion;' their press-organ in England being *Palestina*, a quarterly. At the head of political Zionism is Dr. Theodor Herzl, journalist, of Vienna; and, it would appear, the famous Nordau, author of *Paradoxes*, *Conventional Lies*, *Degeneration*, &c.

The activity of religious Zionists has so far been crowned with much success. Without any disturbance of extant relations, and without creating any undue sensation, they have to some extent realised the pious wish of the Rev. John Lamond, as expressed in his recent work urging a new Crusade. They have colonised Palestine, or rather parts of the Holy Land, by settling Jewish colonists at Richon-le-Simon, Ekron, Petah-Tekwah, Zammarin (on the slopes of Carmel), Castinie, and other places indicated on a large wall-map drawn by Colonel Goldsmid, in which all the names of the Jewish colonies are indicated in red ink. Mr. Dickson, British Consul at Jerusalem, in his report of 1896, has described the condition of these agricultural and vinicultural colonies as more or less prosperous, at least relatively speaking; and he also makes mention of a school of agriculture established for the Jewish colonists at Jaffa. In the quarterly *Palestina* much valuable information is published about the progress of these colonies in Palestine; and their future, watched over with solicitude by the numerous 'Tents' of the 'Lovers of Zion,' seems to be fairly assured. So great and serious is the desire of that class of Zionists to repeople Palestine with Jews, and thus to prepare the ultimate 'reconquest' of the land of their fathers, that a special commission, if a self-elected one, has, under the guidance of Mr. H. Bentwich, been sent out to Palestine in April last, with a view of ascertaining the precise possibilities of colonisation in Palestine. Mr. Bentwich has come to very sanguine conclusions. He has little doubt as to the perfect feasibility of taking back Palestine by slow but continuous colonisation of the land at the hands of Jewish settlers. Mr. Zangwill, the well-known novelist, on the other hand, who has also formed part of that commission of pilgrims, has come to a conclusion quite different. He sees difficulties of an almost insurmountable character in any attempt at colonising Palestine on a larger scale. In this the great poet is not borne out by the opinions of Colonel Conder, Sir Charles Wilson, Professors Socin, Ridgeway, and Selah Merrill, who had been consulted by the religious Zionists before they started their undertaking some five years ago. Yet this much seems to be certain: the Jewish agricultural colonies in Palestine do not pay as yet, and personal safety is at a discount. One of the religious Zionists, while

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recognising the danger threatening colonists from the vagrant Bedouins, yet hopes that 'Jewish colonists galloping over the hills on wild chargers, or patrolling their fields with guns slung across their backs and cartridges round their waists,' might strike a wholesome terror into the savage sons of the Palestinian mountains. However that may be, the quiet and well-organised work of the Zionists of the religious description all over the world is—aided by some of the millionaire Jews, especially the Rothschilds—proceeding steadily and regularly. In course of time they may succeed in covering a large area of the Holy Land by that process of infiltration, and thus steal a march on the Messiah whom they expect.

The work of the political Zionists has been up to this writing one of open propaganda for the establishment of a new Jewish State proper. Dr. Herzl, in a pamphlet published last year in several languages, boldly advances the idea that whereas the condition of the Jews in Christian countries is at present one of unbearable humiliation; and whereas Antisemitism, or the engine of that general hatred and persecution of the modern Jews, is triumphant to a degree, so that no plausible means of stemming its tide can be, nor has been, suggested: be it resolved, that the Jews of all countries, who after all are nothing but Jews, and have never, nor will they ever, really assimilate with the nations among whom they live—that the Jews, the doctor says, shall abandon the inhospitable fields of Europe, and, repairing to Palestine, there re-establish their ancient State. Nor is the great journalist at a loss as to the precise institutions, laws, constitution, &c. to be adopted by that new State. In chapters so admirably short as to shame the prolixity of Solon and the verbosity of Lycurgus, Dr. Herzl sketches the constitution and laws of the new State in details clear and pregnant. Everything has been provided for. The Jews of Europe have neither a common language nor common usages; neither many common religious ideas nor common social standards. They differ from one another in every possible respect. The Russian Jew and the French Jew, the Austrian Jew and the Spanish or Dutch Jew are opposed to one another in some of the most vital elements of life, social or political. Yet the doctor knows how to unite them; he knows how to weld them into one homogeneous community of citizens enthusiastic for one and the same grand ideal. He has no doubt about his scheme; it is realisable; it must, it will be realised. Or shall the Jews continue to listen patiently to the calumniations of the Antisemites? The Antisemites are bad folk; they invent lies; they go about preaching, lecturing, haranguing in all countries and at all times. The worst is, they make headway. Or has not the first gentleman of Europe, the present Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary, finally confirmed the mayoralty of that Ahasverus, Dr. Lueger of Vienna? Is not Antisemitism almost officially recognised in Germany, Russia,

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and France? All the liberal laws of Europe passed from 1820 to 1870 in favour of the emancipation of the Jews, have they not been practically repealed? And Jews shall continue to live in Europe? Are they entirely oblivious of their great principle of *Do ut des*? As long as Jews were left in peace and in good offices and posts—why, as long as that was the case, they might very well sing patriotic songs in finely polished German, or French. They got their money's worth for their patriotism. Heine might sing of his 'German doublet' underneath which throbbed his 'German' heart; Lassalle might address in words burning with German patriotism the German workmen. At present, matters are quite changed. Instead of being left in peace, Jews are actually attacked. People, bad people presume to do by them what the Roman patricians did by the plebeians; the *Bianchi* of Florence by the *Neri*; the Tories by the Whigs; the *Montagne* by the Girondists; or the Catholics by the Protestants. It is an outrage. It is a sin. Has history ever recorded outrages and sins as dire and ghoulish as are the misdeeds of the modern Antisemites? What are the Gracchian or Marian squabbles beside the speeches full of Antisemitic poison delivered by the Dantons and Marats of the Austrian journal *Vaterland* or the French journal *La Libre Parole*? What is the *Terreur noire* or the *Terreur blanche* in the times of the French Revolution, beside the libels levelled at the modern Jews? Or do not Turkish atrocities of misrule appear tame and childish beside the hideous wrongs perpetrated on the Jews of Austria or Germany? No; it is evident Jews can no longer endure the shame of Antisemitism. They are a nation by themselves; one of the oldest nations; one of the most astounding nations. Why then stand what no nation that respects itself has ever stood? Why not *be* a nation? And why not coalesce, conglomerate, or coagulate, if you please, into a State of their own?

The doctor has removed even that formidable difficulty which to previous founders of States has always given the greatest trouble. Mahomet and his first successors waged immense wars in quest of land to be settled by Mussulmans. So did the Normans, the Teutonic knights, the *Conquistadores*, the English. Not so Dr. Herzl. In our civilised times the din of arms is too harsh and obsolete a means. Turkey, he alleges, will gladly part with Palestine for a substantial consideration. The finances of Turkey are in a shattered condition. If, now, the Jews offered to the Sultan an annual tribute, to start at 100,000*l.*, and guarantee a loan of 2,000,000*l.*, the tribute and further loans to increase in accordance with the increase of the population: the Sultan would, Dr. Herzl thinks, grant the Jews in return the right of settlement and the autonomous government of Palestine. Nor is that idea of a Jewish State in Palestine of merely local interest. For, says the doctor,

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The greatest political movement of our times is the construction of a northern railroad to Asia. Asia at the present day is further from Europe than America. The Russian railway connection with Northern Asia is a somewhat stupendous undertaking. . . . Only the people of the coming century will be able to estimate the national migratory movements which will result from the formation of these means of communication, movements that will react in a thousand ways for good and evil upon the normal conditions of life in Europe. We are, indeed, face to face with a problem of unknown dimensions. But our simple understanding tells us this northern connection with Asia will necessitate the opening up of a southern line, and that the hitherto shortest routes of communication cannot suffice. A glance at the new map informs us that the new road will and must lead through Palestine. . . . A syndicate intends to apply for a concession to construct a railway from the Mediterranean Sea to the Persian Gulf. . . .

Dr. Herzl continues to say that Jews should apply for that concession, and thereby immeasurably extend the mercantile openings of the new Jewish State.

In the course of the present year Dr. Herzl and Dr. Nordau have laboured to bring that great question of the Jewish State to some practical head. The most effective means of doing so was adopted: a Congress was convened, the members to meet at Munich. For reasons that have not been made known, Munich as a trysting place for Zionists was found to be inopportune; and the Congress is now convened to meet at Bâle in this month of August 1897. Six great issues form the 'platform' of that Congress. First, the condition of the Jews in the several countries; referee, Dr. Max Nordau, Paris. Secondly, colonisation in Palestine and its results; referee, Mr. Willy Bambus, Berlin. Thirdly, objects of Jewish charity in Palestine; referee, Dr. Hirsch Hildesheimer, Berlin. Fourthly, questions of finance; referee, Dr. Max Bodenheimer, Cologne. Fifthly, the Jewish question and the proximate diplomatic Congress of the Powers; referee, Dr. Theodor Herzl, Vienna. Sixthly, exhibition of Jewish colonial products at the Paris exhibition of 1900. One of the foremost questions suggesting itself is, in whose name, on behalf of whom, and who does convene the Congress? According to the latest news (14th of July), two of the above referees, Dr. Hirsch Hildesheimer and Mr. Willy Bambus, have withdrawn from the Congress; so that practically Dr. Herzl and Dr. Nordau are the only prominent Zionists calling upon their fellow-Jews to come to Bâle. Yet there can be no doubt that Dr. Herzl's proposal has met with great sympathy in nearly all large centres of Judaism; and the discussions and correspondence in reference to the new Jewish State have waxed to a prodigious mass. The Congress will be held; and for the first time since the sixties of the seventeenth century the question of a wholesale return of Jews to Palestine will be seriously discussed before Christian Europe. That question interests not only Jews and Antisemites, but also the rest of Europe. An exodus of some five million people, who for good or evil have grown to be no inconsiderable factor in the material and intellectual, if not

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also in the national life of Europe, must needs give rise to very grave problems of policy and economics. Let us now weigh the chances of that enterprise by the light both of the present and past attitude of the Jews; by the light of what Jews have thought of similar ventures in the past, and what, according to their very constitution as Jews, they are most likely to think of it in the near future.

II

The Jews, as is well known, have at all times after the destruction of their State by Titus and Hadrian, hoped for and religiously believed in their bodily return to Palestine, and in the restoration of the Jewish State. In numerous prayers of theirs that hope is given passionate expression, and some ultra-modern Jews have with logical severity proposed to have such prayers eliminated from the prayer books of all such Jews as claim to have completely amalgamated themselves with the Christian nation in the midst of which they live. Up to this hour, however, the prayers have not been cancelled; and the Jews of all descriptions still mark themselves out, by those very prayers, as mere denizens and sojourners in the countries whose citizens they are taken to be. It has been remarked by critical scholars and pious Christians alike, that the Old Testament does not preach a belief in a future world; or, still more correctly, that it does not dwell at all on the individual immortality of the believer's soul. I shall refer to that capital point lower down; here it is adduced merely to point out that to the Jew of the Diaspora, to the mediæval or modern Jew, the belief in the restoration of the ancient Jewish State has much of the religious nature of the Christian belief in a future world. To both the coming into the state of future blessedness is the cardinal point of their inner life. Both found their beliefs on facts of sublime, supramundane, and unanalysable character. In both therefore the belief is almost unshakable, ineradicable. It thus happened that whenever one of the numerous pseudo-Messiahs appeared who, for reasons that generally escape us, contrived to be believed in by numerous Jews as being the Designated One—*the* Messiah—a religious mania was seen to seize the Jews of some and eventually of all countries, the like of which among Christians can be found only in the times of Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, or similar crusading epochs. The most astounding of these religious frenzies happened in the seventh decade of the seventeenth century. A Jew of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by the name of Sabbatai Zevi, who in addition to a winsome exterior had the reputation of being deeply versed in the mysteries of the Kabbala, was publicly declared to be the long-expected Messiah. The enthusiasm for Zevi, which had first spread among his personal friends only, rapidly extended over country after country, until the Jews of Holland, Germany, Denmark, Poland, as well as those of Italy,

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England, Hungary, and Russia, were thrown into the wildest excitement of hope and expectation. The sober and rich Jews of Amsterdam and Hamburg were indulging in frantic dances over the supposed coming of the Messiah. Jubilees were celebrated all over Europe; the few sceptical minds among the Jews were silenced with threats. Zevi was overwhelmed with presents and gifts of all kinds; he was credited with powers of healing diseases by the touch of his hand; Jewish pilgrims from all parts of Europe dogged his steps wherever he went; and that excitement having been increasing for many months, the Sultan finally began to feel uneasy, and Zevi was summoned to Constantinople. Before accompanying him there, let us pause for a moment to consider the Jewish communities who readily and ardently believed in that imbecile impostor. The Jews in Holland, mostly descendants of Spanish Jews, were not only very rich, but also in the enjoyment of full civil rights. They had great influence with Stadthouder and Grand Pensionnaire, no less than with the various Diets in Holland. Their houses were filled with great art-treasures; their schools were highly developed, and many among them had a considerable share of the then current classical culture, reading Latin, even Greek, and talking French or Spanish, in addition to Dutch or German. It was from among them that men arose whose fame has not yet faded, while in one case it is likely never to decay: Morteira, Uriel Acosta, Spinoza. It was in the midst of Jewish communities as rich and cultivated as those of Amsterdam and the Hague that the religious enthusiasm for the Messiah ran wildest. 'In Amsterdam,' Dr. Graetz, the historian of the Jews, tells us—'in Amsterdam the devotion to the new faith expressed itself in contradictory ways, by noisy music and dancing in the houses of prayer, and by gloomy, monkish self-mortification. The printing presses could not supply enough copies of special prayer books in Hebrew, Portuguese, and Spanish for the multitude of believers. In these books penances and formulas were given by which men hoped to become partakers in the Kingdom of the Messiah.' Henry Oldenburg, the secretary of the Royal Society in London, wrote to Spinoza (December 1665): 'All the world here is talking of a rumour of the return of the Israelites, who have been dispersed for more than two thousand years, to their own country. Few believe it, but many wish it. . . . Should the news be confirmed it may bring about a catastrophe in all things.' But as if to cap all previous or subsequent instances of religious gullibility, Sabbatai Zevi was believed in by untold masses of fanaticised Jews even after his formal conversion to Mahometanism, which, under threats from the Sultan, the wretched impostor did not hesitate to consent to. The Kabbalists and partisans of the new Messiah 'easily got over objections.' 'Sabbatai,' they explained, 'had not turned Mahometan, but a phantom had played that part; he himself had retired to

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heaven or to the Ten Tribes, and would soon appear again to accomplish the work of redemption.' The impostor died, abandoned and forsaken, a few years later, at Dulcigno, in Albania, whither he had been sent by the Sultan.

From the study of the skein of absurd incidents and events connected with the appearance of Shabthai Tsevi (as his real name appears to have been) one clear lesson can be drawn. However insipid and silly the whole melodramatic performance may have been, it was based on the fundamental religious belief of the Jews. It did not justify itself on the score of persecutions suffered at the hands of non-Jewish oppressors; it did not, as does the proposal of the modern Zionists of Dr. Herzl's school, urge practical and political Zionism owing to pressure from outside. Dr. Herzl says: 'We are oppressed, and all Christian nations say that we are *de trop*. Let us therefore abandon Christian countries, and repair to Palestine.' The enthusiasts mustering round Shabthai did not say a word about the Christians. They simply followed the religious bent long nourished in every Jew. And in this fact alone there was a power infinitely superior to the propelling forces in the latest aspect of Zionism. If States are to be established, they must; at any rate, they can be established on a fervent religious belief common to all the founders. It is doubtful whether any State has ever been founded without that broad basis which is composed of some great hope, some eternal belief, some supra-ephemeral creed, which is called Religion. Colonies, small colonies, as distinguished from States, may perhaps and for a short time be made to prosper without paying especial attention to religion. Of States the same can scarcely be said; least of all, of the Jewish State. For Jewish State really means Jewish Religion. Had Shabthai not undone his own work by giving way to common fear, he might have accomplished much. Dr. Herzl will accomplish nothing; and Dr. Nordau neither. Religion to the latter is a subject of mental physiology; possibly, and probably, of mental pathology. As far as can be judged from his published works, Dr. Nordau has been studying social phenomena after the method called by the Germans 'natural philosophy method' (*naturwissenschaftliche Methode*). This method will, we respectfully submit, lead to no real insight into the phenomena of social or religious history. At least it never has so far. The very proposal, backed by Nordau, testifies to an utter lack of historic insight into social or religious phenomena. We could fully and easily comprehend an exodus of all the Jews to Palestine, if Dr. Herzl or Dr. Nordau were capable of arousing in the Jews one half of that religious enthusiasm which Shabthai and his managers succeeded in creating. Without such an enthusiasm; without instilling in the Jews a firm, an ardent belief that the time of the Messiah has come; without prevailing on them that Dr. Theodor Herzl, of Vienna, IXth dis-

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trict, Berggasse No. 6, or Dr. Max Nordau, of Paris, author of *Degeneration*, &c., is the real Messiah: the Jews, on their arrival in Palestine, will, to the great astonishment of the natural-philosophy method, abandon Zionism in a body, and be assimilated by the extant population of the Holy Land in the very fashion in which all German or Irish emigrants are assimilated by the Yankees. It does not take any extraordinary knowledge of history or religion to forecast that. All that is necessary is a cool and unprejudiced study of what really constitutes the Jew.

The Jew is distinguished from the Christian, but not by race or blood. The time has, it may be trusted, at last come when all the childish delusions about 'races' among white humanity have been, or ought to be, abandoned. It is a species of delusion brought into the world by philologists, who do need such a fiction. Wherever they see difference in language, they at once conclude that there must be also difference in race. The language of the Jews belongs to the Semitic stock of languages; hence philologists persuade themselves, and alas! also other people, that there is a 'Semitic race.' There is none. There has never been any. The nations talking Semitic languages have at all times so profoundly differed from one another that nothing short of wilful blindness to facts can consider them as constituting one and the same stock of people with essentially the same qualities. The 'Semitic' race will disappear, as has the 'Doric' or 'Pelasgic' race, and as will the 'Celtic' and 'Saxon' race. In fact, among white men there are no permanent 'races.' They are all of the same kind; and their vast differences in institutions and manners are owing to facts totally independent of 'racial' differences. 'Race' is a word; no more. It is not a reality, nor a force of nature. It has never troubled the tiniest water of history; although, like so many other words, it has been frequently used as a watchword and war-cry in the mightiest events of the past. This, however, does not alter the truth; history being generally acted in a language, in which A is said and B is meant. Yet, with all that, the Jew differs from the Christian, and radically too. He differs from the Christian much more than he ever differed from the heathen Greek or Roman. With the latter he had and still has some essential features in common. With the Christian he has *the* most essential feature not in common. The Greek and Roman of pre-Christian times was a citizen *par excellence*; the best part of his self was identified with his city-state. Of the solitary and self-sufficient man, post-Hellenic times have made an ideal: he is either a saint or a Robinson Crusoe. With the Greeks he was—a Cyclope. All the sentiments and most of the intellectual forces of free men were engaged in, or absorbed by, their several States. So was that of the Jew in historic times. He was a member of the Jewish State; individually, he counted for little. The basis of individual life was

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not the relation of one Jew to another Jew, whether as parent, child, or friend; nor of every single Jew to God; but of the community of Jews to God. The prophets seldom, if ever, speak of the relation of the individual to God. God might and did visit the misdeeds of His chosen people on the individual Jew; the private virtues of the latter did not avail him any. Like the Greeks, the ancient Jews praised most the κοινωνικαὶ ἀρεταί, or the virtues arising from and through the community of men. The Jews as a nation were, as Isaiah says, the vineyard of God; they were, as Daniel puts it, the Son of God; and Jeremiah never dwells on the religious relation between the individual and God. Salvation to the individual Jew came chiefly through his very belonging to the community of the Jews. It was not a reward or grace to be obtained by individual efforts of a religious or moral character; it was a right to be practised in force of his citizenship. The *civis Romanus* claimed the protection of the Roman State anywhere and everywhere by virtue of his citizenship. So did the Jew claim God's special blessing by virtue of his Jewish citizenship. His basis was the broad community of his State; his life was the life of that State. And feeling, as he did, the strongest roots of his individual existence sprouting from the roots of his State; and being scarcely conscious, as he was, of life individual as against life communal, how could he particularly crave for an indefinite extension of that individual life beyond the gates of Death, since he valued it so little this side of them? What sting could Death have to him whose life was mostly identified with an immortal State? Nor did he have such craving. Sure of the present immortality, as it were, of his base—that is, his State—he did not cast the anchor of his existence in the sea of a future immortality, but in the eternal stream of actual life. In this too he resembled the Greeks and Romans who, for analogous reasons, did not trouble themselves very much about the world to come. In time therefore, as well as in all eternity, the pre-Christian Jew found all religious elevation, all religious solace and assurance, through his people, his nation. It was not this or that class of his people; not the priests, as such; not the kings; not the prophets; nor was it a certain book handed down, or a tradition living in his people; it was the people itself. It was, as in theological terms we should style it, this people as the incarnation of God's will. Between the individual Jew and God stood, as mediator and as saviour, the people of Israel. Forgiveness and pardon, atonement and salvation, could come to the individual only through the forgiveness and salvation bestowed by God upon the people as a whole. This is the fundamental belief, the one ineradicable creed that made and makes the distinctive feature of Judaism. The Messiah, whose type the prophets and later seers were elaborating, did not touch on that basal conception of the nation of the Jews being the mediator between the individual Jew and God. The Messiah is, at best, an agent of God, in the interest of the Jewish

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nation; not of this or that Jew. He who believes in that mediatorship of the Jewish nation is a Jew. He who does not believe in it is no Jew, and if all his ancestors were 'Semites.'

This, then, being the essential characteristic of Judaism, it is comparatively easy to see why Jews have never sympathised with Christianity. The Christians too—like all Monotheists—believe in a mediator, a saviour; in Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus, however, is not the Messiah in the Jewish sense of the term. He is not a mere agent, a mere leader to salvation. He himself is salvation, and salvation to the individual man. He is to the individual Christian what the Jewish nation is to the Jew. To believe in him is, for the Jew, tantamount to treason to the Jewish nation; and, at the same time, superfluous treason too. For, the very salvation that is offered in Jesus, the Jew has it, and has long had it, he firmly believes, in his nation. For this one reason the Jews, as a community, have never turned and will never turn Christians. Religious and patriotic passions alike prevent it. Even such among the modern Jews as have discarded all the ritualism of their forefathers, and never frequent a synagogue, are still cleaving to their nation by the fibre of a dumb and unreasoning patriotism; and, in the words of Nordau, cling to Judaism and keep aloof from Christianity from 'an insurmountable historic sentiment.' Had the Fathers of the Church discarded from their Canon the books of the Old Testament, many more Jews might have been converted to Christianity. The Fathers, however, accepted the Old Testament as the basis of the New, as part of the Canon of the Christian Church, recognising its inspiration and holiness. What more did the Jews need to embrace their belief in Judaism with tenfold greater intensity? Both Jew and Christian rest their dearest hopes in one surpassing Personality, mediating between them and God. The personality of the Jew is one particular Nation, clearly differentiated from all other nations. The personality of the Christians is that of Jesus, the Saviour, than whom no individual has ever been endowed with richer elements of religious inspiration.

We thought it indispensable for a due appreciation of Zionism in general to go back to the first principles involved in the case. We shall now apply them to the actual aspect of Zionism as it has developed within the last year or two.

III

Time was when the idea of nationality was scarcely rife in Europe. In the sixteenth and seventeenth, largely also in the eighteenth centuries, 'nation' was a mere word in the dictionary. Thank the French Revolution, 'nation' is no longer a word: it is the most real of all realities, and the most powerful of all powers. It is idle to discuss the 'idea' of nation, or to labour at a complete definition of

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that great concept. *Omnis definitio periculosa.* Some thinkers—Nordau, in his *Paradoxes*, is among them—have identified 'nation' with language; just as philologists identify it with 'race.' Others have given other definitions. However that may be, it remains true that by nation we now understand a large aggregate of people whose mind and will are at one, and desperately so, with regard to some fundamental points of their collective existence. We are likewise convinced that nowadays no individual person can for any length of time stay outside the pale of any distinct nationality without gravely impairing some of his noblest faculties. The cosmopolite is now what our sturdier ancestors called the outlaw; he is an 'outnation.' The Jews of the two or three preceding centuries had over other peoples the immense advantage of being coalesced in a strong nationality of their own. When other people barely stammered the first spelling-book of Nationality, the Jews were already reading its elaborate textbooks. Now, however, the Christian peoples of Europe, too, have formed nations; they have, by means of terrific campaigns, and fights social and intellectual, differentiated their individual features; and that immense struggle has not yet reached its final stage. The nineteenth century has been called that of inventions, such as the railway, the steamship, or the telegraph. We must not overlook that the greatest of the inventions of that century is Nationality. This being the case, it was inevitable that the new nationality should come into conflict with the old one; or, in other words, it was inevitable that Antisemitism should arise. For, apart from other considerations, in its fight against the Jews, or the old nationality, the new nationality wanted and needed to learn the tactics of party formation and other political lessons. Zionism is the answer of the old nationality to the challenge of the new. Zionism, political or religious, is the instinctive reply given by a nation that, as a whole, cannot and will never coalesce with Christian nations. It is in vain that the religious Zionists in Germany, England, and America, with a view of dissociating themselves from the political Zionists, have in the form of solemn declarations withdrawn from the attempt of Dr. Herzl. Thus the Executive Committee of the Union of Rabbis in Germany have, on the 6th of July 1897, issued a declaration to the effect that 'The efforts of so-called Zionists to create a Jewish national State in Palestine are antagonistic to the Messianic promises of Judaism, as contained in Holy Writ and in later religious sources.' For—note the subtle but evident contradiction implied in this declaration—a Jewish State in Palestine shall not be founded, the declaration says; yet it refers in the same breath to assurances given from on high—that is, 'Messianic promises'—that such a Jewish State in Palestine shall be founded. In the face of a contradiction so glaring, what does it help the rabbis of Germany to add, in a second article, the declaration that 'Judaism obliges its

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followers to serve the country to which they belong with the utmost devotion, and to further its interest with their whole heart and all their strength'? This declaration is void of any power. It is incorrect; for no legal or historical proof can be given for the statement that Judaism—we say Judaism, and not the temper or inclinations of individual Jews—obliges its followers to serve their country with the utmost devotion. We have seen above in what Judaism really consists. We have seen that in Judaism, alone of all religious systems, religion and nationality are so indissolubly one and identical that no real Jew can hesitate to sacrifice his temporary nationality as an Englishman or German to the eternal and indelible nationality ingrained in him by his religion. One of the distinguished Jews of this country, whose family has been in England for centuries, has told the writer of this article that he should not hesitate at all, in case of an emergency grave enough for such a resolution, to sacrifice his English nationality to the interests of Judaism.

The religious Zionists, we said, cannot deny practical identity with the political Zionists. The Jewish clergy of New York have, in June last, passed the following two resolutions with regard to Dr. Herzl's plan: 'Resolved that while every association of Palestine with the Jews arouses our interest and touches a responsive chord in Jewish hearts, we deprecate any movement tending towards the formation of a Jewish State in Palestine capable of being construed as casting doubt upon the citizenship, patriotism, or loyalty of Jews in whatever country they reside.' This is an excellent example of a style so ambiguous as to admit of any construction whatever. The New York clergy say that they deprecate any such movement of political Zionism as might by Americans be construed as unpatriotic. They therefore do not deprecate any such political Zionism as might by Americans be construed as being not unpatriotic. In other words, all depends on what the Americans will say. Does not that imply that the Jewish clergy of New York are, *au fond*, quite in favour of political Zionism, provided it does not create any scandal? They, too, hasten to add, in a second declaration, that 'we reaffirm our conviction that the true mission of Judaism is religious and not political, and that any plan or proposal for the uplifting of the Jewish people as such must be tested by its spiritual value and purpose.' Here, too, as in the case of the German rabbis, the fundament of Judaism is deliberately disregarded. The 'uplifting of the Jewish people *as such*' implies, in consequence of the very essence of Judaism, a political or national movement as much as a religious one. It is hopeless to represent Judaism as being on a line with the Christian denominations. It is essentially different from them, in that it can under no circumstances divest its religious from its nationalist character. The rabbis may go on denying, ignoring, or dissimulating that as much as they please; the fact of that dualism remains, and

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is patent to any one who has given himself the trouble of reading some of the modern researches into the theology of the Old Testament, and into the history of the Jews since the destruction of the Temple by Titus. The religious Zionists, therefore, by suppressing the national element in the dual character of Judaism, place themselves in an altogether false position, and will never achieve what in their innermost hearts they ardently wish to realise. The political Zionists, of the type of Dr. Nordau and Dr. Herzl, commit the opposite mistake or false feint; they suppress and disregard the religious element in the dual character of Judaism, and will consequently achieve still less than their opponents. It is hopeless to appeal to purely utilitarian and opportunist motives in trying to move a complex of people whose great hope and central interest are of a religious character. An exodus of Jews cannot be brought about by a power propped up by considerations of mere nationalism. For in the first place there are no greater Antisemites than many of the Jews themselves. It is no exaggeration to say that nearly all modern Jews, who have received a genteel education at colleges and universities, are more inclined to Antisemitism than Christians of the same social status. It is mere folly to think that those antisemitic Jews who are amongst the best gifted and the most influential will associate themselves in a risky enterprise with the very people whom they inwardly detest. He who undertakes to unite men of so utterly divergent opinions and emotional tempers must needs have recourse to the one and solitary agency that can work such marvels—to religion. The two doctors, however, disregard religion; their enterprise is therefore divested of all chances of success. The exodus of the Jews of to-day from Europe can only be made in a manner in no way different from that in which was achieved their exodus from Egypt some 3,000 years ago. A Moses is required; a man full of divine inspiration and an energy fraught with religious zeal. Religion is not, like feudalism or guilds, a mere phenomenon of the middle ages; it is an historic category, an indestructible factor of all national life, and, with the Jews, *the* factor of all the factors. The antisemitic Jews will keep aloof from Dr. Herzl's enterprise because they dislike the nationality which the doctor wants to perpetuate. The pious and loyal Jews will keep aloof from it because it disregards the religious element of Judaism.

The only way to social recognition left open to Jews, and more especially to that class of them which is more strongly inclined to stay in Europe, neither Dr. Nordau nor the other Zionists seem to be willing to contemplate. This way is clearly indicated by history; it may be learnt—if ever anybody learned anything from history—from the numerous sects or parties, classes or castes, that have in the course of the centuries risen from social degradation to social recognition. The lesson is simple. It spells fight. B fight is not

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always meant actual bloodshed. What is always meant is unrelenting opposition to one's enemies, and readiness to sacrifice comfort and ease to ideals temporarily unprofitable. This is what the Jews ought to do; this is what, especially on the Continent, they, as a body, do not do; and it is for this wretched cowardice of theirs that they have called upon themselves, and rightly so, the contempt of the world. What is Zionism else than that 'better part of valour' which politeness calls discretion, but which truth brands as cowardice? There are no two ways about it; there is only one alternative: either Jews remain the old orthodox kind, contemned and contemning, or they get social recognition as real citizens of their several countries by honest, staunch fighting for it. *Tertium non datur.* Every other proposal is mere sham and fraud. They must follow the example, not of Moses Mendelssohn, but that of either the Polish orthodox rabbis or of Spinoza. Had the latter, although the sweetest-tempered man known to biography, not resolutely scorned to mildly temporise and compromise, he would have written not a line of his *Ethica*, and the world would be poorer for it. If the modern and unorthodox Jews could muster one-tenth of the moral courage and heroism of that poor, phthisis-stricken Spanish Jew, they could bring about Zionism indeed, but here in Europe, and in a fashion infinitely more creditable to them and more desirable for Europe. Then Dr. Nordau might write a *Regeneration* of a positive value considerably greater than has been that of his *Degeneration*. With the utmost deference to one so successful and clever, we venture to say that it is not 'modern civilisation' that is so brimful of 'Conventional Lies,' 'Paradoxes,' 'Disease of the Century,' and 'Degeneration,' and other morbid substances; it is that backboneless new Judaism that, while trying to give the lie to nationality, or the greatest achievement of this century, gives the lie to itself and to all such as believe in militant Zionism.

EMIL REICH.

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MOLES

I AM the man who hath seen a mole's eye glittering at him! Yes! It was on a day when we were on a roaming ramble in Roxburghshire, and sauntering about somewhere near Melrose. As we were peering about in a pleasant shady something or other, lo! I saw a mighty Scotchman plucking away from a moving piece of earth a tiny little human creature, dangerously full of curiosity, who was burning with a desire to find out what that diminutive earthquake meant. 'Coom awa'! coom awa'!' said the big giant [N.B. I do not pretend to be able to transliterate that barbaric dialect, the writing of which some deluded ones regard as a beautiful though difficult accomplishment]. 'Coom awa'! Et'll bite ye!' I made a grab at the embryo earthquake and clutched a baby mole! The giant, with all the signs of hysterical terror, started back, plucking the child from the impending perils that loomed so horribly near, but when he saw that I had the lovely little mole in my hand and was examining it minutely, was just a little reassured, and even bent over to look. 'Ah! weel noo!' said the giant in his barbaric and raucous form of speech, 'es et verry ferocious?' I said 'No,' and I showed him the strange little animal, clothed in a beautiful silver grey satin. The orbit of its eye had not yet closed up, as the learned tell me it does soon after the young mole is born, and there was the bright little eye exposed to mine and glittering with a quite indescribable glitter as I gazed. Whether there was any 'speculation in those orbs' I will not undertake to say, but I feasted on the strange sight, which I suspect hardly one man in a hundred thousand in Great Britain has seen; and having finished with this atom of subterraneous life, I gently laid it down in the centre of the earthquake, watched it give a sly little wriggle, and bestowed upon it my blessing, thanking the powers that be that I was not a 'collector,' and that I did not go about slaying things to put their shrivelled carcasses in a glass case, and gloat over my skill in lessening the sum total of animal life, which I like to think has its rich abundance of enjoyment while it lasts. Why should we murder the poor moles? Why should we sanction the murder of them? Why should we not protest against their being massacred wholesale?

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When I was a child my nurse used to make my flesh creep by threatening me, when I was naughty, that I should be 'put in the bury-hole and be dug up by the resurrection man, and have my teeth sold to the dentist, to make sets of 'em for the fine ladies!' To be dug up by 'a resurrection man' was no uncommon thing in those days, or at any rate it had been common enough not very long before I was born, as a recent writer on this gruesome subject has shown. Of course a resurrection man was to my childish imagination the most grim of all conceivable ogres; but when it came to such frightful details of anticipation, as one may say, and I had to imagine the extraction of my teeth from my young jaw for trade purposes, and was moreover left quite uncertain as to whether this diabolical and ultra-diabolical operation would be performed upon me alive or dead, can you wonder if I got to regard a resurrection man as a very prince of devils—an unearthly because an unearthing demon who would stop at nothing? But, when we come to reflect upon his crimes, is not a mole-catcher worse—very much worse—than the old-fashioned resurrection man? The old culprit at any rate waited to operate upon the buried dead: he waited till his victim was cold in his grave. The other traps the living and catches him in his infernally contrived snares when he is 'all alive, oh!' has no pity, no shame, no remorse, and, when all is said and done, makes a contemptibly small profit by his trade of murder.

The district in which I pass my lowly life is just now suffering for its sins in the way of mole-slaying, by the natural operation of the divine laws, which grind slowly, though they grind exceeding small. There is a deeply rooted superstition prevalent among the peasantry that moles are only mischievous and destructive vermin. Nay, there is a little bunch or collection of idle superstitions acting to the discredit of the moles—for instance, that they bring rain when it is not wanted; that they haunt the churchyards and prey upon our forefathers; that they cause tremendous floods by burrowing through great embankments that keep back the sea from lands that, but for those banks, would be submerged; that their *earth putts* (such is the pronunciation of that obscure expression) are poisonous to the soil around them; and other such slanderous and malignant accusations. For there were days when men believed in the devil very much more firmly, and, I may add, more intelligently and practically, than they believed in the Heavenly Father; when evil was far, far more present with them than good, when 'blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands' were brought home to them with much more aggressive and unceasing menace and mischief than those gracious and beneficent forces which help to rid us of these manifestations of the malignity of matter; times when Nature was so tyrannous and man so weak, when the evil one was always haunting their infantine imaginations, and when

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goodness was so very far away, had to be waited for so long, to be hoped for against hope, and was so very rare and so hard to find out—in those days men found that the easiest explanation of everything that happened to them was to say the devil did it. Everything that brought pain and loss and ruin came from the goblins that were grubbing and growling in the bowels of the cruel earth, where Hate was king, restless for ever!

> Meanwhile the best way to escape his ire
> Was not to seem too happy!

So the poor little moles came in for their share of the blame that attached to all the things that were; and we, the heirs of all the ages, have an heritage of mischief from our distant progenitors, the gibbering bipeds with their haunting fears and rudimentary speech and 'foreheads villanous low.'

And now we are beginning to suffer for our misbeliefs. I know I speak for the unpitied. I belong to the unpitied classes; for who pities the parsons in what Donne calls 'the very country'? Yet our sorrows may come to extend even to you, you of the breed of Dives, who fare sumptuously every day. Would it be a small thing to you if you should find yourselves suddenly robbed of the joy of strawberry jam? Yet that is what we are coming to, perhaps much sooner than you know. We, the unpitied, have few luxuries left us, but among those few are our strawberry beds. In my humble way I am proud of mine. This year I had about one hundred and fifty square yards of strawberry beds in this garden of mine. A month ago the promise of a crop was so great, and the unripe fruit so splendid to look at, that I began to think I might turn an honest penny by them to help to pay, perhaps, a penny in the pound of my land tax. Alas! I have not had six strawberries to eat; the whole surface of the beds is one picture of devastation and repulsive rottenness. They have been consumed by millions of *ground beetles*, *Ophonus ruficorius* or *Pteristochus vulgaris*; it makes the smallest possible difference to me which, but some people do dearly love long names. These beetles are in my garden as common as dirt; they are winged things; they burrow in the ground, and there, it is said, they propagate their detestable progeny in the day time; in the night season they come up from their lairs and cover the surface of the beds till the foliage is overspread with them as by a quivering pall. Bring a lantern, and lo! they scuttle away. The fiends have one remnant of virtue left to them: they know what a guilty shame means. Creeping things they are not, for they run *mutatis mutandis* with the speed of antelopes when disturbed. 'The land is as the Garden of Eden before them; behind them a desolate wilderness.' Already in this district men have begun to call them *locusts*. This, to us, terrible scourge has come upon us as a veritable visitation. The market gardeners are

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walking about with tears in their eyes. Some sanguine optimists are suggesting that the Lord Mayor—I mean *the* Lord Mayor—should at once set on foot a public subscription for all sufferers from the plague—except only the country parsons.

Some politicians suggest that we should move for a commission of enquiry. One man—you need not ask who—wrote up straight to the Royal Agricultural Society, and received by return of post a very interesting pamphlet, affording a vast deal of information on the subject of ground beetles in general and of these beetles in particular, by Mr. Cecil Warburton, which will delight the curious; but when it comes to deal with the remedies, alas! there are none that the gifted author of the pamphlet believes in. The real fact is that these 'locusts' are by nature *carnivorous*, and have suddenly given up eating other pests like themselves because they have increased so enormously upon their prey that they have been driven to devour fruits and even flowers now that they cannot find such flesh meat as they would dine upon if it were there. But there is another melancholy fact concerning them, and that is that these *ground beetles*, who have begun to eat up the fruits of the soil, and who by-and-by will return to their carnivorous habits by feeding upon babies in their cradles and the two-year-old little toddlers in their perambulators, have gone on increasing at an awful and inconceivable rate of geometrical progression, because their natural enemies, the *moles*, have been for a long time in this district undergoing a process of extermination; and what is to be the end of it all none can say.

And this brings me back to my moles. A mole is one of the most interesting and instructive of animals, if only you take the trouble to study him. We have had delightful monographs on the frog, on the crayfish, on the common domestic fly; but I know no satisfactory bookling on the mole. May I suggest that some gifted naturalist should set to work upon this subject and witch the world with the tale that he might unfold? There are those who assure us that the mole is a survival of the megatherium, and that he is the only living thing which still possesses a peculiarly formed *finger* on his broad hand, the only known analogue of a similar *toe* on the hind foot of the extinct *glyptodon*. Also it is certain that, though the mole has no external ears, yet no animal that we are familiar with has such exquisite sense of hearing. His sense of touch seems to be diffused over all the surface of his little body; and some of the learned assure us that those little eyes, which in the full-grown animal are hard to find, are furnished with a certain muscle which can be contracted or expanded at will, insomuch that your mole may just keep his eyes open or closed, according to circumstances—an invaluable accomplishment, such as courtiers, diplomatists, *et hoc genus omne* may be forgiven if, when they hear of, they too desire to have.

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Then there are those marvellous fortresses, habitations, hunting-grounds, and the rest which the moles construct, and about which it is not my province to speak—the domed citadel, the tortuous galleries, the dormitory, the magazines of food, and the wells or reservoirs of water—yes! actually *wells*!—that they dig; and then the romance of their lives! their loves and wars and bloody battles, with the plentiful banquet and repast when the conqueror comes home, and where Mrs. Mole receives her lord to four-o'clock tea (some seriously insist that literally and punctually it is always at four o'clock), though, instead of muffins, there is a plate of *skinned earthworms* provided for her dainty lord—only as a treat, though! only as a treat!

The main point to be kept in view, however, in all this is that the voracity of the mole is prodigious. The number of wireworms found in a mole's stomach, as it has been reported to me, is almost incredible. The larvæ of beetles and other wild beasts hostile to man and enemies to human progress, civilisation, and culture that a hundred moles would consume in a year, they say, we could count by millions; and some calculators, great in mathematics, talk even of millions of millions. Certain it is that in the present depressed condition of agriculture it is difficult to estimate how much serious mischief is being done by exterminating one of the farmer's best and most influential friends—the mole. To wage a stupid and ignorant war against this beneficent ally of his is 'to give himself away' indeed.

What I want to know—speaking as a very humble enquirer, speaking as a poor down-trodden sufferer, speaking as an irritated Esquimaux or Greenlander might speak if, to his dismay, he arrived at that mountain—I forget where—on which the stunted brambles grow that afford the poor wretch his one annual treat of vegetable food, which gladdens his heart during his fortnight's holiday while he gorges himself with whale blubber and blackberries—speaking, I say, as that poor savage might be expected to speak who should find that that mountain of joy and hope had been devastated of all its stunted brambles by a convulsion of nature; what I want to know, and what I suspect others will soon be longing and asking eagerly to know, is, how can we get back our moles? How can we allure them hither? Can any one make it known to the moles that we have hereabouts such a wealth of ground beetles and wireworms as would suffice to fatten whole legions of moles for years? They shall not be molested (no pun, if you please!), but treated with the utmost respect and consideration; and already there is a talk of saddling the resurrection man with the expense of a heavy license duty, and of bringing in a bill for the protection of our best friends, the *talpidæ*. The pressing difficulty now, however, is, how to get back those, our benefactors, whom we have done our best to exterminate?

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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THE TRUE STORY OF EUGENE ARAM

THE poet, the novelist, and the dramatist have vied with one another in lending the charm of romance to the history of Eugene Aram; love and remorse have spread their becoming cloaks over his misdeeds; the commonplace of fiction has adorned the commonplace of fact. But it not infrequently happens that in disengaging fact from fable, the plain truth from the attractive lie, real circumstances come to light as interesting and extraordinary as any that can be invented by the imagination of the story-teller. To record as distinct and yet present in the one man the attributes of the thoughtful and gifted scholar and those of the sordid and deliberate murderer must surely yield a more profitable and singular result than the endeavour to blend the two into a sympathetic whole by melting together in the crucible of lachrymose heroism those discrepancies which lie at the very root of character, and everlastingly mock the efforts of the methodical biographer to force consistency upon the inconsistent.

Eugene Aram was born at Netherdale in Yorkshire in the year 1704. His father was a gardener, but a gardener of more than ordinary skill; he possessed a remarkable knowledge of botany, and was an excellent draughtsman. He had originally been in the service of Dr. Compton, the Bishop of London famous for his resistance to James the Second, and, on leaving the Bishop, had gone into the service of Sir Edward Blackett at Newby in Yorkshire. Yorkshire was the native county of the Arams, who had not always been gardeners. Their name they derived from the village of Aram, or Haram, on the south bank of the Tees. In the reign of Edward the Third the family was possessed of three knights' fees near Newark. They would seem to have gradually gone further south until one Aram is found a professor of divinity at Oxford; another, whom Eugene saw, a Commissioner of the Salt Tax under Queen Anne, living at his seat in Hertfordshire. The branch to which Eugene belonged, and which had apparently remained in Yorkshire, must have fallen from the high state of their ancestors, or had never emerged like the others from their original obscurity. The first is the more likely supposition; for Eugene Aram, though driven by circumstances to associate with the shopkeepers and ale drapers of Yorkshire villages, was always feared and respected as a very high, proud man, solitary and retiring. He

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was himself fully conscious of his superiority in respect of birth and lineage, for it is to his investigations that we owe these details of his ancestry; and his assiduous study of antiquities makes his information on this point the more reliable. His portrait, too, in the *Newgate Calendar*, said by those who had seen him to be a very accurate likeness, shows a face in which there is little trace of the rough and homely; and throughout his life he seems to have attracted the regard and confidence of those whose stations in life were above his own.

Whilst working at Newby with Sir Edward Blackett, Eugene's father had bought a little house at Bondgate, near Ripon, in which he installed his wife and child, visiting them in his intervals of leisure. Here Eugene was sent to school and instructed in the Testament. At the age of fourteen he joined his father at Newby, and, with the help of Sir Edward Blackett, who seems to have been attracted by his intelligence and zeal for study, entered upon that career of intense and unwearied application to various branches of learning on which rests his real claim to honourable recognition, and which only the misfortune of circumstance has rendered fruitless of a great result. He first applied himself to mathematics, and, self-taught, mastered the ghastly problems of the higher algebra. But his studies were interrupted at the age of sixteen by his being sent to London to fill the place of bookkeeper in the counting-house of a relative of Sir Edward's, a Mr. Christopher Blackett. After remaining two years in the counting-house Aram was attacked by a very severe form of small-pox. His mother's anxiety was so great at her son's illness that she was only prevented from journeying to London by Eugene's giving up the counting-house and returning home. Here the young man resumed his mathematical studies, and at the same time dived into poetry, history, and antiquities. But these new mistresses quite seduced him from his boyish love; poor mathematics were cruelly deserted: 'the charms of the other three,' he writes, 'quite destroyed all the heavier beauties of numbers and lines whose applications and properties I now pursued no longer.'

As the time had come when Eugene must choose a profession, he settled upon that of a schoolmaster as the one for which he was best fitted. With that intention he returned to Netherdale, his birthplace, and there engaged himself as teacher in the village school. At Netherdale, according to Aram, he committed the first great error of his life, took the first unfortunate step which started him on his progress to the gibbet—he married. Of his wife's family nothing is known, except that Aram thought her very much beneath him, shunned her in the street, and never spoke to her in public. Those who remembered her described her as a tidy little body, a very weak, soft kind of woman, to whom Aram made an indifferent husband, a kind of woman who can hardly have affected the destiny of Aram so powerfully as he subsequently asked his friends to

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believe. One friend, more indiscreet and reckless than the rest, speaks of Mrs. Aram as low, mean, and vulgar, unworthy the lofty intellect of her husband, for whom a Newton and Erasmus could alone have been worthy companions. But we shall see that the sublime visionary could stoop at times—and for purposes of his own—to society that would have been very distasteful to Newton or Erasmus, and far lower and meaner than that of his vulgar wife. Not that this inconsistency should be any reproach to Aram, for it is always the privilege of a husband to suffer in his companions what he resents in his wife; but, when we are confronted with the high pride of the profound and solitary scholar shocked and wounded by the vulgarity of the tidy little body, we must make very sure that the high pride is not selfish vanity, and the domestic picture presented the canting old story of the great man who is unhappy and unappreciated at home.

Whatever the joys or disappointments of his early married life, Aram's zeal for learning was increased tenfold. A consciousness of his deficiencies which he acquired as soon as he began to teach others, and an irresistible covetousness for knowledge, drove him to unexampled industry. He taught himself English and Greek grammar from Lilly and Cambden by learning the entire books by heart. He then entered on Latin, puzzling out the meaning of the language for himself, spending sometimes a whole day over five lines and never leaving a passage till he had perfectly comprehended it. Then followed the Greek Testament, of which he parsed every word as he proceeded. When he had done this he felt himself strong enough to read Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Herodotus, and Thucydides. These labours, the achievements be it remembered of a self-taught, comparatively uneducated man, occupied some ten years. In the study of language he had hit on the true bent of his intellect, the department of learning in which he could hope to achieve something; and neither change of place nor force of circumstances ever from this moment hindered his continual researches.

When, in 1734, 'William Norton, Esquire,' his friend, sent a horse and man to fetch the learned schoolmaster to Knaresborough, the change of scene only meant a change of study; Hebrew succeeded Greek, and he began to go through the Pentateuch in the original tongue as at Netherdale he had gone through the Greek Testament. And, he writes, he would have done more during the ten years he kept the school at Knaresborough if other things had not encroached on his time.

What were those other things? There was the school, there was a family of six children, and there was pecuniary embarrassment. The ten years' schoolmastering in Knaresborough had not been profitable; by the end of the year 1744 Aram had mortgaged the house at Bondgate which he had inherited from his father, and owed

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a considerable sum of money to his friend Mr. Norton, who had probably put him into the school in the first instance. But, in the face of subsequent events, the question suggests itself, Had these debts arisen only from the failure of the school? Was Aram's course of life during these ten years confined to the study of Hebrew and to the instruction of the youth of Knaresborough? There is mystery surrounding these ten years at Knaresborough. In 1744, without a word of warning or preparation, without a hint as to the development of such a catastrophe, we find Aram, the solitary student, the man of high pride, who cannot even condescend to acknowledge his wife in the street, this man of learning, respected by all classes—by the lettered for the real depths of his acquirements, by the unlettered for the enormous profundity of thought which in their eyes constant solitude betokens—we find this same Aram the associate of the lowest villains in the perpetration of a monstrous fraud, and the associate of the greatest villain of them all in the murder of their fellow conspirator.

Next door to Aram's school in Knaresborough was the shop of a flax-dresser by the name of Richard Houseman. This Houseman was a dark, ill-looking fellow, broad set, round shouldered, and wearing a brown wig, 'the real picture of a murderer,' as a neighbour described him. His only companion in his flax-dressing was a large black raven that perched itself at the top of the steps leading into his shop. He was looked upon as belonging to the thoroughly bad set in Knaresborough, a set which included Daniel Clarke the shoemaker, Terry the ale draper, Iles the usurer, and Levi the Jew. These men were regarded by the good people of Knaresborough as equal to any villainy. When, at the beginning of 1744, a Jew pedlar boy who travelled with jewelry in the neighbourhood disappeared, report said that Houseman and Daniel Clarke had murdered him. That may or may not have been; but certain it is that about this time Houseman and Clarke had hit on a very much more profitable form of enterprise than murdering a pedlar boy for a few trumpery provincial trinkets. The new scheme was no rough and ready highway murder, such as might spring from the brain of the flax-dresser or the shoemaker; it was a subtle and ingenious fraud, and argues the presence of a superior intellect in the councils of the criminals. This was the scheme: Clarke had married a wife who was possessed of a fortune of 200*l.*; the money remained for the present in the hands of her relatives, who seem to have been unwilling to give it up until they were satisfied that Clarke was a man of some substance, and not an impecunious person who would spend his wife's fortune as soon as she got it. Clarke and his advisers saw in this reluctance of the relatives to part with the fortune a means of securing not only the 200*l.*, but a substantial sum of money in addition to it. On the strength of his wife's

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reputed fortune on the one hand, and to impress the reluctant relatives on the other with an idea of his substance, Clarke was to order from various tradesmen plate, linen, jewelry, watches, rings, and other articles. On the strength of these extensive purchases, which would argue substantial means, the relatives would part with the money. As soon as Clarke had the money and the unpaid goods on his hands, he was to disappear with his share of the booty, leaving the rest in the hands of his confederates. The guilt of the fraud would thus attach to Clarke alone, who would be safe away, while his accomplices would wait a convenient time to realise their shares of the profit. This plan, excellent in itself, is only imperfect as regards Clarke, who is condemned thereby to a perpetual exile, whilst his friends remain at home rejoicing. However, he appears to have been weak enough to have accepted it, and to have been prepared to say good-bye to Knaresborough for ever.

Such was the main plot; but there was an under-plot also, in which Daniel Clarke's part called for an even greater sacrifice and a more compendious farewell. As soon as the fraud was accomplished, the booty in Clarke's hands, Houseman and the third party, the latest recruit in the rascality of Knaresborough, were to murder the shoemaker and share among two instead of three Mrs. Clarke's money and the unpaid articles. The disappearance of Clarke and his property would favour with the public the idea that he had absconded, and so divert suspicion from his murderers.

His murderers! Richard Houseman and Eugene Aram! For it was the schoolmaster who had joined the flax-dresser and the shoemaker in their latest venture, and, with his neighbour Houseman, was to remove Daniel Clarke out of harm's way. Somehow or other—in what exact manner it is impossible to say—the studious recluse had drifted into an alliance with the murderous-looking shopkeeper next door, and had become sufficiently intimate with him to engage in the darkest of his designs. Aram had made Clarke's acquaintance in his love of botany; Clarke was a skilled florist, and he and Aram spent many delightful hours in scaring away cats from the schoolmaster's garden. In these hours it may have been that Aram learnt something of his companion's projects, and was perhaps through him introduced to Houseman. Himself under the stress of financial difficulties, he saw in the rude designs of these rascals a means of relieving his own embarrassments, and, in the perfection of an intelligent plan, built up murder on robbery. 'Mankind is never corrupted at once; villainy is progressive and declines from right, step by step, till every regard of probity is lost and every sense of all moral obligation perishes.' Thus spake Eugene Aram in his own defence, and certainly, in his case, these downward steps are hidden from us; suddenly, to our infinite amazement, the callous murderer emerges from the pensive seclusion of the student.

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Aram has not, however, left us without any apology. After his conviction and sentence, he told the clergyman who visited him that he murdered Clarke because he suspected him of an intrigue with his wife, and that at the time he considered he was doing right. Either Aram is here telling the truth, or, on the threshold of death, deliberately blackening his wife's character to justify his own conduct. He can only be judged in this circumstantially. Whilst local report is silent as to any connection between Clarke and Mrs. Aram, it is not silent on the unfeeling indifference with which she was treated by her husband—an indifference which makes his sensitiveness as to her moral conduct rather fantastic. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1759, the year of his execution, describes his conduct towards her as inhuman. The murder of Clarke, too, is surrounded by circumstances that, to a great extent, soil its character as an act of retribution on the part of a wronged husband. His devoted apologist says that all his children but one took after their mother, and that consequently Aram never considered them as his own—a rather severe conclusion. Vanity, if it does not cause crime, seldom fails to accompany it, for there is no surer extinguisher of remorse. If, in his early treatment of his wife, Aram's vanity of birth and talent made him shun her in the public place, and asperse his children for their likeness to their mother, may not the same presumptuous vanity that wrote on the eve of his execution the lines:

> Calm and composed my soul her journey takes,
> No guilt that troubles and no heart that aches,

have prompted him to preserve his reputation among men by vilifying the reputation of a woman whom to the very last he treated with dislike and contempt?

The best apology offered on Aram's behalf comes from an admirer who, comparing him with Houseman, exclaims: 'How much greater the temptation to murder to a man like Aram, with a miserable wife and six children, than to a wretch like Houseman, who could carry all his family under his hat!' (alluding to the large raven). There is a greater semblance of truth in this excuse than in the plea of the faithless wife.

By the 7th of February 1745, Clarke, Houseman, and Aram had, in pursuance of their plan, procured the goods, plate, linen, and jewelry from various tradesmen, and Mrs. Clarke's money from her relatives; the following day Clarke was to quit Knaresborough with his share. But, before doing so, the spoil had to be divided, and for that purpose Aram and Houseman invited Clarke to come with them to St. Robert's cave, outside Knaresborough, where the division could be made in greater secrecy. About six o'clock on the evening of the 7th, Aram came home and told his wife to light a good fire in the room upstairs. He then went out and did not return until

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two in the morning with Clarke and Houseman. Something had happened to Houseman's wig, for Aram asked his wife for a handkerchief to tie about 'Dicky's' head. They did not stop long; Clarke was impatient to be gone; 'It will soon be morning; we must get off,' he said. The three men went out, and Mrs. Aram saw that Clarke carried a sack on his back.

At four o'clock—two hours after—Houseman and Aram returned, but this time without Clarke. They came upstairs to the room where the fire was. Mrs. Aram asked what had become of Clarke, to which Aram replied by telling her to go to bed. She refused, and the two men, who seemed to be very anxious to have the fire to themselves, were obliged to go downstairs and light another. Filled with misgiving, Mrs. Aram listened from above: she could only hear vague sounds. It was well she could not hear too clearly, or she might have caught the words in which Houseman suggested that she should be murdered also for safety's sake—a suggestion which Aram did not take up. At seven o'clock the two men went out. As soon as they had gone Mrs. Aram came downstairs and closely examined the fireplace. There were only ashes in the grate then; but on the dunghill outside she found some burnt wearing apparel, and the handkerchief she had lent Dicky to tie round his head, now bloodstained. She could not help concluding from this that something bad had happened to Clarke; but when she expressed this natural misgiving to Dicky, he was surprised and could not imagine what she meant.

She was right all the same, in spite of Dicky's amazement. Between two and four o'clock on the morning of the 8th of February 1745 Daniel Clarke had been murdered by Aram and Houseman, and his body buried in St. Robert's cave. How he was killed, or who struck the fatal blow, is uncertain; each man charged the other with actually breaking Clarke's skull, but to Aram in all probability belongs the credit of that performance. At any rate, from Mrs. Aram's account, it is clear that both participated in the crime, and, from the ordering of the fire by Aram at six on the evening of the 7th and the use to which the fire was subsequently put, it is also clear that, whatever the motive or variety of motives, the crime was premeditated.

When Clarke's disappearance became known in Knaresborough and the fraud that had been practised in connection with it, Aram and Houseman did not escape suspicion. In order that Aram might not be out of the way if he was wanted, he was arrested for the debt he owed to Norton; and the public was hardly reassured when he promptly obtained release by paying off the debt and also the mortgage on the house at Bondgate. In addition to these peculiar circumstances, some of the goods obtained by Clarke were found buried in Aram's and Houseman's gardens. Once more the law laid

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hands on the schoolmaster, and charged him with a misdemeanour in the matter of Clarke's fraudulent proceedings; but Aram was in a short time discharged for want of sufficient evidence. As soon as he was released, he hastily quitted Knaresborough without even waiting to take advantage of his redeemed mortgage on the Bondgate house, leaving behind him his wife and family to shift as best they could. There was no repose for etymological study in Knaresborough with that ugly reminiscence mouldering in St. Robert's cave.

The next fourteen years of Aram's life, from his quitting Knaresborough in 1745 to his execution at York in 1759, were the years during which, in spite of frequent wanderings and changes of scene and occupation, he completed his study of language and lighted on the etymological discovery which, if not original, as he himself admitted, was at least the realisation of a truth at that time unimagined or unappreciated by his contemporaries. London was the first resting place of the wandering scholar. Here he remained for two years and a half, as usher at a school in Piccadilly kept by a Mr. Painblanc. This gentleman, he says, in addition to a salary, further rewarded his services by teaching the eager linguist French. In London Aram found means of realising what was left to him of the Clarke booty; his profits from that transaction are said to have amounted to about 160*l.*, of which he must have already spent a considerable portion in meeting his liabilities at Knaresborough. On leaving Mr. Painblanc, Aram went to a school at Hayes, where he was engaged as writing master. He remained there some three or four years, after which he spent short periods at various other schools in the south of England, returning finally to London. His circumstances at this time can have been far from prosperous, for on this second visit to London we find him earning money by transcribing Acts of Parliament for registration in Chancery. Ultimately he got an engagement as usher at the free grammar school of Lynn in Norfolk, where, at the end of seven months, he was arrested for the crime he had committed fourteen years before.

It is this period, between the murder and his arrest, that has been seized on by writers of fiction as a period of remorse and mental agony, made more poignant and terrible by the added distresses of a great passion. Of the latter no trace is to be found except in the scandalous whispers of Lynn that accuse the usher of living there with a young lady he described as his niece, but who, on his departure thence, was discovered to have been his mistress. Scatcherd, the rhapsodical apologist already alluded to, indignantly repudiates this anecdote, and refutes it by declaring that the pseudo-niece was no other than his ever faithful and devoted daughter Sally, who accompanied him through all his wanderings, and, after her father's death, was so overcome with despair that her morals forsook her and she became the mistress of a gentleman in London. From this dire

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situation she was rescued by an honest publican in the Westminster Bridge Road, who married her. Of her father she ever entertained devoted and loving memories, believing that his dear spirit 'was traversing the Elysian fields with the kindred shades of his beloved Homer and Virgil.'

In the letter Aram wrote describing his wanderings he is silent as to his daughter's companionship; indeed, the story of his niece at Lynn is the only possible reference to it. Those who remember his arrest and his arrival at Knaresborough say nothing of any companion; and Sally's rapturous vision of the Elysian fields has a suspicious flavour of the gushing Scatcherd. Aram was a man of forty when he left Knaresborough, fifty-four at the time of his execution. The extent of his studies and the recollections of the few who have any remembrance of the usher suggest rather the moody scholar of Hood's poem than the passionate youth of Bulwer Lytton.

But on the remorseful tortures of the Aram of 'The Dream' history is silent. Such evidence as exists of Aram's bearing after the murder and during the time of his trial and punishment points, not to a man of intrinsically noble nature riven by the pangs of sorrow for a crime committed under the stress of a dire temptation, but to a cold and deliberate murderer justifying his act to himself by a kind of sentimental vanity which does not hesitate before slander and falsehood to accomplish its pitiful end. There is not in Aram's conduct, from the moment of his return to Knaresborough, a prisoner charged with murder, the slightest evidence of any feeling of remorse. He is calm, confident of his acquittal, unmoved altogether by the painful circumstance of his situation; and when, after his sentence, all hope of earthly salvation is at an end, he contemplates with sublime self-composure the approaching journey of his calm and guiltless soul. If, during fourteen years of absence from the scene of his crime, his first feelings of remorse had become dulled, surely they would have returned with all their former acuteness when the hour of expiation had arrived.

Study, continuous and unwearied, was always with him in his years of exile. From the French taught him by Mr. Painblanc he passed to Chaldee and Arabic, concluding with Celtic. When he had completed the study of the last-named language and had compared some three thousand words in that tongue with their equivalents in the Latin, Greek, and other languages, he was able to determine the affinity of the Celtic with the other European languages, and, by recognising this truth, to raise himself from the *Newgate Calendar* into every respectable biographical dictionary. All his papers, all the written records of his work, are lost, but his claim to recognition in this respect has never been disputed.

His interest in botany, to which he owed his acquaintance with his victim Clarke, continued with him during his wanderings, and in

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the Botanical Gardens at Chelsea he spent many delightful and instructive hours. A gentleman who used sometimes to accompany Aram on his visits to Chelsea remembers the humane solicitude with which he would remove from the path any snail or worm for fear of treading on it—a delightful trait. But Eugene Aram is not the first scoundrel who has found smashing in a man's head quite consistent with kindness to dumb animals; people, the inferiority of whose natures has prevented them from finding any good in their fellow men, are very apt to believe that true human nature resides only in cats and dogs.

Lynn was the last resting-place of Eugene Aram before the final catastrophe. He is better remembered here than anywhere else. He is spoken of as sullen and reserved, straying alone among the flat uninteresting marshes by the river Ouse, dressed in a horseman's great coat, a great flapped hat drawn over his eyes; and—a singular peculiarity—if he heard any noise behind him, he would not merely turn his head, but swing himself round *bodily*, as if to confront an enemy. After Aram's arrest the headmaster of the grammar school recollected meeting the usher one night outside his bedroom door under very suspicious circumstances, and ever after congratulated himself on a lucky escape from murder; but the boys liked Aram very well, and he made a good many friends among the neighbouring gentry.

He was stopping one day with a Dr. Weatherhead, a parson living near Lynn. It was a winter's morning; but Aram, always devoted to plants and flowers, was out in the garden helping the doctor with his flower-beds. Whilst they were engaged in this occupation, a horse-dealer called to see the doctor, who was anxious to sell a horse. The dealer happened to come from Yorkshire, and, as he was talking over the bargain with the parson, he caught sight of the figure of Aram working in the garden. He immediately recognised him and told the doctor that he knew his friend. The horse-dealer, his business completed, returned to Yorkshire, and was able to tell his customers at Knaresborough the whereabouts of Eugene Aram. For the moment the information was interesting; in a month or two it became useful.

Early in the year 1758 a labourer, digging stone at Thistle Hill, near Knaresborough, came across a human skeleton. The people of Knaresborough with one voice declared that these must be the bones of Daniel Clarke. Mrs. Aram had already dropped some hints as to the fate of Clarke; now, at the coroner's inquest on the newly found skeleton, she told her story of the night of the murder. Houseman was apprehended on her evidence, and confronted with the bones. The coroner, seeing him pale and trembling with fear, bade him take up a bone. Houseman obeyed, but, to the general astonishment, declared that the bone was no more Daniel Clarke's than it was his. Asked to explain himself, he said that Eugene Aram had murdered

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Clarke, whose bones were not those found on Thistle Hill, but were lying buried in St. Robert's cave. There the skeleton of Clarke was unearthed, according to Houseman's indication. Furnished with the horse-dealer's information, now valuable indeed, Barker and Moore, two Knaresborough constables, set out for Lynn disguised as Yorkshire cattle-dealers.

Arrived at Lynn, the constables made inquiries at the local inn, where they were soon able to satisfy themselves that the man they wanted and the usher at the grammar school were one and the same person. Aram was standing in a corner of the playground when he was apprehended, handcuffed, and, amidst the tears of his pupils, driven off in a chaise to Knaresborough with his two captors. It will be seen from this that he did not *walk* between the two stern-faced men, whose proceedings are so graphically described in Hood's poem.

His arrival at Knaresborough had been eagerly awaited. As he stepped from the chaise at the door of the Bell Inn, the rustic crowd observed with admiration his genteel suit of clothes and the elegant frills hanging from his wrists—a very different figure to the impecunious schoolmaster who had left them fourteen years before. Since then Eugene Aram had been courted and respected by men who were of a position to appreciate the learned and ingenious scholar, who had known nothing of the obscure and nefarious past, who would have been shocked and startled indeed to have seen the elegant frills of the meditative usher trailing over the handcuffs.

In the parlour of the inn Aram found the Vicar and a number of local gentlemen whom the singular circumstances of the crime and the personality of the criminal had drawn together. Aram conversed freely and calmly with the assembled company, and assured them of his ability to meet the charges brought against him. In the midst of his conversation his wife, who had been told of her husband's arrival, entered the room with her children. He took no notice of them till he had finished his conversation with the gentry; then, turning to her, said coldly, 'Well, how do you do?' He then asked after one of his sons, an idiot; his wife answered that the boy was worse; he told her that if she had followed his instructions he would have been better.

A year passed between Aram's return to Knaresborough and his trial at York in the August of 1759. The interval of time was occupied, presumably, in some attempt to procure such evidence as would convict both Aram and Houseman without having to accept the testimony of either man against the other. Not that Aram would have offered himself as a witness against his accomplice: his firmness and courage—if such a word may be used—are as remarkable as the trembling cowardice of Houseman. Of the latter he spoke with bitter contempt. 'Young woman,' he said to a girl who served him with his meals in York Castle, 'if you ever get married, don't take

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a man that has got a hen's heart, but choose one that has a cock's.' His mind was so composed that even the parting agony of his dear daughter Sally did not prevent him from giving her a receipt for removing freckles. As she stood sobbing at the gates of the Castle he noticed she had become tanned and freckled with the sun. Poor Sally in the midst of her tears admitted the soft impeachment, but said she didn't know how to get rid of them. 'Oh, make a wash with lemon juice, that will clear you,' answered her father.

The trial of Eugene Aram took place at York before Mr. Justice Noel on the 13th of August. To the surprise of Aram, Houseman, who had been previously arraigned and acquitted for want of evidence, appeared in the box as a witness for the Crown. It may be partly due to his surprise at this proceeding that in his now famous defence Aram made no effort to reply to the evidence given against him; in all probability the evidence was sufficiently clear to make an effective answer impossible. There is no report of the trial; Aram's speech is the only part preserved to us, and in this he is altogether silent as to any of the witnesses called by the prosecution. Scatcherd says that, though the wisest of men, Aram was too much of a child in a law court to make a defence that would have satisfied a judge and jury. Certainly Aram laboured under the usual disadvantages of prisoners in those days; but it is difficult to believe from his previous career, or the ingeniousness of the defence which he did make, that he was so childlike as to have been unable to offer a refutation of the case against him if it had been in his power to do so. His defence as it stands, admirable in the modesty of its expression and the ingenuity of its arguments, is absolutely unconvincing. It consists entirely of an attempt to show that the bones of Clarke might be the bones of some long-buried hermit, and he cites a number of instances in which such bones have been found in a similar state of preservation, in spite of a much longer interment than fourteen years. He dwells, too, with becoming diffidence on his irreproachable character and reputation, and the improbability of a man of such conduct suddenly, without any previous experience in crime, committing a horrid murder. In this argument Eugene Aram touches the very mystery of his own career. He has offered a solution of this sudden impulse to crime by accusing his wife of infidelity; we have already commented on the dubious character of that explanation. At the last let Eugene Aram speak for himself. Convicted and condemned to death, he attempted suicide in York Castle the night before his execution. Before opening the veins of his arm with a razor he had concealed for the purpose, he wrote:

What am I better than my fathers? To die is natural and necessary. Perfectly sensible of this, I fear no more to die than I did to be born. But the manner of it is something which should in my opinion be decent and manly. I think I have regarded both these points. Certainly nobody has a better right to dispose of a man's life than himself; and he, not others, should determine how. As to any indignities offered to my body, or silly reflections on my faith and

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morals, they are (as they always were) things indifferent to me. I think, though contrary to the common way of thinking; I wrong no man by this, and hope it is not offensive to that eternal Being that formed me and the world; and as by this I injure no man, no man can be reasonably offended. I solicitously recommend myself to that eternal and almighty Being, the God of nature, if I have done amiss. But perhaps I have not, and I hope this thing will never be imputed to me. Though I am now stained by malevolence and suffer by prejudice, I hope to rise fair and unblemished. My life was not polluted, my morals irreproachable, and my opinions orthodox.[1] I slept sound till three o'clock, awaked, and then writ these lines:

Come, pleasing rest, eternal slumbers fall,
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all;
Calm and composed, my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles and no heart that aches.
Adieu! thou sun, all bright like her arise.
Adieu! fair friends, and all that's good and wise.

Are these lines the dignified farewell of a martyred philosopher, or the egotistical exit of a criminal posing as martyr and philosopher? Would not a word or two of greeting and apology to Clarke and Mrs. Aram have been more seemly and polite on such an occasion than six of the worst lines ever penned—even in the eighteenth century—in praise of his own sublime departure from this world? Over Aram's farewell, one can exclaim with Joseph Surface, 'Ah, my dear sir, 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you.' One would be so grateful for just some little acknowledgment of human weakness from this consciously irreproachable assassin.

Was Eugene Aram a well-intentioned man? That would be the most instructive question to resolve. We are inclined to answer it in the negative; but it is difficult to give a decided verdict on such an issue in the presence of merely oral testimony. All we can say with absolute certainty is that he murdered Daniel Clarke and discovered a European affinity in Celtic roots. For the latter achievement he is entitled to rank with scholars as well as murderers; for the former he was hanged at York, half fainting from his attempt at suicide which had been happily, or unhappily, frustrated, and his body hung in chains near Knaresborough. One of his daughters, Betty, described as a 'wild girl,' saw the corpse swinging in its chains on Thistle Hill and gleefully ran to tell her mother that she had seen father hanging up on the hill; the sight seemed to give her satisfaction.

Houseman withdrew with his raven from his native village, loathed and dejected, his windows smashed by old pupils of Aram's, and died in his bed at a place called Marton.

Mrs. Aram kept a pie and sausage shop in Knaresborough, and picked up her husband's bones as they fell from the gibbet.

H. B. IRVING.

[1] I should think it was very doubtful whether a prison chaplain would assent to Aram's claim to orthodoxy. There is a suspicious flavour of eighteenth-century deism in his conception of God. However, the God of the Bible and the God of the philosopher are equally odious on the lips of murderers, repentant or unrepentant.

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CURIOSITIES ABOUT CRUSTACEA

THE astounding ignorance of the man! Such were the words of Samuel Wilberforce on hearing that Pope Pius the Ninth had supposed him to be a mere professor, instead of a bishop—simulated indignation meet for a pardonable mistake. Far other vials of wrath should be out-poured on the worse than papal blindness with which the carcinologist is continually affronted. In their astounding ignorance many, who fancy themselves well educated, have never even heard the name, let alone knowing what it means. That editor, therefore, deserves well of his country and his time, who opens his columns to the much-needed and impressive explanation that a carcinologist is a student of crustacea.

To have won this single forward step in public education is something of value. But there are still deplorable depths of darkness to be dealt with. In unhappy contrast with 'the boasted enlightenment of the nineteeth century,' there is the painful fact that persons in the upper and middle classes of society frequently confound crustacea with the molluscs which they are pleased to speak of as shell-fish, not so much from the old notion that whatever comes out of the sea must be in a manner fishy, as from the more modern one that whatever is sold by the fishmonger may decently be regarded as fish. People advanced in life and in respectable circumstances will confess, quite unabashed, and as though it were nothing to be ashamed of, to having always thought that there was only one kind of shrimp and only one kind of woodlouse. Could anything be more afflicting? Not seldom they confound in their muddled ideas the crayfish of the river with the crawfish of the ocean, or, on the other hand, suppose that a crawfish is a lobster, or again are miserably deluded into confusing the 'Norway Lobster,' elegant in shape and hue, with the common lobster, just because myriads of the latter come to our markets from Norway. One thing indeed is generally known, and of this piece of knowledge the modern world is excessively proud, as though it were a recent discovery, that the portrait of a live lobster ought not to be coloured red. There is also a vague impression that the marine painter was wrong when he attached the claws of the great eatable crab behind the rest of its legs instead of in front of them. How safely, without fear of fault-

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finding on the part of the public, might he have introduced into his picture a 'Spiny Lobster' wearing claws, though it has none, and a common lobster with only one pair of them, though in fact it has three. It is true that the second and third pairs are small, but they are quite distinct and easy to perceive.

Really, if the general reader and ordinary seeker after knowledge would bring his powerful mind to bear on the subject, he would find that there is in the study of crustacea as much variety of interest, as much facile amusement and as much perplexing difficulty, as much opportunity for observation and experiment, as much incitement to hunting and collecting, and exploring the recesses of land and sea, as there is in any other fashionable province of exertion. To be more explicit, it can compete on favourable terms with circle-squaring, butterfly-catching, the ascent of lofty mountains, the search for the North Pole, the tabulation of authentic ghosts, the viewing of nebulæ, the counting of asteroids, and the prospecting of stars so distant that we cannot tell whether they are still in existence. Novel-reading and money-making are omitted from this list of examples, lest the objection should be raised that these are necessaries of life, while the study of crustaceans is only a luxury.

It is difficult in brief space to give any adequate idea of the extent of the subject. A few species are familiar on the table. These are agreeable to the eye, because the expectant palate pronounces in their favour. They have absorbed an unfair amount of attention. Hence it is little understood that crustaceans have an importance in the food-supply of the globe far beyond that which belongs to them as gratifying the appetite of mankind. The species of them are to be counted by thousands. Their dwelling-places are extremely varied. Their manners and customs are often not a little remarkable. Their diversity of form is such that in this direction it might well be said, 'The force of Nature could no further go.'

First among the proverbs of Solomon, which the men of Hezekiah, king of Judah, copied out, stands that which says, 'It is the glory of God to conceal a thing: but the honour of kings is to search out a matter.' The proverb speaks as though there were sometimes a direct intention in Nature to puzzle and mystify the student, to put him on his mettle in dealing with the intricacy of the problems. There is the playfulness of a riddle propounded, the seriousness of an education designed. Nowhere are these appearances more obtrusive than in the class of crustacea. Only by slow steps have naturalists come to know its proper boundaries, which still at one or two points are subjects of dispute and civil war. As for the poor unhappy people who are not naturalists, it is often difficult to persuade them that a wood-louse is as much a crustacean as a crab. Little do they think that here also belong shorehoppers and barnacles, as well as hosts of creatures opprobriously misnamed water-fleas and fish-lice. It must in

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truth allowed that, while some members of the class are large and striking, gallantly armed, brilliantly coloured, and altogether very finely endowed, there are others in many respects much the reverse. These latter, for the sake of a safe, a quiet, and an easy life, have assumed such disguises, or renounced so many characteristic features, that comfort with content rather than peace with honour has fallen to their lot. Ignoble, misshapen, and obscure, lives the parasite; retrograde, degraded, and spiritless, but far from being an outcast. On the other hand, among the free-living species there are many which, without combining every excellence, are severally conspicuous for at least one. Thus, some are in size minute but resplendent in colouring, some without brilliance are strongly armoured, some feeble in accoutrement are fleet of foot or nimble-witted. Some can build themselves houses. Some can dig and delve. Some that seem in every way defenceless still keep their place in Nature by an almost incredible fecundity. It is likely that a great whale eats as many crustaceans as a great city, and yet the little animals known as 'whale food' are in far less danger of becoming extinct than the monster which devours them.

Quite at the head of society in the class of crustacea stand the crabs. Among these the differences of form are extremely numerous, demanding the epithets round, oval, square, oblong, triangular, smooth, spiky, tuberculous, flat, globular, lumpy, nugget-like, and others. The shape is chiefly determined by the carapace, that part of the integument which in our eatable crab not only looks like a pie-dish, but is often used like one. Though exposed to this ignominy after death, in the animal's lifetime the carapace covers and protects its vital organs, the gills, the heart, the stomach and intestine, and that concentrated nervous system by which the crab is ennobled above its fellows. In no small degree, however, is the general facies of a crab affected also by the many differences in pattern of the legs. These are in some cases inordinately long and spider-like, in others short and compact. The tips may be narrow and pointed, or flattened out into oar-blades. Especially the claw-bearing pair in front are characteristic by their massiveness or elongation or want of symmetry, or by some quaintness of outline, as the likeness to a cock's comb, or again by being small, and short, and smooth, and comparatively symmetrical. As for the squares and circles of the carapace, these are diversified by all sorts of projections and indentures, while the triangles may be equilateral, obtuse-angled, or produced into an angle extremely acute. In regard to size, there are gradations from crabs comparable in look and dimensions to so many little pebbles up to the giant crab of Japan, which, to less than a foot square of carapace, attaches arms portentously extending as much sometimes as a yard and a half on either side.

All the crabs have short, more or less insignificant, tails, which

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they fold closely and moreover tenaciously under their breasts, as though they were appendages not quite dignified for animals of advanced intelligence, and as though in consequence the owners were somewhat touchy about them. The folding of the tail, it is true, is found in some degree in almost all the higher ranks of the crustacea, but not the concealment or the insignificance. On the contrary, the tail part in lobsters, crayfish, prawns, and shrimps is in a fine bold style of architecture; it is used with vigour and displayed with a kind of pomp. In a crab's tail there is nothing to eat. In a crawfish there is comparatively little to eat except what is in the tail. The best known kinds of long-tailed crustaceans in our islands are pretty sharply discriminated in point of size, but it is a mistake to suppose that the scale is everywhere the same. In some parts of the world there are crayfishes as large as our lobsters and in some parts there are prawns larger than our crayfishes. Near akin to the woodlice which we find under stones and slates and decaying leaves and loosened bark, there are numbers of marine animals of the same general structure, with the same number of legs, and the same kind of jaws and eyes and breathing-plates. Among these the show-piece, the prodigy, is a quite modern discovery. Though it has some small and interesting peculiarities of its own, it is in general appearance by no means unlike a woodlouse, but to equal it in dimensions the woodlouse would have to be nine inches long by four inches broad. This hitherto unique monster was dredged up by the American steamer *Blake* from a depth in the Atlantic of nearly 1,000 fathoms. In the old pharmacopœia one of the commonest woodlice was applied to the cure of the jaundice. Had it only been known then that the woodlouse was a sort of shrimp, a little land lobster, how much disgust might have been spared to the patient. But that perhaps would have been thought to impair or cancel the efficacy of the medicine. It might well be wondered why of all animals a woodlouse was chosen for a drug, did not the trivial name of Pill Millepede offer an explanation. This crustacean carries the folding of the tail to the length of making one extremity of its body touch the other. It rolls itself into a perfect ball. It is a pill moulded by nature. Who could doubt its medicinal virtue? That it was pounded up in Rhenish wine before being taken was no doubt a late and weak concession to the fancies of fastidious invalids. Those who did not rejoice in good food thus delicately prepared deserved to undergo the alternative remedy, still, it is said, sometimes prescribed, of having to swallow a live spider rolled up in butter.

Readers who do not wish to take upon trust the statement that such animals as woodlice and sandhoppers belong to the same class as crabs and lobsters and shrimps, should compare specimens of each kind piece by piece. After some experience the conviction will begin to force itself upon them that the various parts and appendages of all

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these dissimilar animals have an extraordinary correspondence, part for part, appendage for appendage. Except that for this purpose the fingers must be employed with some deftness, as well as the eyes and brain, the pleasure of the work will be analogous to that of the accomplished scholar who compares such a book as *Paradise Lost* with its lineage of thought and genius and expression in the literature of Europe for over two thousand years. Not without a wondering satisfaction will the observer find himself able to trace essential agreement through all the intricacies of difference produced by the widening and contracting, lengthening and shortening, crumpling and expanding, of joints and segments. Here there is coalescence of several pieces into one; here there is subdividing or multiplying, so that in place of one piece there are many. In one animal the coat will be a stony fabric, perhaps with added corrugations or massive warts; in another it will be smooth and horn-like; in a third a pliant skin-like membrane; yet in all three the basis of the investiture will be found to be the substance called chitin. Beyond the agreement thus discernible between group and group of the animals, there is the almost more surprising agreement between the successive appendages which they have in common. These have their distinguishing names of antennæ, and mouth-organs, and claws, and walking-legs, and swimming-feet, and so on. In most instances these are as fully distinct in appearance as in name. Nevertheless, there are instances in which swimming-feet closely resemble antennæ, in which antennæ are pediform, in which there are no claws to be distinguished from the walking-legs, in which the walking-legs have become swimming-feet, or are endowed with claws. Among the very jaws there are some which are sometimes comparable to appendages of the tail, and others unmistakably leg-like. To be convinced that this is no exaggeration a student has only to detach the several appendages, and, when they have been well mixed up, set himself to apportion them to the parts of the body from which they have been separated. By the time that he has learned to do this without hesitation, he will have learned to accept the statement above made. He will perceive that there is a readiness, as it were, on the part of any one appendage to assume the form more usually characteristic of another. This helps to establish the unity of the crustacean class, for we do not find the characteristic forms of its appendages assumed elsewhere in the antennæ of insects, for example, or the legs of spiders, or the mouth-organs of sea-urchins. Let this also be noted: the crab, the lobster, the prawn, have each but ten legs, claws included; the shorehopper and the woodlouse have fourteen legs apiece. At first sight the difference is very considerable. But count the appendages of the mouth in each. Then the balance is exactly restored. In the lobster, living or dead, the two pairs of jaws or mouth-organs which stand outermost are not only easy to see, but it is easy to see how leg-like they are.

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They are, in fact, the equivalents of the first two pairs of legs in the shorehopper and its fellows. Moreover in the latter group there are certain species which hold up the first four of their fourteen feet close to their mouths in a manner which seems to say—we wish we could be decapods; we would be if we could, but we can't.

In the Entomostraca and barnacles, to be sure, a beginner may not be able at once to recognise the cousins of a crab. For this, the young forms have to be taken into the comparison as well as the adult. It should be remembered also that what may appear inexplicable when only a few species are known becomes simple on a survey of the whole group. Still it must always be at first rather surprising to learn that in the guise of a minute mussel we have a crustacean, and to find that by the apparatus neatly concealed within the closely-fitting valves, this creature, so like a sluggish mollusc, unlike it can walk and swim about in a very lively manner. It has too that distinguishing mark of a crustacean, the complete shedding of its skin. For not only does it cast off the close-fitting valves but with them the coating of its jaws, its limbs, its gills, its furniture of hairs and spines. This is a wonderful piece of conjuring many times repeated every year in countless pools by myriads of these animalcules. The same phenomenon is not less common nor much less surprising in other and quite differently organized Entomostraca. But the strangeness of it will appeal more forcibly to the eye in larger forms of higher rank. At the seaside, sand and seaweed are cheap, sea-water is inexpensive, an aquarium can be fitted up without much trouble. Into such a vessel let a little shore crab be introduced. Little it should be by preference, because the larger ones are so mischievous, intractable, and difficult to keep within bounds. Like many other wild animals, the shore crabs combine the two qualities of being extremely patient of hunger and extremely voracious. For the special object in view the guest is rather to be pampered with food than humbled by starvation. But it needs no refinements of cookery. Scraps of raw fish will content it. Still more to its satisfaction will be a supply of shorehoppers or other small shrimp-like animals, among which it can find the pleasures of sport combined with the duty of taking nourishment. In no long time, if all goes well, from ample food will result an increase of the animal's bulk. But its crustaceous envelope is not elastic. As it will not stretch, it must yield to the strain and burst. This happens, not with any irregular disruption, but as it were at certain seams which open so neatly that they can eventually close again as if they had never been apart. With what a sense of relief must the crab which has outgrown its clothes shuffle off this mortal coil! After this has occurred the aquarium will exhibit two crabs though previously it had but one. There will be a living crab with pulsating heart and circulating blood and active brain and muscles extending and

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retracting the limbs. Beside it there will be its ghost, pallid and motionless, without mind or muscle, but with the framework complete of carapace and claws, pedunculate eyes and delicate antennæ, and all the elaborate apparatus of mouth-organs, œsophagus, and stomach, as well as every tooth and fringe of hair with which the various parts are appropriately furnished. It is a curious spectacle to see this facsimile, this model taken from life, side by side with what may be considered its former self. The mask is empty, but the image is faultless. It is a natural sculpture above all decent cavil of criticism, although very likely the impressionist would say that it shows rather too much attention to detail.

To observe the crab in the act of coming out of its coat is not easy. It ever chooses darkness and retirement for the process, and would fain remain in privacy till its new vesture, which is soft and yielding to admit of muscular expansion within it, has acquired defensive solidity and hardness. In its tender condition it should be supplied with small and delicate food, not little spiky prawns which might seriously interfere with its digestion.

An aquarium once established may be put to a further use, for espying the behaviour of some of the common spider-crabs. Many of these have long been well-known objects. Overgrown with living seaweeds, and sponges, and zoophytes, they look not a little disreputable. Their unkempt and disorderly appearance recalls to mind the description of the field of the sluggard. They seem to be in evil case, the due reward of their own disgracefully indolent habits. But things are not always what they seem. It now turns out that these crafty animals for their own purposes deliberately prefer to look like a bit of wild submarine landscape. Nor do they leave the matter to chance. They very carefully dress and undress themselves, so as to be in harmony with their surroundings. This is no doubt a question of taste, though not exactly in the æsthetic sense. The experimental proof on which their new character has been established can easily be repeated in an aquarium, either by stripping the specimen of the dress it actually wears, to see whether it will or will not renew it, or else by introducing it into a miniature forest differently coloured from that on its own back. This is the most interesting experiment; for, if it succeeds, the crab will itself strip off the plants and animals which form its garb, and instead of them carefully affix a fresh plantation from its new neighbourhood.

Among the easily obtainable crustaceans, then, of our own waters and our own land, there are curiosities to be observed which will increase in number and interest with every step taken in quest of them. But the field of pursuit may be extended to every country and every climate. Widely distributed over the warm regions of the world is a genus of crabs, the name of which signifies Laughable, a name given because of the oddity of their appearance. This oddity, we are in politeness bound to mention, is limited to the males, which

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have one claw so enormously developed that in some cases it is twice the size of the animal's body. It would certainly be thought that a caricaturist was running into absurd extremes, if he made a picture of a pugilist with his arm from the elbow to the finger-tips equalling all the rest of his frame put together, or if he made a sketch of a cricketer with a bat as big as himself. Even a child would conclude that the puny possessor could never wield these monstrous weapons, and that the over-exaggeration gave an effect rather of helplessness than of power. Notwithstanding this obvious criticism, the Laughable Crab wields his portentous arm with the greatest efficiency and skill. Since it belongs only to the male, it will surprise no one to hear that it is used in many a knightly encounter to determine romantic affairs of the heart. The same stalwart arm that wins the loved one also folds her to his breast. The waving and brandishing of the massive club allures her to his side. It acts as a substantial door to the mouth of the burrow when the owner is ensconced within.

Dr. Alcock, of the Indian Marine Survey, has recently studied some of these crabs in the muddy tidal swamps of the Godavery and Kistna in the presidency of Madras. Here vast swarms of them live in what he describes as warrens, and a trespasser on these has his attention attracted by a sight worth going some distance to see. 'The surface of the mud is everywhere alive with twinkling objects of a pearly pink colour.' The mud, in fact, is riddled with countless burrows, and at the mouth of each stands the little crustacean tenant or freeholder. The bright twinkling is produced by the ceaseless brandishing of his giant arm. At the time of Dr. Alcock's visit the females present were only in the proportion of one to ten of the males. Perhaps the majority of the tenderer sex were attending to domestic duties elsewhere. The few present in the warrens were feeding in apparent unconcern, without any show of feminine coquetry. But if one of them came near a burrow, the owner of it was far from displaying a reciprocal coolness and self-restraint. On the contrary, it would exhibit the greatest excitement, 'raising itself on its hindmost legs, dancing and stamping, and frantically waving its beautifully coloured big claw.'

Another kind of crab, closely allied to the preceding, has a name meaning Swift-of-foot, in allusion to the extreme rapidity with which it can scour over the ground, baffling the pursuit of a man on foot, and with the wind in its favour outstripping a horseman. One of the species, found on the coasts of North America and the Antilles, burrows to a depth of three or four feet in the sand just above the reach of the surf. In the winter it quits its seaside lodging, and migrates inland, there making a fresh burrow in which it hibernates, after having ingeniously closed its dwelling so as to leave no sign of an entrance from the outside. Dr. Alcock has observed a species of these swift-footed crabs swarming on all the sandy shores of India. These excavate tortuous burrows, and at the least alarm each one

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eagerly retreats, if possible, to his own special fortress. When there, he takes measures not to conceal his presence, but to let it be known, just as a human grandee hoists a flag on his castle to signify to an admiring neighbourhood that he is at home. The crab, however, makes its announcement in a different manner. As the 'song' of the male grasshopper is due to the friction of his hind legs against the wing cases, so in various crabs and lobsters a kind of language is produced by the so-called stridulating apparatus. In these Indian crabs the larger claw has a long finely toothed ridge on the palm and a similar ridge on one of the basal joints. 'When the palm is folded against the arm, the first ridge can be worked across the second like a bow across a fiddle—only in this case the bow is several times larger than the fiddle.' The sounds resulting from this and other arrangements in the crustacea may be compared with those which we ourselves produce by ringing a bell or striking a gong or whistling or clapping our hands. They do not suffice for carrying on a protracted argument or discussing metaphysics. Yet they are useful and significant enough to express entreaty, warning, and command. In the case of the Red Ocypode Crab, when stridulating within its resonant burrow, the noise produced is compared to a low-pitched whirr and a high-pitched growl. As the creatures flee to their burrows for protection, it might be thought foolishly contradictory on their part to give notice of their whereabouts by these enchanting sounds. But once underground they cease to fear their human foes, whereas the circumstances of a hurried and tumultuous retreat expose them to the chance of serious annoyance from their own companions. Dr. Alcock, therefore, reasonably suggests that the growling is intended to warn other crabs that the burrow is already occupied. It is like the case of the busy Roman who in person told his friend that he was 'not at home.'

In East Africa and the Philippine Islands there is a tiny crab, with a body scarcely half an inch long. Its claws are only of moderate size, and not very unequal. By way of trivial name it may be called the Window-pane Crab or the Mirror Crab. On the under side of its body and on both sides of the fourth joint in each of its legs, there are transparent oval spaces like so many panes of glass or framed mirrors. There is reason to suppose that these have a telephonic character. The animals can produce sound by rubbing together parts of their trunk and limbs, and whatever advantage they may derive from the power of making a noise is likely to be closely connected with their power of hearing it. Strange as it may seem that the sense of sound should be distributed to arms and legs and breast, we ourselves have the sense of touch diffused all over the body with far more advantage than inconvenience. These crabs no doubt find a benefit in having acoustic arrangements far more expanded than vertebrates would desire. The Swedish naturalist, Dr. Carl Aurivillius,

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has been recently studying the Mirror Crab at Mindanao. There, at low tide, a large stretch of mud is left uncovered by the retreat of the very shallow waters. There, too, as in the swamps of the Godavery, a wonderful sight is to be seen. All the ground, from the bank above almost to the limit of the retreating tide below, is sweetly twinkling with blue and yellow, a play of colour due to the incessant movement of innumerable little crabs with bluish bodies and yellow legs. At the slightest scare they run away in troops, each individual taking the earliest opportunity of slipping into its hole, or, if necessary, hurriedly digging a new one. Dr. Aurivillius remarks that a naturalist chasing them under a tropical sun has a rather discouraging experience. Every step he takes forward, at the mere sight of him or at the sound of his footfall, whole regiments of the crabs sink into the ground. It reminds one of the clansmen of Roderick Dhu in *The Lady of the Lake*, where, at the waving of the chieftain's hand,

> Down sank the disappearing band;
> Each warrior vanished where he stood,
> In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
> Sank brand and spear and bended bow,
> In osiers pale and copses low;
> It seemed as if their mother earth
> Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

The crab scuttling away on the tips of its toes, holding up its claws in fighting trim, carries its body in an almost vertical position. The stalked eyes surmounting its erect body enable it to keep in view both the pursuer behind and the desired refuge in front, so that hope and fear may alike lend wings to its retreat. For maintaining the perpendicular, it has a very singular arrangement of the tail-part. Of this the middle segment, instead of separating as usual its two neighbouring segments, allows them to approach one another, and itself depends between them to the ground, thus forming a kind of prop like the milking stool strapped on to a Tyrolese cowherd.

To observe the varied ingenuity of crustaceans in burrowing, it is not necessary to run the honourable risk of a sunstroke in the tropics. On all the sandy shores of our own islands there are many species which can easily be watched and studied. Wary and clever and quick as many of the burrowers are, both here and elsewhere, they fall a tolerably easy prey alike to men and birds and fishes. Seldom are they harmful to any animals except those which are much smaller in size or lower in organisation than themselves. By way of exception, the burrowing of crayfishes in America sometimes so weakens the embankments of the Mississippi that the river breaks through and floods the surrounding country. Certain small wood-boring crustaceans also do much damage to submarine timber in our own and many other countries.

The burrowers easy to capture are those which make their home between tide-marks, and which like to spend a part of their time in

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the open air. It makes a great difference when the burrow is so placed as to be permanently under water, or when the excavators never come out until their tunnels have been inundated by the flowing tide. Several of our British crustaceans which behave thus are, in consequence, seldom seen. They are rare, not necessarily because they are few, but because they are difficult to catch. They are obtained by digging in swampy mud, dredging in deep water, opening the stomachs of fishes, and other precarious chances. Through being so uncommon they have been left without trivial or familiar names, and it is useless to inquire after them among fisherfolks by their scientific appellations. Still, the intelligent reader will be gratified to learn that round our coasts may be found specimens of the Subterranean Queen of Beauty, of the Starry Life-below-Ground, of McAndrew's Beauteous Shrimp. The Queen of Beauty, though living in what might be described as a mud hovel, is still an elegant creature, with a delicate skin and rosy markings on a pale ground. It carries a fan, but this consists of its own tail. Something like a shrimp in size, and more like a lobster in appearance, it combines with a body about two inches long a claw of nearly the same length. As in so many other instances, though it has a pair of claws only one of them is monstrously developed, it may be the left or it may be the right. This great weapon has a stouter crust than belongs to other parts of the animal. The chief part of its bulk is in the two joints known as the hand and wrist, while those which connect these with the body are so slight by comparison that one might expect the whole claw to come off at the first effort of energetic use. The secret is that its construction is not meant for employment in the conditions with which we are most familiar, but only in the softly cushioning and weight-relieving environment of water. At the time of moulting, this creature must undergo a rather excruciating squeeze in drawing the flesh of the dilated hand and wrist through the narrow joints of the upper arm. For though at that crisis all the parts are in a very soft condition, yet, as far as the proportions go, it is much as if, in taking off a glove, one had to draw the palm of one's hand through the glove's little finger.

Of the companionship between crustaceans and other kinds of animals there is not space left to speak, nor can much be said of the diversity of dwelling-places to which crustaceans accommodate themselves. Everyone can understand that, while the tail of a lobster requires to be protected by a hard shell of its own, the hinder part of a hermit crab needs no such rigidity because the borrowed shell serves its purpose. So also, unless the tail part of the hermit were soft and twisted, it could not fit the coil of the univalve which it inhabits. It might have been thought rash to guess that hermit crabs, confronted with other circumstances, such as the absence of univalves, would not necessarily have spiral hind bodies. But the

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deep-sea dredgings of late years have discovered species in which the tail is in fact perfectly symmetrical. To one of these has been given the name of the Straight Timber Hermit. It is a small slender species obtained by the *Blake* in deep West Indian waters. It 'inhabits tubes excavated in bits of wood or the hollow stems of plants open at both ends.' Of these two doorways it blocks the front one in the usual manner with its big claw, but the back door it makes out of the terminal segments of its tail, which form 'a bilaterally symmetrical operculum of calcified plates.' This difference in its household arrangements affects its habits as well as its structure, for it enters its dwelling head-foremost, whereas ordinary hermits are under a necessity of going in tail first. Among the smaller crustaceans there are some which occupy tubes constructed by themselves and open at both ends. The economy in size of these tubes is such that they seem to fit the animal to a nicety with nothing to spare. Nevertheless, the suppleness of the little shrimp-like occupant is so great that, after putting out its head at one end, it can withdraw it, and doubling upon itself, surprise the spectator by protruding its head from the opposite end.

With every game, be it chess or cricket, lawn-tennis or football, or golf, or any other, the incidents described or witnessed excite a lively interest pretty much in proportion to the practical knowledge of the game possessed by the readers or onlookers. It is the same with the game of natural history. To the ignorant the players seem wonderfully fond of wasting their time. The objects with which they amuse themselves are regarded as disagreeable to look at and unpleasing to touch, possibly dangerous, certainly disgusting. Whether scuttling, crawling, wriggling, or jumping, the unexpected movements of these odious animals give a shock to the nerves. Happily, as a rule, they are as eager to be quit of us as we of them. The tenderhearted, who in practice detest what in theory they feel bound to admire, are thus relieved from measures of active hostility by the reciprocity of repugnance. For all that, there is no being so homely, none so venomous, none so encased in slime or armed with sword-like spines, none so sluggish or so abrupt in behaviour, that it cannot win our favour and admiration—the more the better we know it. However it may be in human society, with the naturalist it is not familiarity which breeds contempt. On the contrary, with every step of his advancing knowledge he finds in what was at first indifferent, unattractive, or repulsive, some wonder of mechanism, some exquisite beauty of detail, some strangeness of habit. Shame he feels at having so long had eyes which seeing saw not; regret he feels that the limits of his life should be continually contracting, while the boundaries of his science are always expanding; but so long as he can study and examine, he is so far contented and happy.

THOMAS R. R. STEBBING.

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THE CASE OF THE FOREIGN RESIDENTS IN JAPAN

FROM time to time a paragraph appears in the daily papers announcing that Japan has successfully concluded a new treaty with one or other of the Powers, by which its foreign relations are placed upon a different and improved footing. Great Britain was the first of the Powers to sign such a Treaty, the signatures of the Earl of Kimberley and of Viscount Aoki being affixed to the instrument on the 16th of July, 1894; and at the time of writing, France is the only considerable Power which still remains to some extent hostile to the Japanese claims, while even in her case it is confidently stated that negotiations are far advanced, and that only one or two minor points remain to be discussed before the Revised Treaty is signed. The phrase 'Revision of the Treaties,' though descriptive of a controversy which has excited the keenest interest among foreign residents of Japan for the last fifteen years, probably has little meaning for the English reader at home, and before proceeding to a discussion of the new arrangement made with Japan, a few explanatory sentences and a brief sketch of the various negotiations may be of service.

A revision of the treaties with foreign Powers which should render Japan independent in reality as well as in name has been the ambition of every statesman who, for the last fifteen or twenty years, has occupied the post of Foreign Minister in that country; and it is but natural to sympathise with the aspiration thus kept in view, for until the revision of the Treaties originally forced upon her could be accomplished, Japan could scarcely be said to have entered the comity of nations. The Treaties in effect regarded Japan as an uncivilised State, to the operation of whose laws it was impossible to entrust the lives and liberties of Europeans and Americans resorting to her shores. Therefore it was provided that any foreigner committing an offence on Japanese territory should be handed over to the consul of his nationality for trial and punishment, and any Japanese who considered himself aggrieved by the conduct or procedure of a foreigner must bring suit in the court to which the foreigner was subject, the foreigner only coming into the Japanese courts when taking

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action against a native of the country. Moreover, districts were set apart at certain ports where foreigners could reside and trade, and the government of which was made altogether separate from the general administration of the country, being in some cases placed in the hands of foreigners themselves, as, for example, at Kobe, where a municipality was created, composed of the foreign consuls, assisted by a committee chosen from among the foreign residents, which had power to levy taxes, raise its own police force, and govern its little community without any reference whatever to the greater State of which it formed a part.[1] On the other hand, foreigners were by these Treaties confined to certain limits, usually twenty-five miles in any direction from the Treaty port, and these limits they were not allowed to overpass unless armed with a permit issued by the Japanese Government; nor were foreigners, even with these permits, allowed to enter the interior for purposes of trade.

The idea underlying these various precautions was that the Japanese Government could not be expected to hold itself responsible for the safety of foreigners who should venture to extend their activity beyond Treaty limits; and in the unsettled state of the country which prevailed when the Treaties were negotiated, there was undoubtedly reason for the precautions taken both to secure the safety of foreigners and to prevent possible complications arising from mixed residence. But as time went on, Japanese statesmen began to perceive that, however convenient such an arrangement may have been in the early days of foreign intercourse, so long as it continued to exist—so long as Japan acquiesced in the surrender of control over a portion of her territory, and over the strangers within her gates—so long must she be content to stifle any ambition of ranking as a Power of the first class. The country was, therefore, no sooner settled under the Westernised form of government, introduced on the restoration of the Mikado in 1868, and the local administration re-formed on the new lines—a work of some years—than Japanese statesmen began to turn their attention to the question, with a view to effecting such a revision of the Treaties as should remove from Japan the implication of being an uncivilised State. With the object of effecting a modification of the obnoxious provisions, the Powers were first approached collectively

[1] Kobe and Osaka are the only foreign settlements in Japan which still retain their own municipality, control in other cases having from various causes lapsed to the Japanese. It may not be out of place here to remark that, curious and even unjustifiable as the arrangement for self-government may now be regarded, it is to the credit of both foreigners and Japanese alike that it has worked with remarkably little friction. Kobe, by the excellence of its administration, has won the reputation of being the 'Model Settlement' of Japan, having fine broad streets, well lighted and well drained, with substantially built houses—doing such credit, indeed, to its form of government that when Count Okuma (lately appointed Foreign Minister) made it a visit some months ago, he called the attention of the Japanese to the contrast the foreign settlement afforded when compared with the state of affairs prevailing in the native town.

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but without the negotiations meeting with success, it being found impossible to combat the various objections to revision when these were advanced in the mass and supported by the combined action of the Powers. The attempt was, therefore, abandoned for the time, and the relations between foreigners and Japanese perforce remained as the Treaties provided. Each successive minister who accepted the foreign portfolio kept the problem in view, but without finding a solution, its complexity increasing meanwhile from the fact that a powerful political party was growing up in Japan which declared that it would be satisfied with nothing short of revision upon equal lines, Japan on her part to surrender nothing in return for the recovery of full judicial and fiscal autonomy. The projects for revision which were first proposed to the Powers by the Japanese Government fell far short of what these Japanese patriots considered was due to their country, as such proposals sought modifications of the existing arrangements rather than the complete and final abolition of extra-territoriality.

The controversy had reached this stage when it occurred to the Japanese Ministry that there would be far greater hope of success if negotiations could be opened with the Powers separately, instead of their being carried on by means of a joint conference, where the utterance of objections by one diplomatist indirectly lent force to other objections offered by his colleagues. The new idea was quickly acted upon. Under the skilful direction of Count Okuma, then Minister for Foreign Affairs—an office to which, after an interval of several years, he has recently again been appointed—a project for the revision of the Treaties was drawn up and submitted to more than one of the foreign Powers, with a very favourable result, negotiations being so far advanced with Germany, indeed, that a new Treaty was actually signed, in which considerable concessions were made to Japan. Extra-territoriality was surrendered by Germany in return for the throwing open of the whole country to German subjects, while a Mixed Tribunal, to which foreign judges were to be appointed, was to be created for the trial of cases affecting Germans or German interests. This Treaty was signed in 1889, but the ratifications were never exchanged. Its terms were no sooner published than they excited the most violent opposition from certain patriotic politicians, who denounced in the strongest terms the establishment of a Mixed Tribunal, which they declared would be as great an injustice to Japan as the extra-territoriality for which it was to be a substitute. Equality, it was strenuously declared, was the only basis upon which ministers should consent to negotiate, as it was the only method of procedure which would satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the country. So furious was the storm thus excited against Count Okuma, that one morning a fanatical patriot threw a bomb into the Foreign Minister's carriage, completely wrecking it, and so seriously

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injuring the author of the hated scheme that one leg of the unfortunate statesman had to be amputated.

The assassin's bomb, though it failed to kill Count Okuma, effectually exploded his scheme for the revision of the Treaties. He resigned his portfolio as Foreign Minister, and his colleagues immediately dropped the Treaty which had cost so much labour and pains, preferring the drawbacks of extra-territoriality to the dangers of popular excitement which its publication had produced and the deep discontent which its ratification would certainly provoke.

For a brief space after this storm passed away, further attempts at revision of the Treaties were suspended, the problem seeming to gather round it so many difficulties, both of native and foreign origin, as to render it almost insoluble. Some of the foreign advisers in Japanese service suggested at this time that, in default of other measures to obtain the freedom coveted, the method of repudiation should be employed to cut the Gordian knot, Japan issuing a memorandum to the Powers declaring that after the lapse of a specified period she should regard the provisions of the Treaties originally forced upon her as no longer binding. It was urged in support of this course that while some irritation would undoubtedly be created among the Powers for a time by such action, it would, nevertheless, certainly be crowned with success, as it could not be believed that any single Power or any combination of Powers would attempt to coerce Japan and rivet the provisions of the Treaties once more upon her. It is by no means improbable that if at the conclusion of the late war they had still despaired of finding a solution of the problem, the Japanese, flushed with victory over China, might have forced the Government to take some such step. Fortunately by that time a solution of the problem had been found, the honour of which is due to Count Mutsu, one of the ablest Ministers for Foreign Affairs whom the new era in Japan has produced.

In the negotiations which, four or five years after Count Okuma's abortive project, were resumed by Count Mutsu, the object kept in view was a revision of the Treaties on a basis of perfect equality, as urged by the advanced political parties, instead, as in previous cases, of offering concessions which practically limited Japanese jurisdiction. Recognising that Great Britain, possessing the greatest number of subjects in Japan, and having by far the most important interests, was the Power most concerned in the question of revision, and the Power whose action would therefore be followed by others, Count Mutsu addressed himself in the first place to the British Ministry, and with remarkable success. Negotiations were eventually concluded on a basis more favourable to Japan than even the Japanese plenipotentiary could at first have believed possible, for she obtained practically the whole of the concessions claimed. The revised Treaty with Great Britain was signed on the 16th of July,

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1894, and ratifications were exchanged at Tokio on the 25th of August of the same year, but it was agreed that the Treaty should not go into effect until at least five years after its signature, and then only after one year's notice had been given by the Japanese Government of its wish that the Treaty should be brought into operation. This article providing for five years' delay was inserted in order that there should be time to bring the other Powers into line with Great Britain, for until this was accomplished the Treaty could be of no effect, as under the most-favoured-nation clause British subjects would still be entitled to all the advantages of extra-territoriality enjoyed by foreigners of other nationality. As was anticipated, however, by Count Mutsu, the other Powers quickly followed England's lead, and, as already stated, France is at the time of writing the only important Power with which negotiations are still unconcluded.

Even the present Treaty, however, favourable as it is to Japan at all points, did not wholly satisfy the aspirations of the Japanese ultra-patriot, who would have demanded the abolition of extra-territoriality without any concession whatever, and was far from reconciled to the prospect of the foreigner's being able to buy, sell, or manufacture outside the limits of the settlements. But the publication of the Treaty being synonymous with the outbreak of the war with China,[2] the agitation that threatened disappeared amid the greater interests of the conflict, and Japanese of all shades of opinion now appear to be well satisfied with their bargain, as they may well be.

For the purposes of this paper it is unnecessary to do more than briefly summarise the salient provisions of the new Treaty between Great Britain and Japan, which in effect differs but slightly from the numerous Treaties of amity and friendship made with other

[2] Though apart from the main object of this paper, it may be pointed out that the war with China greatly diminished the complexity of the Treaty Revision problem from the Japanese point of view, and the questions involved in such Revision may even have had some influence in determining that the dispute between the two countries, arising avowedly over other matters, should be referred to the arbitrament of war, as likely to afford a solution of the whole. Japanese statesmen were well aware that none of the Powers would be induced to give up the privileges of extra-territoriality unless the Japanese in return withdrew the restrictions upon foreign residence, and permitted foreigners to reside and trade in the interior. There was no very great objection to this concession from the Government's point of view, but the difficulty in which the Japanese found themselves was that if such a privilege were granted to Europeans and Americans, it must also be extended to the Chinese, whose influx into the country has for years been watched with much anxiety and apprehension. The result of the war solved this part of the problem, as the Japanese no doubt anticipated, by placing them in a position to impose special disabilities upon the Chinese, and to exclude them from the privileges granted to Western nations. Thus we find that in the Commercial Treaty recently concluded between Japan and China, the Chinese are specially excluded from enjoying reciprocal privileges in Japan to those secured by this instrument to Japanese in China.

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countries. Its main interest lies in its comparison with the Treaties under which foreigners have hitherto resided in Japan. Thus, in the first place, extra-territoriality is abandoned; the jurisdiction exercised by British courts in Japan, and the 'exceptional privileges, exemptions, and immunities' enjoyed by British subjects in Japan as a part of or appurtenant to such jurisdiction, absolutely cease and determine, all such jurisdiction being assumed and exercised by Japanese courts; while the several foreign settlements are incorporated with the respective Japanese communes, and thenceforth form part of the general municipal system of Japan. Besides these provisions, which grant the principal of the Japanese demands, it is agreed that Japan shall have power to increase import duties on a number of specified articles to an extent ranging from 2½ to 10 per cent. above the present tariff. On the other hand, British subjects who, with other foreigners, have been previously confined to the Treaty ports and have had neither the right themselves to engage in manufacture nor to enter into partnership with Japanese for trading purposes, are by the provisions of the new Treaty granted full liberty to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the Japanese dominions and possessions; to deal by wholesale or retail in all kinds of produce, manufactures, and merchandise of lawful commerce, either in person or by agents, singly, or in partnerships with foreigners or native subjects; and to own or hire and occupy the houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops, and premises which may be necessary for them, and lease land for residential and commercial purposes; while the Japanese Government agrees to confirm the existing leases in perpetuity under which property is now held in the settlements.

Such is a summary of the more important provisions as they affect Japanese rights and the privileges of British subjects. It is needless to say that the forthcoming changes do not commend themselves to a large section of British subjects in Japan, who regard the privilege of extra-territoriality as a right to which they are entitled by virtue of long possession, and believe that their subjection to Japanese law will involve them in serious dangers and disabilities. On the other hand, there is a moderate and thoughtful section which admits that, in view of her remarkable progress during the last two decades, Japan was fully justified in seeking and Great Britain in consenting to a revision of treaties framed for a totally different state of things, and that it was unreasonable to expect that Japan as a sovereign Power should be content while a part of her territory and the residents therein remained outside her jurisdiction. Such an admission, however, may be made, and Japan's policy fully approved and justified, without necessarily surrendering the right of criticism or approving all the details of the Treaty negotiated. Though a supporter, on grounds of justice and fairness, of the right of the Japanese to a revision of the Treaties, to such criticism I venture to

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address myself, in the belief that it is not yet too late for an amendment to be made in certain details that will go far to satisfy all parties.

Two main arguments have been brought against the new Treaties from the foreign side: first, that no attempt has been made to provide safeguards against injustice in the administration of the laws to which foreigners will now be subject; and, secondly, that the alleged advantages secured in return for the surrender of extra-territoriality are altogether illusory, no pains having apparently been taken to see how they would work in practice.

It is pointed out, for example, that before deciding that British residents should come under Japanese laws and be subject to imprisonment in Japanese gaols if these laws are broken, it was the duty of the British Government to make inquiries as to the condition of the prisons and the possible effect of incarceration therein on the lives and health of Europeans. It seems clear that this was not done, and the omission is a serious one. It may be admitted that Japanese gaols are, on the whole, fairly managed, and the prisoners humanely treated, though the enthusiastic descriptions given by certain officially conducted travellers must not be implicitly relied on. Some excellent model prisons exist in Japan, but there are also prisons in the South where eighteen persons have been seen confined in one comparatively small cell, while in the far from genial climate of the North convicts employed upon road-making are secured for the night in open stockades. The principal considerations, however, are that the cells in the prisons are unwarmed in winter, and that the food of the prisoners, while suited doubtless to Japanese taste and digestion, is mainly vegetarian and of such quality that foreigners would probably starve if this were all they could obtain in satisfaction of hunger. I know of a Eurasian, imprisoned under Japanese law for a series of petty thefts, who, after a few weeks' incarceration, was brought so low by the food and accommodation that he spent the latter portion of his sentence in the hospital, a mere wreck of his former self. I know also of a Japanese—a house servant—sentenced to four months' imprisonment for embezzling his employer's money, who suffered so severely from the cold cells, it being the depth of winter, that his lungs became seriously affected, and his life will undoubtedly be shortened by the disease thus set up. Now if a Japanese, accustomed to endure the cold of the unwarmed native house in winter, and a Eurasian, who might be expected to assimilate Japanese food with ease, thus suffer from the conditions of imprisonment, what would be the fate of a foreigner accustomed to a certain amount of luxury in his daily life?

The question is one of more general importance to foreigners than may at first sight appear. We are not dealing with a condition of things where, as in England, the rights of the subject against false

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imprisonment are most jealously guarded, but with one where a man is practically adjudged guilty until he proves his innocence. Bail is most difficult to procure in Japan, and under Japanese law an innocent man is frequently arrested on suspicion, and detained for weeks, even months, until the authorities are satisfied of his innocence. There are many trivial offences, too, that in England would be purged by a fine, which under the Japanese codes are punishable by imprisonment, and thus it could easily happen that a British subject, quite innocent of intent to break the law, might be deprived of his liberty for days or weeks under conditions that would in many cases make the punishment a sentence of death. It is an offence, for example, under the Japanese law to play cards or any other game of chance in one's own house, and reports frequently appear in the vernacular papers of men arrested and imprisoned for this offence. A Japanese in my employ was on one occasion arrested by the police because he happened to pass through a street where a raid upon gamblers was in progress; and though I was able to prove that the man had only left my office a few minutes previous to his arrest, and was then on his way back, he was detained in prison for two or three days and subjected to a rigid examination before being released, notwithstanding that there was absolutely no evidence against him save the accident of his being in the neighbourhood of the raid. Imagine a foreign merchant or professional man arrested in the depth of winter for taking a hand at whist with some friends in his own house, detained in a fireless cell for days, perhaps weeks, and compelled to support existence on the most inferior descriptions of Japanese food. Is it straining the point to suggest that such an experience, which is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility, might end either in a fatality or in lifelong injury to health?

Again, there is the question of judicial appointment and its bearing upon equal administration of the law. The codes are good, but it is very doubtful if the judges have either sufficient capacity or experience to carry out their provisions with justice or impartiality. The best men available are not secured because the salaries paid are quite inadequate to the position. The highest judge on the bench does not receive as much as a police magistrate in one of the outlying divisions of London, and the salaries paid judges of courts of first instance are absurdly low, even in a cheap country like Japan. It frequently happens, in consequence, that judges resign their offices in order to practise at the bar, where a greater income can be secured while there is also the serious evil born of pecuniary pressure that bribery is not unknown, serious charges of this sort having from time to time led to the prosecution and conviction of men holding judicial positions. When it is remembered that it is to such a body of individuals, ill paid and without either the experience or prestige possessed by judges in Western countries, that questions involving

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racial antagonisms will be remitted, it will be easily understood that among other dangers the fear of false imprisonment is not wholly illusory. Yet the possibility of such dangers as are here indicated can hardly have been taken into consideration by the British plenipotentiary, or the Treaty would surely have contained some satisfactory safeguards.

It would be of little service, however, to point out such defects or omissions if they were beyond remedy. But I believe it is not too late even now to introduce such amendments as might at least minimise the dangers indicated. For example, if the Japanese Government were approached on the matter, I believe its consent would readily be obtained to the exceptional treatment of foreign prisoners, on the ground that such exceptional treatment would really mean an approach to equality of punishment. The means for such separation of foreign and native prisoners, and for removing one of the most serious objections to the Treaty as it now stands, are ready to hand. Both at Kobe and at Yokohama there are consular gaols which, on the new Treaties coming into force, will no longer be required. These could be handed over to the Japanese authorities, and it could easily be arranged that foreigners arrested in any part of the country should be transferred to these prisons on the earliest opportunity after examination, and there detained under conditions more suited to their physique and mode of living than would be possible in Japanese gaols. Such an arrangement would be the more feasible in that it is unlikely that foreigners, for some years at least, will take up their residence at any great distance from the ports named. As an additional precaution, foreign consuls should be given the right of entry at all reasonable times to prisons where foreigners are confined, as this alone would prove a safeguard against treatment that might permanently injure the health of such prisoners. It will be admitted, at any rate, that under the circumstances exceptional treatment of some sort is absolutely necessary, from the point of view of justice, and it is, therefore, to be hoped that the British Foreign Office, as representative of the largest body of foreign residents, will take some steps to establish the necessary safeguards.

With regard to the second important objection urged against the Treaty, that the alleged advantages obtained in lieu of extraterritoriality are illusory, the remedy, while not so easily found, is again not beyond diplomatic skill. The preamble of the new Treaty alleges that the revision has been completed 'upon principles of equity and mutual benefit.' It can hardly be said, however, that these principles have been duly taken into consideration when we discover that while Japanese are privileged to become land-holders in England, Englishmen cannot be more than lease-holders in Japan. The Japanese Consul-General in London, commenting some time since upon the withholding from foreign residents of the right to own

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land, said that the disability was of little consequence, as foreigners could obtain leases for terms of fifty years which, for all practical purposes, would put them in the position of freeholders. This is not correct, however. Nominally it is possible for a lease to be made for fifty years, but in practice such an agreement cannot now be made for a longer term than twenty-five years. During the last few years foreigners resident in the settlement of Kobe have repeatedly attempted to make leases with Japanese land-holders for terms of fifty years, but, in consequence of the opposition of the prefectural authorities, without success. A foreigner who now makes arrangements with a Japanese land-holder to lease a piece of ground for fifty years, as was possible at one time, will find the preliminaries go smoothly enough until the time comes for the lease to be registered and stamped at the Kencho, as the prefectural office is called—a formality which must be observed by the land-holder before the lease can become a legal document. Then, after a few days' delay, the man who was formerly quite ready to complete the arrangement will return to the foreigner, and, expressing his regret and apologising for the trouble given, will announce that he has changed his mind and does not care now to grant a lease for a longer term than twenty-five years. On a little judicious pressure being applied, he will admit that the difficulty has not arisen with him, but with the Kencho, the stamping of the document having been refused unless the period is reduced by half. In consequence the foreigner is compelled to make a virtue of necessity and be content with a lease for the abbreviated term, not being in a position to fight the question, as the landowner will not abide by his agreement in the face of official opposition.

The matter is of serious moment to foreign residents when taken into consideration with the provisions of the new Treaty. One of the advantages conferred in return for the surrender of extra-territoriality is the right to erect workshops in any part of the country, and carry on any description of trade or manufacture. But it is evident that if it is not possible to obtain leases for a longer term than twenty-five years, the advantage thus conferred will be worthless. Suppose a piece of land were taken on a lease of this duration, workshops built, plant erected, and manufacture commenced—it is evident that a term of twenty-five years would scarcely repay the outlay and return the capital invested in such an undertaking. But it would have to do so if the concern were not in the end to involve a loss, for, on the termination of the twenty-five years' lease, the Japanese land-holder would be able to so increase the rent that it would be wiser to abandon the property altogether than attempt to carry it on under such an incubus. True, under the land laws of Japan it would be possible for the lease-holder to sell the buildings and plant for whatever he could obtain, but he would

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naturally receive little for them unless the business could be carried on as a going concern. If it be asked what motive the Japanese land-holder would have in driving away a good tenant, it need only be pointed out that by the means suggested he would be able to force a sale and then buy up the plant and buildings, thus coming into possession of a lucrative business for the price of an old song. Of course I do not suggest that every Japanese land-holder would behave in this fashion, but the standard of commercial morality is very low in Japan, and the risk would be so great as to form an effectual deterrent to enterprise.

Thus the right to manufacture and trade in all parts of the Japanese Empire, which has been put forward as a substantial equivalent for the surrender of extra-territoriality, is likely under present conditions to prove a delusion and a snare to any foreign merchant or manufacturer who attempts to take advantage of it. If our diplomatists found it impossible to secure for foreigners the right to hold land in Japan—and I admit that, from reasons which are too lengthy to be detailed here, there were many obstacles in the way—they certainly ought to have secured a definite undertaking from the Japanese Government that leases for terms of fifty years should be recognised by the prefectural authorities. It may not be too late to obtain this small concession now, and the effort should at least be made by the Foreign Office. Otherwise, as matters now stand, British subjects resident in Japan will be deprived of the advantages conferred by extra-territoriality and obtain nothing in return, for the article which permits mixed residence in the interior, with freedom of travel, trade and manufacture in any part of the Japanese dominions, comprises the whole of what they receive for surrendering the very real benefits of British law administered by British officials.

It would be absurd to blame the Japanese for obtaining as much as possible when the Treaty was in negotiation; it may even be that both the Japanese and the British plenipotentiaries were ignorant of the practice instituted by the prefectural authorities of refusing to recognise fifty-year leases between Japanese and foreigners, though the negotiators on the foreign side can hardly be held free from blame in failing to provide themselves with definite information on these matters. But, granting a real desire on the part of Japan to give foreigners a fair return for the privileges surrendered—and to suggest anything else would be to doubt the *bona fides* of Japanese assurances throughout the negotiations—there is yet time to repair the omissions and defects in both the important matters to which attention has been directed. A protocol could be drawn up providing safeguards on the lines suggested above in the matter of the imprisonment of foreigners; and at the same time the assent of the Japanese Government could be secured to the insertion of a

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definite term—say fifty years—for which leases between Japanese and foreigners would be recognised. If these amendments could be effected, the bulk of the opposition of British subjects to the new Treaties would, I believe, disappear, and the British Government would not only render a real service to its subjects in Japan, but would at the same time avoid many serious complications to which the Treaties as they now stand will be certain to give rise when they come into operation. If the Japanese, as I hold, are in justice and fairness entitled to such a revision of Treaties as has now been secured, foreign residents in Japan are at least entitled on their part to the fullest protection their respective Governments can give them.

ROBERT YOUNG,
Editor, *Kobe Chronicle*, Japan.

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PASS FISHING FOR TARPON

It was my good fortune one afternoon last March to find myself in company with my friend T. on board a Cunarder bound for America, and, to be exact, that part of America in which the tarpon has his home.

To most Englishmen this fish is little known, but we were fortunate in being primed with information by two friends who had been out the previous year, and who had enjoyed good sport. As this is a tarpon article and not an account of our voyage across the Atlantic, it will be sufficient to say that after spending twenty-four hours in the throes of sea-sickness, we recovered sufficiently to develop gigantic appetites and to rather enjoy a severe storm which we encountered in mid-Atlantic. Few people, I imagine, who have ever visited the States can have spent less time in New York than T., for we landed at 8 P.M. and by 9 o'clock he was in the train on his way to Florida, whilst I remained in New York to buy the necessary tackle. Our reels were all that we had brought from England, they having been lent to us, thus saving our pockets considerably, as a tarpon reel of the latest pattern costs no less than 30 dollars. For pass fishing the tackle is simple: a strong stiff rod of about seven to seven and a half feet long, a multiplying reel containing 200 yards of moderately fine but strong twisted line, some five feet of piano wire, a swivel or two, and a large single hook. Breakages, however, occur frequently, and it is necessary to have spare rods, lines, and hooks. A strong good-sized gaff with a barbed point, and last but not least a belt to go round the waist with a socket in which to rest the butt of the rod when playing a fish. Personally I omitted buying one, and was forced to rig up a primitive affair with a rug strap and a revolver pouch, which answered well. Such a belt adds much to one's comfort, for the butt end of the rod is small, and one experiences unpleasant sensations in the region of the waist when playing a heavy fish without one.

After some forty weary hours in the train and a few hours in a steamboat added to that, I rejoined T. and found that he had made good use of his time, having hired a yacht and provisioned her, engaged guides and boats for each of us, and a man to cook our food.

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In fact all was ready for us to start off fishing at once, and we were impatient to do so. This yacht, which for the following three weeks we made our home, was a roomy schooner of about eleven tons, with a comfortable deck house in which five of us slept, whilst the cook lived in the galley together with many cockroaches. Strange to say, we had neither an American nor a nigger on board. My guide, by name Bill Bartley, was a native of Liverpool; he had left England in 1862, and after sailing in many ships and in many waters he had married and settled down in Florida. Charlie Johnson, who acted as T.'s guide, and our cook were both Swedes, the former as good and keen fisherman as the latter was execrable cook. Of course we were both anxious to get to work at the tarpon immediately, but the weather was against it. With a bright sun there was a strong chilly wind, and for the first two days we were forced to put up with what is locally known as small fishing. Fish of all sorts abound amongst the islands on the west coast of Florida, and we had good sport and much variety. A species of trout, bass, jack-fish, lady-fish, sheepshead, Spanish mackerel and snapper were among those we caught, and of these the trout, mackerel, and especially the snapper, were excellent eating. All of these fish rose greedily to a medium-sized salmon fly, and a home-made creation of T.'s, composed principally of the blue feathers from a jay's wing, proved specially attractive. It was pleasant fishing, gliding silently in and out among the small islands—some of which consist merely of a clump of mangroves growing out of the water—and casting under the boughs, reminding one of happy hours fly-fishing for chub on the Thames. Trolling a fly, on a single hook baited with a strip cut from the side of a lady-fish, was equally productive of sport, and indeed, given a warm day without too much wind, fish could be caught until the angler was tired of catching them.

On the third day from the start the wind had abated and the water was warmed by the sun, so we weighed anchor, and a few hours' sail brought us to the spot from which for three weeks we did not move. The fishing ground was a pass about half a mile long and the same distance across, between two long islands. Outside the pass was the open Gulf of Mexico, and inside was comparatively shallow water right up to the shore of the mainland. The tides behaved most erratically; occasionally there was a flood tide for a whole day, when it would start running out again for six hours, and then run in again for another twelve hours, or *vice versa*, and this at a rate of six or seven knots an hour. It was when the tide was flowing or ebbing its fastest that sport was obtained, and of the two, the ebb tide was the best, for there seemed then to be more tarpon collected in the pass. The natural history of the tarpon is not yet well understood, but it may be well to mention here what little is known about it. *Megalops thrissoides*, the tarpon, is the largest and most important

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variety of the Clupea, or herring tribe, and is found in greatest numbers in the Gulf of Mexico. As to the size of the fish, there are several instances of specimens being caught weighing upwards of 200 lb., while in length they run up to seven feet. Shaped like a huge herring, they are most remarkable for their metallic brilliancy when alive and for the size of their scales. Before me, as I write, lies a scale the dimensions of which are: width in its broadest part 4 inches, depth 3⅛ inches, tipped with silver of such dazzling brightness to the extent of an inch or so down the scale, that it looks positively artificial. The food of the tarpon is the grey mullet and the smaller fry of other fish, and although belonging to the salt water, a tarpon will go many miles up rivers in pursuit of these schools of fish. The one blot on the sport of fishing for these 'silver kings,' as they are sometimes called, lies in the fact that their flesh is worthless as food, being soft and soapy, and when the excitement of landing the fish is over, it is always unsatisfactory to remember that this magnificent fish must be thrown into the sea as rubbish, and end ignobly as food for the sharks.

The tarpon are supposed to come in from the outside sea with the flood tide, and disperse to feed over the shallow water among the islands towards the mainland, returning to the pass with the ebb tide. Practically, however, there is always a chance of a fish, and the fisherman who perseveres and works the hardest is certain to have most success.

When the tide is slack the boat is rowed backwards and forwards, up and down, all over the pass, whilst the angler sits in the stern holding a rod from which trails some twenty-five yards of line terminating with the five feet of piano wire and the single hook baited with a six-inch strip of grey mullet. Unlike other forms of fishing, the reel is fastened on uppermost, instead of on the underside of the butt, as is usual. On one of the bars of the reel is sewn a leather pad, and in playing a fish one or both thumbs are pressed firmly against this pad, which, bearing on the line on the reel, acts as a very effectual break or drag. Until one is accustomed to it this break is rather awkward to manage; if one presses too hard a breakage and the consequent loss of fish and line may occur; whilst if the pressure of the thumb is too suddenly relaxed, even the best reel may overrun, and then one is indeed lucky if the loose coils and loops of line can be readjusted before similar dire results ensue. The object of this leather break is twofold: firstly, to enable one to put a strong and even drag upon the line while the fish is running; secondly, to enable one to hold the fish firm when he is being led in towards the shore, or brought to the gaff, the ordinary check of the reel not being nearly powerful enough. When the tide is running its strongest the boat is anchored and the second rod is put out and held by the boatman, or guide as he is called, and it is as well to have a longer line out on one rod than on the other.

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The tarpon seizes the bait much in the manner of a salmon or a trout, and then the line on the other rod is reeled up with all speed. A buoy attached to the anchor line is thrown overboard, and the guide gets out the oars and manages the boat. When hooked the tarpon invariably leaps out of the water immediately, and a magnificent sight it is to see him, like a bar of silver six feet long, flashing in the sunlight! Not once only does he jump, but ten to fifteen times, and even when one thinks he is dead beat and without a kick left in him, he usually has strength for another leap. With jaws wide open, the fish shakes his head, twists himself in the air, and often turns a complete somersault in his endeavours to rid himself of the hook, which in nine cases out of ten he succeeds in doing, for the mouth is so plated with bone that the tongue and the corners of the jaw are almost the only places into which the point of the hook will penetrate. After each leap without freeing himself, the hopes of his eventual capture increase, for it is in the first efforts of the fish that the hook is usually thrown out. It is the aim of the fisherman to lead the fish in towards one shore or other of the pass, and at times a tarpon will be extraordinarily docile and will allow himself to be pulled in towards the beach, which the guide is straining at his oars to reach, before the tide carries boat and fish out into the Gulf. Not infrequently, however, the fish that has allowed himself to be easily towed in shows renewed fight when the boat is grounded, and it may become necessary to embark again lest the whole of the line on the reel should be taken out. As the fish tires, the fisherman, with his right thumb pressing hard against the break, and his left hand, protected by a glove, clutching tightly the line against the rod, walks backwards until he is ten or twelve yards from the water's edge, upon which he relaxes the pressure on the break and quickly reels up the line, walking down towards the fish. The last act of the drama is approaching, and with stealthy steps the guide stalks the fish, watching his opportunity neatly and surely to strike in the gaff just behind the gill covers. A good guide seldom fails at the first attempt, and it is a glad moment when the silver king is lying high and dry, impotently flapping his tail on the white shells of the beach.

Although our time passed quickly and pleasantly, it would be of no interest were I to describe the events of each day at the pass. In the morning we got up with the sun, and at night we were in bed and asleep by nine o'clock, and during the day most of the time not spent in fishing we were ashore on the island catching butterflies, taking photographs, or prowling about with a gun. The man from whom we hired the schooner had lent us an ancient 10 bore, and in consideration of T. being a better shot than myself, it became his duty to keep our larder as well supplied with game as possible. Ducks, when we shot any, and when we could retrieve them, were

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excellent to eat, and a welcome change from our usual fare; but it was more often a pelican or a cormorant, and on one occasion a coon, that he brought home, and on those nights our ordinary dinner of boiled ham and cabbage had to content us. We lived on tinned provisions almost entirely, which although good became very monotonous, and I shall not mind if I do not see rolled ox tongue or corned beef for some time to come. From time to time our supplies had to be renewed, which was done by sending a boat to intercept the steamer which passed daily within two miles of us. By this steamer we would send a note to the storekeeper of the nearest town, telling him what we required, and on the following day the steamer brought the packages, when we would again send out a boat to fetch them. Sometimes, however, we were unable to send to meet the steamer on the right day, and then the ice, if we had ordered any, melted away on the steamer, so that a sack full of damp sawdust was all that remained to us of a fifty-pound block. The storekeeper occasionally sent us parcels of fresh meat, but it was not a success. It appeared in the oddest-shaped chunks imaginable, and it was tough, stringy, and of an unpleasant colour. T. and I at last came to the conclusion that it was nigger and not beef at all, and considering that Florida produces more niggers than beeves, I have but little doubt that it was so.

Twenty-one days in all we remained at the pass, of which five were useless for fishing owing to the weather. March had been an exceptionally fine month, and it was in the order of things that we should suffer for it in April, which we did, and for the inside of one week there blew a strong cold wind, and considerable rain fell, with the result that the tarpon disappeared from the pass, or at least they were not to be seen leaping and disporting themselves as usual; and certainly, whether they were there or not, they would not look at a bait. These were trying days, for we did not know whether to seek sport elsewhere, or to wait on for the weather to improve. We did the latter, and at least we had the satisfaction of having sport when the weather did change, before the other fishermen returned who had gone away disgusted. Of our varying success with the tarpon it would take too much space to give a detailed account, but there were individual fish of which the circumstances attending their capture will always remain fresh in my mind.

Who ever forgets the smallest incidents connected with the hooking, playing, and landing for the first time a new kind of fish? Surely no one does, and especially if he has travelled more than four thousand miles with the sole object of catching this fish. It was on the same afternoon as we reached the pass; the tide was running in at a rate of about six knots, and there were already four or five boats out, when T. and I in our respective boats dropped anchor in the middle of the current. We lay midway between the two islands

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whose tropical vegetation almost reached the water's edge, having only a narrow shell beach of dazzling whiteness. Some five miles away in front of us stretched a long pine-clad island, and behind us the Gulf of Mexico with a well-defined line of breakers marking the bar across the mouth of the pass. It was not long before we got both rods out, I holding the one, and my guide, Bartley, holding the other, and we settled down into comfortable positions to wait until hunger or curiosity should prompt a fish to take one of the baits. On a sudden I heard a sound in the water behind me, followed by a loud and prolonged sigh, and I turned round thinking that Bartley was letting his memory go back to the happy Liverpudlian days of his youth, and prepared to lend a sympathetic and attentive ear to his reminiscences. But the stoical Bartley was merely lighting his pipe, and I may here remark that his pipe used to require more lighting and refilling and relighting than any fire laid with damp wood, and as each of these operations was performed in a deliberate manner, the rod being laid down and left to take care of itself meanwhile, I was continually on tenterhooks lest a fish should seize the bait and either break the line, or get rid of the hook, before the rod could be picked up again.

However, to return to the origin of this sigh. I saw nothing to account for it, so I asked where it came from, and was told that it was a turtle—either of the loggerhead or more valuable green variety—that had come up to the surface to breathe. They soon became very familiar objects, and it always appealed to my sense of humour to hear their undisguised and heartfelt sigh of relief when their foolish heads appeared above water. Once I asked Bartley if it never happened that a turtle rose near enough to the boat to admit of its being gaffed, upon which he removed his pipe from his mouth, and in all seriousness replied that he had constantly heard them knocking their heads against the bottom of his boat! I admit that I was unprepared for such an answer, and my emotions choked my utterance.

I had not yet seen a tarpon hooked, and it was with much interest that I watched the occupant of a boat some way in front of me have a strike. It should be explained that the term 'strike' is used when a tarpon takes the bait and leaps out of the water while still hooked. In nine cases out of ten, as I have said before, the fish throws out the hook in his first leaps, but whether he frees himself at once, or whether he is eventually killed, it is counted a 'strike' if the fish has broken water whilst hooked. A little later the same boat had another strike, and I followed with envious eyes the fight 'twixt rod and tarpon, which ended in about twenty minutes with the fish being landed.

The afternoon wore on, another fish was caught and many others hooked and lost, but Bartley and I remained inactive. Presently, however, the tide began to slacken, so pulling up the anchor, we

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started trolling, and then my turn came. Almost immediately I had a good hard pull from a fish, which I answered by striking hard enough, as I thought, to strike the hook in over the barb into the mouth of any fish, and out of the water he leapt. With one savage shake of his head, I had the mortification of seeing him throw out the hook a dozen yards away. Another bait was quickly on, and in five minutes I had hold of another fish. In his first jump he sprang five feet clear of the water, and as soon as he regained his native element he made a rush straight away from the boat. In my excitement I clean forgot that I had a break on the reel, and, neglecting to use it, the reel overran; and on looking down I saw to my unspeakable horror graceful festoons of line hanging all round the reel. If the tarpon had continued his rush the line must have jambed, and that fish would have spent the evening swaggering among his companions with a New-York-made hook in his mouth; but fortunately he jumped again, turned, and came straight for the boat, jumping twice more on his way, and falling the second time with a huge splash within two yards of the boat, drenching me and momentarily blinding me with the salt water. From that moment the fish played me, but Bartley took charge of us both, and in about ten minutes I felt the boat grate on the beach, and I was ordered to get out and to finish playing the fish from the shore. Then I collected my bewildered senses and began fancying myself as a tarpon fisher, for it appeared to me that I had the fish within twenty yards of the beach, which sloped steeply down to the water's edge, so that right up to the shore the water is comparatively deep. At this point my attention was distracted by a fish jumping persistently some eighty yards out, and a glance at the line on my reel forced me to the unpleasant conviction that it was my fish. In fact, to use a Tweed fisherman's expression, I was as completely 'drowned' as anyone could be! However, I yanked and pulled, and walked backwards up the beach, and then back to the water's edge, reeling up busily the while, and it was at this moment that I realised the discomfort of having no belt with a socket to hold the butt of the rod. An American gentleman, who, with his wife, was watching my antics, noticing my difficulty, sent his guide to fetch his own belt, and, with real kindness, insisted on fastening it round my waist, thus giving me much needed assistance. There is little more to be said about the landing of this first fish; his struggles grew feebler, his rushes shorter, and when at last he was almost within reach of the gaff, and I could admire his silvery proportions, I felt absolutely convinced that I was on the eve of landing the largest tarpon that had ever been seen, for my eye was as yet unaccustomed to fish of that size. As a matter of fact when we weighed him on board the yacht, he turned the scale at ninety-five pounds, and was pronounced by experts to be a well-shaped fish. That I was lucky to land him nobody knows better than myself, for

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there was hardly a rule or principle of fishing that I had not unwittingly violated, having at different moments allowed the reel to overrun, the fish to have a slack line, and the line to be drowned.

Thus my first afternoon's fishing resulted in two strikes and one fish landed, and a simple rule of three sum showed me exactly the number of tarpon I should catch at this rate during my stay at the pass. Alas, sport did not continue as it had begun, and although T. and I did better than any other party there, we had many days that were altogether blank, and many days with only strikes from fish which either broke us or got off the hook.

One morning we had been fishing for some hours and with fair success, having each caught a small tarpon; indeed, mine was so small that it was contemptuously termed a 'sardine;' and as the ebb-tide was growing slack, we decided to go back to the yacht for luncheon. As Bartley pulled up the anchor I said to him, 'Now we will just row slowly across and pick up another fish on our way,' and we had not gone far before I had a strike from a fish, which on breaking water I saw at a glance was by far the largest tarpon that I had yet had on. That fish bounded in and out of water like an india-rubber ball! No sooner did he strike the water after one leap, than he was in the air again. After a dozen jumps or so he settled down, and made straight off with the tide for the open sea, but as he went at no great pace I soon had him on a fairly short line, and putting on a good strain I tried to turn his head towards the shore. But it was no use, the fish took out more line, and Bartley had to row after him. Fully six times did I think he showed signs of yielding, and bade Bartley pull for the shore, but each time in vain, and at last I felt certain that he had either got the wire twisted round his body—in which case one might as well have tried to drag a log against the tide—or that he was foul-hooked. At the end of half an hour, and although we had contested every inch, we were a mile and a half from land out in the Gulf, which fortunately was perfectly calm, and the fish as strong as ever; so it became apparent that if the tarpon were to be landed he would have to be gaffed from the boat. At this period of the struggle the fish started jumping again, and then I saw that I had been right in my conjecture that the wire had been twisted round his body, for in one of his leaps I felt the line become free, and then I had him by the head and with some command over him. The tarpon was getting very exhausted now, and so also was I, for the sun was beating down fiercely, and I had been pulling a strain of over twenty pounds for the last thirty minutes. The fish was not more than ten feet from the boat and rolling over on his side, but nearer than that I thought I should never bring him, for the figures of Bartley and myself scared him each time that he seemed coming within reach of the gaff. As his resistance became weaker, the space between fish and boat became gradually narrower,

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till at last he lay, a helpless giant, alongside the boat, and deftly Bartley struck the gaff into him just below the gill covers, securing the fish literally by the chin. Even then the tarpon had no strength left to struggle, and whilst I leant my weight over on one side of the boat, Bartley hauled him in over the other side, and the sight of this silver king lying there gave me a moment of more triumphal feeling than perhaps any that I had hitherto experienced in all my fishing career.

It took us nearly three-quarters of an hour to get back to the yacht, rowing against the tide, and when we weighed him, my tarpon scaled 160 pounds, measured 6 feet 7 inches in length, 40 inches in girth, and was the biggest fish of the season up till then.

After the capture of this fish, there were only a few more days left to us of as pleasant a three weeks' fishing as I have ever known. We each caught several tarpon, though none of greater size, and we delayed our departure as long as possible, but the last evening came all too soon, and it was with real regret that we said good-bye to the yacht, to our guides, and to the tarpon in the pass.

HUGH V. WARRENDER.

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ON THE PRISON TREATMENT OF JUVENILE OFFENDERS

I DO not presume to speak with any authority on the prison system of this country, a subject for the proper understanding of which a long and practical experience with its various features would be necessary.

However, as one of the officers imprisoned after the Jameson trial in Holloway, I was enabled to obtain a practical personal knowledge of the interior of a prison.

During the seven months of my detention it was possible for me to form an opinion, at least with regard to one aspect of the prison system. I refer to the custody of juvenile offenders while on remand or awaiting trial.

Unconvicted prisoners receive special treatment. Under the existing law they are subjected to cellular treatment; that is to say, they are confined to their cells during the twenty-four hours, except that they are allowed one hour's exercise and spend some twenty minutes in chapel.

No injury may result from this system so far as adults are concerned, but I maintain that it is entirely inapplicable to juvenile offenders, and, indeed, contrary to humanity and common-sense. In the case of the young (*i.e.* boys under sixteen years of age), a differential system is urgently called for.

The mere fact of incarceration for twenty-four hours with closed doors in a prison cell has an injurious effect on young boys. I am most anxious to avoid any appeal to false sentiment, but it is no exaggeration to say that very few nights were spent in prison without our hearing the sobbing of children who were passing many solitary hours in the gloom and confinement of a prison cell. I am well aware that many of the more hardened offenders were quite capable of resorting to this means of exciting compassion, but I have reason to know that frequent cases occur of genuine terror being caused in youthful minds by the very severe ordeal of solitary confinement in the dark. I cannot believe that in such cases no better means can

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be found of securing the safe custody of children who may have committed for the first time offences possibly more worthy of commiseration than severe punishment. Should the period of detention on remand extend—as I have known it to do—over several weeks, it is hardly possible to exaggerate the injury that may be done to a boy of decent character.

In less hypersensitive days most of these cases might have been dealt with by a few judicious strokes of the birch-rod.

It is the opinion of many conversant with prison discipline—and I, for one, fully share it—that it is an evil for a boy under remand and unconvicted to enter a prison at all.

The law, however, very properly demands his safe custody. At present there are only two ways in which this end can be attained:

(1) By detention in a prison.

(2) By detention in a workhouse.

Of the disadvantages of the former I have just spoken.

Section 19 of the Industrial Schools Act 1866 empowers a magistrate to remand children under the age of fourteen to a workhouse pending investigation of their cases.

The chief objection to this course lies in the fact that facilities do not exist in workhouses for the proper isolation and custody of boys charged with offences.

It would be very beneficial to the boys, as well as desirable from a prison point of view, that juvenile offenders (*i.e.* boys under sixteen years of age) should be sent to a semi-penal establishment instead of being remanded to a prison.

This establishment should be devoted solely to this purpose, and be worked on the cubicle-dormitory system, with constant supervision.

Such a system would be good for the boys, as it would prevent their becoming acquainted with prison life, which—under the present *régime*—soon destroys any self-respect they may have.

It would also be otherwise desirable, as it is most difficult, without a special staff, to classify and deal with boys of so great a variety of disposition and temperament during the comparatively short time which they spend in prison on remand.

It is very satisfactory to know from the following statement by the Home Secretary in reply to a question by Mr. J. M. Paulton, M.P. (Bishop Auckland), that already measures have been taken to modify the present system.

An experiment is now being tried at Holloway by which the ordinary discipline for unconvicted prisoners is mitigated in the case of those that are under sixteen.

The modifications are, briefly, that the cell doors are left open, under, of course, proper supervision; more time is allowed for exercise, and the exercise itself is more varied; special arrangements are also made for their instruction, and generally for giving them occupation. I hope that it will be found possible very

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shortly to extend these modifications to other prisons also; at all events, the experience that will be gained will be valuable in passing rules for dealing generally with the matter, which I am anxious to do' (*Hansard Parl. Rep.* May 3, 1897).

So impressed was I with the defects of the system—which I am glad to know from the above is being inquired into—that I made it my business to study the French system of dealing with juvenile offenders. It is well known that public opinion in France is very sensitive as to the treatment of criminal and vagabond children.

It may be of interest to publish the notes which I made in France as showing what attempts are made in other countries to find a solution of the difficulty of keeping children or young persons in safe custody without subjecting them to the moral danger and stigma of ordinary imprisonment as applied to adults. Mention is made, incidentally, of the treatment of juvenile offenders of the female sex in France, but I have no personal experience of this matter in our country.

It will be noticed that the remand division of the Enfants Assistés is an institution which attempts to deal with the question of juvenile offenders who are as yet unconvicted · it is, therefore, particularly worthy of consideration.

To obtain a comprehensive view of the French system, I followed step by step the process of dealing with juveniles in Paris, from the moment of arrest until they are finally disposed of, by discharge, by a sentence of imprisonment, or by being placed in situations in the country or elsewhere, where they may obtain a fresh start in life.

I did not confine myself to visiting the various police stations, houses of detention, depots, &c., where juvenile offenders are confined at the various stages. Through the kind assistance of Mr. Spearman, who is resident in Paris and thoroughly acquainted with the officials and working of many public departments, I was enabled to interview the directors of these various establishments, and to be present at the examination by the *juges d'instruction* of boys and girls brought before them.

My best thanks are due to Mr. Spearman for his valuable assistance in making these inquiries.

For the sake of clearness I shall first enumerate without comment, in their proper order, the several stages of arrest and examination through which the child passes. I shall then deal with each stage in detail, giving such notes and explanations as seem necessary.

Finally I shall summarise those points which are particularly worthy of note.

I have avoided giving statistics and figures, as not coming within the province of these notes, but if desired there will be no difficulty in supplying these details.

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I

Actual procedure in dealing with juvenile offenders in Paris, from the moment of arrest until final disposal of case.

(1) *Poste.*—The first step on arrest is to take the offender to the poste or district police station. The stations are under a *commissaire de police*, who is empowered (*a*) to discharge; or (*b*) to send on for disposal.

These district police stations are cleared three times daily, the inmates being sent out, after preliminary examination by the commissaire, to the Central Police Station (Dépôt Central, près de la Préfecture).

(2) *Central Depot.*—On arrival at the Central Depot, children are placed in a part of the depot entirely reserved for them. From the depot they are brought daily before

(3) *Le Petit Parquet.*—This step is purely formal. No case—even should the child have been arrested *flagrante delicto*—is dealt with finally at this stage, but is passed on to

(4) *Le Juge d'Instruction.*—Here the first real investigation commences. The magistrate decides whether the youthful offender shall be (*a*) discharged or handed over to its parents; (*b*) sent before a court to be tried; (*c*) otherwise dealt with.

(5) *La Petite Roquette* (*and Nanterre*).—To avoid the detention of children in the same prison as adults, during the time necessary for investigation, they are sent from the *juge d'instruction* to a house of detention (La Petite Roquette) entirely set apart for boys; in the case of girls to the special quarter of the female prison of Nanterre.

(6) *Enfants Assistés.*—The *juge d'instruction*, should he think fit, may immediately order the transfer of the child from La Petite Roquette or Nanterre to the establishment of the Enfants Assistés (Rue Denfert-Rochereau). This power is very freely used by the *juge d'instruction.*

II

How these various procedures are carried out will be seen from the following details.

(1) *Poste.*—Although the police stations of Paris are provided with cells, these are not made use of in the case of children. As a rule juvenile offenders are placed in the outer waiting room, where they are under the eye of the constables on duty. At night they are provided with mattresses, which are placed round the sides of the reception room.

The *commissaire de police*, who is at his office from 9 A.M. till 10 P.M., deals immediately with the cases of children between those hours. The offenders are either discharged or sent on to the

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Central Depot (Préfecture de Police). After the hour of 10 P.M. the procedure is different.

In order to avoid the unnecessary detention of children and other prisoners at the police station after 10 P.M., the chief clerk from one of the *commissaire de police* offices is present at the police station from 10 P.M. till 4. A.M.

This duty is taken in turn by a clerk from a number of *commissaire de police* offices, grouped together for this purpose.

The police stations are all in telegraphic communication throughout the night with the central prefecture of police. In the event of a child being arrested after 10 P.M. and brought to the police station, it is examined by the chief clerk on duty.

If this official is satisfied that the case is not a serious one, and if the child can give the address of its parents or guardians, the Central Prefecture of Police is at once informed of this address, and an official is immediately sent from the Central Depot to notify the parents, who may fetch the child from the Poste at any hour. No further authority is required than that of the chief clerk on duty. By this means many children are saved from passing the night in the painful surroundings of a police station.

(2) *Central Depot.*—A cellular portion of the depot is reserved for boys, who are not brought into contact with adult prisoners.

The cells, which are about fourteen feet by eight feet, are light and airy; each is provided with a window about four feet square. The upper portion of many of these cells is fitted with ground glass.

Boys remain at the Central Depot for the night, and are brought before the Petit Parquet on the following day. The duration of their sojourn at the depot depends, therefore, on the hour on the previous day at which the boy was arrested.

While at the Central Depot I visited a small ward which has been recently set apart for the reception of very young children lost or abandoned in the streets. It is in charge of three female attendants, who receive a salary of 900 francs per annum. The ward is provided with a dormitory, bathroom and playroom, and a small courtyard planted with shrubs, &c., adjoins the building.

The results of this small institution are excellent. The children are thoroughly well cared for, and are either claimed at once by their parents or sent on to the Enfants Assistés, in the Rue Denfert-Rochereau, where their future is provided for from public funds.

(3) *Le Petit Parquet.*—This stage calls for no special notice. The appearance in this court is purely a matter of form in Paris. A circular from the Minister of Justice to the tribunals throughout France strongly advised that the cases of juvenile offenders should not be dealt with by the Petit Parquet. This recommendation has been complied with in all, or nearly all, cases. It is anticipated

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that this procedure will shortly become law, and that children will be brought direct to the *juge d'instruction.*

(4) *Juge d'Instruction.*—Speaking generally, the juvenile offender comes before this official within twenty-four hours of arrest; it is at this stage that the case is first thoroughly investigated.

The greatest care is taken to ascertain details as to the antecedents of the child, the circumstances under which the crime was committed, character and position of parents, &c., &c.

The examination takes place in private and is conducted in a familiar, conversational manner between the judge and the child, which is encouraged to speak freely of its family circumstances and general surroundings, and is not made nervous by the presence of strangers in an open court.

Should it be impossible for the *juge d'instruction* to ascertain all the facts of the case at the preliminary examination, the police agents are instructed to make close inquiries; the child meanwhile being remanded to the Petite Roquette, or Nanterre, or to the remand division of the Enfants Assistés. Further and separate inquiries are made by special agents at the latter place, the results being forwarded to the *juge d'instruction,* who has thus two sets of reports on which to base his decision.

By the courtesy of M. Guillot, the *juge d'instruction* who is particularly charged with and interested in cases of youthful offenders, I was enabled to be present at several examinations of children.

The only other persons present were M. Guillot, his clerk, and one *garde de Paris.* The quiet of the surroundings and absence of strangers seemed to have an encouraging effect on those under examination, who on their first entrance frequently showed signs of alarm.

M. Guillot first engaged the child in conversation, explained the nature of the charge, and questioned it as to its complicity, gradually drawing it on to speak of its home, parents, usual occupation, and so forth.

A digest of the child's statement was then dictated to the clerk, read over to and signed by the juvenile offender.

The truth or otherwise of this story was then gone into, the parents, and in some cases the neighbours of the *quartier,* being called as witnesses.

All statements, the remarks of the *juge d'instruction,* and even his warnings to and remonstrances with the child, were committed to paper.

After a very careful examination conducted in this thorough manner, without hurry and in surroundings calculated to reassure the young delinquent, the *juge d'instruction* in some cases exercised his power of handing the offender over to his parents or to some suitable institution, in others remanded it for further investigation.

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I noticed that barristers in charge of cases were not present at the examination, but that they had free access to the *juge d'instruction*, and in private conversation with him, previous to the examination, drew his attention to particular points in the case about to come before him.

The accessibility of the *juge d'instruction*, the absence of formality and overawing surroundings, the familiar tenor of the examination, and the ample evidence supplied by parents, neighbours, police agents and so forth, are very noticeable features in this system of inquiring into the cases of juvenile offenders.

(5) *La Petite Roquette.*—This house of detention is entirely devoted to juvenile offenders (boys) and to youths between sixteen and twenty undergoing sentence of imprisonment of one year or less. Boys undergoing *correction paternelle* are also confined here.

The boys are not brought to the Petite Roquette in the cellular vans, but are conducted thither privately.

On the day of arrival the boy is visited frequently by the chaplains, schoolmasters, warders, &c.

On the second day every boy, *whether on remand or otherwise*, is provided with work suited to his capacity. The only exception to this is in the case of very young boys, who are supplied with picture books and small games.

In the remand cases the occupation generally consists in making brass and iron-work rings for chain-work purses, burnishers, &c.; this kind of work requiring little or no previous training.

Although cellular confinement is the rule at La Petite Roquette, the cells are particularly bright and airy, each having a folding window about five feet by three-and-a-half feet. They are further provided with the usual bed, stool and work table.

In the case of children under twelve years of age, the doors are left open all day, although the inmate of the cell is not permitted to leave it except at the usual exercise hours.

The corridors are continually patrolled by warders.

Exercise.—One hour is allowed in the morning and one in the afternoon. Exercise is taken in a series of small courtyards radiating from a central space, whence a warder from an elevated seat is enabled to observe each boy.

School.—One hour per diem is devoted to instruction.

Meals.—There are three meals: one in the morning, another at mid-day, and a third at 4 P.M. Meat is allowed three times a week, and a very liberal supply of bread. Half an hour is allowed for each meal.

Books.—Educational and other books are freely supplied.

Visits.—Two visits are allowed per week from parents and other authorised persons. Boys are also permitted to write a letter once a

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week, and to receive small presents from their parents if well-behaved. Further permission to write letters is frequently granted.

Surveillance.—Warders are constantly on duty, day and night.

The above remarks apply to boys on remand as well as to others. It is worthy of remark that this class of boy is provided with occupation all day long, and not kept in solitary confinement without distraction.

(6) *Enfants Assistés.*—This establishment is maintained by the Municipality of Paris and the Department of the Seine. Its object is to protect and provide for children who have been abandoned by their parents, whose parents are in prison, in hospital, or otherwise unable to maintain them.

It differs entirely from our English workhouses, inasmuch as it is devoted solely to the maintenance and care of children.

The warders and officials are specially selected for their kindliness of character and capacity for dealing with children.

The headquarters are situated in the Rue Denfert-Rochereau, and there are a series of sub-offices all over the country.

Persons desirous of receiving children into their own homes and families register their names at the sub-offices, which communicate with the headquarters in Paris. By this means children are continually being passed on from the Central Depot and placed in positions where they may be sure of good treatment and the chance of earning an honest livelihood.

Up to the thirteenth year of age the Assistance Publique contributes a monthly sum towards the maintenance of the child, after which period it is considered that it should be able to support itself and to pay for its keep.

Remand Division.—Within the last few years a part of the establishment in the Rue Denfert-Rochereau has been set apart for the reception of children under remand. This arrangement has been made both for boys and girls.

As before mentioned, the *juge d'instruction* has power to send on a child to this establishment from the Petite Roquette or Nanterre during the period of the investigation of the case.

I visited this institution several times, and was very much struck with the admirable arrangements there in force.

The portion of the building reserved for children on remand contains a large common or play room, dormitory, lavatory, dining room, warders' apartments, and four punishment cells.

The construction of the dormitory is noteworthy. It is a large, bright, airy room resembling a small hospital ward.

The central space contains a stove and seats for the warders.

The remainder of the apartment is divided off into single sleeping apartments boarded on both sides within a couple of feet of the ceiling. The door of the compartment faces the central space and is

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of open woodwork. By this means the warder on duty can observe the inmate of each compartment, who is moreover entirely separated from his neighbour on either side.

The punishment cells are furnished with half-doors, the upper portions of which are constructed with iron bars, but are not otherwise closed in. These cells are rarely used, and never except during the daytime.

Four warders are attached to this remand division, of which two are always on duty.

The night duty is performed by two warders, one of whom remains awake in the central portion of the dormitory until relieved by his colleague, who sleeps meanwhile in an adjoining apartment.

The average number of boys in the remand division is about twenty.

The cost, including salaries, &c., is 2 fr. 14 cent. per head of inmates per diem.

M. May, the director of the Enfants Assistés, spoke in terms of the highest approval of this system of dealing with remanded children charged with light offences, arrested for the first time, or whose antecedents, &c., are satisfactory.

The results hitherto have been very successful. The director warmly advocates the extension of this system, even so far as to enable magistrates to send children of this class direct to the Enfants Assistés without previous detention, however short, in La Petite Roquette or Nanterre. He is of opinion that this measure will shortly be adopted in Paris.

In cases where the magistrate considers it advisable, situations are found for these children in the country by the Assistance Publique.

It is rarely necessary for children to be sent back to La Petite Roquette on account of their misconduct whilst at the Enfants Assistés.

It should be borne in mind that a staff of agents belonging to this establishment make inquiries concerning the child while it is under remand in the Enfants Assistés. The reports of these men are particularly useful in assisting the *juge d'instruction* in the consideration of the reports of the ordinary police agents, since these officers of the Enfants Assistés are constantly dealing with children and children's cases only, and are thoroughly acquainted with this class of evidence, and indeed with most of the families and surroundings of these youthful offenders.

III

From the above notes it will be seen that:

(1) As far as possible cellular and prison vans are not made use of.

(2) Examination does not take place in open court, but is of

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an informal character before the *juge d'instruction.* (See *Juge d'Instruction.*)

(3) Only one or two *juges d'instruction* deal with these cases, and are constantly occupied with this class of evidence.

(4) Inquiries are made not only by the regular police agents, but by more experienced and independent agents of the Enfants Assistés, who are wholly unconnected with the police. The *juge d'instruction* is thus provided with a double set of reports.

(5) When on remand in La Petite Roquette children are—(1) lodged in light and airy cells; (2) kept occupied all day; (3) have two hours' exercise; (4) have one hour's schooling; (5) are frequently visited, and under constant supervision; (6) in the case of boys under twelve, have doors open all day; (7) are permitted to receive visits and write letters. (See *La Petite Roquette.*)

(6) That there exists a public institution, neither a prison nor a workhouse, to which children at small cost to the public may be sent at the discretion of the magistrate during remand, and where the authorities interest themselves in the future of the juvenile offenders.

(7) That children whose cases are more worthy of commiseration than severe punishment are thus spared the painful associations of a prison, although at the same time they are in safe custody, and are allowed to associate under constant and strict supervision.

(8) That there exists a separate house of detention devoted to the use of boys alone (La Petite Roquette.)

I may mention as an evidence of how important the treatment of juvenile offenders is considered in France, that a *Comité de Défense des Enfants traduits en Justice* has been established. This Comité consists of members of the bench and bar, and of the Penitentiary Department of the Ministry of the Interior. They meet regularly to consider and advise on all questions relating to juvenile offenders.

ROBERT WHITE.

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148 Ashley Gardens, Westminster, S.W.:
July 1, 1897.

Dear Mr. Knowles,—I notice that the name of Chaucer does not occur in the list of 'men of genius' given in Mr. Ellis's interesting article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and indeed, so far as I can ascertain, there is no record of his stature extant. Perhaps Mr. Ellis might be interested to know that I had the privilege of examining Chaucer's bones when they were exposed in the digging of Browning's grave some years back. From measurements of the principal long bones remaining intact, I calculated that his height must have been about 5 feet 6 inches.

I remain
Yours truly,
HENRY TROUTBECK.

Lavington House, Petworth
July 15, 1897.

Dear Mr. Knowles,—You must allow me to protest against Mr. Havelock Ellis's statement on page 91 of your July number, that the height of Bishop Wilberforce was 5 feet 3 inches. I frequently saw the Bishop under a standard, and his exact height was 5 feet 8½ inches. Mr. Ellis admits that some of the sources from which he has drawn his information may be inaccurate. In this particular instance the evidence must have been 'very feeble.' The *Nineteenth Century* is too great an authority to be allowed to make an unchallenged statement that Bishop Wilberforce was a dwarf.

Most faithfully yours,
R. G. WILBERFORCE.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

No. CCXLVII—September 1897

THE BUCK-JUMPING OF LABOUR

Any important strike suggests a number of considerations of far more general and far deeper interest than belongs to the question of whether the men engaged in it gain, or deserve to gain, the particular points they are contending for. These considerations are forced on us with exceptional clearness by a strike like that which is now in progress amongst the engineers. For the strikers are here the highest aristocracy of labour: they are well disciplined, the funds at their disposal are considerable, and they possess and are guided by the best intelligence which the labouring classes, taken as a whole, can boast. They accordingly may be held to represent the maximum strength which the labourers in any industry have been thus far able to acquire as a corporate body opposed to those who employ them. The employers, on the other hand, have banded themselves together like the labourers, and they appear before us as a corporate body also; the result being that the struggle between the two is reduced practically to a struggle between two individuals, each of whom meets the other as the personification of different powers. The great question, therefore, which we are unavoidably led to ask is, What are the nature and basis of the powers personified by each; and, in especial, how far are those which are personified by the corporate labourer susceptible of further increase—or, in other words, what would they be were organisation and combination carried to their utmost possible limits, and the corporate labourer thus endowed with the means of doing everything of which he is conceivably capable? This question, which would suggest itself to the mind in any case, has been explicitly forced on our attention by the language of many of the strike leaders themselves, who proclaim that the raising of

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wages, or the establishment of an eight hours working day, is merely a step to the achievement, on the part of the labourers, of the entire control of the whole industry of the country, and the ultimate elimination of the employing classes altogether.

It is easy to see how ideas of this kind commend themselves to those who have tasted the pleasure of feeling their own capacity to paralyse or injure the enterprises on which the position of the employing classes depends. Finding out that they can, on this occasion and that, prevent such and such employers from proceeding with their business at all, they not unnaturally argue that by a little more organisation, and especially by joint action with the labourers of other countries, they will be able to have all the employers altogether at their mercy; nor is it unnatural that they should jump to the further conclusion that whatever they may be able to prevent the employers from doing they will, if not forcibly prevented, be able to do themselves. It is my object to show that this view of the matter is based on an entire misunderstanding of the fundamental facts of the situation; and that, let the organisation of labour be as complete and universal as is possible, it would not produce, nor would it even tend to produce, the kind of result which the organisers of labour anticipate. What stands between these enthusiasts and the end they so much desire is not any incidental difficulty in uniting the forces at their disposal, but the fact that these forces themselves are not at all what they think them to be; and that these, even if united and magnified to the utmost extent conceivable, would no more be equal to accomplishing what is expected of them than would all the compositors of the world, by forming themselves into one vast trade union, become equal to composing the Gospels or Shakespeare's plays.

In order to understand this, we must realise the following points. The ultimate object of all the leaders of labour, whatever form their immediate demands may take, is to secure for the labourers an increased share of the wealth produced in those countries to which their influence reaches. The leaders of labour are, moreover, constantly declaring that as this share grows larger the hours of labour are to be less, diminishing from eight to seven, to six, or to five. We need not exaggerate their expectations as to this point; but they at all events indicate an assumption that the productivity of labour will, hour for hour, be not less than it is, but will, on the contrary, be considerably and progressively greater. It is therefore obvious that the extreme labour party of to-day does not propose to dispense with any one of the forces which contribute to the production of wealth at the present moment.

Such being the case, then, let us consider, in a general way, what the main forces which contribute to contemporary production are. So far as human agencies are concerned, we shall find that these forces are two. One is Labour, and the other is the Ability

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by which Labour is directed. Economists have hitherto very much confused their discussions by applying the same name—that is to say, Labour—to both. In a short volume called *Labour and the Popular Welfare* I have pointed out the fatal errors that have resulted from this slovenly procedure. It is a source of error in the first place because Labour has thus a meaning for the economist which does not correspond with its meaning in political discussion. For the economist it includes mental exertion as well as manual; in political discussion it includes manual labour only. But, what is still worse, this use of a common name for two things which economists at all events recognise as being not quite identical is that it has prevented even economists from defining, and indeed from clearly seeing, what the essential difference between the two is. Labour, as the word is understood in every practical discussion in which the claims of labourers are opposed to those of other classes, is a species of exertion which, as made by each individual, is confined to the performance of some particular task, such as the wheeling of a barrow, the laying of a brick, the filing of a piece of metal, or the taking tickets at the turnstile of an exhibition. Ability is a form of exertion on the part of an individual which is capable of affecting simultaneously the labour of an indefinite number of individuals, and thus hastening or perfecting the accomplishment of an indefinite number of tasks. In order to make clear this difference between the two, I will quote an illustration given by me in the volume just referred to.

> Let us take some machine whose efficiency is in proportion to the niceness with which its parts are finished. The skilled workman whose labour finishes such parts contributes by doing so to the efficiency of that one machine only. He does nothing to influence the labour of any other workman, or to facilitate the production of any other machine similar to it. But the man who, by his inventive ability, makes the machine simpler, or introduces into it some new principle, so that, without requiring so much or such skilled labour to construct it, it will, when constructed, be twice as efficient as before, may by his ability affect individual machines without number, and increase the efficiency of the labour of many millions of workmen.

Such, then, being the nature of the two human agencies that are concerned in the production of wealth, let us consider next a truth which can be rendered equally evident. It is this. All progress that has been made in the productivity of human exertion, beyond the very slight progress made by primitive and uncivilised communities, has been made and is maintained by ability, not by labour. The utmost goal or height which can be reached by labour is a certain development of dexterity or manual skill. Now, so far as skill is concerned, human beings had reached a point in ancient Greece and Rome, as the art of gem-engraving will testify, which has never since been passed; and indeed, with regard to many manual arts, we may say the same of the prehistoric lake-dwellers. They were

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capable of doing work with their hands which could not for niceness and accuracy be surpassed by any mechanic on the banks of the Thames to-day. The sole productive agency which has brought about historical progress has been ability, or those diverse faculties by which man's stationary skill is made to apply itself in a number of progressive ways. But progress does not depend on progressive invention only. It depends also on that species of ability which consists in the power of organising and constantly re-organising bodies and detachments of labourers, so that their increasingly various tasks shall, with the utmost precision and the utmost economy of effort, conduce to some single end. Even the more thoughtful amongst the Socialists have lately been constrained to admit that in any advanced civilisation the productivity of labour depends on the business ability by which the labourers are managed. In other words, every increase in the productivity of economic exertion is caused and maintained only by men of ability imposing their orders on the labourers, or by the labourers submitting themselves to the orders of the men of ability.

Accordingly, since, as we have seen, the ultimate aim of the labour leaders involves not only the maintenance but the increase of man's present powers of production—for otherwise wages per hour would fall or could never rise—labour must continue to submit itself to the orders of ability as heretofore. It is therefore evident that labour, *as labour*, is quite incapable by itself of producing that wealth on the continued production of which the whole hopes of the labour party depend; and thus to suppose that trade unionism, as representing labour, will ever obtain, or can even tend to obtain, the complete control of industry is to suppose what is not only improbable, but impossible and self-contradictory.

The only thinkable meaning which can be attached to the hope or the prediction that the forces represented by trade unionism can ever, except at the expense of destroying industry altogether, drive the present employing and directing classes from their position is a meaning totally different from that which the language of the labour leaders expresses, and on which their claims on behalf of labour avowedly and ostentatiously depend. This meaning must be that the forces represented by trade unionism are emphatically not what they are at present declared to be—namely, the forces of labour, or, in other words, those productive powers which belong to, and are exerted by, the labouring classes generally, as opposed to the productive powers which belong to, and are exerted by, such men as the director of industry, the pioneer of commerce, or the inventor; but that, on the contrary, instead of being opposed to these last, they include them. Let us see what this comes to, put into more concrete terms. It comes to one of two things: either to a statement that the employees in any industry—let us take, for example, the engineering and shipbuilding

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industries in this country—are all of them able not only to perform their present manual tasks, but to direct and organise the work of an entire establishment, to design gigantic ships as well as to rivet their plates, to co-ordinate the efforts of thousands of pairs of hands, and to perform the most complicated mental tasks as well as the simplest physical ones; or else it comes to a statement that in every shipbuilding yard some of the employees, though not all, are capable of fulfilling these more difficult functions as well as the men who at present control the business, and the men of science and the inventors who are in practical partnership with them.

Now, the first of these statements would be obviously false and absurd. It has just been mentioned that even Socialists are now coming to recognise that ability is a factor which is as essential to production as labour is. It may now be mentioned, further, that these same Socialists are coming to recognise also that, whilst the faculty of labour is universal, the various faculties which make up business ability are in their higher forms as exceptional as they are important. 'Business ability,' Mr. Sidney Webb admits, is a greater 'monopoly' than even land or capital. Thus, even if the classes which are represented by trade unions really do possess amongst their ranks as much business ability as at present exists outside them, this merely means that, whilst the trade unionists as a body represent labour, they contain amongst their number a minority who, as soon as the occasion offers, will leave the ranks of labour and come to represent something else—that is to say, not labour, but the faculties by which labour is directed. If, then, trade unionism, as it is as present, were ever to render the position of the employing classes intolerable, and finally to succeed in crushing them out of existence, it could only continue the production on which the hopes of the unionists depend by practically undoing the very work it had just accomplished, and calling on new masters to take the place of the old. Accordingly, when our labour leaders say that labour, by means of unionism, will ultimately acquire the complete control of industry, they can mean only that amongst the ranks of those who are at present working as labourers, and who are or may become unionists, there are a certain number of men who are men of ability in disguise; who will fling, when the time arrives, the disguise of labour away, and, possessing as they do all the talent of the existing employers, will step in and triumphantly take their place.

Certain Socialistic writers, who have dimly perceived this truth, have endeavoured to minimise its anti-Socialistic significance by maintaining that, though the average labourers would be governed by their intellectual superiors, their superiors would be elected and also removable by themselves, so that no order would be obeyed, and no innovation tolerated, unless they were fully understood and sanctioned by the average labourers collectively. It is difficult to imagine anything more fantastic than this argument. The entire history of

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industrial progress has been a history of inventions the very nature of which was unintelligible to the average mind, until average labour had blindly assisted in testing and realising them; whilst the more important of them were received with derision, or encountered the fiercest antagonism. It is not an exaggeration to say that if no great steamship could be built until all those labourers employed on it could approve on reasonable grounds of the tasks they were ordered to execute, no great steamship would ever be built again. As to the general conditions of their labour, the hours, and the rates of wages, the average labourers, under the circumstances now in question, would no doubt be able to impose their wishes on their superiors as under existing circumstances they can impose them on their employers; but to do this is a totally different thing from exerting any influence on the character of their various technical tasks. Supposing, for instance, that some genius in the future should invent a successful flying machine, the fact that the labourers employed to make its various parts should refuse to make them if they were required to work for more than eight hours a day on them, or unless they were provided with stuffed armchairs in the workshop, would not indicate on their part any capacity whatever to pronounce an opinion on what the shapes of the parts should be, the materials of which they should be made, or the mechanism of the machine generally. The upshot, therefore, of the whole matter is this—that whatever power labour as a productive agent may possess, it can never, except at the expense of destroying that power or diminishing it, shake itself free of the autocratic government of ability, whether the possessors of ability are the existing employing classes or a new minority of able men detaching itself from the mass of labourers.

The great error which those persons commit who imagine that the forces represented by trade unionism can ever, in any true sense, obtain the control of industry, depends on their confounding what the labourers do as labourers with what they can do as ordinary human beings. Trade unionism undoubtedly does endow them with powers which they would not possess otherwise; and it is conceivable that an extension of trade unionism, which is possible even if not probable, may some day enlarge these powers to their utmost theoretical limit. But the powers thus enlarged could not be industrial powers. They would not be powers on which the production of wealth depended, or which could provide a man who possessed them with sustenance for a single day. The great weapon—the great fighting implement—of the trade union is the strike; but strikes, though peculiar hitherto to the labouring classes, have no more to do with labour as a productive force than the discipline, the training, and the manœuvring of a corps of volunteers who are lawyers have to do with the niceties of company or patent law. This fact, though plain enough when we once reflect on it, is generally overlooked both by those who

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desire the triumph of trade unionism and by those who dread it; and thus the hopes of the one class and the fears of the other rest to an equal extent on a wholly unreal basis. It is therefore a fact on which it is particularly desirable to insist, and which requires to be explained at greater length and with more emphasis than its simple character would otherwise demand or warrant.

Let us consider, then, what is the precise nature of those powers with which trade unionism has endowed the labouring classes. The foundation of those powers has been indicated in an observation which has been made already—that trade unionism, for all purposes of industrial dispute, tends to form masses of labourers into one single labourer, so that the employers, if they quarrel with *him* or refuse to concede *his* terms, shall be unable to find any one who can take his place. If we care to do so, we may imagine the combination of labourers extending itself over the whole world, and embracing all employments; but the maximum power which labour could acquire in this way would be probably reached by combinations less extensive than this—by international union amongst the labourers in each industry, or amongst such of them as might, under existing circumstances, be possibly, if not united, induced to undersell each other. The engineers, for example, would acquire the greatest power which the methods of unionism could conceivably, under any circumstances, secure for them, if all the mechanics in Europe and America, as well as in the United Kingdom, were so bound together into a single body that the terms demanded by its members in one country or locality should be enforced by the refusal of all the other members to work in that country or locality on any terms less favourable. But these conditions can be described in a simpler way still, for the essence of the situation they would bring about is this: they would confer on the labourers who were in the service of each employer a monopoly of the entire labour force which it would be in his power to employ; this monopoly would be the source of all their strength. The labourers, therefore, employed by any one firm or master, if only they are secure from competition on the part of any other labourers, and if at the same time they are completely united amongst themselves, so as to form practically one single labourer instead of many, will afford us as complete a representation of labour in a state of combination as any number of such corporate labourers combined into a yet larger unit. We must, however, in order to bring our supposition into accordance with contemporary facts, recollect that the employers are as capable of combination as their men; and if we attribute to the labourers in the service of any one employer a monopoly of the labour which he could by any possibility employ, we must similarly attribute to this employer a monopoly of those abilities by which the strength and skill of the labourer can be directed to any advantage.

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The situation, therefore, which trade unionism, if developed to the utmost point conceivable, would bring about may be represented in the following manner. We may figure each industry in any country as being in the hands of two individuals, and two only, and absolutely incapable of being transferred to any others. One of these individuals—namely, the corporate labourer—we must figure as a giant who is so strong and dexterous that he can do almost anything if he is shown what to do, how to do it, and when to do it, but if left to himself would be in a state of blank bewilderment, not knowing on what to expend his strength, or to what precise purposes to apply his skill, and, indeed, hardly able to keep his huge body alive. The second individual—namely, the employer—we must figure, on the contrary, as a small man who sits on the shoulder of the first, and constantly directs his movements to such good purpose that a mass of wealth is produced which not only renders the small man extremely opulent, but also provides the giant with an abundant and improving diet quite unobtainable by his own unaided exertions. And now let us suppose that the giant, rightly or wrongly, suspects the little man of taking too much of this wealth for himself, or that he is indisposed to work so long as the little man makes him, or is dissatisfied with any of the conditions which the little man imposes on him. How can the giant—this Briareus, this army of labourers in one—secure the additional portion which he has come to tell himself is his due, or the diminution of his hours of labour, or any other concession he may desire? It is nothing to the point to say that he will do so by combination, for he *is* combination; he is combination in its most perfect form. The sole question is, What will combination enable him to do?

The answer to this question will be clearer and more self-evident if we alter our figure somewhat, and if, without intending any insult to labour—which would in the strict as well as in the common-sense of the word be an impertinence—we represent corporate labour not as a giant, but as an animal—let us say a horse or donkey—which the little man drives or rides, and which, by submitting to the little man's mastership, is fed and housed in a manner that would be unattainable by it if it ran wild. Now, if such an animal wished for more food and for less work, and were conscious that both its food and work were regulated by the man who rode or drove it, what could it do to secure for itself the food or leisure desired by it? The only courses of conduct that would be open to it are quite obvious. It could do, and it could do only, what would be done by any other animal. It might become restive, it might jib or shy, or it might stand stock-still. If we suppose it to be driven, it might lie down in the shafts; or if we suppose it to be ridden, it might endeavour to throw its rider. Its utmost power would be in the achievement of the art of buck-jumping, by which the rider would be thrown from its

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back and most probably crippled. The more carefully we consider the utmost conceivable power which the labourers, as opposed to the employers, can achieve in the domain of industry, the more clearly shall we see that these powers are strictly analogous to those possessed by a horse or donkey of thwarting, of inconveniencing, of throwing, or of injuring its rider or its driver. They are purely obstructive powers; they are essentially non-productive; they are no more able to provide even a portion of that wealth an increased share of which they are put into operation to secure than a horse which indulges in buck-jumping when it is not conciliated with sugar is able to manufacture a sugar-loaf by the performance of this trick; or than a coster-monger's donkey which lies down in a ford, because it is not allowed a bite at the cabbages in the cart behind it, is able to fulfil by doing so the functions of a market gardener.

Still, the fact remains that obstructive powers like these are capable of securing for their possessors some of the concessions they desire, just as a horse which indulges in buck-jumping when ill-used or over-ridden will by this means secure for itself more considerate treatment. Let us, then, ask, What are the limits to the concessions which the corporate animal labour can wring from its rider or driver by turning restive, by lying down, or by buck-jumping? The answer cannot be given in any exact form, but it is easy to name the facts on which the limits depend. If the corporate animal labour could produce all it wanted without aid from its rider, and if its rider, so far as it was concerned, played no other part than that of preventing it from seizing on the coveted produce, it could by throwing its rider and preventing him from re-mounting gain everything that there could possibly be to gain. But since the coveted produce would be unattainable without the rider's help, the animal would, by getting rid of him altogether, be worse off than it would be by tamely submitting to his discipline. The full exertion of its strength, therefore, would defeat its own ends. The animal must make to the rider concessions equivalent to those which it demands for itself, and, whilst exacting considerate treatment in return for submission, it must make such submission in return for considerate treatment as will enable the rider to guide it and render the saddle tolerable to him. Within the limits thus indicated labour may conceivably do much to improve its own position. How much it can do will depend on its own common-sense; and the demands which, within these limits, it makes from time to time must each be judged on its own merits. It is perfectly within its rights, from every point of view, in using those obstructive powers which as a corporate animal it possesses. All I desire to point out here is that these powers are obstructive only. They have no tendency whatever to develop into a substitute for the powers of the rider or driver against whom they are directed. In other words, trade unionism, though it may secure many industrial reforms, has no

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tendency to bring about any industrial revolution, unless it be a revolution by which all civilised industry would be ruined, and which would impoverish the employed even more hopelessly than the employers.

The only practical danger with which the development of trade unions threatens the community lies not in the possibility of their obtaining the control of industry, but in the possibility of their attempting to do so. It lies in the danger of labour mistaking the nature of the power which it acquires by combination, and imagining that, because it can obstruct and dislocate production, it can direct production; for as much harm can be done by attempting what is impossible as by achieving what is disastrous. As has been said already, if the trade unions of to-day could gather into their ranks all the labourers of the civilised world, could ruin the existing employers and drive them from their present positions, labour thus incorporated could continue the business of production only by submitting itself to a new set of masters as able and as enterprising as the old; and even if such men were to be found amongst those who are at present labourers or representatives of labour, they would cease to be either the moment they became masters.

This is shown plainly enough by the fact that a large number of the greatest employers of the modern world have begun as labourers, and very likely as trade unionists; and no doubt not a few of the employers of the immediate future are to be found amongst the ranks of the trade unionists now; but they will only become employers by showing themselves to be possessed of powers entirely different from those which they represent as trade unionists, and they will cease to represent the latter when they begin to exercise the former. Many enthusiasts are blinded to this truth by a fact which really affords an interesting proof of it. The class of men who are commonly called labour leaders, and who are foremost in the attempt to dominate and dictate to the employers—the organisers and managers of trade unions, the instigators of strikes, and so forth—are many of them men of remarkable energy, will-power, and resource of a certain kind; and seeing that they, in spite of their exceptional faculties, come forward as the champions not of the employers but the labourers, their admirers imagine that in these men we have a class who will be able to direct industry as efficiently as the employers do now, but will, though separated from the labourers by their functions, remain united with them by their sympathies and their interests. Now, it is of course not impossible that there may here and there be a man of ability who, though separated from the mass of labourers by his exceptional productive powers, is yet willing, so far as the interests of the labourers are concerned, to take sides with them against himself in his capacity of their employer or director; but such men are at present certainly not common, and there is nothing in the powers evinced by our so-called labour leaders

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to indicate that they will become more common in the future. On the contrary, the powers of the labour leaders, the more carefully we consider them, will be found to point to a precisely opposite conclusion.

I have no wish to indulge in any irritating personalities. I shall therefore confine myself to a general statement; though, indeed, in what I am about to say no taunt or insult is intended, but merely a statement of a broad and remarkable fact. Considerable as the powers may be which many of the labour leaders may have possessed or may possess at this moment, they have not been powers by which the efficiency of civilised industry is either advanced or maintained. Some of these men doubtless have been and are skilful manual labourers; but not one of them has belonged to that class of master-minds who, by invention, enterprise, or industrial generalship, render labour, whilst stationary as measured by its amount and quality, more and more efficient as measured by the result produced. So far as the labour leaders have influenced production at all, they have influenced it by resisting improved industrial methods, not by devising or introducing them. In other words, they have organised productive labourers, but they have never shown themselves capable of organising productive labour; and the object with which they have organised the labourers has been not only not production, it has been the stoppage of production. It has been not to help the labourers to produce more, but to prevent them from producing anything. The exceptional faculties, therefore, shown by the so-called labour leaders—if we still may use the common but inaccurate term—instead of indicating that the contemporary labour movement comprises any of those forces necessary for controlling industry, and for increasing or even maintaining our present power of wealth production, in an exceedingly striking manner prove the precise contrary; and the proof will become the more conclusive the more carefully we examine it.

The marked deficiency in the labour leader of any of those faculties which make industry more and more productive, and to which the material progress of the whole world has been due, might be set down as an accident from which no conclusion could be drawn, if it were not a fact of which there are two natural explanations. One is, that the task which the labour leaders have accomplished successfully is incalculably easier than the task for which they have shown no aptitude. To organise obstruction, which they continually do, is a very simple thing; to organise production, which they have never done, is a very difficult thing: and the power to do the one is in consequence common, whereas the power to do the other is, by comparison, very rare. A hundred thousand men could organise the blowing up of the Forth Bridge for every one man who could superintend the building of it. The other explanation is that if the labour leaders

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did, as a fact, possess the faculties necessary for successfully organising production, they would be organising it and making their fortunes by it, and would not be organising obstruction. It may be argued that to say this implies a cynical view of human nature. It is quite unimportant whether the view is cynical or not. It is at all events a true view. As a matter of fact, however, there need be nothing cynical about it. If any of the labour leaders were capable of organising production, we may assume that they would be making fortunes, if not for themselves, at all events for the benefit of 'the cause.' For instance, if the Amalgamated Engineers possessed amongst their ranks any men of commanding industrial genius, they would invest their funds by supplying these men with capital, so that they might start a business the profits of which would go to the Union. In reality they do nothing of the kind. They invest their 300,000*l.* in ordinary securities, like any other investor, and wisely abstain from attempting to exercise any control over the various enterprises from which the interest on their capital is derived, and on the continued prosperity of which the safety of their principal depends. This is a proof, if any proof were wanted, that combination has done nothing to enable them to employ themselves or to retain among their ranks anybody capable of employing them.

Would space permit of it, I might emphasise this point further by showing how confused and childish, so far as all general economic questions are concerned, the reasoning of the leaders in the engineers' strike has been. But I refrain from doing so for reasons other than those of space. The observations which I have made in this short paper, though suggested by the engineers' strike, have no exclusive reference to it. They refer to strikes generally, and have nothing to do with the question of whether the demands of the engineers on the present occasion be right or wrong. My only aim has been to point out that the growing power which labour is said to be acquiring is of quite a different nature from what is popularly supposed, and very much more limited—that it is merely, as I have said, a power like that of an animal, who requires a rider to guide it, of kicking the rider off; and that it can employ even this power to a limited extent only unless it is prepared to injure itself even more seriously than him.

W. H. Mallock.

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THE 'CONSERVATIVE' COMPENSATION (WORKMEN'S) BILL OF 1897

In the calm of the autumn recess our thoughts turn naturally to the legislation of the past session. Amongst measures that have passed through Parliament the Workmen's Compensation Bill seems to have excited most criticism; therefore it may be interesting to briefly examine the extent of this criticism, and the opinions held by the various parties concerned. We will begin with the political side of the question. Lord Salisbury declared in the House of Lords that the party now in power were pledged to bring in a Workmen's Compensation Bill; but surely the Conservative party, even if they remember their experience of 'dishing the Whigs,' in their wildest flights of imagination never contemplated that a similar policy would be initiated by Lord Salisbury's Government in connection with Mr. Asquith's Compensation Bill for 1894, which Lord Salisbury had succeeded in wrecking in the House of Lords. The Cabinet decided that a measure was necessary, because in all probability Mr. Chamberlain, 'the spokesman' of the Conservative party, wished it. There had been no urgent demand for such legislation on the part of the working classes. No deputations had waited upon, and no petitions had been presented to, the Home Secretary, so far at least as can be gathered from the Government; indeed, some of the representatives of the working classes did not hesitate to say that the Bill was unasked for, and one went so far as to assert that it was unjust. Still, previous to the immediate introduction of the Bill, the employers of labour consoled themselves with the belief that at any rate they could rely with confidence on the attitude of the Conservative Home Secretary, who they knew possessed practical knowledge of the chief industries included in the Bill. What was their dismay, therefore, to see the nominal sponsor of the Bill relegated to a subordinate position before the measure had been long under the consideration of Parliament; and his place taken by the Colonial Secretary, who previous to 1886 had the reputation of being an advanced Radical on all matters connected with home legislation! The Bill, however, became law, thanks to the obedience

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of the majorities in both Houses, though the belief was very generally entertained that amongst those majorities there were many who disapproved of the principles of the measure, yet consoled themselves with the somewhat selfish reflection, 'It does not affect me.' Let us consider two aspects of the question. First, were the employers actuated in consideration of their own interests only in opposition to the Bill? Second, will it be as beneficial to the working classes as some at first sight are led to believe?

It must be remembered that the employers were prepared to accept the principle of the Compensation Bill should the industry as a whole bear the cost of the compensation. This could have easily been settled by the Bill, and not left, as at present, to be recovered by reducing wages or by raising prices, at the expense of much bad feeling and a probable dislocation and consequent loss of trade. They also objected strongly to the fact that a Government as deeply pledged to maintain the principle of contracting out as the present Government, and which condemned the 1894 Bill on this point, should have now virtually abolished freedom of contract by making such arrangements subject to the arbitrary decision of the Registrar of Friendly Societies. The employers also thought that the cost of compensation being thrown entirely upon them was a slur on the care that they had hitherto exercised for safeguarding life and limb. To quote Lord Salisbury's words, he said, 'I believe it [the Bill] will be a great machinery for saving life,' thus positively contradicting his own answer to a deputation of the Provident Societies on the question of the Act of 1894 (which Act was considered an inducement to the employers to prevent accidents), when he said in reference to that Act, 'I think those who say so have forgotten how easy it is for employers to protect themselves from the pecuniary result of those accidents by insurance,' thus showing that the burdening of the industry by compensation will not prevent accidents, and that opinion is (as is well known) corroborated by statistics, demonstrating the higher the compensation the greater the number of accidents.

Again, it might be inferred from this Bill that accidents were due to the carelessness of the employer; though it is a recognised fact that many of the colliery disasters that have occurred in the past have been due to negligence on the part of the employed. A curious confirmation of this fact, showing the disregard of the men for their own safety, has occurred in a certain colliery since the Bill passed Parliament. The owners of that colliery, naturally wishing to protect themselves, issued an order that the men were not to work (as had been the custom) with naked lights, but were to use the locked regulation lamps. The men thereupon struck for a penny per ton extra wages, and, this being refused, laid the pit idle.

How will this Bill affect, beneficially or otherwise, the working

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classes? It is obvious that no employer of labour will, after the Bill becomes law, continue to find work for any except able-bodied, strong men in the prime of life, and, if possible, without dependents, so as to lessen the chance of accident and consequent compensation. What is to become of many of those who have been employed in the past years? I am afraid they will have to go on the rates, though we were told that one of the objects of the Bill was to prevent this. But, if possible, still more disastrous is the deadly blow that has been struck by her Majesty's Government at the Friendly Societies (though Mr. Chamberlain expressly said in the House of Commons that it was only pessimists who thought that the proposed legislation would have this result). It is hardly to be supposed that the employers would continue to contribute to these societies when at any time an official deputed for the purpose might refuse his consent to the mutual arrangements made. What was considered by the Government as unlikely has already taken place. At the directors' meeting of the London and North-Western Railway Company the chairman announced that 'he was sorry to say that the effects of this Act would be that the Company's insurance society should come to an end. It could not exist concurrently with the Government Act.'

Thus the society established in 1871, comprising on the 31st of December last 45,154 members with an income of 49,337*l.*, of which the railway company contribute in the form of an annual subscription 17,497*l.*, must be broken up and this contribution discontinued. The magnitude of the relief provided in the past by the voluntary associations in this country is little known to the general public, and did space allow I could quote statistics which would prove that in many industries the employed enjoyed from these friendly societies greater benefit than that obtainable under the Bill; but, as I am more particularly interested in the miners of Durham and Northumberland, I may state that they have a fund bringing in an annual income of upwards of 100,000*l.*, made up of contributions from the men and the employers, and from investments. Not only is an allowance made for permanent disablement, but also to the aged and infirm, to widows and to children. The membership last year numbered no less than 122,257. I could give statistics of a similar character in connection with the Lancashire and Cheshire, South Wales Miners, and other relief funds. All these societies, it is apprehended, will have to be dissolved, to the discomfort of those who for many years have subscribed to these funds in the confident anticipation of provision for their old age. It may be said that the men will continue subscribing to their various benefit societies, even if the employers cease to do so; but it is hardly in human nature to expect the working classes to put their hands into their own pockets and insure against accidents, when the Government place the whole responsibility on the shoulders of the employer. It must also be remembered

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that the men employed in the coal industry are paid wages at a higher rate than in any other industries in which unskilled labour is employed, in order to enable them out of these wages to insure against accidents. Is it wise or politic by this legislation to take away all incentive to self-help by abolishing their benefit societies, and by compelling the employers to compensate their workmen for accidents which may have been brought about by the negligence of those workmen?

Granting that a Bill was necessary, would it not have been fairer for the Government to have adjusted the burden equally on the shoulders of employers and employed, and by this means on the industry as a whole, instead of interfering with and dislocating existing arrangements which have worked admirably, and to the satisfaction of both parties concerned? We have been told that this Bill is merely experimental, and that only a few industries have been selected to begin with. It is to be hoped that before the experiment is extended to other industries a greater consideration will be given by the Government to the details of such schemes than has evidently been given to the Bill that has just passed both Houses, and that the same amount of criticism hostile to such measure will not be aroused. It is only fair to say that by far the greater number of employers of labour in this country are not only anxious but determined that those employed should be treated with justice and generosity in the matter of compensation, but they deprecate the character of legislation which harasses and injures the trades on which those workmen depend for their livelihood. They also fear the litigation that must ensue, causing friction between labour and capital, when it ought to be the aim and object of all such legislation to impress upon the commercial population of this country the fact that the interests of capital and labour are identical. It has caused a great deal of surprise, and no little consternation, that this kind of legislation, fraught with the disadvantages I have endeavoured to indicate, should have been introduced by a Government with a Conservative majority, a party who were returned to power in the confident belief that whatever legislation it took in hand would be for the benefit of the country as a whole.

THERESA LONDONDERRY.

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THE DIAMOND JUBILEE IN VICTORIA

THE Diamond Jubilee of the Queen has been celebrated in the mother country with a magnificent display cn which, as it was fitting, all the resources of the Imperial Government were brought to bear. The same loyalty has been exhibited in distant dependencies, in popular demonstrations, less brilliant and imposing, yet quite as enthusiastic as those which have taken place at home.

In the present paper it is proposed briefly to describe the proceedings in Victoria. We began on Saturday, the 19th of June, with the exhibition of a collection of pictures, including one graciously lent from Windsor, illustrative of the sixty years of the Queen's happy reign. The present writer was invited to perform the opening ceremony, and the occasion seemed appropriate for a few observations on the true significance of the incidents to which we were all looking forward in the ensuing week. They were not to be regarded as a mere excuse for making holiday. They had a deep and serious meaning. They were the tribute of a free, a loyal, and grateful people to a Sovereign deeply beloved for her personal qualities, and held in honour for her wise constitutional statesmanship. Our venerable monarchy was especially precious to British subjects dwelling in the colonies, as a symbol of the unity of the far-extending Empire to which we were all proud to belong. On the occasion of this Diamond Jubilee it had been the aim, and rightly the aim, of the Home Government to seize an opportunity which could hardly recur for demonstrating to the whole world the strong and deep attachment which welded together all parts of the British Empire, and which found its natural expression in devoted l-yalty to our august and beloved Sovereign.

To the colonial subjects of the Queen, her claims to be held in veneration and regard were perhaps even more precious than to our fellow-subjects at home. As we looked across the vast spaces of the ocean for one central object, to which the kindly sentiments for the 'Old Home' might cling, the promptings of human nature were not satisfied with an abstraction. Loyalty was essentially a personal feeling; and we were happy beyond all other nations of the world in having for our Sovereign a Queen so well deserving of the veneration

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which the Poet Laureate had admirably expressed in lines composed for the recent opening of Her Majesty's Theatre:

> Yet there is One, whose venerated name
> We humbly borrow, and will never shame,
> Who needs no tinsel trappings, nor disguise,
> To shine a monarch in the whole world's eyes,
> Waits for no prompter for the timely word,
> And when 'tis uttered, everywhere is heard;
> Plays, through sheer goodness, a commanding part,
> Speaks from the soul, and acts but from the heart.
> Long may she linger, loved, upon the scene,
> And long resound the prayer 'God save our Gracious Queen.'

On Sunday, the 20th of June, the citizen army of Victoria attended Jubilee services in the Cathedral, and in the chief places of worship of all denominations. At the Exhibition Building a special service was held at which an address was delivered by Mr. Deakin, with whose oratory English audiences were so charmed during the visit of the Australian representatives to London at the Colonial Conference held in 1886. In the course of his remarks Mr. Deakin said:

The people did well to celebrate an occasion which would be memorable for generations yet to come. It was a celebration in which all her people could join, mindful of the harvests they had reaped under the rule of the Queen. It was a festival the like of which, in all probability, they would not look upon again. It was a festival of peaceful conquest. They traced in the Empire great progress in population, territory, wealth, trade, literature, science, art, and religion. They found, too, a progress no less marked in the sphere of politics. In this region, though old names and forms had remained, yet a new life had been breathed into them, transmuting them into quite other realities than those which met the Queen's gaze when she ascended the Throne. Five years before her coronation there was a danger of an insurrection. The Government of England was still a Government in which privilege and class had the mastery, and the popular power was subordinate. A revolution had been witnessed, no less marked, and far more glorious, because it had been a pacific revolution. We enjoyed a constitution as liberal as the world knew, because it was a constitution which the people themselves had made, and were making, under the best guidance. Our kinsmen in Great Britain enjoyed a true commonwealth, such as we yet hoped to see established here. If by any strange stress of circumstances the Throne of England was vacant, and the people were called upon to select a monarch to fill the Throne, it would be the Queen; and that not because of her birth, or the prestige of her reign, but because of her personal qualities, character, and blameless life. She had been a truly constitutional Queen, and yet a real ruler of the nation, wise, laborious, indomitable, and indefatigable as an administrator, the councillor of her councillors, and the Queen of her realm. We had come to recognise that the Empire must be united, and we would be united with our fellow-colonists, with other great dependencies of the Crown, and with the mother country itself in closer bonds.

Sunday being the anniversary of Her Majesty's succession, the following cable message was despatched to Windsor:

Governor and people of Victoria offer dutiful and most loyal congratulations to the Queen-Empress on completing sixtieth year of her happy reign. Enthusiastic popular celebration in the colony which bears her auspicious name.

BRASSEY.

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Later in the day the following reply was received from Windsor:

I sincerely thank you and my people of Victoria for your kindly and loyal greetings.

VICTORIA R.I.

The publication of these messages raised the enthusiasm of Victoria to the highest pitch. It was a telling illustration of the effect of rapid communication in binding together the Empire.

On Monday, the 21st of June, loyal addresses were presented to the Governor for transmission to the Queen. The first and the most noteworthy was from the combined municipalities of Victoria, no fewer than 208 cities, boroughs, and shires being represented. The address was a beautiful specimen of the art of illumination. Numerous other addresses were presented, the most notable, perhaps, being from the Amalgamated Miners' Association. It was a genuine and spontaneous utterance from a body of working men, who follow an arduous occupation, and who have contributed more probably than any other class to build up the prosperity of Victoria.

Throughout the day Melbourne had been gaily bedecked with flags. In the evening it was brilliantly illuminated; nor is it claiming too much to say that the display would have been worthy of the finest city in Europe. Vast crowds thronged the streets, additional animation being given to the scene by the fire brigade, who organised a torchlight procession to the accompaniment of patriotic music.

Tuesday, the 22nd of June, opened with a *levée*, democratic in its ceremonial, no special dress being insisted upon, but expressing, by the large attendance of more than 1,700 persons, the general sentiment of loyalty which pervades all classes of the community.

The day was devoted mainly to military display, the occasions for which are so rare in the colonies. More than 4,000 troops marched through the principal streets, and were subsequently reviewed in Albert Park. A novel feature was introduced. In substitution for the customary *feu de joie*, the General gave the word 'Long live Her Majesty.' The whole of the troops took it up, the massed bands—300 strong—playing a few bars of the National Anthem. This was done three times. The Royal salute was afterwards fired by the field batteries, followed by three cheers, which echoed along the line with thrilling effect. At the close of these loyal demonstrations the troops marched past. They were well turned out, and of fine physique, and, if they could not go by with the steadiness attained by constant drill in the Brigade of Guards, they were evidently fit to take the field, and well prepared to give a warm reception to any invaders of our shores.

The review was followed in the evening by a thanksgiving concert and patriotic demonstration in the Exhibition Building, organised by the people, and carried out with the greatest success. The National Anthem and 'Rule Britannia' having been sung with the

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utmost enthusiasm, the proceedings were suspended for a few moments to enable the Governor to read a message, despatched by the Queen on leaving Buckingham Palace for her triumphal procession to St. Paul's. The message was to this effect:

From my heart I thank you, my beloved people. May God bless you.

A couple of minutes later his Excellency informed the gathering that he had replied, saying:

The people of Victoria are deeply touched by gracious message from their beloved Queen. Long may she reign.

This message accorded perfectly with the feeling of the multitude; and their approval was indicated by another outburst of cheering. The concert concluded with the *Old Hundredth*, sung at the same moment as at St. Paul's Cathedral. Finally, the National Anthem was repeated with an enthusiasm even more intense than when first given, at the opening of the proceedings.

On Wednesday, the 23rd of June, Parliament was opened. It was one of the most interesting of the events of Jubilee week. The ceremony is always carried out in Victoria with pomp and circumstance; and the surroundings greatly contributed to produce an imposing spectacle. The façade of Parliament House is a colonnade of noble proportions, erected on one of the finest sites in any city in the world. As the Royal salute was being given, on the arrival of the Governor, it was indeed a moving scene to look down from the broad steps of Parliament House upon the wide space below, with the naval brigade and permanent artillery in the foreground, and behind them a vast multitude deeply affected by the loyal feelings which were being so deeply stirred by all the events of Jubilee week. As the united bands played 'God save the Queen,' and the troops presented arms, the regard of the people for the Throne was testified by cheers both loud and long.

Inside the Council Chamber an unusual crowd was assembled. Previous to the arrival of the Governor, the Clerk had read the proclamation calling Parliament together, closing with the words 'God save the Queen.' Either by preconcerted arrangement or as the result of a spontaneous ebullition of patriotism, the whole assembly rose and sang the National Anthem, the ladies joining as if singing a hymn in church. It was probably the first time the female voice had been heard in anything above a whisper within the walls of the House of Parliament of Victoria.

A similar incident took place later in the afternoon in the Legislative Assembly. At the meeting of the House the acting Premier, Mr. I. A. Isaacs, on rising, was greeted with a round of cheering. He said:

Mr. Speaker, I move that this House agree to the following address to Her Majesty the Queen: 'Most Gracious Sovereign,—We, the Legislative Assembly of

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Victoria, in Parliament assembled, approach your Majesty with feelings of the deepest loyalty and attachment.

'We desire to convey to your Majesty our most cordial congratulations on the completion of the sixtieth year of your illustrious reign. We rejoice that you have lived to be the Sovereign and Ruler of your people for threescore years—a period longer than any of your predecessors occupied the Throne. Your reign has been distinguished in a special degree by enlightened legislation, by the growth of civil and religious liberty, and by the increased happiness of the people throughout the British Empire. In no portion of your vast dominions are the feelings of loyalty to the Throne and affection for your Majesty's person more firmly rooted than in this colony which has the honour to bear your Majesty's name.'

Sir, if a Sovereign's true dominion is in the hearts of the people, the realm over which our Queen exercises her benignant sway is the greatest on earth. At this moment there stand around her Throne representatives from every quarter of her world-wide Empire, all carrying messages of loyalty and good-will, and accumulating the testimony that distance does not decrease patriotism. The Empire unites to-day in offering its homage and reverence to the illustrious Lady who for sixty years has been the worthy symbol and image of the power of our free nation. Her Majesty's life has been clouded by sorrow—a sorrow which has, perhaps, more than anything else bound her to our hearts, for it has exemplified to all her subjects the worth of womanliness, gentleness, patience, virtue, and unfaltering reliance on the Eternal. In conclusion, I beg leave to say that the world-wide celebration of the Diamond Jubilee ought to show our noble Queen that she may have a firm assurance of the stability of the Throne, based as it is on liberties which have won the people's love. (Applause.)

The motion was seconded by Mr. Carter, acting Leader of the Opposition. He said:

Mr. Speaker, it is with real feelings of pride that, at the request of the acting Premier, I have the honour of rising to second the resolution which he has so loyally and eloquently proposed. In passing this resolution unanimously, we shall but give expression to the sentiment of the people we represent. We shall swell the chorus which is being sounded from pole to pole, from sea as well as land, and from every clime by the Britishers who have left their homeland and gone abroad. We congratulate Her Majesty on receiving such an expression of the people's love as is being tendered to her throughout her dominions. In this colony of our own Her Majesty sees a community which has actually grown during her lifetime. Few monarchs have ever had such a privilege. Ours, too, is a colony which, judged by the welfare of its people, is not unworthy of the name that it bears. You and I, Mr. Speaker, have seen two generations come and go, and may, perhaps, feel more keenly the significance of the present occasion than younger men, having witnessed all that has been accomplished during the reign, and followed the marvellous progress that has been made. I remember the illumination of London at the coronation of Her Majesty, and the making of the first railway from London to Greenwich. What vast changes have taken place since! Many things regarded as luxuries then are now within the means of the masses. We have seen, too, the diffusion of knowledge, the spread of education, the more equal dispensation of justice, the total abolition of slavery throughout the world, the hours of toil shortened, the rate of wages increased, and a more ample freedom conceded through all the British dominions. The feeling of loyalty expressed by this House, on behalf of the people of this colony, is not mere lip service, as will be shown if the day should come when the trumpet of war will be sounded, for then will be seen a United Australia, ready to prove its loyalty not merely by words, but also by deeds

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The motion was carried amid cheers. The whole House then rose, and, led by the Minister of Lands, sang the National Anthem, and cheered for the Royal Family. No such manifestation of loyal sentiment had ever been made before in the history of the colony.

On Thursday, the 24th of June, an inspection of the Victorian Cadet Corps took place. It was one of the interesting incidents of the week. The enrolment of the schoolboys of the colony as volunteers has proved in every way a success, both in establishing habits of discipline and stimulating patriotic sentiments. The force mustered for inspection was 2,000 strong, consisting of boys from fourteen to seventeen years of age. Facing them, in a corner of the Parade ground, a little band of some 150 sturdy veterans of the navy and army was drawn up. Nearly every man wore medals, several had received the Distinguished Service Order, and one had been decorated with the Victoria Cross. The inspection ended, the cadets marched past, and, after a short interval, the veterans went by with a firm, soldierly bearing. Having passed the flag the heroes of the struggles of the past halted, and gave three cheers for the Queen. This was the signal for a fine outburst of cheers from the cadets, whose admiration of the old warriors was worked up to the highest pitch. The genuine feeling shown was an earnest of the qualities which it is deeply gratifying to see displayed by the rising generation. If occasion arise, they will not be unworthy successors of those who have gone before.

The review of the Cadet Corps was followed by a demonstration organised by the Sunday schools. No less than 18,000 children were assembled. Under the direction of Mr. V. R. Davies, whose bâton was wielded with a skill in choral melody for which his nationality is renowned, the united voices of the children, led by a trained chorus of 1,200, gave the hymn 'O God, our help in ages past,' the Old Hundredth, the National Anthem, and 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' with impressive effect. The programme included a Victorian Diamond Jubilee hymn, specially written by Mr. J. W. Meaden, and sung to the tune of 'The Men of Harlech,' every child present waving a banner, following the movements of the conductor. A few lines may be quoted from the ode, in which the loyalty of Her Majesty's youthful subjects of Victoria was poured forth:

Take the swelling chorus,
South wind breathing o'er us,
Waft the strain
Across the main
To bear this loving greeting.
From the land her name enshrining,
Where the starry cross is shining,
And where southern flowers are twining,
Bear it to our Queen.

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These details of the Victoria Jubilee will have served to show how, in the remotest parts of the Empire, the people have vied with their fellow-subjects at home to do honour to a Queen whose praise has nowhere been sounded more worthily than in the address written by the Duke of Norfolk, and presented on behalf of the city over which he presides in the office of mayor. Not untruly might the men of Sheffield say:

It is our proud privilege to herald the outburst of thanksgiving with which the world-wide British Empire hails the unparalleled length of your Majesty's reign. More than one thousand years have rolled away since England became a kingdom, but during all these centuries no Sovereign has worn the Crown so long as your Majesty, or has seen such moral and material blessings conferred upon our country. How wondrous has been the history of these sixty happy years! Vast regions have been added to your dominions, whole races and peoples have been gathered to your sway, your subjects have explored every continent, and your flag floats on every sea. At home the happiness and welfare of your people have been broadened and deepened; liberty, civil and religious, has been assured, free education has been given to the poor, science, art, and commerce have flourished beyond all precedent.

Let us turn from the incidents of our Victorian Jubilee to their inner meaning and their abiding results, as deduced by the leading organs of public opinion. And here it is due to the press of Melbourne to say that it has responded with ability, and in a truly loyal spirit, to the dominant sentiment of the hour. Every journal has given in a special supplement a biography of the Queen. Anecdotes of her childhood, and the long and chequered experiences of her sixty years upon the Throne, have been narrated with ample knowledge and a just appreciation from the standpoint alike of the politician and the historian. A kindly and abounding sympathy has been shown for sorrows from which no human condition is exempt. These narratives have been read with avidity, and have served a great purpose. A few short extracts from leading articles will doubtless be interesting to readers at home. We have in Melbourne three principal daily journals—the *Age*, representing advanced Liberal views; the *Argus*, Conservative, in so far as any phase of colonial opinion can be termed Conservative; and the *Herald*, an evening paper, widely read, but keeping aloof from party politics. From the offices of each of these daily newspapers a weekly illustrated journal of exceptional excellence is issued. In an article on the Jubilee week in the *Leader*, the weekly journal published at the office of the *Age*, the events of the Jubilee week are discussed as follows:

Loyalty is not an attribute in which the colony honoured by bearing the Queen's name is deficient. There are stronger reasons, however, for reverence and affection than any that can be drawn from the mere circumstance of sponsorship. The personal claims of Her Majesty to the loving esteem of her subjects are amply sufficient to justify the warmest expression of chivalrous feeling. She has won their hearts as well as their intellects, and they recognise in her not only the wise ruler who has learnt the way to establish the Throne broad-based upon the people's

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will, but one who as wife and mother has shown herself possessed of the highest qualities of womanhood. The rejoicings which take place throughout the Empire on the Queen's birthday are no idle ceremony. They indicate a depth of national sentiment which requires only the touch of suitable occasion to burst into flame. The veneration which attaches to Her Majesty has added a new bulwark to the institution of monarchy, and will strengthen the likelihood of the Crown remaining the strongest visible link of Imperial unity. In the outlying portions of the Empire we are inclined to make the Sovereign the symbol of the race, and this feeling receives additional force when the position is filled by one who unites so many claims to honour. The Premier of New South Wales recently gave eloquent utterance to this view when he declared that behind every accent of 'God save the Queen' is an earnest petition to our Divine Father that He may always bless the kindred millions who inhabit the British Empire.

Turning to the Conservative *Australasian*, its commentary is as follows:

Every lover of his country must be gratified by the enthusiasm which has welled up spontaneously in the Jubilee celebrations, and we venture to say that it will have its effect also on other nations who are looking on. There are two aspects in which the Jubilee may be regarded—one, as a tribute to Her Majesty, whose character as Queen and woman compels the highest admiration and affection; the other, as an outburst of patriotic feeling towards the Empire of which the colonies are proud to form a part. These two aspects, fortunately, cannot be wholly severed. The Queen stands as a sign or symbol of the Empire over which she presides, and the most intimate narratives of her life must always bear reference to this high function. Her personal character fitly symbolises the character of the nation. We may trace in both the desire to adhere to the rule of justice and of right; the industry which does not shirk the daily task; the practical insight which works its way through the most difficult circumstances; and the undoubting faith in the greatness and the permanence of British rule. And the Queen's desire for the welfare of her people has been repeated in the growing sympathies and humanitarian tendencies of the present day. The whole Empire, therefore, from North to South and from East to West, has gladly united in a celebration such as has not been witnessed before. But beyond loyalty to the Queen is the feeling of loyalty to the Empire itself. To superficial observers it has seemed that the colonies were becoming more and more remote from the mother country in proportion as they developed new interests and associations of their own. And when they acquired the right of self-government, and insisted on exercising it—often with slight regard to the interests of Great Britain—even acute intellects were sometimes tempted to ask how much was lacking to a complete severance. But beneath the differences lay a hidden unity. The evolution of the Empire has shown itself both in differentiation and integration. Any attempt to restrict the liberty of the colonies would have led to contention, and finally to separation; but the freedom which has been encouraged has confirmed a union which is all the stronger because it is wholly voluntary. The ties of mutual interest, which might alone suffice to bind us to the mother country, are not greatly considered. The bond of union consists rather in the sympathy with Imperial aims, and the pride of forming one great nation.

The *Weekly Times*, issued from the office of the *Herald*, expressed the same glowing sentiments of loyalty to the Throne and the same resolve to remain united to the Empire.

The Diamond Jubilee of the great and good Queen has been right loyally and most joyously celebrated by her people. Throughout her world-wide dominions

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there have been whole-hearted rejoicings that Victoria has been spared to complete her sixtieth year of wise and beneficent rule.

It is in these searching days of a critical democracy no mean achievement for a monarch to endure successfully the crucial test of sixty years of rule, under the close and constant observation of a world quick and eager to be censorious concerning the aims and actions of those in high places. It is a magnificent tribute to Queen Victoria's nobility of character, spotless purity of life, wholesome moral influence, high abilities, and patriotic wisdom, that at the celebration of her Diamond Jubilee the constitutional ruler of the greatest Empire the world has ever known is most affectionately and enthusiastically acclaimed by her own people, as well as honoured and eulogised by the rulers and races of foreign lands. All the world's judgment is not at fault, and the British nation, looking back over the history of the last sixty years, realises that in Victoria they have had the best of Sovereigns, one who has admirably fulfilled her high and responsible duties, and who has wrought her people lasting good.

In celebrating the Diamond Jubilee, divisions have been overcome, differences have been forgotten, and distances, no matter how great, have been as though they were not. The British have been united as one people the wide world over: all classes, all parties, and all denominations being borne together by a mighty impulse of patriotic sentiment. From Great Britain in the North to the Greater Britain in the South, from the magnificent Dominion in the West to the mighty Empire of the East, and from among Britain's countless islands of the seas, there has been made manifest to the world a people self-impelled to unity by the common sentiment of personal loyalty and national feeling. The full import of this great event history can only tell in the coming years.

It will be seen that the impressions which have been made by the imposing incidents of the Diamond Jubilee have been the same in Victoria as at home. The event has proved the wisdom and the tact exhibited by the Imperial Government, and in an eminent degree by the Secretary of State under whose fostering care it is the privilege of the colonies to have been placed. The invitation to the premiers and to the detachments representing the colonial troops, and, above all, the popular welcome which the representatives of the colonies have received in the Old Country, have cemented for all time the union of hearts between the mother country and her daughter States. That union of hearts is the bed-rock upon which any formal engagements for mutual succour and support, whether in peace or war, must rest. If the foundation is sound, the security and permanence of the superstructure are assured.

To have been permitted to take some part in the proceedings of the past week, in a colony brimming over with loyalty to the Queen and warm affection for the Motherland, is a consolation—I could not say an inadequate consolation—for separation from home and country in the service of the Empire.

BRASSEY.

MELBOURNE: *July* 6, 1897.

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'LEGITIMISM' IN ENGLAND

THE visit this year of H.R.H. Prince Rupert of Bavaria to the Court of St. James's is an historical event that has much of the picturesque about it, for he comes as the representative of the *de jure* sovereign of these realms to congratulate the *de facto* sovereign on having reigned so long.

Without wishing to moralise upon the irony of fate displayed by such a circumstance, we may perhaps make the event serve as a pretext for a brief examination of Legitimism in England and of the views and objects of those who profess this political faith. In France and in Spain the Legitimist is at any rate taken seriously.

In England, according to the man in the street, and according to others in other places, the Legitimist is simply an idiot who is not worth further consideration. Yet among English Legitimists are many men of whose sanity there can be no question, whose integrity is beyond dispute, and whose loyalty to Queen Victoria is unimpeachable. What they are doing in this galley it is the object of this short article to show.

In the first place, perhaps, it may be suggested that the use of the word 'Jacobite' in connection with Legitimism in this country is not very happy. It is employed because of the historical associations which appeal so strongly to the English as a nation. But it does not necessarily imply, as is too commonly supposed, that the Legitimists in this country aim solely at the restoration of the House of Stuart. But for the peculiar local associations of the term 'Jacobite,' the Legitimist in England might, with more propriety, style himself a Carlist, and thereby identify himself more closely with his brother in France or Spain. The point, which in fairness ought not to be lost sight of, is that the Jacobite is simply an Englishman who professes the faith of Legitimism; a member, it might be otherwise expressed, of the English branch of a catholic or universal party.

The Legitimist in England is an upholder of the monarchical principle because he believes it to be one divinely appointed for certain social conditions, and also because in the particular social conditions which this country has evolved it has been found to work

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satisfactorily. He also, and for similar reasons, believes in the principle of primogeniture, and linking the two together, as any man of ordinary intelligence would link them, he believes that their combination has the best possible results, while their severance the one from the other, as they are now severed in England, is an illogical state of affairs which must ultimately end in confusion.

From the Legitimist's point of view, either principle may be accepted by itself and independently of the other. Social systems may, and do, exist where the monarchical principle is accepted, but where the sovereign is elected. Social systems may, and do, exist where the principle of primogeniture is accepted, but where the monarchical principle is rejected altogether. But a social system where the monarchical principle and the principle of primogeniture are both accepted, but where the sovereign is yet not the one entitled by the laws of primogeniture to occupy the throne, is an anomaly the justification of which must be sought outside logical reason. From this aspect the Legitimist in England appears more sane than they who call him mad. The law of gavelkind and the law 'regulating' the succession to the throne are the only two exceptions to the rule by which the eldest son succeeds his father, and, failing issue, the succession is vested in the elder female line. Questions of fact only are involved, and fortunately these are plain enough. By the law of primogeniture the sovereign of these realms should be Mary the Fourth and Third, *née* Mary Theresa Henrietta Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria-Este-Modena, and wife of H.R.H. Prince Louis of Bavaria. Of her genealogical right to the throne as representative of the senior female line of the Royal House of Stuart, the male line having become extinct on the death of the Cardinal King Henry the Ninth, there is no dispute. The facts are stated every year in *Whitaker's Almanack* for all who run to read. The Hanoverian dynasty, being derived from a daughter of James the First, has no right to the throne until the whole issue of Charles the First is exhausted, which is not yet the case.

The title, therefore, of the present dynasty is a parliamentary title only; and making for the moment the very large assumption that in the conduct of human affairs expediency is a doctrine to be preached to the vulgar, we will merely direct attention to the proceedings in the Convention Parliament of 1688 which made this title worth as much as it is. Since this part of the investigation resolves itself only into a recapitulation of facts, we will quote verbatim from the *Legitimist Kalendar* of 1895, pp. 98 sqq., as the figures given there are correct, and the story is plainly told without any show of advocacy or special pleading:

The Prince of Orange, having assumed the government (December 26, 1688), summoned a Convention Parliament to meet at Westminster on January 22 following. When it assembled it was found that about two-thirds of the Lower

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House were Whigs, and after a long debate the Commons resolved (January 28)—'That King James II., having endeavoured to subvert the constitution of this kingdom, by breaking the original compact between the King and the people, and by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, has abdicated the government, and that the throne is thereby vacant.' This was carried with only three negatives, the Royalists offering very little opposition, being naturally discouraged by the flight of the King, and probably considerably overawed by the Dutch Guards stationed in and around Westminster, and the Lords' concurrence was desired. The next day (29th) the Whigs had a further triumph in the Commons, when it was resolved unanimously—'That it hath been found by experience inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant Kingdom to be governed by a Popish prince.'

In the Upper House there was much less unanimity, the Tories there being much more numerous in proportion than in the Commons. They agreed to accept the second resolution of the Lower House, but this, as it was pointed out, was only an 'abstract proposition;' and then, before debating the first resolution, they decided to discuss whether if the throne were vacant, 'a regency, with the administration of royal power under the style of King James II., during the life of the said King James, be the best and safest way to preserve the Protestant religion and the laws and liberties of this Kingdom.' This was supported by Archbishop Sancroft, by Lords Nottingham, Clarendon, &c., and by all those who really wished for James's return, as well as by those who, while wishing to exclude him from the government, did not consider that Parliament had power to depose him; and was opposed by Halifax and Danby, and was only lost by a majority of *two*—51 to 49.

The question of a regency having been settled, the Lords returned to the original resolution of the Commons, and resolved by a majority of *seven*, 53 to 46, that there was an original compact between the King and the people. They concurred without much debate on the rest of the Commons' vote until they came to the clause that King James had 'abdicated' the government, for which they substituted 'deserted.' They next *omitted* by a majority of *fourteen*, 55 to 41, the final and most important clause in the Commons' resolution—namely that 'the throne was thereby vacant.'

The Tories in the Lower House now recovered their courage on perceiving that the action of the Lords was favourably received in the country, and also by observing that the King's party out of doors had become much stronger than it had hitherto appeared; and they mustered 151 against 282 in favour of agreeing with the Lords in omitting the clause about the vacancy of the throne.

Such was the position of affairs, when William, seeing that the crown was about to slip from his grasp, sent for Halifax, Danby, and the other political chiefs, and explained to them that he would not consent to be regent, neither would he agree to share the government with his wife for her lifetime; and he requested them to come to some decision at once. This explicit declaration immediately brought about a change. Some professed fear of a civil war; others that William would seize the crown if it were not granted to him. Accordingly at the conference which followed between the two Houses the Lords gave way to force of circumstances, and agreed not to insist on their original vote. By a majority of *fifteen*, 62 to 47, they now decided that the throne was vacant, and followed this up by a resolution that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared King and Queen of England and all the dominions thereunto belonging. Forty peers, including twelve bishops out of seventeen present, formally protested. On February 13 the Commons, having made William accept a Bill of Rights, agreed to this, and William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen.

'And yet,' says Hallam in his *Constitutional History*, 'only eight years before,

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nay, much less, the nation had declared by its representatives the incompetency of a full Parliament, with a King at its head, to alter the lineal course of succession. No Whig even had then dared to assert the doctrine that not only a King, but an entire Royal Family, might be set aside for public convenience. How much less then had an illegal convention, assembled at the bidding of a foreign invader, a right to dispose of the Crown?'

The Act of Settlement of 1701, entitled 'An Act for the further limitation of the Crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subjects,' was passed in consequence of the death of the young Duke of Gloucester, the only child of the Princess Anne, and settled the succession to the Crown on the Electress Sophia of Hanover (the daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and granddaughter of James I. and VI.) and her heirs to the exclusion of all the descendants of Charles I. It was by no means popular, and was only passed in the Commons by a majority of *one*, a fact that is generally ignored in the history books. The figures were:—

For the Bill	118
Against	117
Majority	1

. . . . . .

The Abjuration Act of 1701 which required all persons who held any office, civil, military, or spiritual, to solemnly on their 'conscience' abjure the 'pretended Prince of Wales,' and to swear allegiance to William as 'rightful' and 'lawful' King, and by a further clause of which the oath of allegiance might be tendered by any Justice of the Peace to any subject of his Majesty's, and if it was refused the recusant might be sent to prison, to lie there as long as he continued obstinate, was violently opposed in both Houses of Parliament, and the clause making the oath compulsory was only carried in the Commons, like the Act of Settlement, by a majority of *one*, viz:—

For the Bill	193
Against	192
Majority	1

We have made these somewhat lengthy extracts from the *Legitimist Kalendar* because they bring home in a cold, dispassionate manner that nothing else can equal the fact, commonly overlooked, that the parliamentary vote, by which alone the title of the Hanoverian dynasty was obtained, was in no sense a vote representative of the will of the people. It was a time of unrest, confusion, and distrust. King James was gone, and William was present with Dutch Guards at Westminster to overawe, and with power to imperil the fortunes and lives of those who stood in the way of his advancement. Each man doubted his neighbour, and William employed actual intimidation. He had nothing to lose, and everything to gain. And the intimidation resulted in a majority of one in two of the most important divisions in the history of Parliament. On all hands it is admitted that the Hanoverian dynasty has no claim on the ground of heredity. It proudly rests its claim upon the parliamentary vote, saying that the voice of the people is the voice of God. The Legitimist's contention is that that particular parliamentary majority, even had it been more substantial, would not have represented popular sentiment, which was still strongly Tory;

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that a plebiscite would have recalled James from his discreditable flight, and reinstated the Stuarts in their proper place; and that the majority of one by which the Act of Settlement was passed is sufficient justification for all and any Jacobite risings. The Hanoverian dynasty has no divine right. Its parliamentary right is what we have shown above. In our time Governments have resigned when their majority over a censuring Opposition has not been so small. Yet a majority of one is held to be adequate justification for a revolution involving the fundamental principle of primogeniture upon which our social fabric is based.

But it is argued that even if the Legitimist's views are sound theoretically, and even if his handling of abstract propositions proves him to be a man of intelligence, he nevertheless is an altogether impossible person who will not recognise facts which are. Granted that the Act of Settlement was only carried by a majority of one; granted that even that majority did not represent the will of the people at the time; the fact remains that it was carried and has been law for 196 years. 'Divine right has been discarded, not because it has been disproved, but because it is out of date.' What has the Legitimist to do in England to-day, seeing that the House of Stuart has gone for ever, and that the House of Hanover has come to stay?

For the moment we will waive the abstract proposition that wrong can be made right by lapse of time, and merely consider the statement that the House of Hanover has come to stay.

The tendency of the age is towards democracy, and the tendency of democracy is towards harm. The Legitimist is, above all things, a king's man, and in his eyes democracy is an accursed condition, to be prevented at all costs. He views with apprehension the gradual transference of power from the ruler to the ruled, the steady curtailment of the royal prerogative, and the arrogation by the people to themselves of functions which they are not fitted to perform. And in this connection it is interesting to observe that the most recent defence of royal prerogative came from the most unlikely quarter. When, a few years ago, there was a question of ceding Heligoland to the German Emperor, the Commons presumed to discuss the matter. The only man in the House who had the courage to point out that any such discussion was altogether *ultra vires* was Mr. Gladstone, the same upholder of royal prerogative who persuaded Her Majesty to abolish purchase of commissions in the army.

The Legitimist in England recognises more fully than any one else the duty he owes to the throne, and he is prepared to discharge it, although he knows that there is one who has a better claim to occupy it than she who has occupied it so gloriously and so long. Loyalty is not with him an unmeaning shibboleth. It is the compass by

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which he guides his course. He believes that, were the monarchy to be overturned, red ruin would ensue, and he is not inconsistent with his principles if he accords loyal and unfailing support to Queen Victoria, so long, at any rate, as Queen Mary puts forward no claim to the English crown. He does not make the mistake, too commonly made, of confusing causes with individuals; and therefore it is to the Legitimists in England that one should look for the purest and most disinterested loyalty.

What, then, is his practical policy in modern conditions? First and foremost the maintenance of the monarchical principle, with stern and unflinching opposition to any infringement of the royal prerogative, and war to the death against the democratic spirit, the growth of which he observes with apprehension. Labels and catch phrases are not free from objections, and therefore we deprecate the labelling of the Legitimist as a High Tory. Moreover, the whirligig of time brings such rapid changes that the Tory of one age is the Whig of the next, and the paradox is true that the Radical of the moment is really the High Tory. What he wishes to destroy root and branch is the republican spirit which he conceives to be fatal to the good administration of his country's affairs. He is an aristocrat who denies that in practical politics Jack is as good as his master, who denies that France under a republic is as glorious or as prosperous as France under the monarchy, and who believes that Mr. Labouchere or John Burns would be a sorry substitute as president for Victoria as queen in a country which has had such a splendid evolution under a monarchy for more than a thousand years.

And this once more emphasises his contention that he is single-minded in his support of the principles in which he has been trained. He believes that the tendency of the age is towards revolution, bloodless perhaps, but none the less tremendous. The people are not trained to distinguish causes from individuals, and in the popular mind the monarchical principle in this country is identified with Queen Victoria. She has reigned wisely and well and gloriously for sixty years. Almighty God be praised for it! And in her own person she represents the Throne, the abstract cause for which Legitimists have before now laid down their lives. But when her splendid personality is removed, as before long it must inevitably be, the democratic tendency will receive an extraordinary impetus. They are not few who are of opinion that the death of the present sovereign possibly, and the death of the next sovereign probably, will be the signal for a popular movement culminating in the abolition of the monarchy in England, and with it the extinction of the Hanoverian dynasty. Legitimists share in this opinion, but none the less they believe that although a democratic form of government might persist for a time, it will eventually be swept away again by the good common-sense of the nation, even as the

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Protectorate was swept away in 1660; and one justification for their retention of the style of Jacobites is their belief that when the monarchy is for a second time restored, it will be restored in the person of the then representative of the elder Stuart line. If their predictions come true, there will be a strong national feeling in favour of the national principle of primogeniture being recognised in the succession to the throne, and the parliamentary title of the House of Hanover, having been taken away as it was given, its sole claim to occupy the throne will have ceased to exist. This is the Legitimist's view, and it is an effective answer to the taunt of disloyalty flung at him; for were he aught but single-minded in his support of the abstract cause, he would connive at the disingenuous policy which might conceivably advance the interests of her whom he believes to be its proper representative.

Meanwhile other work lies nearer to his hand. Yet a third occasion when Mr. Gladstone took definite action in a direction favourable to the cause of Legitimism in England was in 1891, when he brought in a bill to remove the religious disabilities, with the exception of those attaching to the Royal Family. At the time it was generally supposed that he took the step with the specific object of enabling Lord (then Sir Charles) Russell to be advanced to the office of Lord Chancellor. It is but right, however, to assume that Mr. Gladstone would not have brought in the bill at all unless he were persuaded that the Act as it stands imposed an injustice not warranted now even by the doctrine of expediency. On a second reading his bill was rejected by a majority of thirty-three; but in an age of religious toleration it is anomalous that the sovereign, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland should be the only three people in these realms who have no freedom of religion if they are to retain their places. The significance of Mr. Gladstone's action lies in the fact that from removing the religious disability from the Lord Chancellor it is but one step to removing it from the sovereign, and so controverting the abstract proposition of the Commons 'that it hath been found by experience inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish prince.' The removal of the religious disabilities is a long stride towards repealing the Act of Settlement, which it is equally within the power of Parliament to do.

Although not apparently germane to the maintenance of the monarchical principle, another question of practical politics appeals strongly to the Legitimist, in Imperial Federation. We say 'apparently' not germane, because actually it is of real importance that the growth of the republican form of government should be retarded, as would happen if Imperial Federation were accomplished. It is inconceivable that our great colonies should ever develop into monarchies or into aught but independent republics; and by linking

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the colonies to the Mother Country, the Legitimist thinks rightly that he is linking them to the monarchical idea.

Of practical difficulties in the way of earnest Legitimists in this country there are many. First and foremost is the crass stupidity of the man in the street. He dubs every Legitimist a lunatic, and would consign him to an asylum for the insane without even the preliminary formality of a *commissio de lunatico inquirendo.* If the man in the street could be trained to distinguish between principles and persons, all that is most practical in Legitimism would have less difficulty in gaining ground; but the assumption that Jacobitism only means the restoration of the House of Stuart is a deeply rooted conviction which no amount of talking is likely to remove just yet. 'Jacobus means James, and James is more dead than Queen Anne,' is the sort of argument that is really not infrequently heard.

Another obstacle is the inference which even intelligent people draw from the proposal to remove the remaining religious disabilities —namely, that the first step is thereby being taken to undo the work of the Reformers, and to restore the supremacy of the Vatican in temporal affairs in England. A religious census of English Legitimists would more probably than not show a majority of Protestants over Roman Catholics; but, be this as it may, a 'No Popery' cry would have as powerful an effect upon the populace now as at any previous time in English history, and because Legitimists must desire the removal of the religious disabilities if they are ever to hope for the repeal of the Act of Settlement, they will have to contend with all the influence of a 'No Popery' party.

What they claim, and what this article attempts to show they are entitled to claim, is that they are men who, starting with a belief in two clearly defined principles, merely wish to see their belief logically and intelligently carried out in practice. The principles are not new, but except in so far as they apply to the throne have been for centuries and are still carried out logically and intelligently in every other rank in our social system. They have stood the test of time, and Legitimists only ask that the one anomaly in the system should be removed. They further claim that, because they do not confound abstract causes with concrete human beings, they should not be accused of disloyalty; that their loyalty is absolutely sincere, and the more valuable because it is loyalty to an enduring principle and not to a mortal being; and that if to profess this faith is to earn them the title of *doctrinaires*, then *doctrinaires* they will be.

RUVIGNY,
CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

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CANNING AND THE EASTERN QUESTION

CANNING was born in 1770. He was in his second year at Christchurch at the taking of the Bastille, and he was forty-five when Waterloo was fought. His earliest and most vigorous manhood was thus contemporary with the great revolutionary movement ending in the re-settlement of the map of Europe; and it is impossible to understand his subsequent policy, and to do justice to his conduct, without at least attempting to realise the effect of such a history upon his mental attitude. We have been accustomed quite recently to hear much of the unparalleled importance of the 'Victorian Era.' But those who are not so near to its period will hereafter admit, what may not be so readily conceded now, that the sixty years of the reign of George the Third far excel the same space of time under his granddaughter in the rank of its international events, and the depth and impulse of its changes. We have seen transformations in France, the re-creation of Germany, a new birth of Italy, but all these have made up a spectacle we have regarded from without, and could watch with no other excitement than that of sympathy. Our great-grandfathers were participators in the turbulence of their generation. Canning saw the ancient monarchy of France broken by the beheading of a King. He saw the military prestige of Frederick the Great shattered and destroyed, the German Empire disappear, Austrian armies beaten in rapid succession, and Austria, and then Russia itself, compelled to fall into line with the military despot who had subjugated Western Europe. But Canning saw these things, not as a citizen of a neutral nation standing aloof, but with all the intensity of feeling of one whose country shared the struggle in which he himself, indeed, was from time to time an active agent, so that with scarce a breathing time of peace Great Britain fought and bled, until the final defeat of Napoleon closed the struggle of a quarter of a century. Nor was this all. If Canning knew the press and struggle of contending with insurrectionary movement and military aggression on the Continent, he was also brought into touch with something more than a tremor of domestic danger at home. At a time when the population of Ireland was one-half that of Great Britain, a rebellion in the sister island engaged the

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sympathies of Protestants as much as of Catholics, and the statesmen of Britain were forced to feel that they had no immunity from the insurrectionary action of subjugated but not reconciled races. When at last Europe was pacified, when the task of re-settlement was undertaken, and after it had been apparently completed, the memories of the recent past could not but affect the judgment and action of Canning; and if of Canning, then certainly much more of his colleagues, and of those European monarchs and statesmen assembled together in concert over the future, most of whom had been personally embroiled in the struggle just terminated. It is impossible to be just to the members of the Congresses at Aix-la-Chapelle and Vienna unless we keep in mind the experiences through which they had passed. Their most natural, their most praiseworthy desire was to save Europe from another desolating period of war, and if they did not see that the best guarantees of peace are to be found in the development of freedom within separate States, and the separation of States in harmony with the sense of common citizenship of their inhabitants, we may regret, but we cannot condemn shortcomings which in the nature of things were inevitable. The first aim of the members of the European Congresses was to divide the Continent into political communities so constituted that their powers might give a promise of being able to withstand any movement from any quarter towards an unsettlement of what had been established. The experiences through which they had passed had been so dreadful, that a recurrence of them was above all things to be avoided.

The delimitation of States by the Powers assembled in Congress was not effected without much discussion. Some made strong efforts to reduce as far as possible the area of France, as a dominion whence had sprung all the mischief with which they had been troubled. But counsels of prudence checked extravagant suggestions, and at last compromises were agreed upon, giving, as it was thought, the best promise of permanency, together with the most effective means of collective and repressive action, should such be wanted. The repartition of States was made part of the common law of Europe, and the treaty which embodied the result contained guarantees for its maintenance. So strong was the feeling of the covenants thus established, that so recently as 1870, when the Franco-German War began, Mr. Disraeli thought it desirable to impress upon the House of Commons the fact that we had guaranteed the Saxon provinces of Prussia. It is true that his hearers stared with strange eyes when they were reminded of this guarantee, and it cannot be regarded as otherwise than extraordinary that a person of such authority should have so erred in his estimate of the forces then in collision, and should have so misapprehended the chances of the future, as to deem it expedient to make such a declaration. But the fact at least shows how deeply the international guarantees of the European settlement

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after the Great War had sunk into his mind. Reciprocal covenants of defence were, however, not enough to satisfy the anxieties of all the Powers. The Emperor Alexander of Russia desired still larger securities. He was a man of a mystical, it may be said a superstitious, habit of mind, deeply impressed with the divine right of kings, and, it must be added, with a corresponding conviction of the obligation to govern according to what he regarded as Christian principles. He proposed therefore that the sovereigns in congress should enter into a Holy Alliance, in which each pledged himself personally to rule according to the Christian standard, and to come to the assistance of any other in the case of domestic as well as of international difficulty. Lord Castlereagh as the representative of this country, demurred to a pledge which his sovereign could not undertake independently of Parliament. But he desired to avoid all possibility of disagreement with the other Powers, and especially not to offend the susceptibilities of a personage who had been so influential in overcoming the common enemy; and after correspondence with Lord Liverpool at home, the Prince Regent wrote a friendly letter expressing his personal interest and sympathy with the aims of the other sovereigns, whilst refraining, on the ground of constitutional necessity, from entering on his own part into any obligations such as were proposed. The other Powers had no such hesitation. They undertook the sacred duty of crushing trouble at the beginning by lending their forces to put down any movement, whether strictly domestic or not, which threatened to interfere with an established organisation. The general outcome of the settlement was a series of guarantees against international aggression, supplemented by the special obligations of the members of the Holy Alliance to suppress internal disorders.

The object of the Holy Alliance was to maintain the European system undisturbed on the principle of the sacredness of things as they were. We were only committed to the duty of assisting to keep the frontiers of the different Powers free from invasion, but it will be seen that the Prince Regent had been allowed to express privately his sympathy with the larger designs of the alliance, and it may be believed that neither Lord Castlereagh nor the Duke of Wellington felt any aversion to this further aim. Whether Mr. Canning was disposed to reject it at the outset must be uncertain. It may be remembered that he was and continued to the end of his life to be opposed to any measure of parliamentary reform at home. And Lord Liverpool, between whom and Mr. Canning there was always a close sympathy, did not dissent from the action Lord Castlereagh suggested, which was in fact completed with his approval. As the French Revolution had commenced with attempts no one could represent as other than moderate reform of the legislative and administrative organisation of France, it is not surprising that those who had so recently

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escaped from the perils which appeared directly to flow from the French Revolution should not be unfriendly to suggestions to prevent the development of any similar experience elsewhere. But, whatever may have been his feelings at first, it cannot be doubted that Mr. Canning soon came to recognise the impropriety of our joining in attempts to prevent internal changes in the several European countries, and was thus led to maintain the policy and duty of non-interference.

This became most apparent almost immediately on his accession to the Foreign Office, when, although he did not venture on opposing force by force, he remonstrated against the intervention of a French army in Spain to uphold the absolute power of the King, and, in language familiar to a later generation, may be said to have cried 'Hands off!' to the King of France and the Holy Alliance.

It may be thought to-day that it required little foresight to know that the effort to maintain each State in the condition in which it was left at the settlement of 1815 must prove impossible. No people will ever long remain in a stationary condition. And the movement throughout Europe which preluded the French Revolution was certain to reappear, and in all probability in many countries. It must soon have become obvious, and it is Mr. Canning's distinction to have recognised it, that national growth would manifest itself, and that attempts to prevent it would be vain. What, however, are we to say of the larger questions which arise when we are in face not of a single homogeneous nation developing its own destinies, but of a Power embracing within its sway subject peoples never subdued to its authority? The European settlement contained many such cases, and looking back upon them we see that it has been no more possible to check the centrifugal tendencies of nations than to arrest the growth of a people. Can we, however, even now indicate the conditions which should have been recognised by a far-seeing statesman eighty years since, as demonstrating the certainty of the changes which have since occurred? Looking over the map of Europe after 1815 three regions might have been noted as possible scenes of future uprisings. The Italian peninsula had been parcelled out in such a way as to give the Emperor of Austria an absolute possession of a large portion of its best lands, and a close influence over the greater part of that which was not absolutely his own. Italy, according to the well-known phrase of Prince Metternich, was a 'mere geographical expression,'[1] and he might have added, tied and bound for ever, as he

[1] It may be surmised that the statesmen of 1815 thought very little of the claims of nationalities; and indeed less than forty years ago one who had already been twice Prime Minister of Great Britain applied to the people of Italy the lines of Macbeth:

> Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
> As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
> Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept
> All by the name of dogs.

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hoped, to Austria. Poland, having been twice subdivided, had been finally absorbed by the three military Powers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and *finis Poloniæ* was writ large across the map. The authority of the Sultan of Turkey extended over South-eastern Europe, controlling many Christian races, the Greek being the most eminent among them. Of the three problems, Greek, Polish, Italian, which if any seemed most likely first to demand solution? To which of them should the speculative statesman give his attention as most pressing for consideration? We know in fact that the Greek question first became practical; that the Italian, though arising later, has outdistanced the former in attaining a complete solution; whilst the Polish question, although agitated from time to time, has not apparently advanced at all, and may be deemed to have been finally extinguished. Yet the detached observer might have thought that Poland was most likely first to occupy the attention of statesmen. It is true that the military despotisms which had divided it amongst themselves were possessed of almost overwhelming power. Yet the independence of Poland had not long become a thing of the past, its local institutions had remained undisturbed, at least in Russian Poland, and if the Powers were agreed in suppressing it, they were not free from jealousies among themselves. Insurrectionary movements have indeed occurred not infrequently; and not more than thirty years ago a leading member of the Paris Bar, afterwards Prime Minister of the Republic, thought it convenient to salute the second Alexander when on a visit to the French capital with the cry 'Vive la Pologne!' an incident strangely in contrast with the alliances of to-day. Yet all attempts to revive the Polish cause have signally failed. No one who contemplates the complicated and unstable organisation of the Empire-monarchy of Austria-Hungary can indeed be certain that a provincial autonomy may not revive the Polish name, but as a question of international difficulty the problem of Poland has long ceased to exist. The last effacement of national independence has been the most complete.

It was in connexion with the Greek subjects of the Sultan of Turkey, a matter not included in the settlement of 1815, and at that time not regarded as lying within the sphere of European law, that the signatories to the Treaty of Vienna were first called upon to deal with the difficulties involved in the uprising of a subject race against its sovereign. In 1821 the Greek revolt had begun. The movement began with an abortive rising in the Trans-Danubian principalities, followed shortly by a revolt in the Morea, extending soon after to Roumelia and the islands. The Powers assembled at Laybach, and though the situation in Naples was the most pressing subject of their deliberations, Russia, Prussia, and Austria joined in a declaration against revolutionary principles, which was understood by Sultan Mahmoud as aimed at the Greek movement, and was accepted by him

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as an engagement on the part of those Powers not to support the Greek rebels. The Congress of Verona in the next year was summoned especially to consider the Greek situation; but when the members of the Holy Alliance proceeded to declarations of approval and support of French intervention in Spain, the Duke of Wellington was instructed to withdraw, and retired from the Congress. Mr. Canning had then become Foreign Minister after the death of Lord Castlereagh, and this year may be regarded as the turning-point of our policy in association with our allies. Mr. Canning protested against intervention in Spain, and was contented with the protest. But when that intervention threatened to develop into an attack on the constitutional settlement of Portugal, Mr. Canning, responding to the obligations of ancient treaties, and putting his action exclusively on the ground of upholding national faith and honour, sent an army to Lisbon, and effectually stopped further designs against Portugal. This, however, is by way of anticipation. Meanwhile the Greek question continued to occupy attention, and to be the subject of what must be admitted to be confused and uncertain treatment. The undisciplined forces of the Greeks, ill organised and ill commanded, maintained an unintermitting conflict with various success. The jealousies of rival commanders prevented the adoption, still more the prosecution, of any coherent campaign, and the advantages won in one quarter were overborne and nullified by failure in others. The Greeks, especially the islanders, more accustomed to the sea, more expert in the handling of ships, achieved many victories over the Turkish fleet, and the best memories of the struggle are associated with the names of naval heroes at once single-minded and daring; but even the naval warfare always tended to degenerate into short semi-piratical campaigns, ending in little but the destruction of some ships, the plundering of some booty, and the massacre, it must be added, of some captives. In the desultory warfare on land the distracted and divided Greeks failed to achieve their independence, while the Turks equally failed in completing their suppression. Such were the circumstances which engaged the attention of the European Powers, at first almost exclusively as spectators, then as separately considering what, if anything, could be done. The Emperor Alexander was distracted by three lines of motives. As an imperial autocrat he thoroughly disapproved of all projects of rebellion against an established Power, and his first impulse allowed no exception to this ruling principle because the rebels were Christians and the overruling Power Moslem. But the Emperor was also a devout son of the Orthodox Church, and he could not fail to share some of the feelings of sympathy with suffering fellow-believers which most deeply stirred a large proportion of his own subjects. Some influence must also be attributed to the attraction of the permanent policy of Russia to move towards the Bosphorus and the Mediterranean. Justice, however, to the personal character

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of Alexander the First forces us to say that this last motive seemed to exercise the smallest effect upon his action, that he would have willingly left the territorial arrangement undisturbed, and that the really conflicting impulses of his character were towards the maintenance of established authority on the one hand and succour to suffering Christians on the other. We need not suppose that his Ministers were so free as himself from the lust of territorial aggrandisement, and whilst some of them cared little for fellow-Christians, they knew how to use the sympathies of the army and of the people. In the result the Emperor found himself pushed forward more or less unconsciously, whilst always hesitating to take action. Austria, the Power most profoundly interested, next to Russia, if not equally with Russia, was entirely governed by the counsels of Prince Metternich, whom we may credit with complete contempt for Greek characteristics and Greek aspirations, and whose supreme desire was to keep things exactly as they were. He was ready to join in any arrangement which would sterilise the actions of others, and his agents, whether at Constantinople or St. Petersburg, did their best to assist this policy of unseen obstruction.

Mr. Canning's mind was not clear. One of his earliest efforts as a scholar was a poem on the slavery of Greece, and he was not insensible to the feelings of sympathy which stirred so many of his countrymen, and must ever be evoked among men of culture and of sentiment by the magic name of Greece. The Sultan of Turkey was, however, our ally, and the sympathies of the man could not lead the Foreign Minister to depart from that attitude of non-intervention which is due to foreign Powers even apart from the obligations of treaty. It must be added that Mr. Canning was profoundly impressed with the policy of minimising the influence of Russia in the south-east of Europe, and of retarding its advance, a policy which had for some generations been the tradition of the English Ministers. He was also persuaded of the weakness of Turkey as a defensive Power, being convinced that the Sultan, harassed by the calls of a disorganised and decaying Empire, would be unable effectually to withstand the armies of the Tsar in the field. His aim, therefore, was to prevent the possibility of a Russian war, and for this purpose he and his diplomatic agents laboured unceasingly to persuade the Sultan to remove every real ground of offence, so as to deprive the Tsar of any justification for hostile action. Beyond this he attempted to enter into an agreement with Russia which would secure something like joint diplomatic action on the part of Russia and of England, and of such other of the Powers as might be led to join them, whilst leaving ourselves free to press Turkey to follow our friendly counsels. Without being indifferent to the cause of Greece, Mr. Canning's prime object was to prevent Russia from using the Greek situation as a means of advancement. The situation dragged

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on without any immediate prospect of final issue. The revolt had become a war, and volunteers had flocked from Western Europe to help the Greek cause, ships and armaments were sent, a loan was raised in London, and so deeply was English feeling stirred that the Corporation of London, much to the scandal of the Sultan, subscribed 1,000 guineas to the Greek cause. Yet the history of Greek loans and of Philhellene assistance is but sorry reading to-day, and the chequered fortunes of the struggle must have disheartened many a friend. Two circumstances led to action which ultimately brought about the end. The Emperor Alexander, overborne by his own sympathies and the feelings of his subjects, proposed a scheme of intervention and a settlement. This was in the year 1823, and his scheme was evidently suggested by the then existing organisation of Moldavia and Wallachia, the constituent provinces of the present kingdom of Roumania. It proposed in effect to divide Greece into three provinces with autonomous institutions and with a hospodar of Greek nationality selected by the Sultan, each paying a tribute to the suzerain lord, who was also to possess garrisons at selected points to enforce, if necessary, his right and his authority. The Greek provinces so constituted would clearly have been defective in strength, and for their continued existence must have relied on the protection of an external Power, and it is evident that Russia must have been that Power. Yet it may be doubted whether at the time the proposal was made the elements of Greek strength offered any plausible promise of a better solution. Mr. Canning himself had nothing more definite to suggest.

Protracted negotiations followed, but in the course of the summer of 1824 some knowledge of the Russian proposals reached both belligerents, and they were resented by the Sultan as an impertinence, and by the Greeks with indignation, nor were they acceptable to the other Powers. But if they were to be put aside it became necessary that something else should be considered and some counter-action suggested. The Tsar proposed a conference at St. Petersburg, to which Mr. Canning was unwilling to agree, unless he could first secure a full resumption of diplomatic intercourse between Russia and the Porte. This preliminary condition appeared to him essential as bringing Russia into the same line as the other Powers, and depriving it of the advantage it might secure by occupying a more forward position. Whilst the project of the conference was still pending the Greeks appealed for protection to Great Britain as the sole Power whose friendship could be trusted, and this circumstance probably confirmed Mr. Canning in his disinclination to take part in the conference, whilst the attitude of Russia was unmodified. In effect a conference ensued in the spring of 1825 without the co-operation of England, in which Austria threw out the bold and unexpected suggestion that the independence of Greece should be

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employed as a menace to coerce the Sultan. This may have been due to a feeling that Alexander the First was so far roused that it was necessary to humour him, whilst really restraining his impetuosity. But whatever the motive of the suggestion, which seems neither to have been foreshadowed nor subsequently maintained by its proposer, it was not in fact acted upon; Turkey was not threatened with a recognition of Greek independence, and the conclusions of the conference were neglected. At the close of the year the Tsar died, and it was not known that he had in fact been preparing for war and had almost, if not altogether, determined on declaring it.

Meanwhile the second fact had arisen which indirectly brought about the end. Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, offered to come to the assistance of the unavailing forces of his suzerain, and his son, Ibrahim Pasha, descended with a well-disciplined army upon the Morea. His military success was considerable, but he had a policy of reducing the country by other means than victory in the field. It was reported to Mr. Canning, who believed the report, that Ibrahim's plan was to massacre the male population, to remove the women and children to Egypt as slaves, and to repopulate the Peloponnesus with Egyptian immigrants. This scheme of action deeply stirred Mr. Canning's nature. He took steps at once to ascertain our naval strength in the Mediterranean, to inquire how it could be augmented, and to learn the relative naval forces of France and of Russia, and the rank of the several admirals in command. Ibrahim Pasha was challenged as to his plan of action, but would make no other reply than that he was the servant of his master, and the answer of the Porte, though disavowing the policy imputed to Ibrahim, was not accepted by Mr. Canning as satisfactory. It was in these circumstances, and under the influence of this feeling, that occasion was taken of the Duke of Wellington's presence at St. Petersburg at the coronation of the new Tsar Nicholas to enter upon another conference between England and Russia on the subject of Greece. It may be noted in passing that the Duke of Wellington during his stay became more persuaded of the disinterestedness of Russia than Mr. Canning. But the important fact is that the two Powers agreed upon a protocol to which they proposed to invite the accession of their allies, embodying the following terms: first, the abjuration of force; next, the renunciation on the part of each of territorial aggrandisement; thirdly, joint intercession with the Porte to consent to the terms Greece was willing to accept—namely, the recognition of complete autonomy under suzerainty with fixed tribute; and the Powers proposed among themselves, in the event of the Porte declining to accede to these terms, a simultaneous withdrawal from diplomatic intercourse, and the recognition of those parts of Greece that had actually freed themselves from Turkish control. This agreement was communicated to the Powers. Under the influence of Prince Metternich, Austria

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was immediately followed by Prussia in declining to become a party to it. But France, where there had always been a popular sympathy, derived from old traditions of the monarchy, with the Greek cause, not only consented to the protocol, but proposed to convert it into a treaty with additional confirmatory provisions. There was no difficulty in accepting this proposal. Representatives of the three Powers met in London in the spring of 1827, and the treaty was finally signed on the 6th of July. The single point of importance in which the treaty differed from the protocol was in the addition of a secret article under which the Powers agreed that, in the event of the Porte refusing to accede within one month to the invitation conveyed to it, they would enforce an armistice between the belligerents. The completion of this treaty was the last act of Canning's political life. He died on the 8th of August whilst the invitation to the Porte to accede to the proposed conditions of peace was on its way to Constantinople. He had succeeded in his policy so far that he had prevented war, that he kept back Russia from obtaining a preponderant authority in South-eastern Europe, and had saved Turkey from being beaten and humiliated, whilst he had favoured and promoted the aspirations of Greece. How far he could have maintained his course to a final and successful conclusion must be open to doubt and to controversy. We cannot tell whether he could have continued to shape the course of events, although some occurrences of the utmost importance that immediately followed must have happened even if he had continued in life and power.

The invitation to the Porte was delivered on the 16th of August, and when the month of grace expired, on the 14th of September, the answer was a firm rejection of the proposal of the Allies. The Sultan stood on his right of possession; the Grand Vizier is reported to have quoted the motto of the English Crown, 'Dieu et mon droit,' as the sole answer that could be given by his master. The sequel agreed upon was the enforcement of an armistice, and this was, in fact, insisted upon before the answer was delivered. Sir Edward Codrington, who took the lead in directing the combined forces of Russia, France, and Great Britain, notified Ibrahim Pasha, at the end of August, that if he chose to depart for Egypt he should be safely convoyed thither; but if he preferred to remain with the Turkish fleet in the Bay of Navarino, he must abide inactive. On the 25th of September there was an interchange of views between Sir Edward Codrington and Ibrahim, and it was agreed that the latter should remain at Navarino, hostilities at sea being suspended on both sides. The allied fleet proceeded to Zante for provisions, and in their absence Ibrahim came out of the bay, apparently on the ground that the armistice had not been observed by Hastings, an Englishman in charge of a Greek squadron, who had followed up his conspicuous services during the war by inflicting a signal defeat on the 29th of September on a Turkish

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squadron at Salona. The news of this disaster had reached Ibrahim, and his determination to avenge it instantly had certainly some justification. The allied fleet had not maintained the peace on both sides, and Ibrahim may have felt entitled to punish the offender they had failed to restrain. He was, however, met as he was proceeding to sea, and ordered back into the Bay of Navarino, and on the 20th of October the allied fleet itself proceeded to enter and take up its position, ship against ship, over against the Turkish and Egyptian fleet. Such a proceeding was manifestly one of great hazard, and if Ibrahim had resolved to fight at the entrance of the bay, it might have been difficult for the fleet to have entered. But they had, in fact, almost completely proceeded to their stations when stray shots were fired—it is not easy to say how or why—musket shot was followed by a gun, broadsides were exchanged, in a short time the battle was completely in progress, which ended after four hours in the total destruction of the Turkish-Egyptian fleet. Mr. Canning could not have foreseen or prevented this destruction. It was not intended or designed by him or by any of the Powers, and its immediate result was the annihilation of the Turkish power at sea, and the reduction of Turkey to a condition of feebleness and helplessness which it had been his policy to prevent. Had he survived, he might have adopted, he could scarcely have quarrelled with, the language used in the Royal speech at the opening of Parliament, when Navarino was described as an 'untoward event.' But he might have gathered together his energies to deal with the new situation; he might still have sought to reconcile the triple aim of upholding Turkey, of delivering Greece, and of keeping back the power of Russia. The task might have been impossible of execution; his successors may be said to have abandoned it in sullenness, if not in despair. Nothing was done to mitigate the consequences of Navarino, or to recover the position which had been lost. The Porte felt itself confronted by Russia determined to advance, while England stood aloof, and France insisted on the return of Ibrahim to Egypt. In these circumstances it was not unnatural that a call should arise at Constantinople, rallying the Faithful to a 'jehad' or Holy War. Had there been a successor of Canning who knew exactly what he wanted, how far he would go in the liberation of Greece, and the line beyond which he would not advance in the reduction of Turkey, it might have been possible even at this juncture to force upon the Sultan a recognition of Greek independence, and while thus taking away the prime justification of Russian demands, have supported the Porte in resisting any further Russian action. The time passed, the word was not spoken, the opportunity was lost. The Russians found in the language of the appeal to the Faithful a sufficient ground for proclaiming war themselves in April 1828, confined however to operations on land and in the Black Sea, the neutrality of Russia in the Ægean being still somewhat strangely preserved.

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The struggle did not, indeed, prove so one-sided as had been anticipated, and two campaigns were necessary to reduce Turkey to submission, yet the end was reached when peace was dictated at Adrianople in September of the following year (1829), and foremost among the terms of peace was the recognition of the independence of Greece. Everything that Mr. Canning desired to prevent was thus accomplished. The power of Turkey was broken, Greece obtained its freedom through Russia, and Russia became the paramount Power in South-eastern Europe. The result may not be a condemnation of Canning's policy; it was brought about partly by accident, and partly because no man of mental grasp and influence succeeded him to effect a recovery from the consequences of the accident. But the failure was complete, and looking back over the interval of seventy years we cannot regard the failure with unmixed regret.

It is not within my present purpose to pursue the subsequent fortunes of Greece. As it was Russia that had compelled Turkey to acknowledge its independence, it would have been neither unnatural nor unbecoming if Russian influence had predominated for at least the earlier years of its history. The enfranchised Greeks did, in fact, choose, as the first president of their now independent State, a man who, though born in the Ionian Islands, was a Russian by adoption and service. In his troubled administration Capo d' Istrias naturally leaned on the Power that had fostered him, whose forces were at hand to serve him in case of necessity. But when assassination put an end to his troubles, and the three Powers nominated a Bavarian prince in the hope that his kingly authority might terminate the anarchy of the country, it cannot be said that Russia had acquired any enduring predominant influence. Under the rigid rule of Otho traces whether of Russian or of English influence disappeared, whilst the generation that has since succeeded has developed a vigorous and independent national life, strong enough, it may be hoped, to pass through existing troubles, if not with uninterrupted material prosperity, yet with unbroken political vitality.

It is not of these things we may speak, but looking back to the moment of the first Greek uprising we may ask ourselves whether Canning's policy was fully abreast of his own convictions. It seems clear that he regarded Turkey as a waning Power. No other opinion could well be held in view of the fact of the gradual retrocession of the Sultan's authority in Europe, and indeed of the general disorganisation of his Empire. The wave of invasion was slowly but continuously falling back, and the impotence of the attempts to put down the Greek rebels was in accordance with all recent experience. The continuance of the struggle rapidly became an offence to the rest of Europe, especially to those commercial nations whose trade in the Levant was disorganised, if not ruined, by the naval warfare, too often resembling piracy, continually

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raging in its seas. The circumstances must be held sufficient to justify interference, and the real question must be whether interference should take the shape of persuasion or of command. Mr. Canning's dread of Russian growth made him eager to persuade, but it is at least debatable whether that growth could not have been better counteracted by a more authoritative attitude. The doubtful element in the combination was the sincerity and seriousness of the Greek determination to be free. Here it must be admitted there was ample ground for the scepticism of a Western statesman. The war was apparently waged with an unfaltering intention of purpose, yet it is difficult to say in what quarter absolute reliance could be placed. If the peasantry of the Morea were pertinacious, the peasants of Northern Greece seemed often too ready to acquiesce in the restoration of Turkish authority, if not to desire it, whilst the leaders in all parts of Greece showed no more coherence in the pursuit of national aims, and no more fidelity to one another, than we can recognise in the petty chieftains of Highland clans each fighting on his own account, and for his own hand. Yet it may be urged that Rob Roy McGregor had in him the elements of a patriot, and we should err if we could not detect in the confused records of the Greek rebellion some filaments of patriotism running through them. From our present standpoint, we can easily believe that all that has since developed in the making of the Greek nation should have been recognised as existing in germ and in promise seventy years since. But whilst enthusiasts believed it, and may be held to have proved themselves right, the responsible director of a nation's fortunes may have wanted larger assurance to support practical action. If Mr. Canning had not sufficient reliance on reviving Greece to feel himself justified in overawing Turkey, he cannot be condemned. As it was, he stands out from his colleagues and his party, from those who went before him and those who came after him, by his courage and resolution. His intervention in Portugal was not supported by his successors. In the East they practically abandoned his policy when they made no effort to occupy the position he would have taken after Navarino. It may be doubted whether they would have been fired with the indignation which led him to muster the naval forces in the Mediterranean the moment he heard of the policy of Ibrahim. The idea of control was abandoned. They made no effort to check Russia, nor to influence the Sultan. They waited for a future the course of which they did not attempt to shape, and if we may hesitate now to say that Mr. Canning completely grappled with the situation as he found it, the vigour of his action is resplendent beside the inaction which followed.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

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LAND AND LODGING-HOUSES

(*A COLLOQUY WITH THE DUKE OF BEDFORD*)

'MR. BROADHURST is a very good sort of a man, who has not written a very bad book upon a very important subject.' In these guarded terms, Sydney Smith begins one of his pleasantest reviews; and, if for 'Mr. Broadhurst' we substitute 'the Duke of Bedford,' we may honestly apply the eulogy to *The Story of a Great Agricultural Estate.*[1] The book which Mr. Broadhurst wrote, and which Sydney Smith reviewed, was called *Advice to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind*; and the Duke of Bedford's book might be not inaptly styled *Advice to Middle-aged Gentlemen on the Improvement of the Land.*

The title of this paper is derived from a phrase of my lamented cousin Hastings, ninth Duke of Bedford and father of the present Duke. I think that he would have shared the fate of our acephalous ancestor sooner than take the general public into his confidence and exhibit his account-book and ledger to the admiring world; and my friend Mr. Escott would, I fancy, confirm this view from his experience when he was writing his chapter about land in *England: its People, Polity, and Pursuits.*

But, without entering into what Dr. Whewell called the 'disgusting details' of his income, Duke Hastings, when surveying the profound depression under which neighbouring landowners laboured, would pleasantly observe, 'And I, too, should be in a very tight place, only that I luckily own a few lodging-houses in Bloomsbury.'

Land—its burdens, its sorrows, the outlay which it entails, the disastrous position in which it places its owner—this is the burden of the present Duke of Bedford's

> Doleful song,
> Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
> Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.

Land *plus* Lodging-Houses is my more cheerful theme. 'He tempers the wind to the shorn duke;' and I shall endeavour to rouse the drooping spirits of my excellent kinsman by pointing out that, in spite

[1] London, John Murray, 1897.

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of bad seasons and Sir William Harcourt, he yet has no cause for despair as long as his 86,000 acres of agricultural land are balanced by the 'few lodging-houses in Bloomsbury' of which his father used to speak so feelingly. In working towards this end, I shall offer a few remarks on the most important points which the book contains, and then on some that it omits; and throughout the process I shall assume the book is actually written by the Duke—not merely compiled by agents and stewards, led-captains and polite-letter writers, and then sent out into the world with the Duke of Bedford's name on the title-page.

The origin of the book is not a little curious. It seems to have grown out of a speech delivered at a Unionist meeting. Outsiders have often speculated about the topics discussed at 'Unionist' meetings, and wondered whether they were strictly relevant to the question of the Union. This book solves the doubt, and makes it perfectly certain that they are *not*; unless, indeed, we use the word 'Union' in its popular sense as a synonym for 'Workhouse'—that bourne to which the Duke of Bedford's possessions seem to be hurrying him.

On the eventful day which gave birth to this book, the 13th of May, 1896 (for I love to be particular on great occasions), the Duke presided at a Unionist meeting at Thorney, and he tells us that, as his tenants and labourers were present, he took the opportunity to review the history of his estate at Thorney for eighty years, and to show that local and imperial taxation had increased, that rent had disappeared, and that the ownership of Thorney and Woburn now entailed upon their possessor a heavy loss. This was in itself a rather formidable programme for a village meeting, but he 'further attempted to show' a great deal more that went to illustrate his unhappy and impecunious position, and there can be little doubt that the dewdrop of sensibility twinkled in the eyes of the struggling farmers and laborious ploughmen who listened to this tale of woe. If, in addition to these more emotional themes, the Duke treated his hearers to the forty pages of closely packed statistics which I think his book contains, there is no wonder that his speech, as he himself naïvely remarks, 'attracted widespread attention.' The 'friends on whose judgment the Duke relies' thought that these lordly lamentations ought to have a wider circulation than that afforded by a village in the Fens. So they besought him to put his tears, not into a bottle, but into a book. And he gave them their heart's desire in the volume which lies before me.

The introductory chapter may be summed up very briefly. It might have been written by Dizzy's Lord St. Aldegonde. 'He was opposed to all privilege, and indeed to all orders of men except dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favour of the equal division of all property except land. Liberty depended on

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land, and the greater the landowners, the greater the liberty of a country. He would hold forth on this topic even with energy, amazed at any one differing from him. "As if a fellow could have too much land."'

But in one respect the excellent St. Aldegonde was happier than the Duke of Bedford, who so closely copies his method of argument. He lived before the Finance Act of 1894. The Duke is possessed by a terror of Sir William Harcourt which amounts almost to a superstition. The burly presence of the rapacious ex-Chancellor haunts his dreams. 'It is now too late' to undo the effects of that awful Budget; 'the ominous prospect of confiscation looms over our financial legislation,' and, projecting his gaze into a futurity which I hope is very distant, the Duke sees his son (*æt. suæ* 8) paying 65,000*l.* succession-duty on 'an inheritance which is a source of annual deficit.'

From these distempered visions it is a relief to turn to the second chapter, which is simply historical. I confess that I cannot regard with unmixed complacency the method by which the founder of our family obtained his wealth. It may be true that it was necessary, in the interests of the community, to dissolve the religious houses, but the bestowal of their lands on the courtiers of Henry the Eighth was a transaction which even those who profit by it can scarcely praise; and, as Burke truly says, 'The grants to the House of Russell were so enormous as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the Crown.' Deduct from the Duke's acreage the lands of Woburn Abbey in Bedfordshire, of Thorney Abbey in Cambridgeshire, and of Tavistock Abbey in Devonshire; reduce him to our modest patrimony of Kingston Russell, and to Cheneys which came by a marriage, and you will have relieved the present owner of nearly all that burden under which he groans.

But though I cannot glory in the method by which my ancestors acquired their land, I can share the Duke's pride in the way in which they managed it.

My grandfather the sixth Duke, when he wrote a catalogue of the enamel portraits at Woburn Abbey, aptly prefaced it with the lines,

> Et te, repetentem exempla tuorum,
> Et pater Æneas et avunculus excitet Hector.

My uncle Lord Russell, when people praised his pedigree, used to say:

> They who on famous ancestry enlarge
> Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

The reclamation of the Bedford Level was a splendid work of public utility, and the share borne in it by the Earl of Bedford was

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an ancestral performance on which any Russell may look back with pride.

John, fourth Duke of Bedford, the favourite object of Junius's satire, seems to have divided his time almost equally between political and agricultural manœuvring. His diaries to the very end of his life are full of marking out bridges, letting farms, and felling timber—at Streatham, of all unlikely places, a property long since alienated. His grandson and successor, Francis, fifth Duke, was not only a leader of the popular cause in politics but a pioneer in all agricultural reforms. He was, however, the only spendthrift that ever owned the estates, and his early death was a blessing to the property. His successor, my grandfather, whom some people can still remember, was known in his own family as 'Farmer John,' and his letters, preserved by his sons, bear testimony to his genuine love of farming and all that pertains to it. But it is my uncle, the seventh Duke, who died in 1861, whose memory should be held in special reverence, for he abolished the filthy hovels which had served as labourers' cottages, and introduced the plan of cottage construction which, with its successive improvements, has been the glory of the Bedford estates from that day to this. This splendid reform elicited a characteristic compliment from Charles Kingsley in the preface to *Yeast*, and a not less characteristic gibe from Lord Beaconsfield in *Lothair*: '"I am much in favour of improved dwellings for the poor," said the Duchess, "but then you must take care that your dwellings are cottages, and not villas, like my cousin's, the *Duke of Luton*."' It is bare justice to say that Duke Hastings, both after he succeeded to the estate, and while he was administering it for his predecessor, maintained this high tradition, and the book before us shows that it has suffered no deterioration under his sons.[2]

When speaking thus enthusiastically of the cottages on the Bedford estate, I have been thinking of their bearing on comfort, health, and decency. But there is another side to the picture. Let Mr. Froude draw it in his inimitable style. He is speaking of Cheneys, the pretty village in Buckinghamshire where my ancestors are buried, but the description would apply just as well to Woburn or Thorney: 'No signs are to be found of competition, of the march of intellect, of emancipation, of the divine right of each man and woman to do what is good in their own eyes, of the blessed liberty which the House of Russell has been so busy in setting forward. The inhabitants . . . live under authority. The voice of the Russells has been the voice of the emancipator; the hand has been the hand of the ruling noble.'[3]

[2] It is a filial joy to me to recall the destruction of a certain group of insanitary dwellings near Woburn, and the substitution of excellent cottages, effected by my uncle, the seventh Duke, at the instance of his sister-in-law, the late Lady Charles Russell.

[3] *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, vol. iv. p. 489.

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The inhabitants live under authority. Absolutely true; and it is obvious that this authority receives a tremendous addition where the occupant of each of these excellent cottages is a weekly tenant. Health, comfort, decency there are—and they are no small boons—but liberty there is none. The occupant is liable to summary eviction; to be moved from one cottage to another; to have a partner quartered on him. He is forbidden to take in a lodger—nay, I have even heard that to have a grown-up son to stay for Christmas is an offence. He is harassed by incessant supervision and domiciliary visits; and these, though ordered by the landlord, are vicariously performed. The Duke writes feelingly about the construction and arrangement of his cottages. He is, as every one who knows him will admit, a man of mild and amiable manners; and it must be delightful to see him investigating the labourer's pigsty, measuring the cubic space of the back bedroom, or comparing the various types of sanitary appliances. From such personal visitations nothing but good could ensue. But I am very suspicious of delegated authority. The inquisitor's function should be exercised at first hand. Speaking in the House of Commons on the Second Reading of the Parish Councils Bill, I was comparing the position and character of the small and the large landowner; and of the latter class I said: 'The great squire does not live, as the small squire does, among his people. He gets his information not from the evidence of his own eyes, but through the jaundiced medium of agents, land-stewards, bailiffs, lawyers, and the whole hierarchy of squiredom.' If the Duke of Bedford's book had been written in 1893, I might have added 'the cottage foreman' and 'the highest executive authority.' Now, against the actual men who fill these offices on the Bedford estates of course I do not say a word. I do not even know their names. Probably they have all changed since I ceased to have a home in Bedfordshire. Nor am I concerned with the Duke of Bedford personally, for, as he truly says, the system is not of his making. I am protesting against a custom which, for all I know, may exist on a hundred estates, and the despotic authority which, through his officials, a landlord is able to exercise over the weekly tenants of his cottages. The agricultural labourer cannot transfer his labour from one village to another. If he is turned out of his house, he is turned out of his work. Nearly the whole village belongs to one man; and when one door shuts there is no other to open. Given a landlord of strong prejudices, a staff of obsequious and unscrupulous officials, and a labouring population holding their houses by weekly tenure, and not much is left of our vaunted 'freedom of election,' whether for Parliament or school board, or parish council.

Of course I know that the manliness and hardihood of the labourer, and his faith (though industriously shaken by his superiors)

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in the secrecy of the ballot, often support him even against such pressure as this. But I know also that he is forced to practise the utmost reticence as to his intentions and actions, and that the mere suspicion that he has voted contrary to the landlord's wish is often enough to entail penal consequences. Now, all this system of political terrorism is absolutely fatal to the well-being of the body politic, and as long as the labourer is a weekly tenant he is neither a free man nor a self-governing citizen. Of any landlord who holds his cottagers in such subjection, however virtuously his statistics may read, I say, as Burke said of the fifth Duke of Bedford, 'I have no doubt of his Grace's readiness in all the calculations of vulgar arithmetic, but I shrewdly suspect that he has never learned the rule-of-three in the arithmetic of polity and state.'

The bulk of the Duke of Bedford's book is occupied with elaborate and interesting statements about the extent and character of his property in Cambridgeshire and Bedfordshire; its system of management past and present; the receipts from it; and the expenditure on it in improvements, remissions of rent, farm buildings, wages, pensions, cottages, gardens, allotments, charities, church-building, schools, experiments, model farms, and the like. I will not attempt to conduct my readers through the hideous labyrinth of figures which the book contains, but will place before them the total result in the Duke's own words:

> On Thorney the expenditure from 1816 to 1895 amounted to 1,598,353*l.*, and on Woburn from 1816 to 1895 it was 2,632,186*l.* After spending nearly four and a quarter millions sterling since 1816 on some 51,643 acres of land, a large proportion of which is some of the best wheat land in England, and after excluding all expenditure on Woburn Abbey, its park and farm, it will be seen that at the present time an annual loss of more than 7,000*l.* a year is entailed on their owner.

And again: 'So far as the Beds and Bucks estates are concerned, the reduced rental is not now sufficient to meet the necessary outgoings.' Certainly a notable and a startling conclusion; and I cannot wonder that, at first sight, it should have inflicted a violent shock upon the owner's nerves. But I promised at the outset that I would try to be a Son of Consolation, and I now proceed with my benevolent intention of showing him that things are not as bad as they seem, and that his condition, after all said and done, is what one of Miss Edgeworth's characters calls 'vastly put-up-able with.' On the first topic of consolation which I had proposed to myself I cannot say much. The book does not deal with one of the Duke's best properties —22,000 beautiful acres plundered from the Church in Devonshire. I was in hopes that we should find that things were a little better here, and that the profits of Tavistock partially covered the deficits of Thorney and Woburn. But from the incidental glimpses which this book affords, agriculture does not seem to flourish better in the West of England than elsewhere.

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Failing further information on this head, I must fall back upon a more commonplace topic, and remind the Duke that there was once a time when land was worth having, and when the Bedford estates paid splendidly. He has, indeed, shown us as much in the tables at the end of his book. I have said before that the fifth Duke was a spendthrift, and my grandfather the sixth Duke lived at great expense, had a large family, and did not, I believe, put by. But the seventh Duke was an economist even to the extent of ploughing up the park and cutting down avenues. He reigned from 1839 to 1861, and had only one child. That one child, his successor, was an invalid, lived a life of absolute seclusion, and when he died, in 1872, left his own and his father's accumulations to his cousin and successor, Duke Hastings, who was certainly the last man to incur the Apostle's censure by failing to provide for his own house. I merely suggest this topic of consolation, and do not labour it. 'Ill? Bless you—why, I wish I had half his complaint!'

But even if these attempts to cheer are rejected, and our pity is still invoked for the downtrodden owner of Woburn and Thorney, there still is balm in Gilead. The critical world was so much awed and fascinated by the spectacle of a great English landlord turning his pockets inside out before the public, and saying, in words or in effect, 'I am hungry,' that it lost its customary balance of judgment, and rushed to the conclusion that the system of managing estates set forth by the Duke of Bedford was not only the ideally best but the only practicable, and joined him in his melancholy dirge over the demise of agricultural profits.

But here again, on quieter consideration, a topic of consolation may be found. Perhaps, after all, Woburn and Thorney have not been so wisely administered as other estates; perhaps, under more judicious handling, even land may be made to pay.

A friend of mine, whose acreage is, I think, rather larger than that of the Duke of Bedford, favours me with the following comments. After praising the generosity and public spirit displayed in the book before us, he goes on to say:

> I most emphatically demur to the conclusion of the *Times* Reviewer that it tends to a solution of the 'much-vexed land question' (whatever that may mean).
>
> . . . . . .
>
> As an agricultural landowner I review the Duke of Bedford's opinions from an owner's point of view. The chief point that strikes one is that his generalisations are based too exclusively on particular knowledge, *e.g.* his opinion as to the farm labourer, his cottage, his garden, &c., could not be applied without considerable modification to the 'hind' of the North of England engaged for twelve months, sometimes for six only, at the 'hirings,' and surrounded by highly paid labour in the pits, ironstone mines, smelting works, coke ovens, shipbuilding yards, &c., with whom I come into contact. Again, the small grass-land farmers in the dales (I have a very large number of these tenants) employ no labourers, and, although occupiers, are as unlike a midland county farmer as a Thames boat-builder is to a Tyne-side riveter. I should mention that my ——dale estate has been reclaimed

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from moorland, and consequently is a somewhat parallel case to the Thorney estate.

I have experience of midland grass-land farmers on my ——shire property, and I have, as you know, to administer very extensive estates (exceeding in area, I think—for I have not materials for giving figures here—the Duke's Beds and Bucks estates) in ——shire. I think, upon inquiry of experts, you will find it is admitted that these estates are and have for many years been most efficiently maintained. All the details which the Duke refers to, such as new buildings, draining, steam cultivation, roads, fences, gates, cottages, gardens, privies, water supply, sites for churches and chapels and schools and mission-rooms, school maintenance, provident societies, clergy, charities, pensions, even jubilees and other festivities, receive most careful attention, and are paid for out of the estate resources, sometimes income, sometimes capital, sometimes by terminable rent charges, and, if this entailed a deficiency, twelve months would see me in the bankruptcy court. Of course the percentage of net receipts to gross receipts is not very handsome, but the system is effective, as we rarely have a difficulty in getting tenants willing to pay the rent asked, and arrears are rare. . . . I believe we are doing a public service in securing the highest possible cultivation of the land and encouraging the best farmers.

Rent is, of course, the measure of the value of the land to the tenant, but it by no means represents the landlord's profits. I know, to my cost, that this is very rarely recognised. In assessing my life interest the Inland Revenue, after considerable pressure, and as a special favour, taking as their basis the rental, allowed 12½ per cent. for repairs &c., and taxed me on the remaining 88½ per cent. I believe, speaking from memory, that the net receipts are not more than 60 per cent. (part of this is payable to other persons, practically joint owners, but without any of the trouble or risk), the remaining 40 being expended on objects without which the rental would not be maintained. I firmly believe that ownership of agricultural land can and ought to be profitable even though to a small extent. If it is not, it is a drain upon instead of an addition to the national resources, and ought to be relieved of all taxation.

I also firmly believe in occupiers being encouraged to make their own bargains with landlords and avoid the intervention of valuers and third parties, a class of agriculturists who must be paid, and at a high rate, out of agricultural resources, and who find this a far easier and more lucrative business than cultivating the land.

With all respect and admiration for the public spirit shown by the Duke and his predecessors, in my opinion the principles adopted in the case of his estates will not tend to increase national prosperity if adopted by all owners, as if sound they ought to be. Pray make any use of my opinions that you think proper.

At this juncture I revert to my heading. I have said as much as I need about the Land: I now approach the question of the Lodging-houses. Taking things, not as they might be or as they were, but as they are, how comes it that when Bedfordshire and Cambridgeshire have ceased to pay, and instead of paying present a deficit, and when it seems that Devonshire is no better, the Duke of Bedford is able to go on making munificent remissions, spending money in all directions on his rural estates, and keeping Woburn and its surroundings in more scrupulous order than even I, who have known the place ever since I was born, have ever seen there?

The answer is simple. Because, as his father said, he 'owns a few lodging-houses in Bloomsbury'—because, in other words, he is a great ground landlord in London. Roughly speaking, the Bedford estate reaches from the Strand to Euston Square. The whole

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neighbourhood, to use a vigorous phrase which I once heard from an old Radical, 'stinks of Duke.' Here, if anywhere, Mill's unearned increment is seen in all its glory and beauty: here, if ever, his dictum is made good, and the landlord 'grows richer in his sleep.'

Now, in dealing with the Duke of Bedford's London estate, I must distinguish, as to origin, between its two parts, though locally they run into one another, and practically constitute one property. Speaking in the House of Commons on the Second Reading of the Welsh Church Bill I said:

> History records the case of families who have risen to greatness and affluence on the ruins of the abbeys, and it is an interesting constitutional consideration to bear in mind that, in virtue of wealth so acquired, some of the heads of these families obtained peerages and then transmitted their honours to their descendants, who now sit in serried ranks in another place ready to throw out, as soon as they get the opportunity, a Bill designed to carry just a stage further a process to which they themselves owe so much. I will venture, in connection with the subject of abbey lands, to give to the House two instances, one of the way in which Church property should not be dealt with, and the other of the way in which it should be dealt with. If any hon. member on leaving Palace Yard will turn to the right, and walk less than a mile, he will come to the Old Convent Garden of Westminster Abbey, now dedicated to uses which are certainly not sacred, and paying daily tribute to a secular landlord. That is an instance of the way in which Church property should not be dealt with. But if any hon. member will turn to the left, to the precincts of Westminster Abbey, he will find under the shadow of that pile, housed in the very buildings, and enriched by the property, of the old Benedictines, a famous school of learning, with eleemosynary provision for poor scholars, and a system of exhibitions connecting it with Trinity and Christ Church. In the erection of Westminster School on the foundations of Westminster Abbey the House will see the way in which ecclesiastical property should be treated.

I have said before in this article that I do not condemn the dissolution of the abbeys, but I cannot praise the way in which their lands were disposed of. Covent Garden and its purlieus are spoils of the Church; but the great estate in Bloomsbury was more respectably acquired. It came by the most legitimate of all means—marriage with an heiress.

Rachel Lady Russell, wife of the decapitated William Lord Russell, was the daughter and eventual heiress of the last Earl of Southampton, and from him inherited Southampton House in Bloomsbury, which afterwards, under the name of Bedford House, became so famous in political memoirs as the abode of the fourth Duke of Bedford ('Junius's Duke') and the headquarters of the 'Bloomsbury Gang.' When, towards the close of the last century, fashion winged its flight to other quarters of the town, Bedford House was pulled down, and its site and all its appurtenances—courtyard, gardens and grounds—were covered with the network of streets and squares which in their names commemorate my family, its properties, and its alliances. I have said that the Bloomsbury estate

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came by marriage with an heiress, and so it did. But, looking back a little further, I should not be surprised to find that it too, at one time, had been a property of the Church; for the first Earl of Southampton, like the first Earl of Bedford, was a courtier of Henry the Eighth and received some part of his wages in the shape of abbey lands.

So much for the different origin of the two parts of the Bedford estate in London; but, however they originated, their results have been the same. They have placed their owner beyond the reach of agricultural depression. Figuratively speaking, they are paved with gold. We have no means of estimating their value, but only to-day, as I write, I see the following morsel in a daily paper: 'The ground rents, amounting to 2,500*l.* a year, secured upon blocks B, C, and D, Bedford Court Mansions, Bedford Square, which were advertised for sale by auction, have been disposed of by Messrs. Dunn and Soman for 82,000*l.*'

Well done, the Lodging-houses! These are the statistics which are really valuable and interesting. These are the statistics without which the most elaborate particulars of Thorney and Woburn are useless as guides to landowners. If you are drawing the income of a foreign principality from 'a few lodging-houses in Bloomsbury,' you can easily afford to treat your tenants in the Fens in a fashion which would bring the merely rural landlord to ruin in a twelvemonth. After all, my complaint against the Duke of Bedford is not that he has given us too many statistics, but too few. I ask for more. If prose is powerless, verse may move him.

> Come live with me, and be my love,
> And we will all the pleasures prove
> That facts and figures do supply
> Unto the statist's raptured eye.

Let the Duke convoke another Unionist meeting, and by all means let it be held this time in St. Pancras or Bloomsbury or Drury Lane. Let him again preside, and give a full and exact account of the value of his London estates when they first came into our ancestors' hands; of their gradual increase, of the amount spent on them, and of the income which at the present day they yield.

Then, indeed, he will have served great public ends. He will have given us some valuable suggestions for the taxation of ground-values; he will have supplied an object-lesson in the best mode of using ecclesiastical property; and he will have imparted to his brother-landlords a secret for which many of them will be unfeignedly thankful—how to live like a gentleman when your land presents you with a deficit.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

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THE INCREASING DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE

THIS small article is the result of some years of research on a subject which cannot but be interesting to all human beings—'Life and its duration.' I have now put together both published and unpublished records. It may seem strange that one whose childhood was guided by one of the wisest and most learned of men—Sir George Cornewall Lewis—should venture to publish opinions at variance with those which he has expressed on this subject; but it may be that we are governed by the law of contrariety, or *autre temps, autre mœurs*, or that in reality centenarianism has surprisingly increased.

That the human being was intended for greater length of life than is usually attained in our artificial existence is probable from the fact that he does not reach his full and complete development until his twenty-fifth year. The life of most of the lower animals is reckoned to be about five times their maturity in a natural condition, and although disturbing causes interfere with human life in the present day, yet within certain limits man is subject to the same laws as every other type of existence in either the animal or the vegetable kingdom. Nature has assigned to him a certain period during which he should attain to a sound physical and mental maturity, and any attempt to curtail that period by early forcing is, and must be, necessarily productive of lamentable results. The boy or girl may be developed under a system of steady 'cramming' into a highly accomplished man or woman, long before full age has been reached, but it may be accepted as an axiom in almost all instances that the earlier the development the earlier the decay. The lesson to be learned from the records of those who have lived to advanced years is, that moderation in all things, whether physical or intellectual, is the secret of long life, and that it is easy by systematically violating this rule to produce an artificial old age.

A sage once said 'Every man is his own age,' which is no doubt a great truth; for, apart from the variety existing in different races, there is an immense difference in the development of each individual, which may make possible for one what is impossible for another. But one rule might, we think, be followed with benefit: the less the

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young and incomplete being is put in a forcing house the better; the slower the development, the finer will be in most cases the animal mentally and physically, and the greater the chance of a long, healthy, and useful life.

Much has been written and said about the wear and tear of business and occupation, but it is to be believed that in a healthy condition, when once the human being is fully completed, mental exercise can not only be borne, but is wholesome and absolutely necessary.

A hundred years ago—in 1796—Doctor William Hufeland wrote:

By these observations we are enabled to come to the conclusion respecting the important question, What is the proper term or boundary of human life? One might believe that some degree of certainty could be acquired on this point, but it is incredible what difference in opinion respecting it prevails among philosophers. Some allow man a very long and others a very short duration of life. One might believe that death by 'Marasmus'—that is to say, by old age—is the true boundary of human life; but this reasoning in the present times is attended with great deception, for, as Lichtenberg says, 'Men have found out the art to engraft old age upon themselves before the time.'

It is reported that in those who have worked for generations in factories and underground in mines, tissue degeneration with all the symptoms of extreme old age is capable of taking place at the early age of from forty to fifty years, thus showing how important a factor artificial existence is in inducing premature old age. Hufeland again remarks:

The age of the world hitherto has had no perceptible influence on that of man, and people may still become as old as in the time of Abraham and in even earlier periods. There have certainly been times when men lived sometimes longer and sometimes shorter, but this evidently did not arise from the age of the world, but from man himself. When men were in a savage state—simple, laborious children of Nature—and much exposed to the open air, such as shepherds, hunters, and farmers, great age was very common among them; but when they began gradually to despise the dictates of Nature and to indulge in luxury, the duration of their life became shorter. Man can in almost all climates attain to a great age; but people in general do not attain to the greatest.

Places that stand high have in general more and purer air than those which stand low, though here also there is a certain limitation, and the rule 'the higher the better' cannot thus be laid down. The greatest degree of height is, on the contrary, prejudicial to longevity; and Switzerland, without doubt the highest country in Europe, has produced fewer instances of long life than Scotland.

In cold climates men in general live longer than in warm. The people of Finland, for instance, keep their youth and live to a great age; their hair does not turn grey nor their joints become stiff until long past the usual period of middle life. The influence of salt water is also more favourable to longevity than that of fresh, and for that reason seafaring people can compare favourably with dwellers on

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shore. Stagnated fresh water, on the other hand, is hurtful by its mephitic vapours.

What then is the absolute duration of man's life? We know that each class of animals has a certain expectation of life, and the case should be the same with man; he, however, is so complex a being, so strange a mixture of the mental and physical, that his life must necessarily be more variable than that of the animal or vegetable kingdom. But there is nothing to prevent us from giving as his duration of life the utmost extent to which, according to Hufeland and Heller—two great authorities on this subject—it is possible for him to attain. 'Now experience incontestably tells us that a man still may attain to considerably over a hundred years.' How much he has ever exceeded that age remains to be proved.

We may, however, with all probability assert that the organisation and vital powers of man are able to support an activity of one hundred years.

This assertion acquires some weight when we find that it agrees with the proportion between the time of growth and the duration of life.

It may be stated broadly that an animal lives eight times—the modern theory is *five* times—as long as it grows, but different classes vary so much in this respect that no absolute rule can be laid down.

Now a man in a natural state—where the period of maturity is not artificially hastened—requires fully twenty-five years to attain his complete growth and full development, and this proportion would give him an absolute age of one hundred and twenty-five years; beyond even this he has been known to attain—for example, old Parr, born 1493, died 1635.

It need not be objected that great age is the exception to the rule, and that a shorter life is properly the natural condition. Almost all those kinds of death which take place before the hundredth year are brought on artificially—that is to say, by disease or accidents; and it is certain that the far greater number of men die an unnatural death, and that not above one in three thousand attains an age of over a hundred years. But with regard to the relative duration of human life, that indeed is extremely variable and as different as each individual. It is regulated by the constitution of the person, his manner of living, and a thousand internal and external circumstances which may have an influence on it. We must not imagine that every man brings with him into the world a stock of vitality capable of lasting one hundred years. It is unfortunately the fate of our generation that the grandparents and parents often transmit to the embryo a far shorter 'stamen vitæ.'[1]

[1] There is evidence, however, that the average duration of human life in this country has increased during the past fifty years under improved sanitary surroundings. (Vincent's *Dictionary of Biography*)

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Among the long-lived in the animal kingdom we may mention birds, fish, and reptiles, although even in the lower animals the duration of life varies immensely according to the species. Of fish, the carp are especially long-lived. Long life is also attributed to some of the reptile tribe—alligators, crocodiles, tortoises, turtles—from the slowness of their combustion.

Among birds, some of the parrot species are supposed to live to over a hundred years. The swan, the raven, the eagle, are also credited with great length of life.

In the mammalia the elephant attains the greatest age. It grows for twenty-five or thirty, and is said to live from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years and even longer. We have no accurate means of ascertaining the whale's age. A lion is said to have lived seventy years in the Tower, but there is no evidence that he attains anything like that age in the natural state. Forty years is recorded by naturalists as the extreme age. The camel may attain the age of fifty; it eats little and drinks less. The horse is comparatively a short-lived animal, but it is a well-known fact that when he does little work and passes the greater part of his days in pasture he may attain to about forty years of life; but when a horse is hard-worked, and fed, moreover, upon beans, oats, and other ossifying foods, his days are much shorter.

In the vegetable kingdom the yew attains great age; those at Fountains Abbey are about 1,200 years old. Two orange trees at Rome, planted respectively by St. Dominic and Thomas Aquinas, are said to be from 500 to 600 years old; and there are records of tropical trees that, counting by their rings, are supposed to have attained to 800 or 1,000 years.

In man there are many instances of well-attested longevity. Moses is said to have lived to the age of 120. See the following authentic passage, Deut. xxxiv. 7: 'And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.' It is an undoubted fact that men of letters and science, whose lives have been devoted to congenial pursuits, often attain great age. Carlyle, Buffon, Goethe, Franklin, Herschel, Newton, and Halley were all between eighty and ninety, and among medical men who have reached the same age are to be reckoned Harvey, Duhamel, Pinel, and Ruysch. There seems to be no doubt that Michael Angelo, Titian, and Leeuwenhoek painted pictures after ninety. Also we may make mention of the veteran painter of our own time, Sidney Cooper. An extraordinary number of instances of longevity may be found among the hermits and monks who, with the strictest regimen, self-denial, and abstraction, led a life of contemplation, but combined with the enjoyment of free air and bodily exercise. Thus the Apostle John is said to have attained the age of ninety-three; Paul the Hermit, by means of an almost incredibly severe *régime* in a grotto,

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to that of 103; and St. Anthony is believed to have reached that of 105. Athanasius and Jerome also exceeded the age of eighty. In later times the Venerable Bede lived to a very advanced period.

Deep-thinking philosophers and lawyers also have at all times been distinguished by their great age. Academicians in this respect have been particularly noticeable. I need only mention the celebrated Fontenelle, who wanted but one year of 100, and Nestor Formey, both perpetual secretaries, the former of the French and the latter of the Berlin Academy. To come down to our own times, it is only necessary to mention the well-known examples of M. Chevreul, 102, and Professor Owen; Sir Moses Montefiore, who died in his 101st year, 1885; Miss Joanna Hastings, of Malvern, who in the same year attained her 103rd birthday; William Mann, of Kirkfield, near Haddo, who died at the age of 107; Lady Smith, who lived to be 106.

As an instance of hereditary longevity, we may quote from the published letter of General Cunningham Roberts, who stated that his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Gray, who died in 1858 within twenty-two days of her 108th birthday, was one of a family of twenty. Of eleven who survived, two died respectively at the ages of ninety-one and ninety-two; two at eighty-seven, and two at eighty-six; three others at seventy-seven, eighty, and eighty-five respectively; and one at the comparatively early age of seventy!

These notes of two centenarians in India are recorded by Sir J. Fayrer:—

In 1856 a pensioner in the Khairat Khana of Lucknow attended monthly to draw his pension. He was then a slightly bent but still vigorous old man, active and in full possession of his faculties. This man, a native, had been subadar at the battle of Buxar, which was fought in 1764. As he could not at that time, considering the rank he held, have been less than twenty-five, his age in 1856 must have been 117. It is possible that he may have been only twenty, but even in that case he would have been 112 in 1856. With the outbreak of the Mutiny the Khairat Khana disappeared, and he was never heard of again.

In 1866 or 1868 an Armenian, a very aged-looking, feeble little man, shrivelled and decrepit with age, was brought into the hospital at Calcutta, having sustained a fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone from a trivial fall. He was very uncommunicative, and disliked answering questions, but on being asked to state his age he said he did not know it, but that it might be gathered from the fact that he had been present at, and remembered seeing, the execution of the celebrated Nuncomar, which took place in the time of Warren Hastings, in 1774. Supposing him to have been eight or ten years old at that time—he can hardly have been less—his age in 1866 must have been 102.

The subjoined table gives the number of cases in which the persons whose deaths were advertised in the obituary column of the *Morning Post* in the decade 1887–1896 had attained the age of eighty years and upwards, being no less than 10,806 out of a total number of deaths 76,892, or 14·5 per cent.

Of these, again, we find that the age of ninety to ninety-five was

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reached by 1,198, the age of ninety-five to ninety-nine by 262, while thirty-two are thus officially recorded at 100 to 105 and upwards.

Years of age	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	Total for the ten years
80	176	135	128	97	137	128	118	122	157	135	1,333
81	142	119	106	127	111	123	105	99	129	135	1,196
82	140	123	93	104	126	138	113	114	123	126	1,200
83	124	108	75	89	142	118	106	85	119	103	1,069
84	127	118	120	85	81	107	100	96	113	93	1,040
85	103	73	75	80	79	82	72	76	70	97	807
86	100	77	65	83	90	85	73	75	84	86	818
87	90	77	65	70	85	94	64	63	73	73	754
88	63	59	55	55	48	60	50	65	63	69	587
89	44	46	46	37	50	52	47	54	55	59	490
90	53	33	31	33	38	43	34	37	45	38	385
91	33	25	27	26	27	25	27	29	25	33	277
92	26	26	21	18	19	32	19	21	24	27	233
93	18	26	10	9	19	20	31	16	21	15	185
94	16	12	13	10	12	13	8	12	19	13	128
95	8	14	5	8	5	9	6	7	13	11	86
96	6	5	9	5	8	8	4	6	5	18	74
97	9	6	4	2	4	3	12	6	4	4	54
98	5	3	4	4	1	3	2	8	2	3	35
99	5	3	2	1	1	3	4	2	—	2	23
100	2	—	2	2	—	—	1	2	1	—	10
101	—	—	—	2	1	1	—	1	—	—	5
102	1	—	1	—	1	2	1	2	2	1	11
103	—	—	—	—	1	1	—	—	1	—	3
104	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
105	1	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	2
Total above 80 years of age	1,292	1,088	958	947	1,086	1,151	997	998	1,148	1,141	10,806

The following table is compiled from the news paragraphs which, coming from all parts of the world, have appeared in the *Morning Post* during the last ten years, and is to be taken as supplemental to the table previously given. None of these cases have formed the

YEARS

Ages over	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	Total
100	1	7	5	2	10	5	8	2	5	5	50
101	2	2	2	4	7	2	3	3	3	4	32
102	—	—	2	2	8	6	4	4	1	6	33
103	2	1	3	1	7	2	2	2	1	2	23
104	—	2	1	—	5	4	2	1	4	1	20
105	1	2	2	—	2	1	2	1	2	1	14
106	—	—	1	—	5	2	3	2	—	2	15
107	2	1	—	—	—	2	1	1	—	—	7
108	—	—	—	1	1	1	—	—	—	1	4
109	3	—	—	1	1	—	—	—	1	2	8
110	—	1	—	—	2	2	1	3	—	3	12
Given as 'upwards of 100' . .	3	4	1	2	1	1	—	2	1	—	15
Total . . .	14	20	17	13	49	28	26	21	18	27	233

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subject of an obituary advertisement; as, where the paper has contained both an advertisement and a paragraph relating to the same individual, that instance has been excluded from this table.

At the time then in which we live centenarianism appears to be no longer uncommon, judging by the number of thoroughly well-authenticated cases published nearly every day of those who have attained above a hundred years in different classes of life and in different parts of the globe. What is undoubtedly rare is a well-attested example of an individual living over 120 years. Of this I give the following account, having myself taken some interest in the case. Not content with corresponding with M. Bachasson, the mayor of the town in which the centenarian lived—who wrote to me officially on September 29, 1885: 'What you have read in the papers is quite true: our centenarian is 125 years old, and celebrated the 100th anniversary of her marriage the 13th of January last;' and again on the 24th of October: 'I send you the portrait of our centenarian; the date of her birth is 22nd of September, 1760, and of her marriage 13th of January, 1784'—I commissioned a friend to go from Paris to Auberive, where he saw the old peasant herself. I give the account in his own words:

Auberive-en-Royans is a small village situated in the department of the Isère. In a narrow-looking lane, and in a wretched hovel, there lives an old centenarian, Marie Durand, commonly called 'La Mère Girard,' that being the name of her second husband.

Her age is 125, born, according to an extract from the parish register of St.-Just-de-Claix (Isère), on the 22nd of September, 1760, and she has lately celebrated in her own village the hundredth anniversary of her wedding.

Her own reminiscences of her youth and past life are very dim. At one time she was a *cantinière*; but she will not speak much of her married life, except that she went with her second husband, Girard, to sea for seven years in man's clothing when the Austrians invaded the department of the Isère for the first time (1814). She was always most laborious and frugal. Her meals consist of a soup made of bread, cabbage, potatoes, butter, and oil. Her only weakness is a white brandy (eau de vie Blanche de Marc) made of the stalks of the grape. She, however, only makes a very moderate use of this, and only takes it occasionally as a cordial. Marie Durand's face and hands resemble parchment. She is quite doubled up and her knees almost meet her chin. Upon the whole she was tolerably clean, but her bed was very dirty and ragged, and she will not have it otherwise. A lady sent her a pair of sheets and a good counterpane, but she gave them away. Till within a few years of her death she always made her own straw hats and *tuyautait* the frills of her caps. When her eyes became too weak to be able to thread her needle, she would cut about twenty lengths of thread, place her needles in a row on the window-sill, and ask the girls on their way home from school to thread them for her. She always made her own soup until the last year, when a severe illness weakened her very much; so since then the parish pays a woman who lives next door 15 francs a month to attend upon her.

It is known that she had a son by her second husband, who died at St.-Pierre-de-Chorraine in 1810 at the age of thirty-three, and two other sons by her first marriage were killed at the battle of Friedland

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and in Spain. She herself lived under eleven governments—namely, Louis the Fifteenth, Louis the Sixteenth, the First Republic, Consulate under Napoleon, First Empire, Louis the Eighteenth, Charles the Tenth, Louis Philippe, Second Republic, Second Empire, Third Republic.

There are many other remarkable cases of centenarians ranging from a hundred upwards, but neither time nor space will allow me to enlarge on them. I have only endeavoured to show in some slight degree what may be considered the causes for and against the prolongation of life, and to cite a few unusual instances of longevity.

In the average statistics of human life it has been found that women live longer than men; the reason for that appears to be simple.

Up to the age of twenty to twenty-five the man is undoubtedly younger and less developed than the woman; but in the next twenty or thirty years of his life the man ages much more rapidly, because, apart from the strain and hardship of a profession, the exposure to unhealthy climates, the disappointments of fortune, he often leads a life of dissipation and excess, which early puts its stamp on his forehead and turns his hair grey before its time. The woman, on the other hand, who has often more than her share of anxieties, has, apart from the many accidents of life, but one serious and inevitable danger, that of the perpetuation of her race, which, safely passed, renovates rather than ages, and increases a woman's chance of longevity.

From the few facts that I have ventured to put together we may deduce, I think, the following conclusions, which I trust may be found of some interest by those who desire to have a general view of the expectation of life, its real duration, and the possible causes of its length and brevity.

(1) That, according to the best authorities of the last century, the extreme limit of life might be 125 years under extraordinary and almost abnormal circumstances.

(2) That the anticipation of life is roughly five times the time that the organs of the body—not counting the brain, which develops later—require to attain their full and absolute maturity. This of course varies not only in races, but in individuals, some developing early and some much later, even in the same climate and in the same family.

(3) That rarely, if ever, is that full duration achieved, owing to disease, food, heredity, bad habits, wear and tear, and many other causes which shorten life.

(4) The slower the development the longer may be the duration of life.

(5) That all human beings are not born with the capacity for long life even under the most favourable circumstances. As the

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organism of the human being is more complex than that of the lower animals, so his anticipation of life is far more variable.

(6) That those circumstances which conduce to longevity are undoubtedly late development, frugal habits, moderation, exemption from vicissitudes of climate and extreme of heat or cold, from mental worry and agitation, temperance in eating and drinking, with a fair amount of brain work when the brain is ready to undertake it.

We have all heard the well-worn axiom attributed to the Psalmist that the 'days of man are threescore and ten;' but in Gen. vi. 3 will be found the following passage: 'Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years.' This passage seems to have been overlooked, as I have rarely seen it quoted, although curiously enough it exactly corresponds to the theory that man should attain five times the period of reaching his maturity.

ALICE GLENESK.

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ON OLD AGE

WRITERS have expatiated upon this subject from very early times, though not unhappily from the earliest (if Methuselah could have been induced to send the *Nineteenth Century* B.C. a signed article, it would have been really worth reading), and it is not likely, since so many people have had the experience of growing old, that anything very original can be said about it. If 'to live is to learn,' however, there may still be something novel, since the life of one generation is not the same with that of another, and there are peculiar circumstances which affect particular classes.

To the majority of us old age is merely the gradual attenuation of life; a thing 'like copper wire, which grows the narrower by going further;' the same dish, save that it has become insipid; an echo of existence, which in prolongation sounds fainter and fainter. Unless disease accompanies it, there is nothing to distinguish it, in a very marked manner, from the rest of adult experience. Of course there is the physical change, but this does not set in to any serious extent till very late. The years are not yet come of which we are compelled to say 'We have no pleasure in them,' and when 'the clouds return after the rain.' The almond tree may flourish and the daughters of music may be brought low (so far, at all events, that their high notes are thrown away upon us), but we have still what are cheerfully described as 'all our faculties.' We transact our business, often, indeed, sticking to it closer than ever. We say 'What?' a good deal oftener than we did, and some of us 'No.' (If there is to be but one word left to us, that seems to paterfamilias to be the best.) We like it to be thoroughly understood that we are not going to divest ourselves of our garments before going to bed. We even still take our pleasures, though more sadly; they may have lost their zest, but something remains; there is the feast, though it is the second day's feast; the joints have already become hashes, but the day of cold mutton is still afar off.

Moralists and philosophers have done their best, when they have themselves reached that time of life, to eulogise 'old age;' but they do not deceive even the young. ('These old gentlemen,' says Youth with its callow cynicism, 'are Foxes who have lost their tails.')

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They have done the same thing with poverty, and with the same ill-success. It has had no exhilarating effect upon poor people. The reasons why old men have written in praise of old age are not far to seek: they say with Johnson, 'Do not let us discourage one another.' They are in for it, and they make the best of it; it is not well to cry stinking fish. Moreover, there is a natural tendency among well-principled persons to make light of the ills of humanity; they fancy they are paying a compliment to Providence, and perhaps even conciliating it. There are many old men who say, and quite truthfully, that they would not be young again if they could; but what they mean is not, of course, that they would not exchange weakness for strength, and disillusion for hope, but that they have no desire to live their life over again. The clinging to existence that we so often see in even very old men does not arise from love of it. Pope, sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller's deathbed, and finding him much dispirited, told him he had been a good man, and would doubtless go to heaven. 'Ah, my good friend,' was the deplorable but pathetic reply, 'I wish God would let me stay at Whitton.' It was not, however, the attractions of Whitton that he had in his mind.

When old men ape young ones they afford a sad, and in fact rather a gruesome, spectacle, like that of a death's-head moth fluttering among butterflies; but it does not often happen. Their efforts to rival them in ordinary transactions are plucky endeavours to go on with the battle of life; not to throw up the sponge before they are compelled. Their ardour for work is sometimes excessive; indeed, in some cases they are seized with a desire for gain, which under the circumstances looks very like madness; but they are privately conscious of a sad falling-off in promptitude; their judgment may be as good as ever, but their intellectual motions are tardy. Those with whom they were wont to consult are often no longer with them; they have become isolated. 'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,' is a line very appropriate to their condition. It seems curious that Shakespeare should have mentioned 'troops of friends' as accompaniments of old age. This statement is only true as regards those who have the gift of exciting personal attachment: the longer they live the larger is the number of those attracted to them; but with the vast majority of mankind, friendships are made in youth, but afterwards by no means easily, and therefore when men come to be old they have only their contemporaries, a small and dwindling 'troop,' whom they can call their friends.

Perhaps the best part of old age is its sense of proportion, which enables us to estimate misfortunes, or what seem to be such, at their true value. We have lived to recognise some of them as blessings in disguise; and at all events they do not take such exaggerated forms

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in that quiet atmosphere as they were wont to do in the changeful cloudland of youth. We also know by experience how soon most of them 'blow over.' There is, however, one exception—that of death. When an old man is robbed, for example, of the bride of his youth, the being who has cheered his path from manhood, and in whom alone he has always found sympathy, the blow is fatal, not of necessity (alas!) to his life, but to all that made it, as it seems to him, worth living. It is said, indeed, that such a loss is rendered less severe to old men because they will soon be united to the object of their affections:

> Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
> I too shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext?

But to most of us this is but cold comfort; it may happen, but it also may not; there is no direct assurance of it, even for the most pious; and at the best, how weak is belief compared with certainty, the meeting we hope for beside the loss we know! Tennyson, it is true, affirms that death does not harrow the feelings of the old as of the young. 'The Grandmother' tells us that the time when she could have wept with the best has long gone by; but this poor lady was exceptionally old, and the loss she could not weep for was not that of a life companion.

The man we are all best acquainted with—Dr. Johnson—enjoyed himself in old age to the full. But he had had no enjoyment previously. Prosperity had been unknown to him till middle age had passed away. His society was more sought, his conversation (or what did duty for it) more prized, his wit and wisdom more welcomed after his grand climacteric than before it. This no doubt caused him to take too rose-coloured a view of old age. When the Bishop of St. Asaph observed that an old man must lose faster than he gets, Johnson replied, 'I think not, if he exerts himself.' Whereupon his Lordship was discreetly silent. The Doctor says again, 'There is nothing of the old man in my conversation,' which was true enough as regards its intelligence, but not the nature of it, which was essentially mature and consummate. In his heart he knew perfectly well what is amiss in our late autumn, and how the disease of 'anno domini' had begun to tell upon him. When Boswell, as usual, assenting too readily to his patron's views, expressed a wish to experience old age, the Doctor was much irritated, and thundered out: 'What, would you have decrepitude?'

The difference between youth and age as regards the conduct towards us of the other sex has been plaintively expressed: 'When I was young my civilities were taken as protestations of love; but now my protestations of love are taken as civilities.'

As a rule the poets, though they have a bad reputation for it, do not, when their hair is grey, philander even in verse, and have no

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illusions as to the undesirability of growing old, under however favourable circumstances.

> What are myrtle and wreaths to the brow that is wrinkled?
> 'Tis like a dead flower with Maydew besprinkled.
> The myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
> Are worth all your laurels, however so plenty.

Rogers, who was often complimented on being a fine old man, used acidly to reply, 'There is no such thing, sir, as a fine old man.'

A less known but not less admirable writer has, however, given us a description of one who may well be called so:

> If he wears his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hairdresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered; in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and, in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardiness as well as taste.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning:
>
> 'When beauteous Mira walks the plain.'
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A., the finest woman in England, Sir; and Mrs. L., a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband, for instance, has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, 'My niece, sir, from the country;' and he kisses the niece. The niece seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, 'My cousin Harriet, sir,' and he kisses the cousin.

With the exception of a falling-off in quickness of the mental powers, partly compensated for by their greater maturity, and of some alteration in the emotions, old age, as we have said, is generally but a prolongation of the past: but there are not a few cases when, in addition to the weight of years, chronic ill-health or accident withdraws us altogether from active life, a circumstance which, though inconvenient and deplorable, is not without its advantages, immaterial indeed, but by no means unimportant. In the first place, it bestows leisure before the period when the waning of the mind renders it compulsory; like a spectator who watches a vast procession from

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some secure and retired spot, such persons have an unusual opportunity of looking at life from the outside. They are in the world but no longer of it, and regard it with dispassionate view. The most ordinary and simple pleasures, such as are enjoyed by the humblest, are denied to them. If the test of humanity is that of walking erect upon the earth, they have fallen below even that standard. Their feet will never brush the dew upon the upland lawn, or linger beside sea or river; Nature, save so much of it as can be seen from a window, is henceforth hidden from them; it is sad and strange to reflect that, if ever again they behold its beauties, it will be in another world. Will there be woods and streams, they wonder, there, and what we falsely call 'the eternal' hills? 'Wet or dry' is a phrase that has no more significance to them; they will not feel again the soft-falling summer rain, nor the cheerful sunshine, nor see the wave pass over the wheat, nor the shadows across the pool. The value of these treasures of sight is only known to him who has lost them; he may not have been one addicted to outdoor pursuits, or specially attracted by the country, but the thought that they are denied to him is a very bitter one; one may be fond of home, yet resent being a captive to it, and still more to a single room, or perhaps even an armchair. No one who is not helpless can understand the misery of helplessness; it is a degradation only to be compared with disgrace, a humiliation unspeakable, and not to be mitigated (nay, rather otherwise) by the tenderest of ministrants. What is one of its worst features is the effect it has upon the nerves; movement has become the associate of danger, and is therefore abhorrent, and the stiller we are, the greater is our likeness to death.

We do, indeed, belong less to the living than the dead, and the familiarity we lose with the one is transferred to the other. That is one of the good sides (for it has many facets) of chronic invalidism: we look on both worlds with equanimity; not, of course, with indifference—far from it—but with neither expectation nor tremor; we have done with those emotions. Another cause of congratulation is the absence of rivalry. For all races, whether for fame, or place, or fortune, we are 'scratched;' there is now no reason why our neighbours should not wish us well. They have, of course, become no less in our eyes—indeed, in some ways they loom larger, or rather it is we who have grown more insignificant—yet we regard them much as a human observer watches the inhabitants of an anthill. What industry, what excitement, what ceaseless toil! How strange is the reflection that we ourselves once painfully pulled about those sticks and straws, and went over and over again that uneven ground! We feel, however, no element of contempt for such labours, but, on the contrary, a sympathetic solicitude. We take generally a pleasure in the assiduity and success of our fellow-creatures that was before

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unknown to us; it is the substitute for our own pleasure. If we had the power we would be a little Providence to them. People come to us confidingly for advice, feeling sure that it will be disinterested, and with an instinctive conviction that we cannot be ill-disposed towards them; besides, we have more time for thinking than other folks, and (alas!) we are always at home to everybody. We are not quite useless even yet. 'They also serve who only stand and wait;' and when we can't stand we can still sit and serve—a little.

On the other hand, our enemies—and who is without them?—no longer annoy us. Indeed, they have ceased reviling; to them we are as dead men, 'out of mind,' to whom the proverb *De mortuis* applies. And our friends are twice our friends. No one who is not 'laid by' can understand the depths of human sympathy. Even our acquaintances become our friends, and the least soft-hearted of visitors murmurs to himself, 'Poor soul!' or perhaps (with equal commiseration), 'Poor devil!' What is most curious is the interest, if we have in any way become known to the public at large, complete strangers take in our physical and mental condition. If prescriptions could cure us we should be in rude health indeed. The materials are sometimes a little difficult to procure. I have seen a letter from New Zealand recommending an old gentleman suffering from rheumatic gout to bathe in whales. In that island whales, it seems, are occasionally thrown up on the seashore, when rheumatic patients hasten to lie in them during the progress of their evisceration for purposes of commerce. The extreme rarity of whales upon the Thames Embankment seems to have been unknown to the writer. Some correspondents give most excellent sanitary advice, but too late for its practical application. An aged poet who had lost the use of his limbs was exhorted by an admirer to dig, 'even if it were but in his back garden,' for an hour or two every morning before breakfast; all that was wanted, he was assured, for complete recovery was 'profuse perspiration followed by a healthy glow.'

Sometimes—though, it must be added, very rarely—these communications are not so friendly; the occasion of a writer's retirement and inferred secession from the world of letters is taken advantage of to remind him of his moral misdemeanours.

A friend of mine, whose literary effusions had been singularly blameless, had on one occasion humorously commented on a eulogium delivered by a foreigner in high position, on the complete absence among the upper classes in England of anything approaching to bad language. He said that he had stayed in many great houses, and mingled with persons of all ages, from none of whom had he heard one 'cursory expression.' It was well known, my friend had written, that this witness to character was, unhappily, very deaf; nor would it be likely that in the presence of an alien of such high position strong language would be indulged in by anybody. It was very true

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that English gentlemen did not express themselves with the unnecessary vigour they used in the last century, but he feared that the statement that 'a big, big D' is never indulged in must be substituted for Mr. Gilbert's well-known phrase of 'hardly ever.' He went on to quote the remark of the American humorist, that when a person, however respectable, trod with his stockinged foot upon 'the business end' of a tin-tack, he rarely confined himself to saying 'Dear me!' There was nothing in what my friend wrote upon the subject but the most harmless badinage, far less the slightest approval of bad language, yet, when in his sere and yellow leaf he had to resign active literary employment, he received the following communication:

> Sir, a judgment has fallen upon you at last, as it is fitting it should fall upon those who use, and advocate the use of, blasphemous and disgusting language. You have written, that even well-principled persons are wont to indulge in it on very small provocation. [This refers to the tin-tack.] To you and your pothouse companions [the society frequented by my poor friend was quite painfully respectable] 'big D's,' as you call them, may be common enough, but, let me tell you, in Christian families they are utterly unknown. Perhaps, however, it is but natural that persons of your description should cultivate the sort of language that will no doubt be spoken hereafter in that place to which you are (I hear) hastening with rapid strides.

Here followed the writer's name and address, which, strange to say, was not a lunatic asylum.

It is fair to add that such communications are very exceptional; but correspondents who concern themselves with the spiritual condition of persons we have in our mind—old men who are known to have withdrawn from work, no matter what, so that they have made more or less mark in it—are numerous. Of the man himself, his habits, his beliefs, they know absolutely nothing, but hearing that he is withdrawn from the world they write to express their hope that he has his thoughts fixed on the next one. These persons are by no means of one creed, and as each one is certain of his own being the right one, their expostulations and adjurations put those who wish to please them in an embarrassing position.

If the correspondence concerning this matter addressed to people who have but very modest claims to public recognition was to be published, it would be pronounced incredible; what it must be in the case of the more distinguished individuals who have retired from business is beyond the imagination to picture.

The majority of these good soul-Samaritans, as they may be termed, are alarmed for the future of their unknown friend. Their view of it is not rose-coloured for the majority of their acquaintances, but for him it is flame-coloured. The fate which they apparently expect for nine-tenths of their fellow-creatures is similar to that which the late King of Benin was wont to inflict upon anyone who chanced to displease him, save that his victim had not to endure it

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for all eternity. These apprehensions are usually expressed by ladies, and evidently kind ones. One can fancy their light-blue eyes growing tender over drowning flies, but they regard the horrible fate of which they write with the most extraordinary equanimity, not, to do them justice, because it is only going to happen to other people, but because (they say) it has been so decreed. That being the case, they have calmly adopted it, under the amazing impression that it is a branch—and the most important branch—of Christianity; they would be amazed and surprised if you informed them that it belonged to a much older religion, known as devil-worship. If the poor gentleman on whom they fasten—or let us say alight, for they wish to do him nothing but good—is so ill-advised as to question these pronouncements, he is lost indeed. I knew one who mildly replied that he feared his disposition was too hopeful—that cheerfulness would break in and dispel these gloomy anticipations. 'But, my dear friend,' replied his correspondent, '*we* are cheerful; *we* have our jokes, and enjoy ourselves as much as anybody.' Then my friend lost his temper. 'In that case,' he rejoined, 'you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. How can you smile—much less laugh—when you believe that half the people with whom you mingle are doomed to everlasting fire? If you felt they were sentenced to be hanged it would make you serious enough, yet you eat and drink with them, under these far more deplorable circumstances, without any check on appetite. The simple explanation of the matter is that you do not believe what you affirm, but imagine you are conciliating your Benin deity by pretending to believe it.'

This correspondent's next (and last) communication was of a very unfriendly character. It reminded one of the letter written by the Ettrick Shepherd after his quarrel with Walter Scott, beginning 'D——d Sir.'

To one who has the experience of a lifetime to look back upon, in which he cannot but have observed how much less important is belief in this and that particular dogma than behaviour, these denunciations seem strange indeed, and what is very remarkable about them is that the vehemence of these good people generally varies inversely with the size of their sect. The fewer, that is, are the professors of a creed, the more positively certain they are of having solved the secrets of the future; however well instructed they may be in Doctrine, it is obviously not 'the Doctrine of Chances.'

There seems nothing more desirable to persons in the vale of years than that pure unquestioning faith which is occasionally found in men, and often in women; but

> Who would rush at a benighted man,
> And give him two black eyes for being blind?

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It is surely no sin that, with all the will in the world to believe certain statements, we find great difficulty in accepting them; when withdrawn from 'the dust of creeds,' it seems amazing to us that belief should be considered a voluntary act, within the power of every one who wishes to possess it. Does not He to Whom the sick boy's father cried, 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief,' understand how we need help in this matter? To some, indeed, belief may be easy; but why should they plume themselves on this fact; to suppose that there is merit in it is in their case to set a premium on mere credulity. Let them leave these retired veterans who entertain the 'larger hope' alone, and not seek to flatter the God of mercy by attributing to Him atrocities, and saying, 'Nevertheless, since it is Thy will, they are justifiable,' as though he were an Eastern despot.

It is not generally known how often those who have made ever so small a mark in the world from which circumstances have withdrawn them are the objects of this unsought solicitude. As to persons of a wider fame, I have known few indeed who have not suffered from it. It has become, in fact, in their case one of the consequences of old age, and therefore in this brief review of it deserves mention.

It is fair to say that it is not distasteful to everybody. I have even been acquainted with some who welcomed it as a proof of the sympathetic interest they have excited in their fellow-creatures; but the majority dislike it; to some of them it renders their very fame a matter of regret—

> And makes it seem more sweet to be
> The little life of bank and brier,
> The bird that pipes his lone desire,
> And dies unheard within his tree.

JAMES PAYN.

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THE GROWTH OF OUR SEAPORTS

To Hastings, as Queen of the Cinque Ports, once belonged the honour and the responsibility of premier port of the kingdom. Twenty ships, of an average capacity probably of twenty tons each, was the Hastings' ship service of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. In the thirteenth century the number and the size of the vessels were both enlarged. The Port Domesday Book, A.D. 1229, gives the numbers for the Cinque Ports, and 'two ancient towns,' Winchelsea and Rye:

Western Ports		Eastern Ports	
Hastings	6	Sandwich	5
Winchelsea	10	Dover	21
Rye	5	Romney	5
		Hythe	5

Fifty-seven in all, some of them, probably, reaching fifty tons burden. Upon these ports, and their subordinate members, fell the glory and the peril of the naval defence of the kingdom. Right nobly they braved the perils, and terribly they suffered the penalties, being frequently sacked and burned. Foreign foes could not crush their spirit, but a more relentless adversary closed the naval careers of most of them. Alike by encroachments of the sea upon the land, and by foreclosures of land from the sea, many of the ports disappeared: centuries afterwards the traditions of their glory secured for them honour and privilege. The barons of the Cinque Ports declined to sit at the Coronation feast of George the Third, as an attempt was made to infringe upon their time-honoured privilege to sit on the king's right hand, a protest which secured the recognition of their right at the coronation of George the Fourth.

Although the burden of defence rested upon the Cinque Ports, they could not monopolise the commerce of the country; a large volume of trade passed through other ports. The 'Quinzième,' a duty payable by every trader, amounted from the 20th of July, 1204, to the 30th of November, 1205, to a total of 4,958*l.* 7*s.* 3½*d.*: of this—

		£	*s.*	*d.*	
London	paid	836	12	10	being 16·86 per cent. of the total.
Boston	"	780	15	3	" 15·75 " "
Southampton	"	712	3	7	" 14·36 " "
Lynn	"	651	11	11	" 13·14 " "
Newcastle	"	158	5	11	" 3·19 " "

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The severity of his struggle with France, and the decay of the Cinque Ports, compelled Edward the Third to avail himself of the forces of the ports which were growing up east and west. The fleet collected for the siege of Calais in 1347 consisted of 748 ships, manned by 14,956 men; of these the Cinque Ports supplied only 105 ships and 2,140 men, about fourteen per cent. of the whole, and Hastings, once the premier port, did not reach one per cent. of the total. The principal ports contributing were:

	Ships	Men	Average to each Ship	Percentage of Total of Men
Yarmouth	43	1,095	25·5	7·3
Fowey	47	770	16·4	5·1
Dartmouth	31	757	24·4	5·0
London	25	662	26·4	4·4
Bristol	24	608	25·3	4·0
Plymouth	26	603	23·2	4·0
Winchelsea	21	596	28·4	4·0
Southampton	21	572	27·2	3·8
Sandwich	22	504	22·9	3·3
Lynn	16	482	30·1	3·2
Hull	16	466	29·1	3·1
Newcastle	17	414	24·3	2·7
Gosford	13	403	31·0	2·7
Boston	17	361	21·2	2·4
Dover	16	336	21·0	2·2
Shoreham	20	329	16·4	2·2
Looe	20	325	16·2	2·2
Harwich	14	283	20·2	1·9
Weymouth	20	264	13·2	1·7
Ipswich	12	239	19·9	1·6
Isle of Wight	13	220	16·9	1·5
Hooke	11	208	18·9	1·4
Exmouth	10	193	19·3	1·3
Grimsby	11	171	15·5	1·1
Margate	15	160	10·7	1·0
Lymington	9	159	17·7	1·0
Rye	9	156	17·3	1·0
Hartlepool	5	145	29·0	1·0
Teignmouth	7	120	17·1	0·8
Hamilhoke	7	117	16·7	0·8
Hythe	6	112	18·6	0·7
Dunwich	6	102	17·0	0·7
Hastings	5	96	19·2	0·6
Portsmouth	5	96	19·2	0·6
Seaford	5	80	16·0	0·5

Forty-seven other ports sent less than a hundred men each; many of them cannot now be identified, but the list proves that there had been an extraordinary awakening of life on the coasts. From Newcastle to Fowey the east and south coasts were studded with seaports. This was the infancy of British commerce: in its childhood it had to struggle against the frequent changes of the staple and other mischievous laws making and ruining the ports affected: the great chartered companies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries nursed it to vigorous manhood, and at the opening of the eighteenth century it showed a remarkable expansion. In January 1702 there belonged to the principal ports of England:—

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	Vessels	Tonnage	Average Tonnage	Men	Average Men for each Vessel	Percentage of Entire Tonnage
London . .	560	84.882	151·6	10,065	17·9	32·5
Bristol . .	165	17,338	105·1	2,359	14·3	6·6
Newcastle .	63	11,000	174·6	—	—	4·2
Yarmouth .	143	9,914	69·3	668	4·7	3·8
Liverpool . .	102	8,619	84·5	1,101	10·8	3·3
Whitby . .	110	8,292	75·4	571	5·2	3·2
Hull* . .	115	7,564	65·7	187	5·3	2·9
Exeter . .	121	7,107	58·7	978	8·1	2·7
Scarborough .	100	6,860	68·6	606	6·1	2·6
Total of all ports	3,281	261,226	79·6	27,196	8·3	—

* Of the Hull ships 80 were laid up, and are not calculated for the average of men.

Fowey and Dartmouth, second and third on Edward the Third's list, do not appear. Yarmouth has fallen from first to fourth place. London, which found less than 4 per cent. of the ships for Edward, has risen to 32 per cent. of the entire tonnage. Bristol and Newcastle have both advanced, and Liverpool, which did not appear on Edward's list, has gained fifth place. A century later, on September the 30th, 1800, the ports of Great Britain which owned more than ten thousand tons were:

	Vessels	Tonnage	Average Tonnage	Men	Average Men	Percentage of Entire Tonnage
London . .	2,666	568,262	213·1	41,402	15·5	33·8
Liverpool . .	796	140,633	176·7	12,690	15·9	8·4
Newcastle .	632	140,055	221·6	7,054	11·2	8·3
Sunderland .	506	75,319	148·8	3,400	6·7	4·5
Hull . . .	611	68,533	112·2	4,223	6·9	4·1
Whitehaven .	457	56,869	124·4	3,426	7·5	3·4
Whitby . .	227	36,868	162·4	2,014	8·8	2·2
Greenock . .	377	35,057	92·9	3,804	10·1	2·1
Yarmouth .	375	32,957	87·9	2,442	6·5	1·9
Bristol . .	186	26,193	140·8	1,674	9·0	1·6
Aberdeen . .	281	23,236	82·7	1,585	5·7	1·4
Lancaster .	140	19,094	136·4	1,926	13·7	1·1
Scarborough .	118	18,921	160·3	1,068	9·1	1·1
Dublin . .	257	17,317	67·3	1,666	6·4	1·0
Dover . .	254	15,800	62·2	3,155	12·4	0·9
Plymouth . .	232	14,800	63·8	1,053	4·5	0·9
Leith . .	134	13,894	103·7	899	6·7	0·8
Beaumaris .	362	13,799	38·1	1,094	3·0	0·8
Southampton .	243	12,888	53·0	951	3·9	0·8
Lynn . .	119	12,639	106·2	769	6·5	0·8
Exeter . .	148	12,372	83·6	772	5·2	0·7
Kirkcaldy .	97	11,348	117·0	690	7·1	0·7
Dartmouth .	209	11,215	53·6	1,048	5·0	0·7
Rochester .	275	10,756	39·1	804	2·9	0·6
Poole . .	153	10,735	70·2	851	5·5	0·6
Port Glasgow .	90	10,052	111·7	785	8·7	0·6
Total of all Ports	15,356	1,682,405	109·5	123,977	8·0	—

The averages of tonnage and men suggest which ports were engaged in ocean traffic, and which merely in coasting and fishing. It is remarkable that in a century so little advance should have been

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made in the average size of the vessels employed. Included in the London total were 122 ships belonging to the East India Company, measuring 106,048 tons, an average of 869 tons each, and yet the entire London average was only 213 tons; evidently all small craft were included in this return. Looking at the relative proportions, London slightly increases her large percentage, Liverpool takes second place, Newcastle and Hull advance to the front, while Bristol and Yarmouth recede. Of the Cinque Ports, Dover alone remains; Glasgow, represented by her outport, only just obtains a place; and Cardiff, destined in the future to take front rank, does not gain a place, showing only 1,096 tons.

The trade of the ports was fairly spread over the kingdom. Drawing a line between Boston and Lynn across to Barmouth, to divide North and South, and taking Portsmouth and Southampton as in the south-western district, the entire shipping was ranged:

	Ports	Tonnage	Percentage of the Total
England and Wales—			
North-west . .	7	234,823	13·9
North-east . .	10	365,893	21·7
South-east . .	21	689,190	40·9
South-west . .	33	176,626	10·5
Scotland—			
East Coast . .	14	87,191	5·2
West Coast . .	17	74,317	4·4
Ireland	25	54,262	3·2

London absorbed two-thirds of the tonnage of the two southern districts, the one-third left to the other fifty-three ports being less than half of the total of the seventeen northern ports: already clearly indicating the trading potentialities of the North Country.

In 1893 the vessels registered under the Merchant Shipping Acts were:

	Number	Tonnage	Average Tonnage
Sailing . .	13,239	3,038,260	229·5
Steam . .	8,088	5,740,243	709·7
Total .	21,327	8,778,503	411·6

Being five times the tonnage of the beginning of the century.

To make a comparison with the present time, it will be more useful to take the returns of shipping, British and foreign, which entered and cleared at the thirty-eight principal ports of the United Kingdom during the year 1893, as given in the figures of *The Statistical Abstract*; and, to ascertain the recent growth, compare them with the similar returns for 1872, an interval of twenty-one years. It is to be remembered, however, that the returns of tonnage for 1800, already referred to, were of all vessels owned at the ports, inclusive of fishing and coastwise traffic; the returns now dealt with do not include fishing and coastwise traffic, but do include foreign vessels trading to the ports named, and also include in many cases several voyages of the same

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vessel. The tonnage given is not an exact statement of the trade, as all vessels carry much more than their registered tonnage when full; but many entered or cleared wholly or partially in ballast. It is impossible to say to what extent these two variations balanced each other.

	Tonnage Entered, 1893	Percentage of Gain over 1872. Loss shown by – Sign	Order of Precedence		Tonnage Cleared, 1893	Percentage of Gain over 1872. Loss shown by – Sign	Order of Precedence	
			1872	1893			1872	1893
London	7,782,402	79·89	1	1	5,635,654	70·67	2	2
Liverpool	5,251,570	28·91	2	2	4,588,231	13·83	1	3
Cardiff	3,478,636	291·34	5	3	5,929,908	204·71	4	1
Hull	1,949,676	46·62	4	4	1,465,654	28·89	5	7
Newcastle	1,676,596	24·98	3	5	2,810,927	11·62	3	4
Southampton	1,117,906	50·20	6	6	1,012,847	50·07	8	10
Glasgow	1,039,296	148·56	10	7	1,709,302	151·33	7	5
Middlesbro'	952,303	301·89	18	8	797,229	159·63	16	13
North Shields	884,721	230·22	16	9	1,473,631	329·55	14	6
Sunderland	859,099	19·70	7	10	1,120,634	17·85	6	8
Leith	839,940	57·06	8	11	729,492	73·61	12	15
Dover	801,194	132·15	13	12	791,092	149·61	15	14
Newport	752,901	382·72	25	13	1,086,027	197·51	13	9
Grimsby	704,432	79·66	11	14	636,841	49·21	11	17
South Shields	649,496	206·48	19	15	533,021	542·05	27	19
Bristol	639,742	64·80	12	16	288,532	142·26	23	23
Harwich	616,633	254·12	24	17	553,246	243·48	19	18
Grangemouth	563,409	176·28	21	18	706,358	341·25	20	16
Kirkcaldy	558,867	847·49	33	19	831,311	544·13	21	11
Swansea	506,278	57·83	14	20	813,866	50·76	9	12
Hartlepool	461,700	–1·02	9	21	291,038	–33·88	10	22
Newhaven	345,257	228·84	30	22	334,212	221·69	25	21
Goole	325,040	117·71	29	23	383,096	254·98	24	20
Belfast	283,809	86·84	26	24	159,160	109·71	30	28
Gloucester	242,115	17·59	20	25	65,561	58·88	34	35
Dundee	240,372	24·09	22	26	96,666	3·18	26	33
Folkestone	233,413	89·70	27	27	232,079	89·00	22	24
Dublin	227,467	–14·70	17	28	108,324	31·59	28	32
Fleetwood*	201,958	596·59	37	29	63,011	215·10	36	36
Plymouth	192,536	60·59	28	30	111,042	43·78	29	30
Greenock	181,042	–40·51	15	31	186,706	–8·75	17	26
Borrowstoness	179,807	226·13	34	32	210,294	27·74	18	25
Cork	131,588	–30·59	23	33	32,549	–30·43	33	38
Granton	121,887	64·65	32	34	79,052	14·87	31	34
Alloa*	118,294	247·74	36	35	171,839	160·39	32	27
Weymouth	113,322	254·59	37	36	118,381	238·57	35	29
Lynn	112,290	204·29	35	37	38,248	386·42	38	37
Barrow†	87,746	–12·39	31	38	109,259	14·21	37	31
All Ports	37,141,938	76·64	—	—	37,490,909	74·03	—	—

* In these cases the comparison is with 1878.
† In this case the comparison is with 1873.

These figures afford a curious illustration of the possible misuse of statistics; variations may be stated either in gross or in percentage, and either form may be accurate in fact, but utterly false as a basis of argument or of illustration. Kirkcaldy shows a growth of 847 per cent. of tonnage entered, and Liverpool of only 28 per cent.; but the actual growth of Liverpool is more than double that of Kirkcaldy.

The most noteworthy feature of the lists is the fact that notwithstanding the outcries about trade being driven away from the Thames and thousands being unemployed in the East End, London gains upon

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her enormous total of imports at a faster rate than the average gain of the whole country, and is abreast of it with exports. Of the first twelve ports in 1872, there are only three of which this can be said. Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle and Sunderland, all show signs of comparative decadence. Tidal harbours with bars may stimulate energy, but nature is inexorable. North and South Shields are drawing away the trade of Newcastle. Middlesborough increases by leaps and bounds, while Hartlepool decays. Goole intercepts the trade of Hull. Harwich and Newhaven, in some sense outports of London, flourish on those through Continental rates of which home producers complain so bitterly. Cardiff, at the top of the list, under the fostering care of the Marquis of Bute, shows the power of capital to develop a true trade route; Barrow, at the bottom of the list, notwithstanding the efforts of the Duke of Devonshire, shows the impotence of capital to turn trade away from its natural channels. Southampton has since the date of these returns expanded and developed, under the tutelage of the London and South-Western Railway, in its rivalry of Liverpool. Plymouth, famous in Edward the Third's fighting days, and boasting the glories of Drake, has to be content with the lesser ambition of remaining the 'How do you do?' and 'Good-bye' port; but if unhappily a great naval war occurs, Plymouth will again be foremost in honour and in peril. Newport shares with Cardiff the great expansion of the Welsh coal trade. In Scotland, Glasgow extinguishes her outport, and further impoverishes Greenock, already staggering beneath Continental sugar bounties. On the east coast Leith maintains a bold front, notwithstanding the rapid advances of Alloa and Bo'ness. Kirkcaldy rushes ahead, while Dundee seems to be afflicted with a premature atrophy. In Ireland, Belfast advances, but Dublin and Cork tell the sad tale of the nation's decay.

Passing from tonnage to value, some remarkable changes are to be observed (see table next page).

London fully maintains her predominance as the centre for imports, receiving more than a third of the entire value, while in addition probably much of what is entered at other south-eastern ports is for London account; but with exports London is losing ground, and chiefly with British and Irish produce. Liverpool shows an actual and serious loss of import trade: as compared with the average growth of the kingdom, a loss of 21½ per cent.; but in exports is slightly better than the average. The coal ports all fall considerably when measured by values: Cardiff going down from 3rd and 1st to 18th and 7th; Newcastle from 5th and 4th to 11th and 12th; Newport from 13th and 9th to 31st and 20th; North Shields from 9th and 6th to 35th and 19th, and the others similarly. The Continental ports, Harwich, Folkestone, Newhaven, Dover, Grimsby, Goole, Newcastle, Leith, Grangemouth, all show the growth of trade with European countries, and perhaps to some extent reflect the

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	Value of Imports, 1893	Percentage over 1872. Decrease by – Sign	Order of Precedence		Value of Exports, 1893	Percentage over 1882.* Decrease by – Sign	Order of Precedence *	
			1872	1893			1882	1893
	£				£			
London	141,560,207	14·0	1	1	76,664,790	–22·1	2	2
Liverpool	97,701,226	–7·4	2	2	95,357,948	– 7·3	1	1
Hull	22,810,930	37·9	3	3	19,194,373	–17·6	3	3
Harwich	16,147,491	544·1	17	4	5,294,652	23·8	9	8
Folkestone	11,858,141	98·1	10	5	1,692,389	60·1	10	16
Glasgow	11,317,274	34·2	5	6	14,117,332	– 3·3	4	4
Southampton	10,138,258	–6·3	4	7	8,927,572	– 4·5	5	6
Leith	10,117,745	25·9	6	8	3,833,657	20·7	12	11
Bristol	8,944,077	26·7	7	9	1,322,976	–14·4	18	18
Newhaven	8,716,345	31·8	9	10	2,792,459	– 6·3	13	13
Newcastle	6,965,132	74·5	12	11	3,825,253	–18·4	7	12
Grimsby	6,772,522	120·5	15	12	8,934,989	15·8	6	5
Dover	6,581,536	62·5	11	13	2,643,890	10·1	14	14
Goole	4,803,577	186·6	22	14	5,264,817	35·3	11	9
Belfast	3,354,373	55·1	20	15	94,048	–87·1	22	36
Dundee	3,348,504	12·4	14	16	1,109,388	36·1	21	21
Grangemouth	2,592,647	129·6	24	17	1,567,301	301·8	26	17
Cardiff	2,333,954	126·2	25	18	6,025,759	35·2	8	7
Greenock	2,231,797	–68·0	8	19	281,612	–39·8	24	28
Dublin	2,219,085	–43·0	13	20	160,788	34·4	34	32
Gloucester	2,153,420	1·4	21	21	139,318	85·3	35	34
Swansea	1,886,077	–33·7	16	22	4,447,971	279·5	19	10
Hartlepool	1,646,199	–29·8	18	23	731,310	–55·3	17	23
Fleetwood	1,311,593	2,225·5	38	24	167,604	891·7	37	31
Middlesbro'	1,233,040	306·9	32	25	2,544,423	6·3	15	15
Plymouth	1,213,614	–9·1	23	26	201,611	–22·4	30	30
Cork	1,191,196	–45·9	19	27	17,705	30·5	38	38
Lynn	1,094,876	226·8	30	28	39,677	–88·7	29	37
Shields, South	924,864	20·2	26	29	556,824	51·5	28	26
Sunderland	676,494	4·8	27	30	734,159	19·5	23	22
Newport	561,494	55·0	29	31	1,239,449	–34·5	16	20
Granton	446,625	45·7	31	32	151,356	–15·2	32	33
Weymouth	394,955	445·4	37	33	305,566	–30·9	25	27
Barrow	335,111	346·2	36	34	618,013	–41·2	20	24
Shields, North	249,704	18·5	34	35	1,317,895	250·3	27	19
Bo'ness	174,623	35·6	35	36	249,825	42·3	33	29
Alloa	155,573	–42·6	33	37	114,775	154·9	36	35
Kirkcaldy	138,762	65·3	28	38	614,483	142·7	31	25
All Ports	404,688,178	14·1	—	—	277,138,270	–9·6	—	—

* 1882 is the first year for which the detailed figures of the total exports can be obtained.

attractive force of through railway rates. Kirkcaldy, which increased so phenomenally in tonnage entered, is at the bottom of the list of values of imports. The west coast ports are all disappointing with imports, but one or two do better with exports. The high percentages of Fleetwood look well, but the totals are small. Curious illustrations might be selected of the different character of the trades at contiguous ports; the three Welsh ports vary with exports thus: Cardiff gains in tonnage 204 per cent., but in value only 35 per cent.; Newport gains in tonnage 197 per cent., but in value loses 34 per cent.; while Swansea just reverses the movement, gaining in tonnage 50 per cent., but in value 279 per cent. It is interesting to notice the variation of the values of the imports and exports for each ton entered or cleared.

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	Value of Imports per Ton entered £	Value of Exports per Ton cleared £		Value of Imports per Ton entered £	Value of Exports per Ton cleared £
All Ports	10·9	7·4	Dublin	9·8	1·5
Harwich	26·2	9·6	Grimsby	9·6	14·0
Newhaven	25·2	8·4	Southampton	9·1	8·8
Liverpool	18·6	20·8	Dover	8·2	3·3
London	18·2	13·6	Grangemouth	4·6	2·2
Goole	14·8	13·8	Newcastle	4·1	1·4
Bristol	14·0	4·6	Swansea	3·7	5·4
Dundee	13·9	11·5	Middlesbro'	1·3	3·2
Leith	12·1	5·4	Sunderland	0·8	0·7
Belfast	11·9	0·6	Cardiff	0·7	1·0
Hull	11·7	13·1	North Shields	0·3	0·9
Glasgow	10·9	8·2			

The remarkable fall of the coal ports shows that volume and value in trade are wide asunder, and suggests the question, Which conduces more to the public good?

Before leaving this part of the inquiry, the results can be brought together in district groups, as previously arranged.

	Tonnage Entered, 1893	Percentage of Total	Gain over 1872	Tonnage Cleared, 1893	Percentage of Total	Gain over 1872
South-eastern .	9,891,189	26·6	93·5	7,584,526	20·5	89·2
South-western .	7,041,436	18·9	146·6	9,425,664	25·1	148·1
North-eastern .	8,463,063	22·8	66·5	9,512,071	25·4	50·6
North-western .	5,541,274	14·9	31·8	4,760,501	12·7	14·8
Scotland, East .	2,622,576	7·1	127·2	2,825,012	7·5	156·3
Scotland, West .	1,220,339	3·3	68·9	1,896,008	5·1	114·3
Ireland . .	642,864	1·7	5·7	300,033	0·8	46·3
Total all Ports .	37,141,938	—	76·64	37,490,909	—	74·03

	Value of Imports, 1893	Percentage of Total	Gain over 1872	Value of Exports, 1893	Percentage of Total	Gain over 1882 *
	£			£		
South-eastern .	185,958,596	45·9	29·4	89,127,857	32·2	−20·9
South-western	27,625,849	6·8	7·6	22,610,222	8·2	17·7
North-eastern .	46,082,462	11·3	55·9	43,104,043	15·6	− 4·1
North-western .	99,347,930	24·5	− 6·0	96,143,565	4·7	− 7·5
Scotland, East .	16,974,479	4·2	20·4	7,640,785	32·7	49·6
Scotland, West	13,549,071	3·3	−12·1	14,398,944	5·2	− 4·5
Ireland . .	6,764,654	1·6	−18·1	272,541	0·1	−68·4
Total all Ports .	404,688,178	—	14·1	277,138,270	—	− 9·6

* 1882 is the first year for which the full exports at each port are published.

Looked at from the point of view of tonnage only, it appears that the south of England and Scotland are drawing the trade away from the north of England, both east and west. In value the eastern groups are gaining largely on imports, and the western groups losing, dear labour and protective tariffs in America being beaten by cheap labour and export bounties in Europe; but with exports, the east of Scotland, and the Welsh ports in the south-western group, are the only satisfactory returns. London and the south-eastern group are losing export trade, although still retaining almost a third of the

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total for the kingdom. Of the imports, London and the south-eastern group receive nearly a half of the whole.

Passing away from the trading growth, there arise numerous questions as to the effect of this development on the life of the towns: the expansion of area and population; the increase of the values of property, and of the burdens upon the property; health and sobriety; crime and pauperism.[1] Special and cordial acknowledgments are due to the town clerks of various ports, without whose cheerful and courteous response to applications for information it would have been impossible to compile all the figures now to be given. The Parliamentary Blue Books contain a vast mass of information, and the officials of the departments always courteously respond to applications for assistance, but unfortunately they are hampered by the want of symmetry in the various systems under which the local affairs of the country are administered; this is well expressed in a letter from the Local Government Board: 'The areas of the ports in question do not correspond with those of the various local authorities exercising jurisdiction over the districts abutting on the ports, and the areas of the Poor Law Unions do not in most cases correspond with the areas of the urban districts. It is, therefore, impossible to give,' &c.

What was impossible to Government departments has to a large extent been supplied by town clerks. No time or labour has been spared to make the returns perfect and accurate, but for a few of the ports the figures could not be obtained, and some others are not complete. When Government departments can arrange their various local administrations on a symmetrical system, then a full and accurate survey can be made.

The first statement will appropriately refer to growth of area and of population (see table next page).

As in trade, so also in population, London shows a gain greater than the average gain of Great Britain, while Liverpool is almost stationary: Dublin is the only port which has less population, neither of these having extended their area. Four ports have more than doubled their population, but all have largely increased their areas, therefore bringing outlying populations into the total. Eight others have increased by more than a half, but four of these have added largely to their areas. In addition to Liverpool—Bristol, Dundee, Greenock, Lynn, Plymouth and Southampton have increased at a slower rate than the average. Three ports only have, without extension of area, very largely exceeded the average growth of population, viz. Belfast, Newcastle, and South Shields.

When considering the density of population, the area embraced must be noticed, to realise its full significance. Liverpool's enormous

[1] Statistics were collected with reference to pauperism, but their variations suggest some wide difference in the basis of tabulation; they are therefore omitted as unreliable.

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	Area in Acres, 1893	Percentage of Gain over 1872	Population, 1893	Percentage of Gain over 1872	Population per Acre	
					1872	1893
London . .	75,442	None	4,306,000	29·7	44·0	57·1
Liverpool . .	5,210	None	507,230	1·5	96·0	97·3
Cardiff . .	8,408	201·2	140,000	137·3	21·1	16·6
Hull . . .	7,901	118·2	208,000	66·4	34·5	26·3
Newcastle .	5,371	None	197,000	50·4	24·4	36·7
Southampton .	2,004	None	67,500	25·0	26·9	33·6
Glasgow . .	11,861	94·1	678,000	38·3	80·2	57·1
Middlesbro' .	2,824	56·8	75,532	91·5	21·9	26·7
Sunderland .	3,306	None	131,015	34·3	29·7	39·6
Leith . .	1,562	4·1	70,972	48·2	31·9	45·4
Dover . .	1,256	None	34,100	32·7	20·5	27·1
Newport . .	4,924	426·0	57,500	103·9	30·3	11·7
Grimsby . .	3,120	95·0	55,000	172·2	12·6	17·6
South Shields .	1,839	None	87,000	85·1	25·6	47·3
Bristol . .	4,461	None	226,000	22·8	41·2	50·7
Harwich . .	95	None	9,000	—	—	94·7
Kirkcaldy .	1,617	82·8	27,152	118·8	14·1	16·8
Swansea . .	5,963	11·2	93,816	80·4	9·7	15·8
Hartlepool .	547	299·3	21,231	73·7	89·4	38·8
Goole . .	1,332	—	16,066	—	—	12·1
Belfast . .	6,805	None	260,000	49·6	25·6	38·2
Dundee . .	4,099	4·8	157,289	26·0	31·9	38·4
Folkestone .	2,482	—	25,000	92·3	—	10·1
Dublin . .	3,733	None	245,000	−0·15	65·8	65·7
Plymouth . .	1,491	None	86,781	26·2	46·2	58·3
Greenock . .	2,517	None	63,135	5·7	23·7	25·1
Bo'ness . .	1,300	73·3	7,500	87·5	5·33	5·77
Weymouth .	763	None	14,000	—	—	18·4
Lynn . .	3,100	16·1	18,265	6·4	6·4	5·9
Great Britain .	56,771,728		33,825,059	27·6	0·46	0·59

density of 97·3 over an area of 5,210 acres is a much more serious matter than the 94·7 of Harwich over only 95 acres. London with 57·1 is apparently better than Plymouth with 58·3; but as London covers fifty times the area of Plymouth, the social and economic problems involved are unspeakably more serious. Seven ports show less density of population, but excepting Dublin in all the cases this arises from a great extension of area. Nineteen show a greater density, seven of them having an increase of more than twelve to the acre, viz. Belfast, Dundee, Leith, London, Newcastle, Plymouth, and South Shields. Four ports, *i.e.* Liverpool, Harwich, Dublin, and Plymouth, are worse than London in density. Glasgow is exactly the same density as London; this is remarkable, as the tenement system of dwellings in Glasgow crowds a large number into a small area; the average is reduced by the broad streets and numerous parks and open spaces which admit air and ventilation to the northern city on a liberal scale, and thereby counteract many of the perils of living packed family above family in flats. The serious and even alarming increase of density at most of the ports is an urgent appeal for more open spaces and playgrounds, if the physique of the community is to be preserved from serious and rapid deterioration.

The next table gives the rateable value and the local debts, with

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comparisons of value for each acre, and debt for each unit of population. It is possible that, notwithstanding all care to the contrary, some slight variation in the system of compiling the debts may have occurred, but it is improbable that there is any variation of sufficient consequence to vitiate the comparisons.

	Rateable Value, 1893	Percentage of Gain over 1872	Rateable Value per Acre		Local Debts, 1893	Percentage of Gain over 1872	Indebtedness per Head	
			1872	1893			1872	1893
	£		£	£	£		£	£
London . .	33,625,861	68·4	264·7	445·7	40,925,000*	94·1*	6·3	9·5
Liverpool .	2,984,231	17·1	489·1	572·8	25,741,680*	58·5*	32·5	50·7
Cardiff . .	827,137	290·0	75·9	98·4	1,460,718	1,735·3	1·3	10·4
Hull . .	757,471	88·3	111·1	95·8	1,093,146	273·2	2·3	5·2
Newcastle .	948,096	92·3	91·8	176·5	996,746	176·7	2·7	5·1
Southampton	265,662	61·0	82·3	132·5	462,582*	—	3·3	6·8
Glasgow .	4,058,757	78·5	372·0	342·2	11,564,927*	38·4*	16·3	17·1
Middlesbro' .	243,223	76·7	76·4	86·1	1,167,380	1,003·1	2·6	15·5
Sunderland .	477,209	82·8	78·9	144·3	2,089,838*	—	—	15·9
Leith . .	367,315	67·5	146·2	235·1	88,198	447·8	0·3	1·2
Dover . .	147,627	44·6	81·3	117·5	146,340*	0·9	3·6	4·2
Newport .	257,484	163·7	104·0	52·3	563,905	2,761·3	0·7	9·8
Grimsby .	178,687	322·7	26·4	57·3	79,395	319·5	0·9	1·4
South Shields	292,498	124·9	70·7	159·0	223,492	413·9	0·9	2·6
Bristol . .	1,083,345	50·6	161·2	242·8	2,639,840*	—	—	11·7
Harwich .	25,082	—	—	264·0	17,911*	—	—	2·0
Kirkcaldy .	108,072	198·6	41·1	66·8	40,000	300·0	0·8	1·5
Swansea .	332,669	137·6	26·1	55·8	2,295,076*	—	—	24·5
Hartlepool .	64,045	—	—	117·1	58,765*	—	—	2·7
Goole . .	60,000	—	—	45·0	26,777	—	—	1·6
Belfast . .	760,000	280·0	29·4	111·7	1,049,116	—	—	4·0
Dundee .	684,218	76·6	99·2	167·2	2,315,156*	141·1	7·7	14·1
Folkestone .	168,915	—	—	68·1	64,935	—	—	2·6
Dublin . .	690,864	20·5	154·6	185·1	1,251,513	52·6	3·3	5·1
Plymouth .	309,346	98·8	104·3	207·5	472,119	194·5	2·3	5·4
Greenock .	381,565	36·6	111·0	151·6	727,829	86·4	6·7	11·5
Bo'ness . .	32,000	113·3	20·0	24·6	20,000	100·0	2·5	2·7
Weymouth .	70,212	62·4	56·6	92·2	122,924*	—	—	8·7
Lynn . .	79,821	94·6	15·3	25·7	87,643*	214·3	1·6	4·8

* The local debts of London are for 1891, 1892, and the comparison is with 1874. The local debts of Liverpool are for 1891, 1892. The comparison in the case of Glasgow is with the year 1881. The amounts of local debts have in most cases been supplied by the town clerks; in a few cases they have been compiled from the local taxation returns presented to Parliament. The debts include the following debts of Dock and Harbour Trusts:

	£		£
Liverpool	17,129,630	Southampton	154,000
Glasgow	4,948,422	Weymouth	62,410
Bristol	2,051,369	Dover	59,737
Sunderland	1,720,150	Hartlepool	30,600
Swansea	1,409,204	Lynn	7,800
Dundee	420,304	Harwich	4,934

When the docks are owned by private companies as in London, the indebtedness of these companies is not included, not being a public liability.

The very high rates of increase of rateable value are all partly caused by extension of areas, excepting Belfast and South Shields, and therefore do not show a corresponding increase in the value for each acre. It is difficult to trace any symmetrical correspondence between the growth of trade, either in bulk or value, and rateable value, although some ports have coincident nearness of percentages. London shows again a moderate and healthy growth, but Liverpool shows the smallest rate of growth of the whole number, a sluggishness to be accounted for by the abnormally high value in 1872. The

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rateable value for each acre in Liverpool, 572*l.*, with a comparatively declining trade and population, suggests the possibility of a serious fall in the value of property, and increase in the burden of the rates, if the decay of trade continues; and this is more important when the very high local indebtedness is considered, 50*l.* per head, or if the debts of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board be omitted, 17*l.* per head, still considerably higher than any other, omitting harbour debts. The proportion of debt to rateable value also shows badly at Liverpool, being far in excess of other ports. The phenomenal increases of indebtedness at Cardiff, Newport, and Middlesbro' reveal the energy with which efforts have been made to accommodate, and perhaps to attract, the rapidly growing trade; their indebtedness per head is not, however, as high as several other ports. Bristol and Sunderland, which have high figures, would, without the harbour debts, be reduced to less than 3*l.* per head; Glasgow and Swansea would similarly reduce their high figures to more moderate proportions. The National Debt amounts to 17*l.* per head of the population of the United Kingdom. The local debts of England and Wales amounted in 1891–2 to 4·8*l.* per head. Of the ports enumerated, it will be seen that ten fall below the average of England and Wales, while six others but very slightly exceed it. The proportion of indebtedness to rateable value is remarkably similar at the majority of the ports. But Liverpool has an unenviable excess, the more serious when the inflated rateable value of that port is considered. Swansea is aspiring to equal Liverpool, while Middlesbro', Sunderland, and Dundee might desire lower places.

Liverpool	8·5	Hull	1·4
Swansea	6·9	Belfast	1·4
Middlesbro'	4·8	London	1·2
Sunderland	4·4	Lynn	1·1
Dundee	3·4	Newcastle	1·1
Glasgow	2·8	Dover	1·0
Bristol	2·4	Hartlepool	0·9
Newport	2·2	South Shields	0·8
Greenock	1·9	Harwich	0·7
Dublin	1·8	Goole	0·4
Cardiff	1·8	Kirkcaldy	0·4
Southampton	1·7	Folkestone	0·4
Weymouth	1·7	Grimsby	0·4
Bo'ness	1·6	Leith	0·2
Plymouth	1·5		

The next table shows the number of licensed houses, including grocers' houses (the comparison is with 1872 both in number and in proportion to population), also the death rates for the two years. As these figures are not to be found in any published returns, and could not be supplied by the public departments, special acknowledgments are due to various local officials for supplying them so fully.

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	Licensed Houses, 1893	Percentage of Gain over 1872	Number of Population, to each License		Annual Death Rate per 1,000		Number of Population to each	
			1872	1893	1872	1893	Summary Conviction, 1892	Indictable Offence committed, 1892
London	*	*	*	*	21·5	21·3	39	306
Liverpool	2,133	− 6·7	218·7	237·8	27·1	27·3	19	160
Cardiff	338	—	—	414·2	22·7	19·7	42	434
Hull	874	45·6	208·3	237·9	26·1	21·8	30	640
Newcastle	694	−12·4	165·4	283·9	26·4	21·0	21	326
Southampton	489	− 7·9	101·7	138·0	—	20·0	69	435
Glasgow	1,807	− 2·1	265·4	375·2	28·7	23·4	—	—
Middlesbro'	169	45·7	339·9	446·9	23·1	21·0	53	1,350
Sunderland	538	5·1	192·1	243·5	26·7	22·5	38	536
Leith	301	− 1·6	156·5	235·8	27·9	19·1	—	—
Dover	202	− 8·2	116·8	168·8	25·2	17·8	117	1,136
Newport	185	4·5	160·5	310·8	27·0	20·0	40	513
Grimsby	156	75·3	224·4	352·5	—	21·4	30	764
South Shields	283	21·9	202·6	307·4	23·9	21·9	22	2,846
Bristol	1,182	—	—	191·2	22·2	18·9	42	1,467
Harwich	41	—	—	219·5	—	—	—	—
Kirkcaldy	101	34 6	165·8	268·8	—	17·5	—	—
Swansea	380	1·4	138·1	244·2	—	19·6	41	647
Hartlepool	86	10·3	157·0	247·3	—	16·6	31	1,772
Goole	46	35·3	—	349·3	—	17·4	—	—
Belfast	960	—	—	270·8	—	24·8	—	—
Dundee	443	−15·9	236·8	355·1	27·9	22·2	—	—
Folkestone	107	21·6	147·7	233·6	—	14·6	66	1,000
Dublin	1,182	−10·0	186·7	207·3	29·0	27·0	—	—
Plymouth	311	−16·8	183·8	279·0	22·1	21·2	121	1,356
Greenock	182	−23·8	249·9	346·8	27·3	20·9	—	—
Bo'ness	20	−33·3	266·6	370·5	—	17·0	—	—
Weymouth	122	—	—	114·7	—	10·9	68	1,000
Lynn	168	—	—	108·7	—	18·6	55	1,826

* The areas and authorities in London are too complicated for accurate comparison.

It is satisfactory to notice that in ten cases the actual number of licensed houses has decreased, and in every case for which the figures are known the proportion to population shows an improvement. The question, however, arises, if Middlesbro' requires only one licence to 446 persons, Cardiff one to 414, and Glasgow one to 375, why does Hull want one to 237, Bristol one to 191, Dover one to 168, Southampton one to 138, Weymouth one to 114, and Lynn one to 108? Also the question, if Middlesbro' and Glasgow, which stood at the top in 1872 with one to 339 and 265 respectively, have been able still further to improve their figures to 446 and 375, why cannot other ports take more vigorous measures in this direction? Of the total number of persons proceeded against summarily in England and Wales in the two years 1891–2, more than a quarter were charged with drunkenness; of the total arrests for all causes in London in 1893 more than 38 per cent. were for drunkenness; of the persons arrested in Liverpool in 1893, more than 44 per cent. were drunk at the time; of the persons convicted at Kirkcaldy in 1893, more than 65 per cent. were under the influence of liquor when the offences were committed.

It is impossible to avoid reflecting on the gravity of the responsi-

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bility which these appalling statements cast upon the bishops and the clergy of the Established Churches of England, Wales, and Scotland, who, for party political purposes, join their forces with the supporters of this degrading traffic. The bishops and clergy have it in their power to bring this evil within moderate dimensions within a few years; and if while so vigorously defending their own ecclesiastical supremacy, they refuse to aid in the suppression of the abuses of this traffic, great indeed must be the condemnation awaiting them. It is extraordinary that in all the legislative attempts to deal with this evil, the chief endeavour seems to be to ascertain the utmost which shall be given to its promoters and abettors as compensation for limiting their opportunities of doing mischief, rather than to discover how they may be made to suffer the penalties of the law for the vice and misery which they have caused. Delay in dealing with the problem on a reasonable basis can only result in the extreme prohibitionists gaining power, and perhaps passing a drastic measure which will lead to worse reaction afterwards.

The figures as to death rate and crime again place Liverpool in the unenviable position of being the worst; Dublin, Belfast, and Glasgow follow closely as to deaths; and probably the explanation of all four is that the very poor Irish have an abnormally high death rate. Comparing the two years, Liverpool is the only place which shows an increased rate; in most places there is a satisfactory, and in some a very large decline. This decline is doubtless a justification of some part of the increase of local indebtedness, but to trace a connection between the two would require a closer examination of the proportion of the debts incurred for sanitary purposes. As to crime, the first column, which includes convictions for offences against by-laws, and public and local administrative regulations, may indicate quite as much the idiosyncrasies of the police, or the magistrates, as the morals of the community; it is, however, startling to find that an average of one person in every nineteen, as at Liverpool, or in twenty-one, as at Newcastle, or in twenty-two, as at South Shields, is convicted. The indictable offences represent the serious crime of the community. Why should Liverpool have twice the number of indictable crimes in proportion to population that either London or Newcastle has? It is impossible to support any theory as to the connection between density of population and crime, for Newport, one of the best as to density, is one of the worst as to crime; and South Shields, the best as to crime, is one of the worst as to density, and others similarly. It is equally difficult to evolve any theory as to districts or trades, as may be seen by comparing some contiguous ports:

Newcastle	1 in 236	Cardiff	1 in 434
Sunderland	1 in 536	Liverpool	1 in 517
Middlesbro'	1 in 1,350	Swansea	1 in 647
Hartlepool	1 in 1,772	Bristol	1 in 1,467
South Shields	1 in 2,846		

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Although the immediate connection between the variation of these figures and those of licensed houses cannot be discovered, there is a general consensus of evidence that diminution of the facilities for intoxication would sweep away a large proportion of this crime.

While reflecting upon this remarkable and unrivalled expansion of commerce, the question arises: What causes, beyond the insular necessities, and the natural aptitudes of the people, have chiefly promoted it? The answer seems to be that there were two chief causes. First, in 1816, by legislative enactment an end was put to those difficulties and disasters arising from an unstable currency and standard of value, liable to frequent and violent debasement, which through many centuries had hampered the growth of commerce. The adoption by Great Britain of mono-metallism, on a gold basis, gave the world one stable centre for its financial transactions, and England speedily became the banking exchange of all nations. Second, fifty years since, when steam and machinery were multiplying production, and affording facilities for distribution, Great Britain adopted the principle of free trade, thereby inviting all nations to send their produce to her, and England speedily became the commercial exchange of the world. It is not too much to say, that the foundations of this unprecedented volume of commerce have for their chief corner stones, mono-metallism and free trade.

JOSEPH ACKLAND.

P.S.—Unforeseen and unavoidable circumstances have delayed the publication of this article. In the meantime, Liverpool and Plymouth have both extended their boundaries, so that their figures now vary from those given in the second part of the article; this, however, does not vitiate the comparisons at the dates given.—J. A.

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HOW THE SCEPTRE OF THE SEA PASSED TO ENGLAND

THE wildest summer in the memory of man was that of 1588; but when the morning mists lifted from the sea on Friday, the 29th of July (N.S.), a fairer sight than that presented some leagues off the Cornish coast sure never greeted mortal eyes. There was a gentle westerly wind, and the blue waves, rough but kindly, all tipped with white foam from the storms of the past days, tossed their sportive heads in the flashing sunlight, and flung to leeward bunches of glittering gems, which died to dulness the moment after they were born. But not on violet water or flying spray alone did the clear Cornish sunlight fall. Gravely and slowly over the waters there came a great round-bowed galleon, refulgent with gilded carvings, and crowded with rainbow pennons. High towered her great forecastle and poop, gallery over gallery, crowned with shining lanterns, till they seemed to mock the highest waves, and bid them do their worst. Stretching as far away to the south and to windward as the eye could reach were long trails of similar vessels, small and large, all piling up their painted sails to join their royal flagship, the stately *San Martin*, which solemnly led the way to conquer stubborn England for God and King Philip.

By four o'clock in the afternoon the Armada was well together, sailing in a great wedge or crescent, the *San Martin* being at the apex, with the two horns curving away behind her. '*Tierra!*' sang out the man at the peak of the *San Martin*, and low down on the horizon the eager eyes of the soldiers saw what looked like a grey cloud, but which they knew was the Lizard, the first point of the land that they had been told was soon to welcome them—all but the wicked Queen and her few heretic councillors. Long before the other vessels of the fleet caught the welcome sight, there came booming to them over the waters the three signal gunshots of the royal flagship, and up to main was run the sacred flag with the embroidered crucifix, Our Lady, and the Magdalen. Every man on the fleet, high and low, to whom the signal came, fell on his knees in thanksgiving that God had brought them through their perils, and that the guerdon was

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at last in view. Heavy affliction had fallen upon the Armada hitherto. Over and over again, through two weary years, death, disaster, and tempest, had frustrated it; but at last God had tried them sufficiently, and victory was within their grasp. As they came nearer to the land, sailing eastward now, they saw the curling smoke of distant beacons, which told them that the enemy was on the alert. That same evening, with the wind dead in his teeth, Howard warped his ships out of Plymouth harbour with infinite labour, ready to meet the invader. On the Armada the rank and file had no thought of defeat. Look at the brave show of great ships, the finest naval force that had ever ploughed the sea. Look at the 20,000 harquebusiers and musketeers who crowded the teeming decks, eager to show the pirate Drake and his men that now, at all events, they were more than a match for him. Not so, thought little-hearted Medina Sidonia; not so thought cautious Farnese, with his flat-bottomed boats in Flanders, waiting to carry his army across; not so thought the sailors, for they knew by dire experience what Drake could do, and that the English ships sailed closer to the wind than theirs. But who cared what sailors thought? Sailors were only drudges to carry the nobler soldiers to the place of action. Only let us come alongside and grapple, said the men-at-arms, and all will soon be over, and good King Philip shall have his new domain at his feet. Some of the ships had fallen away on the voyage, but there were still over 120 vessels in the fleet, nearly a half of them fully armed fighting ships, heavier in burden than the English, and looking even much bigger than they were by reason of their piled-up hulls. They had been told that the English would fire low at them between wind and water, and that, as usual, they would try to fight from afar off. The Spaniards were full of contempt for such unchivalrous and undignified fighting. They were too proud to alter their tactics, or even to adopt the finer lines and lower bows of the English vessels. Ignoring all warnings and experience, Philip told his admiral that he must try to gain the wind, and bring the English to close quarters, 'and gain the victory by God's grace.'

On the evening of Saturday, the 30th of July, through the scud and mist off the Eddystone, the English ships loomed up to leeward. There was no pluck or dash in Medina Sidonia, and his orders were so precise to join Farnese without turning to the right or left, or he might now have attacked Howard with advantage, but he lay to during the night awaiting events. There was no waiting for events by Drake or Howard. They made events; they did not await them; and at dawn, to his dismay, Medina Sidonia found that eighty English ships had crept round to windward of him in the night (the wind now blowing north-west), whilst eleven vessels were still to the leeward, off the land. To the surprise of the Spaniards, they came round and, almost in the eye of the wind, sailed round the flank of the Armada

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and joined the body of the fleet, firing at the Spaniards as they passed. It was the first taste they had given of their seamanship, and it was prophetic. The Armada was now sailing slowly in an easterly direction up Channel, the English fleet sailing parallel on the north-west of it. As before, the Armada sailed in a half moon, the *San Martin* leading; the northern horn being commanded by Alfonso de Leyva, and the south, or rear horn, by the finest sailor in Spain, Juan Martinez de Recalde. Howard's pinnace, the little *Disdain*, first came scudding down the wind to the giant galleons of the Armada, and fired a popgun broadside of defiance as a challenge to the Duke, and almost immediately afterwards, at nine o'clock on that Sunday morning, the English fleet itself bore down upon the Spaniards, who were already cleared for action. When the English were within gunshot of the northern horn or vanguard, they opened a crushing fire into the hulls of de Leyva's ships; then, turning southward, with the wind on their starboard beam, they poured in successive broadsides as they passed. When they reached the southern horn the same tactics were repeated. This was not according to the established rules of the game, and the Spanish rear was thrown into confusion, crowding into the main squadron or inner centre of the crescent, leaving the Admiral Recalde to face the English almost alone, for he did not deign to fly. He was soon surrounded. Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, with eight English ships, sailed round him, delivering broadside after broadside, riddling his hull, tattering his rigging, and bringing down his spars in splintering ruin. In vain he sought to close and grapple; in vain his men shouted defiance and insult to the cowards who dared not fight them man to man. Drake must have smiled grimly at the heroics, for he knew where his strength lay and meant to make the most of it. Leyva of the northern squadron, when he had recovered from his astonishment, sought out Lord Admiral Howard's fine ship the *Ark Ralegh*, and made a determined attempt to grapple with him, but he, too, was surrounded like Recalde, and was treated in the same way. The *San Mateo*, a great galleon commanded by Don Diego Pimentel, one of the first nobles in Spain, had brought up to the wind and waited for Howard in the hope of being able to board him. But Pimentel, too, soon found out to his dismay that the English guns, mostly heavier and infinitely better served than the Spanish, could riddle him without receiving damage in return.

It was now nearly midday, and Medina Sidonia already began to realise his helplessness. He gave the signal for his fleet to reform, and proceed on its way east, bringing the flagship round to the wind to await his forces. The English made straight for the *San Martin*, when she lay to, and poured a broadside or two into her, but Howard had done enough for one morning, and suddenly gave the signal to retreat. The English, close hauled, sailed off almost in the

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eye of the wind, leaving the Spaniards wondering how it was done. 'All I could do,' the Duke wrote, 'was to go on my way, for they gained the wind and kept it, and their ships are so swift and well handled that they can do as they like with them.'

'We drove them away,' shouted the Spanish soldiers and fine gentlemen, trying to keep their spirits up. 'They were afraid to close and fight us.' But the sailors, though brave enough, knew better; and their hearts were as heavy as lead. The damage done had been but slight, but the morale of the men on the Armada had received its first crushing blow. The result of this was soon apparent. Don Pedro de Valdés, the admiral of the Andalucian squadron, on board the *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, during the afternoon put about to offer aid to Recalde, who was busy repairing his ship, and to learn particulars of his engagement. In doing so, he fouled one of the ships of his own squadron and broke his bowsprit. This brought down his foremast and main topmast and disabled him. The *Nuestra Señora del Rosario* was one of the best ships of the fleet, with much of the King's treasure on board. 'That treasure,' as Philip wrote to Medina Sidonia, 'which has been so hard to collect; pray be sparing of it.' Pedro de Valdés was one of those who had chafed most at the timid Duke's inaction at Corunna, and told the King before he sailed that Medina owed him a grudge, as well as Diego Flores, the Duke's adviser. Valdés and others then present said that the fine ship was willingly abandoned by the Duke out of spite; Medina himself declared that he had made many efforts to pass a hawser on board, but that the heavy sea prevented it. In any case the *Nuestra Señora del Rosario* drifted off to leeward, and fell into the hands of the English with all her men and treasure, whilst the Duke and the Armada sailed on in impotent despair. This disaster, however, did not end the troubles of the day. The *San Salvador*, Oquendo's vice-flagship of nearly 1,000 tons burden, shortly afterwards met with a worse fate. The powder magazine exploded, destroying the two decks aft, and blowing her great gilded poop into the sea. She, too, carried a great treasure of 60,000 ducats. There was no spite to be satisfied here; and on hearing the report and seeing the flames shoot into the darkness, the Duke brought his ship round and stood by until she was taken in tow. Fifty poor maimed wretches scattered the blackened decks of the *San Salvador*; blood and severed limbs washed and scattered to leeward as she wallowed from side to side; this, and the hideous stench of burned human flesh, sent the unhurt survivors into a panic. The 'devilish' English were following close; the ship was a wreck; and when the rescue barges came alongside early the next morning (Monday) all was forgotten but personal safety. The treasure and wounded were abandoned, the ship was left unscuttled. Helter skelter the able-bodied men tumbled into the barges, and left the *San Salvador* to the English. 'The stink in the

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ship was so unsavoury and the sight so ugly,' writes an eye-witness, that Hawkins was at a loss what to do with her, until the Lord Admiral ordered her to be towed into Weymouth, where she could be disinfected and cleansed.

All through Monday, the 1st of August, the Armada sailed up Channel with the English hanging on its flanks. The disasters of the previous night had added to the gloom and disorganisation. The Duke adopted a closer formation, joining the two horns of his crescent together, and thus sailed in two squadrons only. His way of raising the spirits of his men was curious. It was to send provost-marshals through the fleet with hangmen and ropes, with orders to string up to his own yardarm instantly and without trial any ship-captain whose ship strayed from its position or attempted to get ahead of the Duke's flagship.

During the night of Monday the wind shifted to the north-east, and at dawn on Tuesday, off Portland, the Armada was thus once more to windward. If their ships had been handy and their mariners skilful, they might now have turned the tide of victory. But it was not to be. The morning was brisk and beautiful, and as the sun rose over the leaping waters, the English fleet in the rear of the Spaniards were seen heading for the land a few miles off. The design evidently was to creep round between the Armada and the coast, and once more gain the weather-gage; and the Spaniards at once turned to the north and set off in a parallel direction to prevent this from being done. When it became clear that the English design was understood and frustrated, Howard's ships at once put about, and sailed in a southerly direction with the intention of getting round that way (which indeed was perhaps his real design from the first), but in the meanwhile the evolution brought the English ships dead to leeward of the Armada. Here was the chance at last. Surely now, thought the Spaniards, we can grapple with these lizards of the sea; they cannot escape us. Few finer sailors lived than Don Martin de Bertondona, the admiral commanding the Levant squadron. His ship, the *Regazona*, was the biggest in the Armada, and with her he swept down upon Howard's flagship, the *Ark Ralegh*, determined to close with him, cost what it might. Disdaining all other English vessels—which, say the Spaniards, he might have boarded if he pleased—he made straight for the *Ark Ralegh*. Alonso de Leyva in the *Rata*, the *Valencera*, the *San Marcos*, the *San Luis*, the *San Mateo*, the *San Felipe*, the *San Juan*, the *Santiago*, and half-a-dozen other great galleons, swept down after the *Regazona* on to Howard's ships, all flashing and glittering in the sun. Out leapt the fire from the ports as they came nearer. The boarders, with their grappling irons, stood by; but, as if in derision, Howard waited until they came tantalisingly near, and then suddenly turned tail and flew off before the wind, giving his pursuers a taste of his poop guns on his way. There was no

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catching such ships as these with galleons; so the three great galleasses, with the banks of 300 sweeping oars, were ordered to row after and grapple some of the English vessels. The galleasses were fine to look at, with their shining sweeps, high gilded prows and heavy armament, but they were rowed by unwilling slaves, many of them 'heretics,' and they disappointed expectation. They came so near to some of the English rear-guard under Frobisher, which were skirmishing with four of Recalde's galleons, that a great shout went up that at last the grappling hooks had caught. But it was a false alarm, and like a flash the English ships were off, leaving the dismayed Spaniards far behind. Then again the wind chopped round to the south-west, and the English found themselves once more on the weather side of the Armada. The galleons which had been engaged with Frobisher's ships had continued to follow him up whilst the wind lasted, and were now at a considerable distance from the main body of the Armada. With the advantage of the wind the English now turned upon them. Brave de Leyva came up to Recalde's aid, but the English fire was so rapid and fierce that it seemed as if some of the galleons at least were doomed to destruction. The *San Martin* came round to the wind and lay to, the Duke ordering all her near consorts to be towed to the aid of the rear squadron. This left the Duke's flagship isolated, and Howard's squadron suddenly bore down upon him before the wind. The Duke close-hauled his ship and alone awaited the attack. The English silently sailed on until they were within almost small-arm range, and then, as it passed, each ship successively poured a murderous broadside into the *San Martin*. The Spanish gunners did their best and kept up as hot a fire as they could, but they and their guns were much inferior to the English, and they did but little harm. The English had delivered their fire and were off again before Recalde, Leyva, Oquendo, and the rear squadron, could succour their chief; but the Duke fumed and swore that many of the vessels nearer to him might have come to his aid, had they dared. From this hour the Duke lost what confidence he had; and all on the Armada now acknowledged that they were helpless to bring the English to close quarters. The poor Duke could only again send his provost-marshals through the fleet threatening to hang anyone who disobeyed him; and at the end of the day he wrote to Hugo Moncada, admiral of the galleasses, 'A fine day this has been! If the galleasses had only acted as I expected, we should have given the English a bellyful. These people do not want to fight, but only to stay us; we must keep on our way.' To Farnese he wrote in despair, 'Pray come out and help me. I have tried to bring these people to close quarters and have tempted them in every way; but all to no purpose, for their ships are quick and mine are slow.' His ammunition was falling short too, for Philip had obstinately ignored the possibility of the fighting being all artillery fire; and he begged Farnese for a fresh supply.

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The English fleets now reached 140 vessels, at least twenty-two over the number of Spaniards, and the latter could only in sulky gloom proceed on their way, with the English ever hanging on their flanks. On Wednesday, the 3rd, Howard again attacked the Spanish rear, which now consisted of the forty-three best ships of the Armada and three galleasses. One of the latter with her poop gun brought down Howard's mainmast. But withal he was too quick for them, and, crippled though he was, showed them a clean pair of heels.

The next day, Thursday, the 4th of August, off the Isle of Wight, the Spaniards were still further disillusioned from their fool's-paradise. Two Spanish ships had fallen astern, for the wind was very light, and were being fiercely attacked by Hawkins. The Spanish rear ships went to their assistance; and then out swept the galleasses to grapple and board Hawkins's ship. For almost the first time the musketry fire of the Spaniards could be effectually employed, and things looked ugly for Hawkins, when the *Ark Ralegh* and the *Golden Lion*, with the two Howards on board, were towed within range of the galleasses, and soon drove them off with some of their finery damaged, whilst Hawkins got away from his assailants. In the meanwhile the *Triumph* and others, with Frobisher in command, had made for the *San Martin*, and from her lowest row of ports had sent a broadside crashing through the timbers of the Spaniard, not three feet thick, as Froude says, but with not even an inner skin. A cloud of other saints swept down to the *San Martin's* aid, and soon the Duke was surrounded by Recalde, Oquendo, and the rest of the fighters on his fleet. Frobisher's ships then successfully sheered off—all but the *Triumph*, which had been crippled by Oquendo's guns and had fallen off somewhat to leeward. The light airs came in puffs not sufficient to fill her sails, and there she lay alone at the mercy of the foe. At last, at last, said the Spaniards, God has relented and has delivered the enemy into our hands. This is our only chance of victory, wrote an eye-witness; and to board the *Triumph* there crowded down the eager *San Martin* with the flower of the Armada following her. But their ponderous hulls could move but slowly in that light air, and before they reached their quarry, over the *Triumph's* side there dropped ten skiffs and long boats and took their ship in tow. A few sturdy strokes got her under way; the sails caught the rising breeze, and before the eyes of bewildered Spaniards she swept away from them, says a man who saw it, as if they were at anchor. What was to be done with such devilish folk as this? The Spaniards shrieked defiance and insult to them, but Howard and Drake knew their business, and let them shout, for they had proved their ability to fight when and how they chose, the old-fashioned rules of the game notwithstanding. The poor Duke had lost all heart now, and could only send messenger after messenger to Farnese, urging him frantically to come out and save him. But Farnese could not move with

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his rafts and punts; for the wind was setting dead into Dunkirk harbour, and his boats, he said, would not stand a freshet, much less a gale. Besides, there was Lord Harry Seymour and his squadron watching him as a cat watches a mousehole. So the sad Armada could only jog along, hoping that Divine aid would repair their blind blundering, and that a miracle would be performed in their favour. The last day, Thursday, had been the day of St. Dominic, whom Medina Sidonia claimed as an ancestor of his house; and when they found that the saint had deserted them gloom fell heavier than ever upon them, whilst the men on Howard's fleet grew more jubilant.

The next two days were calm and the Armada slowly went on its way, the English fleet clinging to its rear like a shadow, but not attacking it, for Howard was short of ammunition now, and his men were weary and many of them sick. Still there was no word from Farnese, and when the Armada reached Calais at four o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday it was evident that unless Farnese came out at once all would be lost. The currents are strong and the coast shoally, and if once the Armada drifted beyond Dunkirk, it could never get back again. So it was determined, dangerous though it was, to anchor off Calais until word came from Farnese. They had not long to wait, for on the next day, Sunday, one of Medina Sidonia's many messengers came back with the dire news that Farnese was all unready, and had not even left Bruges. Another and another officer were sent to beseech him to bestir himself; with one of whom, a great noble, he almost came to blows. And so all through Sunday the Armada lay in Calais roads, waiting for a miracle, with the united English fleet just out of gunshot, lying always to windward. One of the dangers against which the Duke had been especially warned was 'artificial fires' and mines, in which the English were known to be expert; and on Sunday evening he sent out pinnace with grappling hooks and cables, with orders to grapple and tow out of reach any 'fire devices which might be sent against them, and the captains on the fleet were enjoined to act similarly in case of need. All was quiet on the Armada at midnight on Sunday, the 7th of August, when the look-outs descried a number of sail bearing down upon them with full sheets through the darkness. They seemed to bear no light, and all was silent on board of them. Whilst the Spaniards gazed and wondered, there suddenly shot into the blackness of the night a great tongue of flame from one of them, then another, and another, until eight fire ships, with clouds of sparks and bursting ordnance, came flaring straight down the wind on to the affrighted Spaniards. They were ripe for panic. This was the last straw. Buffeted and beaten for seven miserable days, heartsick of fighting against phantoms they could not reach, already full of dark mutterings of the Duke's cowardice, of Farnese's treachery, of Heaven being against them: fear, utter and abject, fell upon them, discipline was thrown to the winds, and the great Armada slipped

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anchors and cables to the bottom of the sea, and crowded away, a hustling mob of ships, and the devil take the hindmost. The Duke issued orders that the fleet was to anchor a few miles along the coast and return in the morning to the previous position, but most of the ships disregarded the signal, and drifted far to leeward on the swift current, towards the sandbanks of Flanders. When the morning broke dull and heavy, a stiff north-west breeze was blowing, and the Duke saw most of his ships far to leeward, both wind and current jamming them towards the dreaded sandbanks, from which it seemed nothing could save them. Hasty warning was sent to these ships to bring round to the wind as their only chance of safety. The Duke was for himself collecting them, but he found to his dismay that the body of the English fleet was bearing down upon him and the few great galleons which stood by him. He was obliged to wear round and face them to prevent his whole Armada from being driven ashore. In the distance off Calais they had heard firing since early dawn. The leading galleass, *San Lorenzo*, had fouled the *San Juan* in the confusion of the flight, and had become unmanageable. The admiral, Hugo de Moncada, had sheltered her under the walls of Calais, Howard had attacked her before dawn, and the Spaniards ran her ashore, where, as the tide left her, she listed. She had hundreds of galley slaves on board, who, as soon as they could, threw themselves over the side and escaped or were drowned, and the Spanish soldiers, who had lost all stomach for the fight, soon followed their example. After a hand to hand fight, in which Moncada and most of the gentlemen who stood by him were killed, Howard's men took possession of the galleass and fell to pillage. But the galleass was now on French soil, and the governor of Calais sent courteous word that the vessel and her guns must not be taken away. The French messengers were pillaged by the English sailors, who probably cared, or knew, little about the difference between one foreigner and another, and the guns of Calais soon swept the Englishmen from the decks of the stranded *San Lorenzo*. By this time Drake had already overhauled Medina Sidonia and his consorts, and soon afterwards was joined by Howard and the rest of the fleet. And then began that desperate battle off Gravelines which placed the final seal upon the naval impotence of Spain and gave to England the dominion of the sea. The vessels most to windward of the Armada were the *San Martin*, Admiral Oquendo's flagship, the *San Marcos*, the *San Mateo*, and the *San Juan Bautista*. These vessels brought round to bear the brunt of the attack of the whole English fleet until the ships far to leeward had disengaged themselves from the banks. Before seven in the morning Drake's squadron came up with them and at once opened a furious fire on the flagship *San Martin*, which manfully returned the fire. She was riddled on the starboard side by no less than 200 shots; her decks were a shambles, her rigging in rags, her hull leaking, and yet she stood stoutly doing her best.

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All the dreary morning the fight went on, the *San Martin* only kept afloat by the patching of her wounds by the divers. Soon Oquendo, Recalde, and the rest of the fighters came up and engaged Drake, who was presently joined by Hawkins and Frobisher. Hour after hour they pounded away point blank at each other, near enough now for harquebusses to be brought into play, for the English were no longer in fear of boarding. Howard came up in the midst of the fight and joined his cannonade with the rest. By nine o'clock many of the Spanish ships which were perilously near the shore had managed to beat clear of the banks, and stretched out to the north. As all the English fighting ships could not get into engagement with the few ships around Medina Sidonia, Lord Henry Seymour with his squadron sailed off to attack the Spanish vessels which were escaping. Reserving their broadsides until they were quite close, the *Vanguard*, the *Antelope*, and others of Seymour's ships poured in their shot with murderous effect. The north wing of the Armada was thrown into confusion. The flagships of Recalde, Oquendo, Diego Flores, and Bertondona, the *San Juan* and the *San Juan de Sicilia*, went to their aid and fought bravely, striving to close; but in the end were all riddled and crippled above and below, ammunition gone, helpless and hopeless. Most of these had sailed away from the Duke's ship when they heard by the cannonade that the heat of the battle had shifted away to the north wing. But Howard and his consorts still stuck tenaciously to the devoted *San Martin*, and the hulk *San Salvador* which stood by her. She was almost a wreck by this time, but by three o'clock in the afternoon she, too, gallantly bore away to the north, where most of the firing was heard, though nothing could be seen for the smoke. The galleon *San Felipe* in the course of the fight found herself surrounded by seventeen English ships, which made her a target both for cannon and musketry. Down came her spars, her rudder was smashed, 200 of her men dead, and yet the English would not come near enough for them to grapple. Five of her guns were unshipped, her poop deck torn up, she leaked like a sieve, and her pumps were useless. Don Francisco de Toledo in command, mad and desperate, ordered the grapplers to be thrown upon any ship they could catch, and shouted to the English to come and fight hand to hand like men. Then to the maintop of the nearest English ship there sprang an Englishman with sword and buckler. 'Brave soldiers that ye are,' he cried, 'surrender in fair warfare, for ye are beaten, and we will give quarter.' His only answer was a musket shot which silenced him for ever. There was no thought of surrender for Don Francisco de Toledo. To leeward of him was Don Diego Pimentel in the *San Mateo*. Close hauled, he managed to beat up to the *San Felipe*, but Seymour and Winter had ships, and to spare, and she too was soon surrounded by ten of their vessels, cannonaded on all sides, overmatched, riddled, and ruined. The Spaniards on her fought desperately, at

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close quarters now, but hopelessly, for they were only fighting with the energy of despair to get away. So near came one of Seymour's ships to the *San Felipe*, that an Englishman in his excitement leapt on to the deck of the Spaniard. In a moment he was literally cut to fragments. Through the blinding reek, guided by the roar of the cannon, the crippled *San Martin*, with her attendant hulk, slowly groped her way once more into the fight to help the hard pressed *San Felipe* and *San Mateo*. But two English flagships with their squadrons closed around the Duke's ship and her consort, and once more swept them with the deadly hail. Hour after hour the shot crashed into the timbers of the Spaniards; for each of the great galleons in action had been isolated and surrounded. Through the smoke the Spaniards still shouted defiant curses to their opponents, and taunted them to grapple and board; but it was all useless, for the English ships were comparatively unharmed, and could sail as they pleased round the waterlogged wrecks of the galleons. The artillery fire of the English was three times as rapid as that of the Spaniards, and many times more effectual. At length, their ammunition gone, their ships knocked to bits, their crews dead or dying, the Spaniards slackened their resistance and tried only to get away. Already during the fight the current and the wind had carried the fleets far beyond Calais, and dangerously near the flat, sandy shore. There was no danger now of the Spaniards coming back; 'and,' said the Duke, 'we thought that nothing could now save us from all drifting ashore to destruction.' So thought Howard and Drake, for at six o'clock on that Monday evening, the 8th of August, the English fire suddenly ceased, and the ships drew off and left the Armada to its fate.

In this final fight the number of Spanish ships actually engaged was comparatively small; most of them had drifted, not unwillingly, to leeward, and did not try to beat back, if even they could have done so; but the galleons which had taken part in the fight, the finest in the Armada, were at the end of the day simply wrecks. Winter wrote that from his ship alone he had shot 500 cannon balls. When the Duke could look round and endeavour to collect his ships, he found the *San Felipe* and the *San Mateo* to be sinking.

Pinnaces were sent to rescue the crews, but brave Pimentel refused to abandon his ship, and she drifted to destruction on to the shore. The crew of the *San Felipe* hustled headlong into a boat that was brought alongside, and General de Toledo being told that the latter was foundering, leapt with some of his companions back to the galleon again. 'Better,' he said, 'be drowned in my own ship,' and the *San Felipe*, too, fell off to the sandbanks.

All through the dreadful Monday night the broken Armada staggered on under a heavy north-westerly gale, drifting nearer and ever nearer to the shoals that meant destruction, and as the grey morning broke over the angry sea, the curling breakers could be seen to starboard from the decks of many of the ships. The pilots told the despairing

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Duke that no human power could save them now, and that every ship was doomed. A hasty council was called. 'What shall I do?' said the Duke. 'Oh! what shall I do?' 'Do! What should you do? Why, turn and fight them again till you die,' cried hot-blooded Oquendo. Recalde too was for turning and fighting the way back to Calais. 'But,' said another, 'there is no ammunition, and this is no time for bravado.' Francisco de Bobadilla, brave old general though he was, wailed that the only thing left for them was to pray to God for rescue. Then suddenly—they said, by a miracle—the wind shifted to the south-west, and gradually the Armada drew away from the threatened destruction of the shoals.

'The Armada is so battered and crippled,' wrote the Duke to the King, 'that I considered it my first duty to save it from utter destruction.' So the fatal order was given to run before the wind up the North Sea, round Scotland and Ireland, far out into the North Atlantic; and then to set a course for home. Run away! Mad with grief and rage, the sailors protested in vain. 'Rather,' cried they, 'die a thousand deaths than turn tail like this.' But the Duke was shut up in his cabin, deaf and blind to all but his fears. Home to dry land and safety; for he had had enough fighting for the rest of his life, and he would face the 'devilish folk' no more.

Bringing his barge close to the *San Martin*, Oquendo cursed and insulted the King's High-Admiral and his Andaluz countrymen who were disgracing the name of Spaniard. 'Back to your tunny-pools! chicken-hearted cravens that ye are, for ye are fit for naught else.' 'Body of God!' shouted De Leyva, the second in command; 'the King has given us a leader unfit to live on land, much less on sea.' And so, one after the other, the admirals cursed their chief, and with tears of rage and broken hearts turned tail to the foe and—ran away. The Duke's orders were that the ships should sail north before the wind to the height of the Orkneys, beat far out to the west on the Atlantic, and then set a course for home. Beyond this no help, no counsel, no command, could be got from Medina Sidonia. In his abject collapse all he could do was to hang a captain whose ship had accidentally preceded him in the flight.

The awful story of the ultimate fate of half of the great Armada must be told elsewhere. The appalling sufferings of the plague-stricken, famished men, the sudden founderings in the wild Atlantic, the wrecks and massacres in the west of Ireland, added dire dramatic completeness to the catastrophe. But with them or without them the result would have been the same. The sceptre of the sea passed to England on the day when it was proved that English ships were stouter and handier, and that English sailors and gunners were hardier and more skilful, than their rivals. The hour that this ceases to be the case Britannia's realm passes to other rulers.—God grant that the hour may never come!

MARTIN HUME.

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THE FRENCH ARISTOCRACY

DOES France possess a genuine aristocracy, an upper class composed of people who are either noble by descent or have been elevated to high rank for services rendered to the country? One would believe so if one placed exclusive faith in what is said in French newspapers, Parliamentary speeches, novels, and books of a more solid character; and this belief would amount to a conviction if one accepted the statements published by journals of the most opposite shades on the occasion of the fire at the Bazar de la Charité. According to some, who spoke with a touch of irony, indicating envy rather than commiseration, the flower of French society had been cut down, while according to others, who failed to hide their misplaced pretensions and a pride anxious to appear legitimate, the aristocracy had left in the ashes of that catastrophe the bluest of its blood, the remains of its most illustrious families. A priest improved on this by launching from the pulpit of Notre-Dame words which re-echoed through the world as to the necessity of this sacrifice of innocent and exalted victims in expiation of the sins of the nation. In short, there sprang forth from every side, like a watchword, the assertion that in the midst of the democratic population of France there still existed a nobility, a patrician aristocracy, and that this aristocracy had been decimated by the recent disaster. We will show how incorrect that assertion is.

The honour of founding the philanthropic institution called the 'Bazar de la Charité' is due to Mr. Henry Blount, an Englishman. It was established in 1885, and he has remained its honorary president, the effective president being M. le Baron de Mackau, who belongs to an illustrious family of sailors. His father was a Minister of the Navy. M. le Baron de Mackau is a Deputy and a member of the group called the 'Droite Ralliée.' He does not profess to trace his ancestry back to the crusades. Then come the committee, M. le Baron Robert Oppenheim, a baron of finance, of German extraction; M. Amédée Dufaure, son of M. Dufaure the barrister, who was Minister of Justice in the last two Governments; M. Jules Auffray, a manufacturer, of middle-class stock, like the preceding member; M. le Comte Marcel de Germiny, a count of financial origin; M.

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Léon Gosselin, called De Gosselin; MM. Paul, Leturc, Léon Marty, le Comte Georges de Montgermont, le Comte Albert de Mun, le Baron Reille (created under the Empire), and Baron Fernand Schickler, of the Berlin house of that name, a family related to the Duc d'Albufuera, long established in France and occupying a most honourable position there. How many out of the dozen, including the President, belong to the French nobility? Four to the old nobility and only one to the Imperial nobility. The modesty of these five members of the privileged class would be hurt if they were described as representative of the French aristocracy. They only claim to form part of it.

This Bazar de la Charité, of which so much has been said, is the outcome of a happy idea of grouping in a single organisation the majority of those philanthropical institutions which reflect so much honour on French society, without distinction of creed or origin. It is, therefore, quite natural that society ladies who are well off and charitably inclined should combine in this way to economise expenses and stimulate each other's zeal in aiding the poor. The object is good, and the idea ingenious; but in practice it does not represent an act of nobility according to the French conception of what a noble may and may not do. In France it used to be considered *infra dig.* for a nobleman to engage in trade. The ruined noble who wished to become rich again otherwise than by fighting—that is, by trading or cultivating his land—had to lay aside his sword until he had abandoned the occupation which he had taken up to restore him to easy circumstances. It is true that the notion of acting comedies and aping professional players took hold of the most distinguished ladies of the Court. This fashion sprang naturally from the Italian Renaissance, and thence worked its way into the French Court. But no one would ever have thought of building, either at Versailles or Paris, a street of stalls with such sign boards as *Le Chat botté* or *La Truie qui file*, where duchesses of high lineage, and even princesses of the blood, should vend toilet articles, baby linen, sleeve links, and cigars. The sale of cigars, it appears, is particularly lucrative. A gentleman who is offered a cigar by a lady of his own class cannot well refuse it, and when he asks the price the reply is, 'Un louis.' Some things are still dearer. It is said that a very pretty woman with whom a certain personage was smitten offered him some small articles, the prices of which were, for him, fabulous. 'No,' said he, 'your stall contains but one thing that tempts me, and you would not care to sell it.' 'Say what it is, at all events,' replied the lady, 'and tell me the price you are willing to pay.' 'Twenty thousand francs for a kiss.' 'Double the figure and you shall have it,' the lady answered, presenting her cheek and holding out her hand. The gentleman, of course, had to comply. People admired the way the poor had been benefited, but there does not appear to have been a repetition of the incident.

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These charity sales, a modern invention, have now become the fashion in France. More than two thousand of them are held in Paris during the season. The best known and most admired ladies consider it an honour to preside or take part therein, and consequently it was not surprising to see a princess of royal blood, closely allied to the House of France, managing a stall and busying herself in selling goods. She did it with perfect grace and a zeal evidently inspired by love of her fellow-creatures. This lady was a daughter of Duke Maximilian and Princess Louise of Bavaria. She thus belonged to the younger branch of the royal House of Wittelsbach, and was a sister of the Empress of Austria, of the Princess of Tour and Taxis, of the ex-Queen of Naples, and of the Countess de Trani. She married, in 1868, Prince Ferdinand d'Orléans-Bourbon, Duc d'Alençon. Eye-witnesses agree in saying that she refused to flee until all the ladies who were assisting at her stall had escaped. This devotion cost her her life.

In examining the names of the other stall-holders we are astonished to find so few noblewomen. Out of twenty-two there are only eight belonging to the old nobility and two of recent creation. The other twelve are members of families which, although very worthy and highly esteemed, are distinctly plebeian. The central office, presided over by the Marquise Costa de Beauregard, was pointed out at the time as being the most aristocratic in its composition, and yet, leaving aside the Duchesse d'Alençon and the Duchesse de Vendôme, niece of the King of the Belgians, it numbered among its staff of seventy-two saleswomen only twenty-two who could legitimately claim to belong to a house dating further than a century back. Even then a reserve must be made in regard to foreign titles borne in France. The title of prince, for instance, belongs exclusively to members of the old Royal Family.

The above figures show that, in the staff of the bazaar, the *bourgeoisie* preponderated largely. The list of victims is scarcely less eloquent. Without speaking of the injured, whose number and rank will never be accurately known, no less than 132 persons lost their lives, of whom only six were men. The vast majority of those present when the fire broke out were ladies who had come to buy or to sell, and a few children. It is true that among these 132 victims there were women who belonged to the very highest society, and no doubt their names, more brilliant than the rest, so dazzled the scribes as to make them count double. Apart from a score of titles which are perfectly authentic we note thirty-two names indicating in a more or less debatable manner a connection with the genuine French nobility. We abstain from discussing their claims, and will simply remark that three-fourths of the persons who perished formed part of what is denominated *la haute bourgeoisie parisienne*, which is composed of the families of bankers, manufacturers, and people

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who have attained wealth through trade or financial speculations. It is, therefore, incorrect to say that the nobility was decimated in that terrible disaster, unless we suppose that of this nobility, old and new, so few are left that the loss of thirty members makes an irreparable breach in their ranks.

The upper stratum of French society, as it exists at the present day, is a sufficiently curious mixture to warrant a close examination. France is governed by means of democratic institutions, of which universal suffrage forms the base; but the aristocratic spirit is so deeply rooted in the nation that there are constant collisions, the victory finally resting with the aristocratic element. It has been well said that in France the democratic sentiment exists only on the surface, and that in his heart every democrat aspires to the aristocracy. History bears witness to this. The French Revolution, the great one, although the populace unconsciously took part in it, was nothing else but an uprising of the wealthy *bourgeoisie* against an aristocracy by birth whose place it desired to take. The French nobility had, it is true, been recruited by the elevation of certain financiers of the last century, without, however, gaining much honour thereby; but, on the other hand, men of merit who aspired to enter its ranks were rigorously excluded. Saint-Simon well expressed the sentiments of his time and caste when he heaped scorn on those new recruits. The English aristocracy has been compared with a perennial tree that extends its roots deep into the earth, in order that it may bear abundant and savoury fruit at the top. There is nothing of the kind in France. The French aristocracy was never anything else but a closed caste, and, under the name of parties, the state of things is just the same to-day. One might say that there are as many aristocracies as there are parties which come successively into power. And what may astonish those who are not well acquainted with French society is that there is not a single democrat who, after having aspired to the aristocracy and secured a place therein, does not consent—much against his will, of course—to accept, or even try to obtain, an honorific title, something having the appearance of nobility.

This desire to appear noble, even without being so in mind or character, is so strong in France that it has given rise to a very picturesque saying. The conferring of titles of nobility has been called *savonnette à vilain*. Napoleon, who, after the great revolutionary storm, aimed at forming an entirely new aristocracy and a new nobility, naturally met with no obstacle in the democratic principle. The most ardent revolutionists, those who had tried with all their might to destroy the old nobility, entered almost with transports into the new.

It is quite conceivable that a military chief, after having exhausted the hierarchy of grades and the sumptuary liberalities at his

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command in rewarding the instruments of his victories, should wish to bestow on them, in addition, honours which would increase their importance in his sight and their own. *Qui t'a fait comte, qui t'a fait roi* suits all times and all races. Still men had never before been seen to abjure their past and run after what they had condemned by word and deed with such eagerness as was shown by the 'giants' of the French Revolution.

Napoleon abolished two titles, that of marquis, defender of the frontier, and that of viscount, count's lieutenant. He believed that the frontier would be best guarded by himself, and that his counts had no need of assistance in performing purely honorary functions. He therefore did away with those titles, but introduced one that was not French—namely, the title of prince. He created princes, dukes, counts, and barons. He even connected these titles with civil and military grades. A colonel was a baron and a general a count. As a fief went with the titles of duke and prince he reserved their creation and endowment to himself. By analogy prefects could aspire to the title of baron, and councillors of state and senators to that of count. The higher titles remained at the Emperor's disposal. Fouché was made Duke of Otranto and Talleyrand Prince of Ponte Corvo.

Napoleon, being anxious to be regarded as the restorer of the country over which he had extended his sword like a sceptre, made great efforts to melt the two nobilities, the old and the new, into one, but he only partially succeeded. The conditions which he imposed made this fusion unacceptable to the old nobility, who felt that to bow to the new order of things would be a sort of abdication. The amalgamation did not really take place until the Restoration, which, by re-establishing the old titles and recognising the new ones, put them on an equal footing and paved the way for it.

If matters had remained in that position there would not now be more than twenty thousand families in France that could lay claim to a title of nobility. The titles attached to certain offices by the Empire were not hereditary, but became extinct at the death of their holders. Only those titles which had entailed estates attached to them would have subsisted. On the other hand many families belonging to the old nobility had been wiped out by the guillotine or by the misfortunes and hardships of exile. A large number of those that still remained had lost all their property under the Confiscation Act. Their precarious position did not allow them to resume their rightful rank, and so they voluntarily remained in obscurity. The Indemnity Act in favour of the despoiled emigrants only slightly repaired the disaster which had befallen the French nobility. The 40,000,000*l.* which was distributed among the families whose lands had been sold brought little benefit except to those who had bought them, and who now found them considerably enhanced in value in

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consequence of this measure. In 1830 there remained of this sham milliard about a hundred million francs for the removal of certain flagrant inequalities in the estimated value of the confiscated properties. The revolution of July took place, and one of the first acts of the new Government was to suppress this credit. The large appetites having been satisfied, it was considered unnecessary to trouble about the minor sufferers!

It has been supposed that the revolution of 1830 was directed against the privileged members of the old nobility, whose encroachments were pictured in the darkest colours by the democratic journals of the period. This error is easy to rectify. As soon as Louis Philippe's Government came into office it was compelled by an active and noisy minority to repeal the Indemnity Act, restoring to the public treasury the share of what may be called the democratic section of the nobility, and to decree, not the suppression of aristocratic titles, but their free use by all who cared to assume them. Monsieur Toutlemonde was not backward. Those who had long been yearning after a title, but had not received one, either from the Empire or the Restoration, thought the time had come to ennoble themselves *de motu proprio*. First the extinct titles created under the Empire were revived. These had at least an appearance of legitimacy. Many a purchaser of an old château, paid for in assignats, adopted its name without ceremony, and others bought one in order to imitate their neighbours. Names of landed properties, villages, and towns were assumed. In less than eighteen years the number of noble names increased from 20,000 to triple that figure. Yet King Louis Philippe conferred very few titles during his reign, while under the Empire the law only allowed non-hereditary titles to be conferred. They were afterwards made hereditary by the holders themselves. Their sons have even multiplied the earldoms and the baronies. Thus, a single personal title of count or baron engendered, at the titulary's death, Barons Alexandre, Amédée, Charles, and Louis, and Counts Ernest, Jacques, and Victor.

Then came the revolution of 1848, which was certainly of a democratic character. Titles ceased to be recognised, universal suffrage was proclaimed, and street fighting took place against the *bourgeoisie*, represented by the National Guard and General Cavaignac. The general commanding the National Guard proposed the abolition of the Legion of Honour and described titles and orders as *hochets de vanité*. This same general was destined to be shot at Montmartre in 1871 by the insurgents, his former friends, who pushed their zeal for equality so far as to wipe out not only the title of general, but the man invested with it. After the victory of the democratic *bourgeoisie* over the socialistic democracy a reaction set in. Universal suffrage turned against those who had created it. It expelled

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Ledru-Rollin, and, to show its love of equality, invited a prince to govern it. The latter did not fail to fulfil his mission. In spite of his good-heartedness he determined to govern, to be master, and to make his rule felt. In restoring imperial institutions he did not forget to introduce a little order into the registers of civil status, in which obliging officials had recorded fanciful names, particles possessed only in imagination, and the latest novelties in titles. The Minister whose department was concerned issued a severe circular, which was transmitted to the registrars of every commune in France. Awaking from their indifference in regard to this long-neglected matter, the authorities set to work to lop off the usurped titles that had got into the registers. This fit of zeal lasted a few weeks; several judgments were rendered, and the rectifications noted in the margin of the registers, according to law. Curiously enough, one of these judicial decisions affected a family who lost a member in the recent fire, and whose title of nobility has been described by the newspapers as being most authentic and well-established. The fact is, however, that the father was a worthy manufacturer whose vanity had urged him to solicit a title from Louis Philippe. He obtained one, but it was not hereditary. A judgment suppressing the title in the case of the son was obtained and duly inscribed in the register. This happened a score of years ago, and the incident is now forgotten by everybody save the one chiefly interested, who has not thought fit to take any notice of it. The same may be said of several other usurpations condemned by the courts.

The scandal caused by these decisions, which affected 40,000 unauthorised titles, threatened to compromise the reviving Empire. Terror spread among the portion of society concerned. From north, south, east, and west came complaints and objurgations. The Government felt in danger from the very people who had most joyfully welcomed its advent. It became necessary to moderate the zeal of the officials, who were on the road to demolish French society. The famous circular was hidden away in a pigeon hole, and as soon as it was believed that it had become a dead letter the little game of inventing titles was resumed, and has continued ever since. If the old circular has been occasionally dragged out it has been merely to annoy political adversaries and make them pay for their opposition. Registrars now only refuse to enter the titles when they are really genuine, thus obliging the holders themselves to apply to a judge to have the entry amended, which ought to be a matter of right. The courts are generous and graciously refrain from condemning the old families to efface their titles; they even have the kindness to order the registrars to remedy their blunders or to stop showing their ill-will; but they find an excuse for this ill-will in that very circular, now fallen into desuetude for every practical purpose, and they mulct the plaintiffs in costs.

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Under the Government of July, and also when the Second Empire came, many of the old families were averse to entering the diplomatic service, where their names would have been a pledge of welcome abroad. Resort was therefore had to what are called in France *hommes de carrière*. These had not, and could not have, any other authority than their talents gave them. This was not enough either for the Government or them. They were, therefore, made barons and counts. Some of them acquired their titles from foreign Governments. The Court of Rome, while not prodigal, rarely refused to grant a title of count when asked for it. Several French *chargés d'affaires*, and even ambassadors, got their semblance of nobility from Rome. Some still exist which had no other origin. The operation was at times rendered awkward by the too plebeian form of the name. *Ne change pas de nom qui veut*, but with a little smartness and the help of the Chancellor's office the difficulty could be got over. If the name began with De, which is the particle indicative of nobility, it was an easy matter, the only thing necessary being the separation of the initial syllable from the rest of the name. For instance, Monsieur Delamare became Monsieur de Lamare; Monsieur Delestrade was transformed into Monsieur de Lestrade, and Monsieur Dervilley signed 'D'Ervilley.' But the operation became a little more troublesome when the name was a very commonplace one, such as Durand, Regnault, or Dupont. In that case the name of a town or a political division was added, and the gentleman called himself Dupont de l'Eure or de Nemours; Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely; Durand de Romorantin, and so forth. When no name of a town or village was available the would-be nobleman applied for permission to add his mother's maiden name to his own, especially if it had an aristocratic sound. In this way a certain ambassador, whose family name was a ridiculous one, but whose mother's name, though plebeian, was easy to disguise, dropped by degrees his own name and retained only the maternal appellation, just prefixing the particle 'de' and the title of baron conferred on him under the Empire. In the elevated circle in which he moves, thanks to his intelligence and superior education, no one suspects that his real name, if he went by it, would associate him more intimately with kitchens than with diplomatic salons.

A fair idea can be formed of French society as it exists to-day. A tenth part, at most, consists of old families that have survived the revolutions, and who live generally in retirement, far from the busy, noisy world. Many have placed their sons in the army, and a number cultivate their land, some of them with an energy worthy of being imitated by professional farmers. Nearly all their names can be found in the list of the Agricultural Society of France, mingled in equal proportion with the names of the men most esteemed in scientific agriculture. Three-tenths at least, belong to what is called *la noblesse de la contrebande*, while another tenth are con-

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nected with the higher liberal professions, literature, the sciences, pure and applied, the different classes of the Institute, and the upper professorships. The remaining half consists partly of politicians, many of whom have held office, and partly of great financiers, a large number of whom are of foreign origin, some of them occupying, owing to their intelligence, their wise conduct, their generosity, or the circumspection they display in their delicate position, a very high place in public esteem.

Such are the elements forming French society at the present time. It has no pronounced vices, little pride, enough vanity not to care to be caught in fault, a sufficiently moderate thirst for pleasure to allow others, sprung from the ranks, to take the lead, fairly broad principles, measured convictions, elevated judgment in matters of taste and intellect, a love of country that has nothing narrow about it, and, to crown all, a charity so beneficent, so efficacious that slanderous tongues attribute it to a selfish desire to satisfy oneself in helping others. For our part we look upon this kind of egotism as being equal to a virtue.

ALPHONSE DE CALONNE.

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FANCY CYCLING FOR LADIES

CYCLING as a fashionable craze is played out. Girls no longer go for a spin down to the Tower Bridge in the cool of the evening, when the City streets are almost deserted, before they dress for a ball; nor do they race round the square in their ball gowns at 4 A.M. on a summer morning before retiring to bed. But we question if cycling as a convenient means of locomotion will ever entirely be dispensed with. For country visiting, when carriages are not available, or for shopping in London for those to whom the dangers of the traffic have no terrors and are only looked upon as a pleasurable excitement, cycles will always hold their own; especially as the long-talked-of motor car seems likely to end in smoke—and a bad smell.

There is also another form of cycling which appears to find favour with the young and active, and requires considerably greater skill even than dodging in and out among cabs and omnibuses. I refer to what is called trick riding, and the execution of an endless variety of military rides to the accompaniment of music.

Some people may affirm that there is nothing to be gained by learning to perform tricks on a bicycle; and they will argue that if you put a circus rider on a hunter he will not be able to ride across country; but I can assure them, from personal experience, that a very few lessons given to a timid and inexperienced rider will be of greater assistance in helping her to have command over her machine as well as confidence in herself than any amount of ordinary riding. Even the great and unforeseen danger caused by the sudden skidding of a wheel is minimised by a proper attention to attitude when turning corners; for if the body be inclined in a direction contrary to that in which the cycle is going, the wheel is bound to skid, and a nasty fall is inevitable. Another point is that riding out of doors after riding on boards will be found as much easier as skating out of doors after skating on artificial ice; and for the same reason, namely, that boards and artificial ice have so little *grip* in them that one takes time to get over a certain feeling of insecurity which is experienced when travelling swiftly over them.

The first thing to learn in bicycling is the *mount* and *dismount*. The best way to mount a bicycle is to stand with the waist close to

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the handle bar, to step quietly on to the off pedal, leaning your weight on the handles, and to let the saddle slide slowly under your body, instead of bumping on to the saddle, which is the usual method of mounting. This mount should be practised from both sides of the machine, until it can be accomplished slowly and deliberately.

Next comes the *near mount*, and for this you place your left foot on the left or near pedal, and cross your right leg over the saddle. This should also be practised from both sides of the bicycle, and it will be found more difficult to learn than the ordinary mount.

Lastly there is the *flying mount*, and for this you do not touch the pedals at all, but, running a few steps by the side of the machine, you lean on the handles and spring lightly into the saddle. It will be found in the flying mount and in the near mount that the skirt, especially if it be divided at the back, will not set properly on the saddle. Instead of grabbing at it first with one hand, then with the other, to get it into place, a more graceful method is for the rider to stand forward on the pedals so that the skirt hangs straight down, free from the saddle, and then to sit back quietly again.

The way to dismount slowly (say on the right side) is to stand on the right pedal when it is at its lowest point and to step on to the ground with the left foot over the right. To dismount, when going fast, you must wait till the pedal is rising, then stand on it and lightly jump clear of the machine, holding it by the right handle with the left hand. The weight of the body thrown suddenly on to the pedal, as it rises, will check the machine, and by jumping forward your dress will be clear of the saddle peak. If you try to jump off when the pedal is going *downwards* the weight of the body thrown suddenly on to it will jerk the machine forward and a fall will be the result. If the rider has perfected herself in the mount and dismount she should be able to raise herself up by the near pedal, catch the off pedal with the other foot, and dismount on the off side without touching the saddle. It is also good practice to put both feet up on the foot rests immediately after mounting in the ordinary way, and to see how far the impetus of the push off will take you in a straight line.

Any one who has ridden with both feet off the pedals will find it an easy matter to ride sideways; that is with one foot working the pedal and the other placed on the foot rest on the same side. But it is by no means so easy to ride when only using one hand as with one foot; and to ride without using either hand requires considerable courage at first. The speed also must be increased when riding without hands, and the rider must pedal very smoothly.

To learn how to stand still on a bicycle requires practice, and to the beginner it seems almost impossible. It is achieved by turning the front wheel completely sideways, thus bringing one of the handles between your knees. The pedals should be as nearly level as possible,

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and by standing up on them and continually pressing them backwards or forwards in a direction opposite to that in which the front wheel is inclined to move, you are able to keep the bicycle stationary; an expert cyclist will then turn the wheel back into its proper position and ride on without having had to dismount.

When learning to ride backwards you do not use the saddle at all, but stand on the pedals with your back to the handle-bar, leaning against it, and steering with the handles.

The *Siamese ride* is extremely pretty and not nearly so difficult as either standing still or riding backwards. Two people ride side by side joining hands. The hands are held high and the arms kept rigid. At the word of command the riders slacken speed and at last stop altogether. When quite steady, each looses the bicycle handle, and they remain sitting still supported only by their two clasped hands. At the word of command each again holds the bicycle handle and they pedal slowly on, still clasping hands. Any number of people in a row can execute the Siamese ride by placing a hand on the shoulder of the next rider. The difficulty consists not so much in riding all together, or even in standing still in a long line, but in getting the pedals in such a position, when stopping, as will enable the riders to pedal on simultaneously at the word of command.

There is another somewhat similar figure but rather more difficult to execute than the Siamese ride. Two people come very slowly and steadily towards and close to each other, as though they were going to pass. When they are side by side and almost touching, each clasps the other's handle-bar, and one rides slowly backwards as the other rides forwards. It is supposed to be the meeting of two friends who wish to stop and talk; and when they have finished the conversation which is being carried on between them as they ride backwards and forwards together they loose each other's handle-bar and ride off in different directions.

Bicycling is, to a certain extent, like skating. In both accomplishments there should be a proper attention paid to attitude, and a graceful inclination of the body in the direction in which you are turning. Many people who pass for being good skaters will incline the body as far as the hips in the right direction when skating a circle on the outside edge, but from the hips upwards the body will be bent in an opposite angle. And it is just the same with cyclists. The feeling of a beginner is that she must fall if she bends over with the machine; but the fall is really caused by the body, from the waist upwards, being inclined in a direction contrary to that in which the machine is circling; as the weight of the body being in the wrong place will make the wheels skid. When circling to the right skaters put the right shoulder forward, but cyclists should begin to learn by putting the left shoulder forward and the right back, as this

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will teach them to keep the shoulders square with the machine and enable them to bend inwards in one unbroken line.

It is as awkward to see skaters and cyclists bending in a contrary direction to that in which they are circling as it would be to see a sailing boat with the masts raked forward and a list to windward instead of to leeward. The attitude of a beginner should always be slightly exaggerated; but in a very short time the body will sway this way and that with the movements of the machine without any thought on the part of the rider.

When first trying to ride a tricycle after having ridden a bicycle it will be found to play the most absurd pranks with you; for if you bend with the machine, when riding round a corner, it will at once dart across the road in the opposite direction and land you in a hedge or ditch. The body must be kept quite straight on a tricycle, as the steering is done entirely with the hands. And now let me give one word of warning to tricyclists: it is *most dangerous* to try and get off a tricycle when going up a steep hill without first putting on the brake, as, when it begins to run backwards, you cannot dismount without risking a bad fall.

The proper position for a lady cyclist is to have the point of the toe on the pedal; the heels low, so that the knees may not be thrown up and cause the dress to take ugly folds; and the handles at such a height that the arms may hang easily when the body is in an upright position. The arms should neither be pressed tight to the side nor held away from the body with the elbows stuck out. In executing military and other fancy rides the head and shoulders should be turned rather sooner than the cycle, when circling or threading clubs, &c. The movable clubs round which I first tried fancy riding were about 2 feet 6 inches in height and had very sharp points at the top. They were placed 9 feet apart, and I was told to ride in and out and round and round them at a great pace, at the end of a long line of other riders all far better than myself, to the accompaniment of a lively tune on the piano. This terrified me to such an extent that I was glad to get out into the streets again, for there at least I could go straight ahead, and, when frightened, could jump off on to the pavement without the risk of being impaled.

I will now describe one or two of the many fancy rides which have been invented. In the first place, every one should learn to mount and dismount simultaneously, and to ride slowly or fast at the word of command; also they should be able to keep the correct distance from each other, and to make the various circles and curves of equal sizes, and all at the same time; upon this depends the beauty and success of fancy riding.

The simplest of the figures is a large eight, which can be made by any number of riders following one behind the other at the distance of a yard apart. At the line where the circles of the eight join, the

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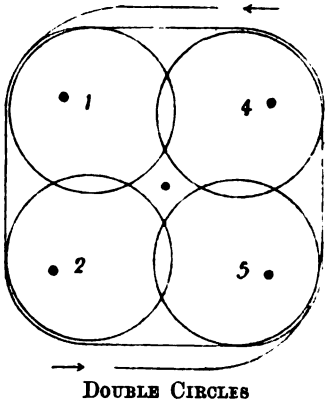
first, third, and every alternate rider branches off to the right, and the second, fourth, sixth, &c. turn to the left, falling in again at the centre in their proper order, in single file, one behind the other. The second time the leader, the third rider and their followers will circle to the left and the others to the right, joining into one line at the centre as before. This figure can be continued until the leader gives the word to dismount, when all will jump off together.



DOUBLE CIRCLES

The *double circle* ride admits of an almost endless combination of geometrical figures, and can be ridden by two leaders with their followers. There are five clubs placed as shown in the diagram; and the distance they are put from each other must be judged by the number of riders who are to circle round them. The riders all mount simultaneously, and having ridden in single file completely round the outside of all the clubs the first leader and her followers circle club 1, to the left (making the circle close to the centre club), they then follow the outside line marked on the diagram to club 2, which they also circle to the left, then to 5 and 4. When they have completely circled 4 they turn inwards towards the centre club and circle 1, *to the right*; then 4, 5, and 2; joining the circles by the outside line as before, and making each circle close up to the centre club. In the meantime the second leader and her followers (who began by circling 5 to the left, while the other set were circling 1) have also circled all the four outside clubs first to the left and afterwards to the right. The two sets of riders will next circle all the outside clubs in figures of eight; first to the left and then to the right. When this figure is completed they will circle 1 and 5, and 2 and 4; each set passing on different sides of the centre club so as not to collide with each other. Next, both sets of riders will fall into a single line and circle the centre club; then the line will break into sets of four, who will simultaneously circle the four outside clubs in the same direction, afterwards falling into a single line again and

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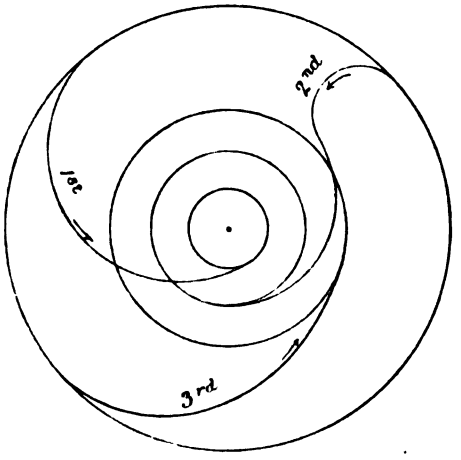
circling the centre club; then they will circle the four outside clubs in the opposite direction, and fall into line again round the centre club.



THE MAZE

The *maze* differs from most other figures in that the leaders do not have an equal number of followers. If there are three leaders and the first has two or three followers, the second must have six or eight, and the third twelve or fourteen; the reason of this is that the second set of riders has to circle outside the first, and the third outside the second, and so on. This figure requires only one club. When all the riders are in single file ready to mount the word is given, and they ride in a large circle, one after another. At the word 'maze' the first leader and her followers will turn in to the centre, where they circle the club. The second leader and her followers turn short round and back towards the centre, where they circle outside the first set of riders in the opposite direction. The third leader and her followers circle the second set of riders in the opposite direction, and they all continue circling in this manner till the word is given to 'unravel,' when each will fall out as they came in and join in one large circle again, riding on until the word is given to 'dismount.'

The *maypole* is a very pretty fancy figure, but not so easy as the others mentioned because it cannot be executed unless all the riders are able to steer perfectly with one hand only. A maypole is placed in the centre of a room or lawn, and from the top hang long bright ribbons corresponding in number with the riders who are to take part in the figure. Each rider holds a ribbon in one hand and guides the machine with the other. Half the riders go one way round the maypole, while each alternate one goes in the opposite direction. All the riders mount simultaneously, and those who go one way keep

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outside the others to the right, holding up the ribbons over their heads as they pass them. They then turn inwards to the left, and slacken their ribbons while the riders facing them hold up the ribbons in their turn over the heads of the others, and pass them on the outside. The riders continue thus to thread in and out of each other till the ribbons are plaited round the pole, and the word is given to dismount.

It will be seen from the few examples I have given above that, with a little ingenuity, any number of rides may be invented and carried out by a party of guests staying together in the country where there is a large, smooth lawn, and some movable clubs to mark out the various figures; and for ladies who are not strong enough to go long distances on their bicycles, fancy riding will be found a most interesting pastime.

CAROLINE CREYKE.

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FROM TYREE TO GLENCOE

> Mother of mystery! . . . . let not
> A fragment of the spinning-wheel go by;
> It gives a feeling of Eternity.

ACROSS wide stretches of firm white sand in the Island of Tyree, I am listening to the tide breaking in softest music. Round this beautiful island for miles are lovely bays, great and small. The white bay in the north-east, where I am now sitting, is strewn with pink cowrie-shells, and not far off I see rainbow-hued islands floating between sky and ocean, glorious as any Isles of the Blessed could ever be. The sea that intervenes passes from chrysoprase through sapphire into amethyst. These Islands due east are Mull, Staffa, Iona, Jura, and the basalt cliffs of the Dutchman's Cap lie deep in shadow on the horizon. Fladda, Lunga, Ulva, Gomtra, and Erisgur can be seen; and to the south lie Colonsay, Oronsay, and, still further in the outer Hebrides, Barra, South Uist and Benbecula. From the north end of Tyree, Coll is seen close by. Travelling further west, Rum Eigg, Canna, and Muick are visible, and from the north-west of the Island the Isle of Skye appears as blue as the heavens on this most heavenly day. The tide far out is still retiring, and the setting sun turning the wet sand into a sheet of liquid fire. It is the hour for the reels of the fairies, or 'people of peace,' on the sands. The dwellers in Tyree say they come down here from their chosen hill, Ben Hough,[1] in which they live over there in the west corner of the Isle; but the only footprints in the sand to-night which I can trace in myriad fantastic patterns are not those made by fairy hosts, but by the gull, the kittiwake, the curlew, and the plover.

Where are they, the beautiful piping people, in green, to-night? And, I wonder, where are the fairy or 'cailleach'[2] dogs, for only yesterday I heard they were a special haunting feature of this island, supposed to be the spirits of a Tyree short-haired race now extinct. But the colour-spell is gradually changing on the Morven hills and the many Isles, and over the quiet sea. The deep is

[1] Hill of Hosts (Gael.). [2] Old woman, or witch, in Gaelic.

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calling, and time seems to catch up like a variant vague thoughts borne from afar.

Where purple bugloss binds the silver sand,
The tide far out rings in a promised land,
For days denied are handfuls to God's hand:
Blue island of the wave!

Oh, set me free, for I am sick of fancies;
The wishing wind, the kissing tide entrances;
Lost lip to lip unite—dark night advances!
Blest island of the wave!

Make musical my verses, wanton air,
Impetuous now with fragrance, as most fair
Lost love gives back a passion-wave of prayer.
Iona[3] of the wave!
Good night!

Now closing day veils the 'Mams' of the world, the Paps of Jura lie in shadow, and the way homeward tends to thoughts near the dark side of Highland lore. There across the wide moorland a certain witch lived quite lately, reputed to take the form of a coursing black hare at will, with intent to beguile, and along this road has wended many a visionary funeral, the mourners bearing a phantom coffin, sometimes dressed in quaint green dresses. A minister of north Uist sees so many of these funerals on the roads of his parish at night that he declares he always walks at the edge of the road to avoid being trampled under foot. He said that one of his parishioners was knocked down by a fairy funeral, and was laid up for weeks from the effects. After this what can be said of the ethereality of 'the courteous throng'?

Were the members of the Psychical Society to win the confidence of the natives of Tyree by talking to them in Gaelic, they would get some curious information to add to their already voluminous testimony as to the reality of second sight in other countries. The two sights is the Highland way of expressing their abnormal gift. One cannot touch the heart of the primitive West Highlander unless one 'has the Gaelic' as they express it, and yet a few words of the Gaelic does not always win their confidence. I met an old Highland woman on the road at Appin whom I greeted with the usual 'Cia mar tha sibh'n diugh?' which, being interpreted, means 'How do you do?' She answered with the usual 'Cia mar tha sibh fhein?'—'How are you yourself?'—which encouraged me to hope for more confidence. I broke out in English with 'Will you tell me your name?' 'Name! she repeated in a high shrill key, as she shouldered her bundle of sticks. 'My name's *Ann*; and if you would ask more, or I would be

[3] Iona, or *Ithonna*, signifies in Gaelic 'the Island of the Waves.' It is also called *Ishonna*, which means 'the happy' or 'blessed' isle.

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telling it ye, ye wad tak' too muckle on yoursel'.' And, turning on her heel, she went, leaving me, crestfallen, on the road. When I met another, and gave her in English the usual Highland greeting, 'It's a soft day' (for it was pouring), she said, as she shook me warmly by the hand, in Gaelic, 'It's proud I am this day; but will you not bend yourself to talk the Gaelic? Bless you, it's well I wish you, with peace and prosperity to the end of your days!' It was in these parts that I heard the Gaelic blessing supposed to be said by Fergus when he came to the house of the Fingalians at Hounga. I give the translation:

'I come here on a visit to the door of the gentleman, and it is the custom of the town that no one gets in without a rhyme; we will keep it up.

'Bless the house and all that is in it, the wife and the children, wee Kersity and the grandchildren, the yellow hen and the chickens. I would not ask more joy of the earth than the potatoes of such a field, bread, cheese, whisky, tea in a bowl and sugar too, long feet to cross the ford and to be in Dalmachabich for evermore. Amen.'

At Iona (*Ishonna*, the glorious 'island of the wave') I heard of water kelpies from an old man who had lived for many years in a sheiling on Staffa tending flocks. They appeared to him in the form of water-horses. This was many years ago; he was so deafened by the noise of the roaring ocean, and overwhelmed by his loneliness, that he was removed to Iona, where he has remained ever since.

It is alleged that here in the Tombs of the Kings are buried forty-eight Scottish kings, two Irish kings, one French king, and eight kings of Norroway. Macbeth was the last king buried here. The burial-place of the former Lords of the Isles, the MacLeans, MacDonalds, and MacLeods, is the Reilag Oran[4]; it dates from the twelfth century, and was built by Margaret, Queen of Scotland. According to the tradition of to-day, when any member of the MacLeans of Lochbuie passes away, the spirit of an ancestral MacLean chieftain is heard and seen riding past the 'Reilag Oran' on a black horse, to the sound of clanking chains. The Nunnery was built in the twelfth century. It contains the tombs of the Canonesses of St. Augustine. Anna, the last Prioress of the Nunnery, is buried here, and the people tell us how in the twilight she is 'whiles' seen sweeping by in her trailing garments.

The St. Columba miracle legends are too well known to republish here. On the green slopes of this holy island, where tradition tells us 'venom is unknown,' I heard a fairy love-song. Here is the rough translation:

'A lonesome lass, sleeping between the rocks, dreamt one came and lay beside her. She knew not who he was, nor knew she from

[4] Or burial-place of Oran. St. Oran was the favourite monk of St. Columba. Oran signifies Priest of the Sun, or Fire.

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whence he came; and in love the night passed. But when at break of day she rose, the half of her bed was gone, and as she looks to the brow of a hill she sees him afar passing out of her sight. Then she follows him, and cries:

> I am my lone in these far hills, I'll go
> And I *will* go even unto the plains,
> Nor shift my snood till I win sight of him,
> My love!—my hand on it, I'll keep my word!

And when she comes to the place where she lost sight of him, she sees blood on the heather, and she is grieved that she does not know the way to a certain green knowe where a certain fair-haired fairy was. For if she could win there before the sun rose again, she would tell her whether the blood she sees on the heather is her lover's or that of a wounded deer.'

In these parts many picturesque fragments of Gaelic song may be picked up. The old *cronans* (or croons), this most ancient form of Celtic poetry fostering our quaint Highland superstitions, may, at our era of psychical investigation and advanced thought, begin to have a realistic interest.

Some of these *cronans*, transmitted from generation to generation, I picked up at Iona, Appin, and Glencoe. We hear old wives crooning them to their grandchildren, and mothers to their babes as they rock them to sleep. They give us curious insight into the customs of Highland fairies according to popular tradition. They are generally fairy love-songs telling of the love between fairies and mortals as every-day events, and are soothing as the breath of sweet gale and heather, the music of speaking falls and faltering burns with an ever-recurring plaint of winds singing through hill-side grass or imprisoned between rocks.

I feel we must not fill up nor destroy those fragments of native poetic genius, however small they are, because we see how the primitive condition of things clipped the wings of our bards. One that I heard is supposed to be sung by a fairy wife to a lad (a mortal lad) who is her sweetheart. She trysts him to come that night to the knowe—or fairy knoll—where she lives. She tells him he must find the string that hangs upon the rock where a clump of blaeberries grow, and if he will pull at that she will open the door to him. Here is the translation as it was given to me: 'Tak' no heed of my auld fairy man when you'll come ben; he'll be sleeping wi' his heid weel tucked under the blankets, past seeing and hearing.' These detail the fairy wife imparts in single lines, each line followed by a prolonged *Hur-a-vi-u-o-ho-ro*, a succession of wild notes imitative of nature passing on through chinky rocks in glad and sorrowful tune. So suggestive of spontaneity is this Gaelic cronan that, in spite of the 'string to pull' and the old fairy husband's 'blankets,' one feels sure that the bard's inspiration came while eavesdropping on a fairy hill

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as the lovers made their tryst, and the jealous wind paused to blend its prophetic sighs with the fickle chatterings of little wayward springs.

I heard another beautiful cronan in which the singer is a mortal 'lass' wooed by a fairy lad. She says to him:

> I know thy step, and custom of thy hall,
> The fire that burneth there is big and bright;
> Ashes are not, nor is there dust to dim
> Thy wide and shining floor. 'Tis there the vows
> Of men to maids, and maids to men, are given,
> And kept for aye, with reels from end to end!

In an essay I have already published on Highland tradition, I have suggested that the imaginative temperament of the Celt is caused, as in other mountainous nationalities, by their close sympathy with wild nature, and that, as a natural consequence, they are more especially drawn into direct contact with great invisible Nature with which many of us feel we are in touch, believing it to have been experimentally demonstrated as the core of our world which is only as the rind. It has been said that the Calvinistic doctrine of the Highland clergy with their religious fanaticism at one time preached not only the manliness of the people, but that by their intolerant doctrine of perdition and Divine wrath, especially against rival sects, the death-blow was dealt to many sublime superstitions. However this may have been, there is a corner of the Highlands which has remained blessedly exempt from such molestation. This is Glencoe. One curious feature of Glencoe is that all are Highland Episcopalians; the little church at Carnoch at the foot of the Glen is High Church so far as the love of symbols and their significance go, and it is certain that the people there would as much resent any interference in their mode of worship as the parishioners of Glenorchy in former days when they so bravely defended their last Episcopal clergyman. Yet, judging from the peace of the hills which we see on the faces of the old bodies, here the rivalry of 'Churchianities' does not trouble them. Highland Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic are all living in close proximity, and what their forbears were for the most part they are. There is a precentor that precents at each church in turn! As bigotry and spirituality are strictly opposed, this may also account for their intimacy with the unseen.

In this age of convenient travelling it is 'piper's news' to say that the village of Ballachulish is situated on the shores of Loch Leven in the north of Argyllshire. About a mile from the entrance to Glencoe, scene of the massacre 202 years ago, Ballachulish lies east and west under the shadow of Ben Bahn.[5]

High up on the hillside above the village of Ballachulish I went

[5] The white mountain (Gael.).

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to see an old woman. She was more than a hundred years old; she was sitting by her fireside in the ingle-nook; the old-fashioned mutch on her head was snowy white, tied on with ribbon spotless as her apron. She curtsied low as I came in, saying, 'It is proud I am this day,' and told me that I was her kinswoman, for she was a Campbell too; that she, like myself, was descended from that grand man, the McIan Rioch.[6] I asked in what his great valour consisted. She said, 'It was here in Glencoe that he lifted the cattle from the Macdonalds.' She also told me she remembered a woman she knew long since being carried by fairies. The gude man was minding the brose when, on turning round, he suddenly missed the gude wife who had been there a moment since. In peering out at the door there she was being borne away through the air by a lot of fairies. The gude man cast over them a cog of hot brose, which made them drop her as they vanished.

Accessibility to this corner of the West Highlands has not yet perverted the minds of the Highlanders from inherent romanticism. Theirs is the charm of primitive simplicity in mind and manner. The men, with few exceptions, though hard workers in the gloomy slate quarries of the district, are very unlike the human sand-beetles which crowd the crannies of city walls. Like the blaeberries, they just hang where they grow, and, to use their own phraseology, this is probably why 'they have the two sights complete.' At all events, second sight is no peculiarity among the clans who inhabit Glencoe.

One Ewen McColl of Glencoe said not long since he would that all men could tear the bandage off their eyes that they might see the multitude that he saw peopling the hills and glens, coming and going, not to speak of the 'solitaries' who love to frequent the silent places in the hidden glens. The fairy knowes are numberless—conical mounds which gleam in the sun, emerald green and gold—and some authorities there have protested against their demolition out of respect to the beautiful fairy kingdom.

The awe we feel as we lift our eyes to the hills of Glencoe and listen to their roar is magnificently expressed in the words of a great poet in a sonnet masterpiece addressed to Natura Benigna:

> Dumb mother, struggling through the hopeless years
> To tell her secret out through helpless eyes.[7]

For the glamour of the west and the roar of hills are in no part of the Highlands so overpowering.

It is a wild evening when I am out after Highland lore, in which I delight. The Mam of Glencoe[8] lies deep in shadow and mystery of rolling mist; squalls shriek down the gullies and moan through every

[6] The son of speckled John Campbell of Ardkinglas, from a second son of the Earl of Argyll, 1428.

[7] Theodore Watts Dunton.

[8] The Pap of Glencoe.

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hollow. Winding sheets of mist unwinding reveal for a moment among the circles of the hills radiant fairy knowes, and across the shoulders of dark bens flash pathways of light, as for men of peace and angels directed through Eternity by the very finger of God. At our feet lie the waters of Loch Leven, *grumlie* black in contrast to the little sailing skiffs which, like white sea-birds, skim the Loch. The fishermen of Ballachulish are out for a race round the islets. Wide-spreading sails are flapping with every squall. The three fishermen I watch who do not take in their reef in time 'win' not round the island as they hoped: they 'win' the other world. For at the very point which a seer of Ballachulish had years ago predicted as the point of a fatal accident, suddenly their boat capsizes, sinks, and they are seen no more.

The Rev. Alexander McInnes, minister of the Gaelic Episcopalian Church, has had so many and such varied experiences of what the Psychical Research Society would call 'veridical,' that the 'sublimal self' must in him be very active. Nor has any one in the district about which I am writing had the second sight stronger than his venerable father, H. McInnes, aged nearly one hundred, beloved and respected by all. It is to see him on this particular afternoon that the son leads the way from the village of Carnoch, at the foot of Glencoe, to his father's house at Ballachulish.

'If my father is alive to-day,' said the minister turning to me, 'he will tell you how and where he saw the big man of Ballachulish.'

As he spoke, we were nearing his father's cottage. Standing at the door I saw a tall upright frame, a beaming, kind old face through which it was plain the soul was fast wearing. His son spoke to him in Gaelic, and asked him to tell again in my hearing where and how he saw the apparition of the armed spirit.

'If you will follow me,' he said to his son in Gaelic, 'I will show you the place again where we last met him. That was many years ago. Donald came to see me, and I was walking with him homewards in the gloaming.'

I then walked on with father and son until they paused at a certain point of the road where the old man stopped us, saying:

'Here is where we met the giant; you see the road lies east and west. Now, we were going eastward and he was going westward; he took the south side of the road and we the north; I saw that we would pass each other in a moment. I saw *that*—and likewise that he was surely one off the shoulder of the seventh generation—the very step of a hero! "This man cannot be of this earth," I said to Donald, "but there is no bad in it! He'll be the big man of the glen! Come forward with me," I said; but he, Donald, shook with fear and stood where he was. Now I committed myself to the Holy Trinity, and forward I went, for I was not afraid that I should look upon him. Just here I took the road at an angle, for surely I thought

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he would pass me if I would not stop him. He marched without sound nor haste, and now, as I faced him in the gloaming, he halted, standing two or three paces fornent me. I halted likewise. Well, I looked up at him, and that was far: I am over six feet in height, but he—he was far above me. First I looked at his head, then upon his grand face: there was peace written there. He was beardless; the like of his dress I have never seen before, nor have I since. If it was woven, it was of shining silver; there was a fall of it round his head and face, and that which clothed his body was of the same, and hung over that which covered his legs, and that was of the same, whatever it was. Round his throat he wore—well, whatever was there that looked yellow and raised in queer shapes. Now, I did not think to speak to him because of the wonder in which I stood. I told Donald all I was seeing and the wonder of it, but Donald for fear would not come forward one step from where he was for all that I told him. Never, till I took a step or two backwards, did the spirit offer to move, when with our eyes fixed on him, with slow and martial step, he turned off the road on to this mould here that rises beside us, and on this very spot before our eyes he passed into air. I again said, turning to Donald, "There is no bad in it whatever, and you or I will see it again to-night." "In the name of the Trinity let it not be me," said he, and we returned to my house together. That night when Donald went home, he went not alone, for the big man of the Glen walked beside him.'

JANEY SEVILLA CAMPBELL.

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THE MODERN MACHIAVELLI

MR. JOHN MORLEY'S brilliant Romanes Lecture on Machiavelli could not fail to revive interest in the irresistible cynicism of the subtle old Florentine—all the more that it turned a startling searchlight on men and movements of to-day, revealing sinister aspects behind the outer face. The *bacillus* of 'Old Nick' has passed through various 'cultures' in the course of four centuries; but it is still malignant and active. Every one who heard or read the Romanes Lecture kept asking, 'What is the moral of it all?' The occasion did not require (perhaps it did not permit) the lecturer to offer his own solution of the problem he stated with such incisive force. *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.* But who is—*Tu?* One suspects a somewhat large and vociferous company of politicians, orators, writers.

Mr. Morley has started a debate on the ethics of politics which interests all, but in which few care to speak out quite frankly. There is certainly a great deal of 'unctuous rectitude' in political life, especially on these international problems. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who always has the courage of his opinions, in the August number of *Cosmopolis* tears the mask from this humbug, which is peculiarly odious to him. But frank and lucid as he always is, he has not stated his practical advice to statesmen with all the precision and detail we expect from a veteran publicist, master of so vigorous a style. It seems to come to this: that 'the Machiavellian patriot' is blameless, and only 'the Machiavellian egotist' is guilty. The Machiavellian patriot may lawfully do all that a wild beast does, if need be, knowing neither God nor Devil, sentiment or morals. He is like the Elect in the Predestinarian scheme who cannot lose their assured Salvation. For him morality simply does not exist. The trouble is, how are we to recognise this magnanimous but immoral Patriot? By what signs is he revealed? Were Brutus and Cassius Machiavellian patriots? Is Prince Bismarck? Is the Sultan?

On the other hand the *Spectator*, criticising Mr. Greenwood, is for maintaining the loftiest morality. It seems not to disapprove the slaughter of Matabele black men in the cause of Christian civilisation. It approves the action of the Government towards the Transvaal, which must be made to feel that it is part of the Empire,

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little as the Boers like this or will admit this. The Gospel of Peace—alas!—has to be driven into backward societies with a firm hand. But the *Spectator* holds that dogmatic Machiavellism 'saps the springs of moral progress;' and in this nineteenth century it is useless as well as mischievous. If the Almighty, in his good purpose, wills us Britons to enlarge our Empire, even, if it must be so, with Maxim guns, we must never lose sight of the Sermon on the Mount.

Mr. Greenwood is severe on the hypocrisy of professing moral doctrines whilst we persist in immoral action, and on the way we have of shutting our eyes to all the fraud, cruelty, and violence in public life. He is for calling things by their right names. Individual citizens ought to be personally moral; but he denies that statesmen can be, or (as it seems) ought to be moral. Morality in international affairs is either hypocrisy or weakness. Home politics should be run on moral lines, and he is indignant at the Machiavellism he sees rampant in party leaders; but he stoutly declares that Machiavellism—that is, *ex hypothesi*, fraud, cruelty, and violence—is necessary and right in foreign affairs, where we have to meet the wickedness of our foreign rivals by equal or even superior villainy of our own. This is reassuring for Sir Matthew W. Ridley and Mr. Asquith—but rather hard on Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery.

This is no paradox of Mr. Greenwood's own invention. He is one of the acutest and most experienced publicists living, and one of the most honest and resolute. He is simply putting into plain words the inmost but perhaps rather vague thoughts of influential politicians, financiers, and journalists—nay, of political parties and tendencies which have been rapidly growing for a generation or more. We must agree with him that Europe is seething with Machiavellian ambitions, that we have to face the fact, that some of the most successful and popular leaders of our age are bent on adapting to the nineteenth century some of the dominant ideas of *the Prince*. These are summed up thus:—Be strong to smite, ready to smite, crafty, unsparing; and, if it come to the worst, know nothing of God, devil, sentiment or morals. All this is criminal and wicked in the private citizen—it is very wrong in party politics. But in foreign affairs, in dealing with other races, civilised or barbarous, it ceases to be immoral and becomes a duty. It is not—Our country, right or wrong! It is rather—For our country wrong is right! Machiavellism, so nakedly formulated, is indeed seldom professed. But it is practised, it is admired, and believed in. Jingoism, Imperialism, Manifest Destiny, are all forms of this Machiavellism—and no one need be ashamed to avow it.

Mr. Greenwood is no faddist, but an acute and serious thinker, undoubtedly expressing a latent but deep conviction of modern opinion. And a latent and widespread conviction of the kind will account for many things which are puzzling in the present day. But

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by what signs are we to recognise the honest 'Machiavellian patriot,' how distinguish him from the 'egotist,' from the miscreant, from the Borgias, Napoleons, and Abdul Hamids? All his wickedness, says Mr. Greenwood, is done not for himself, not out of delight in vice, cruelty and fraud, but out of pure patriotism, for the sake of his country. But so say most tyrants and evil-doers. Machiavelli thought Cæsar Borgia à type of a true prince. Napoleon, we are told, was an 'egotist,' a selfish tyrant, not a patriot. But in his own day he loudly professed to be a patriot, and was fervently believed by millions. So, too, Louis Napoleon swore that if he had to murder, it was out of love for France. Why is not Abdul Hamid a true 'Machiavellian patriot'? He does horrible deeds, but he profoundly believes that all his fraud, cruelty, and violence are necessary for the salvation of Turkey as a State, and millions of sincere Mussulmans in Europe and in Asia believe this to be true. We cannot deny that even Abdul's enormities are within the traditions of Ottoman policy, when at bay before the infidel. Mr. Greenwood says that to secure the existence of your State in freedom, 'you may do anything that a wild animal may do—knowing nothing of God or devil, or sentiment, or morals.' Well! that is precisely what Abdul the Damned says he is doing. And from the point of view of a fanatical Turk of the old school, this is a plausible contention. Abdul the Damned is really the *beau idéal* of the 'Machiavellian patriot'—who, says Mr. Greenwood, 'is blameless.'

And what about Golli and Caserio, and the murderers of the Czar Alexander, of Abraham Lincoln, and Rossi; what about Orsini, and the dynamiters, and anarchists, and all the assassins from Brutus and Cassius down to Balthazar Gérard and Ravaillac? They all murdered public men under an inspiring belief that they were saving the State. Or if the anarchists do not desire to save the State, they desire to save free men from the tyranny of the State. Anarchism may be wrong, but it is a doctrine professed by philosophers like Herbert Spencer and philanthropists like Auberon Herbert. The political assassins were no doubt terribly mistaken as to what was for the true good of the State. But they were most of them sincere enthusiasts, and were supported by eminent rulers and by most holy priests. Whether the kings and statesmen they murdered were tyrants or not is a very intricate problem. They thought so, and sacrificed their own lives in that faith. The 'Machiavellian patriot' usually slaughters men wholesale. Why is not some obscure but sincere dynamiter and anarchist, who murders in the name of the people, equally worthy of being a Machiavellian patriot—and blameless?

It is sophism to talk of the State being above morality, so as to sanctify fraud, cruelty, and violence. This is to make a fetish of the State, a God Almighty, a sort of Moloch. The State is only an

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organised society of men: it only acts through men: it only acts upon men. Mr. Greenwood talks of the State much as Calvinist theologians talk of Life Eternal. Human affairs, happiness, and all good things here below are mere dust and ashes. To get souls to Heaven, the most pious Christians have massacred, pillaged, and tortured millions. 'Never mind if they are innocent,' said a Spanish inquisitor, 'it will make it easier for them in the Day of Judgment.' And now says Mr. Greenwood, 'To save the State, you may do anything a wild beast may do;—never mind God or Devil, sentiment or morals'!

Opinions do so differ as to what does save the State. Few problems in the world are so complex. What is the test? Where is the tribunal to decide whether the Machiavellian patriot is a Brutus, a Charlotte Corday, a Ravaillac, or a Golli? To shoot dead a man you never before saw, to blow up a crowded railway train or a house with dynamite, are regarded in all civilised countries, and in the absence of extenuating circumstances, as frankly immoral. On that all decent men are agreed. Who is to decide if these acts become virtuous through the effect they have on the public? The Machiavellian patriot has to decide all this for himself, with or without the assistance of a group of conspirators. If he is a poor ignorant devil of a workman, he is put to death like a mad dog. If he is a great Prince or statesman, he is wildly applauded by large bodies of his own countrymen, detested by those whom he maltreats and robs, and is generally admired by the vulgar. Abdul Hamid is now quite a hero in Central Asia.

The sophism which it seems satisfies acute and honest men that fraud, cruelty, and violence cease to be wrong in international affairs, however immoral they may be in national and social things, is simply the analogy of War. In war, we are told, fraud, cruelty, and violence are inevitable. Within certain strictly defined limits this is quite true. But war in civilised countries has its own 'sentiment,' its own 'morals.' War has its own morality, its proper honour, and its own treacheries and infamies. Civilised nations do not fight like Zulu savages or Sioux Indians. It is immoral in war to make a regular truce and then, in violation of it, to massacre a confiding enemy. It is immoral to use poison, to butcher non-combatants in cold blood, to torture prisoners and so forth. Even in war it is not lawful to 'behave like a wild animal,' 'to know nothing of God, or devil, sentiment or morals.' Quite the reverse! The morality of war, as understood in modern Europe, is exceedingly well defined; and, considering all the conditions inseparable from a state of war, it is a very high standard of morality.

There is therefore no real analogy between the definite licence admitted in modern war and the unlimited devilry claimed by the Machiavellian Prince. It is all very well for a Cæsar Borgia or a

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Baglione to 'do whatever a wild animal may do;' but if Lord Wolseley or General Billot were to do so, the world would ring with execrations. It is true enough that manslaughter, stratagems, and bombardment are not immoral in war. Why not? Because due notice is given to definite persons that, unless definite demands are conceded, soldiers and fortified places will be attacked, and your own plans will be concealed. And the strict conditions are that the attacking nation fully admits that it lies open to the same things in retaliation, and further that it will neither kill, destroy, nor deceive, except within the recognised code of International Law; *i.e.* of morality as understood amongst civilised states *inter se*.

And there is a second sophism involved in the analogy between a state of war and permanent international relations. The ordinary relations between European States are not a state of war, are not those between wild tribes around the Congo or the Euphrates. The relations of civilised nations to each other are governed by the rules and customs of International Law relating to Peace. When civilised nations do go to war, they are governed by the rules and customs of International Law relating to War. Whether modern States are at peace or at war, they are equally bound by a very definite morality —a morality indeed more definite, more aptly reduced to particular examples, than is private and social morality itself. The old savage rule of *inter arma silent leges* is quite obsolete. The state of war calls out the appropriate rules of International Law, and they are never so active and peremptory. These laws of war are the noble discovery of Hugo Grotius and the jurists and statesmen of the last three centuries. And they hold in check the devilries of your 'Machiavellian Prince' or your 'Machiavellian Patriot' as firmly as the courts of law and the criminal code keep down the 'wild animal' in the swindler or the footpad.

The idea that because you are 'saving the State,' therefore you are exempt from moral and social obligations is mere confusion of thought. In the first place, you are only professing to be 'saving the State,' and in reality you may be filling your own pockets and advancing your own interests. Who knows?—who is to judge? The Panamists, the 'Liberator' Patriots, the Kaffir Circus, all assured us they meant to 'save the country,' at a very moderate commission for themselves. But even if you are really saving the State, as Wellington and Nelson, Washington and William the Silent did, you are not entitled to the privileges which Cæsar Borgia or Robespierre claimed for themselves. Would Englishmen like to think of Nelson as a wild animal at bay? The Duke of Alva sincerely thought that he was saving not only the State, but the Church and the State. He was a typical example of the Machiavellian Prince 'strong to smite, ready to smite, crafty, unsparing'—'knowing nothing of God or devil, sentiment or morals.' He sought to save, for

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a time he did save the State of Spain. Was he the blameless Machiavellian Patriot?

The moral obligations of the man, the citizen, the patriot are all in complete harmony and form one complex system of Duty. The morality proper towards self, towards the family, towards our fellow-countrymen,—the morality proper in politics, whether municipal, provincial, national, or international;—our duties towards brute beasts, towards foreign nations, towards the uncivilised races, towards the whole human race—all form one coherent code of right and wrong. They all are deduced from the due balance and working agreement between our selfish and our unselfish, or rather our personal and our social instincts. It is a complex morality requiring variations of conduct in the various relations of human life. It is a morality which does not imply the same acts in each case, but it is a morality which from one end of the scale to the other implies one standard of moral judgment.

A man's duty to his neighbour does not require him to do as much for his neighbour as for his wife or child. A man's duty to a mere stranger does not involve exactly the same acts as his duty to an intimate friend. His duty towards an ox or a horse does not involve the same acts as his duty to a fellow-man. His duty to defend his country does not require him in the same way to defend other countries. His behaviour towards the President of the French Republic or towards the German Emperor need not be quite the same as that towards a black king on the Congo. But civilised and moral man's relations to his fellow-beings, whether in some smaller and nearer group or in some larger and more distant group, are all to be referred to the same standard of moral judgment—for they all spring out of the indissoluble relations of the individual to society. And to pretend that human morality is bounded by national borders, and that across the border morality has no meaning, that men are at liberty to deal with their fellow-men outside their national limits, as a wild animal does with its enemies—is mere confusion of thought.

It seems to have sprung out of that exaggeration of patriotism which is natural to an age of keen national rivalries and jealousies. Love of country is a noble quality. But to pretend that Country is the Be-all and End-all of human society, that it absorbs all morality, and that outside country Man reverts to the wild animal, is a preposterous paradox. When Machiavelli wrote his *Prince*, it is true that many of the small principalities of Italy were living in a state of crypto-polemics such as we see to-day amongst the savages of the Soudan; and a good many of the Italian despots had brought their moral nature down to within measurable distance of the wild animals. But that was justly regarded as an age of portentous wickedness and abnormal corruption. It is absurd to suggest that European States

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are in any such condition of barbarism and anarchy. And even if they were in such a condition, to proclaim the Gospel of Machiavelli's *Prince* as the way of salvation would be a remedy worse than the disease.

It is quite true that there is a great amount of low cunning and unscrupulous intrigue in public life, which is habitually covered by hypocritical professions and fine platitudes. And a fearless and acute publicist like Mr. Greenwood does the public a service when he points out how much insincerity there is in the lofty sentiments of so many a demagogue, whatever his party. Therein Mr. Greenwood only expands Mr. Morley's text: for Mr. Morley plainly left us to infer that both our statesmen and our public had a weak side for the minor vices of the *Prince*. It is too true: nor can we honestly deny that there is such a being as a Modern Machiavelli—ready to smite, crafty, unsparing—'in the highest interests of the State and this great Empire,' of course—but still grasping, faithless, and cruel enough, so far as modern habits permit public men to go. All this is very true, and it ought to be exposed. But to admit and deplore the existence of fraud and hypocrisy in public leaders and in party spirit is a very different thing from frankly proclaiming that for certain kinds of public life, and in dealing with foreign nations in time of peace, falsehood, cruelty, and violence are not vices but patriotic duties, and that in such affairs morality is little better than weakness. It used to be said that 'Hypocrisy is the homage which Vice pays to Virtue.' Well! but vice does not become virtue when it ceases to render the homage of hypocrisy. Machiavelli's Prince had to win his fame by wholesale treachery and atrocious murders. Now, it seems, he has only to sneer at 'unctuous rectitude' to become the hero of the day.

Mr. Greenwood no doubt means much more than to pass a censure on the hypocrisy in our public life. In experience, insight, and candour few journalists living are his match. He seeks to rouse his countrymen to a sense of the deep jealousies and enormous forces by which this Empire of ours is surrounded in its 'splendid isolation.' He, no doubt, is not altogether reassured by the sight of some gallant horsemen in picturesque uniforms, sombreros and bandoliers, and the loyal protestations of the Colonial Premiers offering (rather prematurely perhaps) one battle-ship. It was a pretty sight, but Mr. Greenwood is not satisfied. He seems to think we need to be well on our guard and have to meet real dangers and concealed foes, much as the politic Prince of Machiavelli's day had to do. He thinks that, in spite of Colonial troopers and mighty battle-ships, we ought to be 'strong to smite,' 'ready to smite,' and not go to sleep believing that Jubilee processions and naval reviews have struck foreign nations dumb with awe and into patient submission to their own inferior lot on earth.

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Many sensible and patriotic men agree with Mr. Greenwood. As a 'Little Englander' said, if we are to go on at this rate adding to our Empire and increasing our pretensions, we shall have to double our navy and treble our army. Even now, if American demagogues were to hurry their countrymen into a mad quarrel with the 'old country,' whilst a serious war was to break out on the north-west frontier of India, and the dream of the Junker came true to form a tripartite coalition to fall upon the British whale on all sides at once, we should have enough to do to 'save the State.' And perhaps, after all, the Cape Colony battleship might not be quite ready in time, and the splendid young troopers might be wanted at home. Sensible and patriotic men will be found who agree with Mr. Greenwood that there are perils around us and need of altogether new energy and wariness. For a whole half-century, from Waterloo to Sadowa, no sensible Englishman could suppose that in a week this nation might be fighting for its existence, or that Machiavellian princes stood around it, watching the moment to make a deadly spring. That comfortable assurance exists no longer. Since the era of Blood and Iron, the dismemberment of France, and all that has happened since 1870, there has been a new departure in things international. Enormous armaments, instantaneous mobilization, secret alliances, and 'the madness of bigness,' have turned the heads of most of the great nations.

Europe has come into a measurable distance of the Machiavellian era when princes were believed capable of almost any midnight *coup de main*. It is true that the fleet is enormously powerful; perhaps more powerful for the hour, even relatively, than it has been for nearly a century. Good observers even believe that it could hold its own against any practical coalition whatever, even of many other Powers. True: but its duties, in case of war, would also be enormous. It is also true that the spirit of the nation, and the organisation and *moral* of the Empire have never been so high since Waterloo. But again its abnormal extent and distribution over the planet make its defence against a vast coalition exceptionally difficult. And the vast coalition against this truly abnormal Empire—an Empire utterly beyond the record of history, and beyond the dreams of conquering kings—already exists in a dormant, potential, subjective state, as our leading statesmen admit and almost boast. This combined onslaught on Albion—the rich, ubiquitous favourite of Fortune—is the day dream of every Jingo journalist on both sides of the Atlantic, and the nightly dream of more than one public man who is, or may become, a dominant power in Europe. Enormous as is the wealth and resource of the Empire, supreme as is its naval power, ardent as are its patriotism, its courage, and its tenacity, no thoughtful observer can deny that, by its geographical conditions *plus* its inevitable isolation, and the envy that its wonderful prosperity

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arouses, it is much more exposed to a desperate struggle for life than Russia, Germany, France, or the United States.

When Mr. Greenwood reminds us that we are no longer living in the epoch of Wellington and Palmerston, that however mighty is our strength, our perils have become also mighty, mainly through the reversion of international morality towards Machiavellian ideals in the last generation—many sensible and patriotic men will agree with him. Will they agree with him when they come to his remedy? Put frankly (and Mr. Greenwood is not always quite so frank as he looks), it comes to this. Since international morality is being perverted in a Machiavellian sense, let us make up our minds to carry on our foreign relations on the Machiavellian code—which is to assume that nations are practically in a state of war, and that, as in a state of war all things are lawful, morality does not come in at all.

It has been shown already that the whole of this argument is unsound and based on a set of sophisms. International morality, however faulty, is not sunk to the villainous gospel of the *Prince*. Nations are not practically in a state of war, and are not permanently plotting a state of war. Even if they were, a state of war does not make all things lawful. Quite the contrary! War has its own definite and honourable code of moral obligation. And lastly, even if there were no moral obligations on civilised nations, good faith, justice, and peaceableness are the most useful and most politic things, in dealings between nations just as in dealings between citizens.

The attempt to distinguish between morality towards foreigners and morality towards our fellow-countrymen is pure moonshine. The specific acts may differ; but the moral standard is the same *in kind*. To talk about the State as an Almighty Power is mere fetishism. The State is only an aggregate of Parishes, as the Parish is an aggregrate of Families. And Humanity is an aggregate of States. It is needless to go over the old proof that morality is, *on the whole*, the conduct most conducive to well-being amongst men —*that, on the whole*, honesty is the best policy. There will always be burglars, swindlers, and card-sharpers who cannot be got to see this elementary axiom of social life. And so the burglars must be detected, tried, and punished. No doubt in the relations of States there will always be burglars, swindlers, and 'Machiavellian Patriots.' But their existence and activity is no more a reason for our denouncing international morality and tearing up international law, than the activity of burglars in the streets is a good reason for shutting up our Courts of Justice and burning the criminal code. Honesty is the best policy for States as for citizens. The true way to 'save the State' is to raise its reputation for good faith, justice, and peaceableness, to make it strong in defence but not dangerous in attack.

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Switzerland is one of the smallest and poorest states in Europe: and yet it is of all others the most absolutely impregnable. If this Empire wishes to be as safe as Switzerland, it must follow good faith, justice, peaceableness. If it is bent on running *amok* in the great race of 'grab,' it will avail it little to study the infernal maxims of the *Prince*. This could only end like Cæsar Borgia and other heroes of Machiavelli.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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DR. VON MIQUEL,

'THE KAISER'S OWN MAN'

If, as Cardinal Newman used to preach, 'to be perfect is to have changed often,' Johannes von Miquel, the Prussian Finance Minister, may justly claim to have advanced far on the path towards perfection. In the course of his life he has undergone more transformations than any other latter-day statesman. He has been in turn revolutionary, conservative, and reactionary; intransigeant and opportunist; an ardent republican and an imperialist; a demagogue of demagogues and a whig. Once upon a time he was a staunch socialist—nay, even a communist; then he was a reformer, an advocate of Free Trade; now the Junker Agrarians are beginning to hope that they may yet find in him a saviour. It was recently suggested in the Reichstag—by an enemy, of course—that he should publish his experiences under the title of 'Vom Kommunisten bis zum Agrarier.' In his young days he used to call upon the very Heavens to bear him witness that he was an atheist; and for many a long year he attacked the Church, Protestant and Catholic alike, quite ruthlessly; to-day, however, he is a member of an evangelical synod! There is not a party in the State against which he has not fought, and fiercely too, in his time; nor is there one to which he has not rendered signal service. Yet even those who hate him most—and for every friend he has, he has half a dozen foes—allow that he is no waverer, but a strong man, the strongest man, perhaps, with one exception, in the whole German Empire.

'Sie sind mein Mann,'[1] the present German Emperor was once heard to exclaim while talking to Dr. von Miquel. The remark excited much comment at the time—it was within a year of Prince Bismarck's fall—for Prussian aristocrats, politicians as courtiers, were quite at a loss to understand what possible sympathy there could be between their impulsive young sovereign and this cynical old bourgeois financier. That sympathy there is, however, can hardly be denied; for the veriest Junker cannot shut his eyes to the fact that it is always to Dr. von Miquel the Emperor first turns for advice

[1] 'You are my man.'

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when things go wrong in Berlin. For instance, when his request for fresh arms wherewith to fight against socialism was rejected, he straightway summoned the Doctor to devise means of arousing the Reichstag to a sense of its duty; he sent for him, too, and in all haste, when the Landtag would have none of his scheme for converting Board schools into mission stations. Again, when those ironclads on which his heart is set were refused him, it was from Miquel that he sought to learn how the declared will of his people's representatives might best be thwarted. From the day, indeed, seven years ago now, when he first met him in Frankfort, he has taken counsel with him upon all occasions; never has there been a crisis in Germany but the two have spent hours consulting together behind well-closed doors. Still, it is but fair to Dr. von Miquel to admit that hitherto, as a rule, before ever he has been summoned to the Palace, the mistake has already been made—the Minister has been told he must go; the irritating despatch has been sent off; or perhaps the indiscreet speech delivered. It is the *rôle* of the undoer he has always played, in fact—that of the doer being taken by the Emperor himself. And even as an undoer, he has had difficulties without end to contend against; for the Court party are always on the alert to thwart him, to throw his best laid plans out of gear.

Again and again wonder has been expressed that Dr. von Miquel should content himself with the Finance Ministry, seeing that, as all the world knows, the Vice-Chancellorship—nay, perhaps even the Chancellorship itself—is well within his grasp. He is a man, however, who has no taste for sinecures; and at the present time the Chancellorship, it is well to remember, is practically a sinecure. In Germany there is no room just now for a Richelieu or a Bismarck; he who would rule must be a Father Joseph, one who stands behind the throne well out of sight. Were Dr. von Miquel to take Prince Hohenlohe's place to-morrow, he would become of course the Emperor's chief Minister; but, as he is well aware, he would cease to be his Majesty's confidential adviser. He would lose at one fell swoop much of the influence he now wields; and all that he would obtain in return would be a certain dignity, the mere semblance of power. And even for this semblance of power he would have no fixity of tenure: sooner or later—sooner, perhaps, rather than later—he would be called upon to flee into the wilderness, as a scapegoat for his Imperial master. This being the case, by beginning to talk—as he did the other day, and indeed always does whenever the Chancellor question comes to the fore—of his age and infirmity, his delicate health, and above all of his long sleepless nights, surely he but proves how much wiser he is in his generation than are the children of light.

Dr. von Miquel is a Hanoverian by birth, a member of an old Huguenot family; and his father was a distinguished doctor. He

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was born in 1828; thus, when that year of revolutions, '48, came round, he was just at an age to enjoy it. At Heidelberg, when he arrived there as student, he found the very air alive with plots and conspiracies: the lecture-rooms were deserted, and the talk was all of firearms and swords. Of course he threw himself heart and soul into the revolutionary movement; for, whatever he may be now, he was then, as Dr. Blum assures us, 'ein echtes Kind jener Tage, da der süsse Sinneszauber und Weltschmerz der Lieder Byrons und Heines die deutsche Jugend beherrschte.'[2] His favourite reading in those days was Proudhon and Marx, and he had the most beautiful schemes in his head—perhaps, even on paper—for the regeneration of society. It was no good attempting to build up, however, he was firmly convinced, until the pulling down was done: the first step to his millennium, as to most others, was to be a clean sweep all round. Thus, when the news came that the Badensers had risen in arms against their Grand Duke, he was wild with delight, and set off at once to throw in his lot with theirs. In Baden he had a glorious time, for he found there assembled all that was maddest and wildest, most generous and brave in Europe. Never was there such a crowd of enthusiasts, of dreamers, of men with every sort of sense excepting common-sense, all firm in the faith, too, that a new era, that of freedom, social equality, and universal brotherhood, was close at hand. Among these revolutionists Miquel, boy as he was, soon made his mark, for he could both fight well and talk well; besides, he was one of the few who had any idea of organisation. The special work given him to do was to stir up the peasants, form them into regular companies, and train them; and thoroughly well did he do it, as later events proved. But the odds against the rebels were overwhelming: they were defeated and the Grand Duke was restored. It is interesting to note that one of the conditions solemnly laid down by the ducal government as necessary for the restoration of law and order in Baden was the banishment of Johannes Miquel. And at that time he was barely twenty.

Driven from Baden, Miquel betook himself to Paris, in the hope of finding a little fighting to be done there; and he at once began to consort with the so-called dangerous class. As we know from his own letters, he was very much under the influence of Karl Marx in those days; and was even a member of the Communist League, that famous secret society that was popularly supposed, at one time, to hold in its hand the fate of all the crowned heads in Europe. He was rapidly developing, in fact, into a professional conspirator, when, fortunately both for him and for Germany, a curious experience befell him, one which changed his career completely. While in Paris in the summer of 1850, he was stricken quite suddenly with cholera in its most ter-

[2] A true child of those days when the sweet magic and the 'world-sorrow' of Byron's songs, and of Heine's, held the youth of Germany in thrall.

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rible form. He was staying alone in an hotel at the time, and he lay there on the floor for hours, in an agony of pain, calling vainly for help. When he was found he was apparently dead—in a trance that lasted for days. This attack left him so prostrate, physically, and with nerves so shattered, that he was forced to renounce all his schemes and plans for the time being, and turn his steps homeward, that his own people might nurse him back to health and strength.

During his long convalescence young Miquel had leisure to consider his position. The three years he had spent as a revolutionist had been an idol-smashing time: one after another many of his most cherished dreams had vanished before the realities of life. He was just as ardent a patriot as ever he had been, as bent on freeing the oppressed, on righting wrongs; as alert to cry at the smallest provocation, 'Down with tyrants!' His faith in the Golden Age of the future was unshaken; he was still firmly convinced that Europe would become a Utopia sooner or later. But he was no longer quite so sure as he once had been by whom, or how, the great social transformation was to be brought about. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that these people with whom he had been thrown during the Baden campaign were hardly of a kind to free Germany, still less to reorganise it politically and socially. If this work were to be done it must be done, he was sharp-witted enough even then to know, not by fanatics, but by practical men, men capable of ruling and administering as well as of fighting. And of these there seemed to be a scarcity just then in the Empire. Besides, his recent bitter experience had convinced him that there was no chance whatever of effecting a successful revolution throughout Germany for many a year to come; had convinced him, too, that such isolated risings as that in Baden do quite as much harm as good. This being the case, he at length made up his mind that, for the time being, arms must be thrown aside and some new method of warfare devised. He is ambitious, and he was poor; he was bent on winning a name for himself, and he must earn his own living or starve. To say that he deserted the cause he had espoused would be unjust: all that he did was to change his tactics. Theretofore he had fought for freedom in the open plain; he resolved to fight for it thenceforth from behind stone walls. After much weighing of *pros* and *cons* he entered the service of the State; and, towards the end of 1851, Communist Leaguer though he was, he was appointed Reichsanwalt, or Official Prosecutor, for Göttingen.

From the day he arrived in Göttingen, Dr. Miquel threw himself energetically into municipal politics, as a staunch Democrat too, in spite of his official position; and before long he was chosen to act as speaker of the Bürgervorsteher-Kollegium, the most influential of the civic institutions. Thus he was plunged at once into the practical business of life, forced to study ways and means, to find solutions for

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actual difficulties; and this was a piece of supreme good fortune for him, as it secured for him, at the very right moment too, the training of which he stood most in need. Just as he was developing into a model citizen, a little incident occurred which must have given him a rude shock. Twelve of his old associates were brought to trial at Cologne on a charge of being members of the Communist League, and were condemned to imprisonment as criminals.

About the year 1854 Dr. Miquel made the acquaintance of Herr von Bennigsen, between whom and himself there soon sprang up a warm friendship, founded, in some degree at least, on the bitter indignation they both felt at the then state of things in Hanover. Reaction was rife in the land; the constitution, granted but a few years before, was set openly at nought; and the king, who pinned all his faith to his favourite, Count Borries, was ruling as the veriest despot. Dr. Miquel and Herr von Bennigsen, with the party they soon gathered around them, tried at first to obtain by gentle means the redress of their national grievances; but when they found that this was but labour in vain, they took their stand boldly by the Constitution, and proclaimed war against all who should venture to outrage it. They organised a regular campaign against the Government, throughout the country first, and later in Parliament, attacking it ruthlessly alike in their speeches and in the press. Count Borries and his colleagues were wild with anger; they denounced their opponents as traitors, and vowed they would string them up on a high gibbet. They would have kept their word, too, if they had dared; but they feared the populace, who were to a man on the side of the anti-reactionaries. Miquel was the special object of the Count's wrath owing to his having published a certain little document, 'Das neue hannoversche Finanzgesetz von 1857,' in which he showed that the boasted financial arrangements of the Government were practically a fraud. It was in this pamphlet that he first gave proof of his extraordinary ability as a financier.

Even when the battle against reaction was at its height in Hanover, and he was in hourly danger of arrest for treason, Dr. Miquel, acting always in concert with Herr von Bennigsen, found time to organise another, and still more important, fight. In very early days he had made up his mind that Germany's one hope either of freedom or good government lay in unity; so long as each petty state stood alone, with its hand against each other state, tyranny and anarchy must prevail. Already in 1856 we find him in every speech he makes trying to arouse national feeling among his fellow-countrymen; appealing to them to throw aside their 'particularism,' to forget that they are Hanoverians or Prussians, Badensers, or Saxons, and to think of themselves as Germans. He told them frankly, in season and out of season, that unless they were prepared to throw in their lots together for better for worse and act as one nation, their fate was

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sealed. What could scattered tribes do against a united France on the one side, and a united Russia on the other? He took a leading part in founding the National League, which, in its day, did yeoman's service for constitutionalism, as well as for nationalism; and it was he who drew up that famous Programme in which the unity of Germany, under the leadership of Prussia, was for the first time proclaimed as a political necessity. And this, it must be remembered, was in 1859, in those far-back days when it was the fashion to greet any mention of German unity either with sneers and laughter or with indignation. At that time Prince Bismarck himself was a determined opponent of the unity movement, dubbed it indeed a craze, a fad; while as for the Junkers, they as a class were strongly in favour of putting a stop to it once for all by shooting down its leaders.

It is curious to note that, even in the sixties, although he had then been for years the co-leader of a great constitutional party, Dr. Miquel had by no means entirely renounced his old faith in physical force as an effectual means of righting wrongs. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Prussian Parliament all through its struggle against Bismarck; and there is a decidedly revolutionary ring about some of the speeches he made when that struggle was at its height. For instance, at a public meeting held during the great National League Conference of 1863, he declared 'Die Herren in Berlin mögen sich in Acht nehmen und den Bogen nicht zu straff spannen, sonst schicken wir ihnen eines Tages die Arbeiter auf den Hals, und dann könnten sie leicht das Schicksal der Bourbonen theilen.'[3] Again and again he stated publicly that Prussia must have recourse to arms should all other means of maintaining her liberty fail her. He was never weary of comparing Bismarck with our Strafford; and he certainly implied more than once that the Prussians might do worse than mete out to the one the same fate that the English, 200 years before, had meted out to the other. Nay, it is said that he even went so far as to drop a hint as to where, in dramatic fitness, the execution should take place. The guillotine for the Prince was, it seems, to be erected by the side of Frederick the Great's statue. There is something almost personal in the extreme bitterness with which Dr. Miquel used at that time to denounce the future Chancellor; evidently he mistrusted him profoundly, and disliked him not only as a politician, but as a man.

The war of 1866 was a terrible blow for Dr. Miquel and his friends; for, although it brought within measurable distance that united Germany on which their hearts were set, it did so in a way that was infinitely galling to their feelings as patriots. What they had for

[3] 'Those gentlemen in Berlin had better take heed to themselves not to stretch the bow too tight, or we shall turn the workers loose on them one of these days, and then they may easily share the fate of the Bourbons.'

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years been hoping for, and working for, was that all the German States should of their own free will join together, and, in a friendly give-and-take spirit, arrange the terms of their union. But, instead of that, as Miquel once remarked bitterly in the Reichstag: 'Es hat sich gezeigt, dass nicht mit den ideellen Mitteln der geistigen Überzeugung, sondern mit machtvoller Anstrengung der Kräfte des preussischen Staates, durch Gewalt und Krieg, der Boden geschaffen werden musste, auf welchem das deutsche Reich gebaut werden konnte. Viele Ideale sind verletzt, viele Hoffnungen sind zu Schanden geworden.'[4] Everything that could be done to prevent this war, he had done, both in the Hanoverian Parliament and elsewhere. He had proved to the hilt in his speeches that for Hanover to turn against Prussia and throw in her lot with Austria was sheer madness: that if she did so, there was nothing before her but ruin. He had implored the king and his ministers again and again to change their course, even at the eleventh hour, and not to plunge their country into a contest in which she had nothing to gain and everything to lose. But he might just as well have talked to stocks and stones for any heed they gave to his words; and the result was Hanover awoke one morning to find herself a Prussian province. It was then, during those dark days that followed the defeat of his country, that Dr. Miquel first showed his real mettle: from a party leader, an agitator, he became at one fell stroke a statesman, an expert in opportunism. He helped to secure for his country the best possible terms from its conquerors; that done, he at once joined hands with these conquerors in their efforts to frame a constitution, not only for Prussia, but for the whole North German Empire. In 1867 he was elected member of the Prussian Landtag, and also of the North German Reichstag. In that same year the National League was dissolved, and in its place the National Liberal party was founded, with Bennigsen and Miquel as its leaders.

Dr. Miquel's fame preceded him to Berlin, and his colleagues looked on him with no little curiosity when, on the 6th of March 1867, he for the first time entered the Reichstag Tribunal, 'das tiefschwarze, rollende Auge voll geistiger Glut emporgerichtet, das schwarze Haar verwirrt rückwärtsliegend, bleich und gefurcht wie ein Mann, der viel physisches und geistiges Leid durchlebt hat.'[5] The subject under discussion was what should be the constitution and prerogatives of the parliament to which the government of the new empire was to be entrusted. Miquel pleaded

[4] 'It has been seen that the ground on which to build the German Empire had to be prepared, not through the ideal means of intellectual conviction, but through the violent exertion of the Prussian State, by force and war. Many ideals have been wounded; many hopes brought to naught.'

[5] 'His dark restless eyes uplifted, all aglow with spiritual fire, his black hair thrown back in disorder, pallid and furrowed as a man who has gone through much suffering, physical and mental.'—Dr. Hans Blum, in *Auf dem Wege zur deutschen Einheit.*

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that it should be from the first a real parliament, one endowed with real power and the means of making that power to be felt. 'Ein Parlament hervorgegangen aus allgemeinen Volkswahlen, ohne Rechte, wird unmässig sein in seinen Forderungen, revolutionär in seinen Bestrebungen,' he declared. 'Ein Parlament, dem man wahrhafte Rechte gewährt, wird sich seiner Verantwortlichkeit bewusst sein, wird konservativ und massvoll auftreter. . . .'[6] 'We are determined,' he announced, and he had a strong party at his back, 'to sacrifice everything, even liberty itself for the moment, if it be necessary, for the sake of founding this Imperial Council.' But no unnecessary sacrifices must be demanded of them, vital constitutional rights must be preserved intact; for, as he bade Prince Bismarck bear well in mind, although 'man kann wohl einen neuen Staat schaffen durch glorreiche Schlachten; ihn begründen aber für die Dauer und befestigen ohne die freie Zustimmung des besonnenen Kerns der Nation, das ist heute wie ehedem unmöglich.'[7] There was the ring of true imperialism in every word he uttered, an imperialism which, as events have proved, was more than thirty years in advance of its time. He appealed to his colleagues to sweep away all petty distinctions between state and state, and to found an empire at once strong, firmly united, and free. Not only must there be an imperial army and navy, but imperial law courts, he insisted, and an imperial exchequer, with imperial taxation to draw upon, and an imperial Finance Minister at its head.

This speech took the Reichstag by storm, and won for Dr. Miquel at once a place in the first rank of parliamentary orators. At the same time it raised up against him hosts of enemies—Ultramontanes and Particularists on the one side; and, on the other, socialists, republicans, and advanced democrats. Cries of 'renegade' were promptly raised by his old associates, who failed to understand that it was not so much he who had changed, although changed he undoubtedly had, as the state of things in Germany.

From 1867 to 1875, but especially during the time the Zoll Parliament was sitting, Dr. Miquel's influence, both in the Reichstag and throughout Germany, was greater than that of any other man excepting Prince Bismarck. In those days the National Liberal party was all-powerful in the State, and he was its very brain, while Herr von Bennigsen, his firm ally, was its tongue. The Chancellor could do nothing without their support, thus they were able to dictate to him their own terms. The North German Constitution

[6] 'A parliament, the outcome of universal suffrage, without rights, will be exorbitant in its demands, revolutionary in its endeavours. A parliament to which real rights are secured will be alive to its responsibility, will show itself conservative and moderate.'

[7] 'A new State may, it is true, be created by means of victorious battles; to found one and establish it lastingly, without the free consent of the men who are the back bone of the nation, is to-day, as ever, impossible.'

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was in a great measure their work; and so was the Zollverein; while every bill that passed through the Reichstag bore the impress of their hand. When the French war came, Dr. Miquel made no attempt to conceal his satisfaction; for he looked upon it as a necessary preliminary to the consolidation of the empire; and, in his keen delight at its result, in his gratitude for the skill with which it was managed, he lost much of his old mistrust of Prince Bismarck. All through the Kulturkampf he was heart and soul on the Chancellor's side, and upon more than one occasion he proved himself a most valuable ally.

In 1870, that he might devote himself entirely to politics, he resigned the Burgomastership of Osnabrück. It was then that he made the one great blunder of his life. He was a poor man, one who felt his poverty keenly too: it chafed him sorely that he must give up to earning his own daily bread time he was eager to devote to the service of his country. Besides, as he has since declared publicly, he holds it to be neither right nor seemly that a man wielding great influence in the State should be in straitened circumstances, harassed at every turn for money. He therefore, in an evil hour for himself, became a director of the great Disconto-Gesellschaft as well as of the St. Gotthard Railway; and he allowed himself to be brought forward by a well-known group of speculators as a supporter of various financial schemes and undertakings. By so doing he secured for himself, if his opponents are to be believed, an income of some 20,000*l.* a year. At first all went well; it was a time of unparalleled prosperity in Germany; the new empire was flooded with money, and the wildest schemes met with ready support. Not only Dr. Miquel, but all the members of the National Liberal party, threw themselves more or less into the movement, and became company promoters, financiers. Their political influence in the State was steadily increasing meanwhile; they had at their back the great majority of the town constituencies; and Bismarck, who frankly acknowledged their power, was quite prepared to welcome both Miquel and von Bennigsen into his cabinet as soon as ever they cared to join him.

But after the flood came of course the ebb: the fat kine were followed by the lean; a time of great commercial depression set in, and crash followed crash. Ugly rumours were soon spread abroad; and Dr. Miquel was singled out for special attack, a regular newspaper crusade being organised against him. He was accused of having used his influence with the Government to secure special privileges for companies in which he was interested financially; nay, even of having drawn up a certain law, the Actiengesetz, for the express purpose of enabling directors of public companies to commit frauds with impunity. And at that very time he was presiding over the great Imperial Law Commission, which included among its members

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the most distinguished lawyers and judges in the empire! He was working night and day, too, to arrange the compromise by which the Septennat was to be renewed; and his appointment as Minister was expected from day to day.

So long as the attacks on him were confined to the press, Dr. Miquel could ignore them, but the case was otherwise when his enemies began to hurl accusations at him across the floor of the House. First Herr Lasker undertook his defence, and strove with all the force of his eloquence to prove that he was an injured man, that there was not a shadow of foundation in fact for the charges that were being bandied about. His speech, however, was listened to but coldly. Then Dr. Miquel took the matter into his own hands and published a personal explanation; an apology, though, rather than a justification. While denying strenuously that he had ever used his political influence to further his private interests, or that he had had any part or lot in the questionable transactions of some of the companies of which he had been director, he frankly admitted that he had done wrong in that he had allowed his name to be used in connection with undertakings which he had had no time either to watch over or control. He had done no evil himself, but he had certainly, though unwittingly, allowed much evil to be done under the shadow of his authority; and for this, as he knew full well, he must pay the penalty. And a terribly heavy penalty it was. Just at the very time when he might have played a leading *rôle* in Europe —when schemes of social reform in which he would have delighted, and questions of tariff, were coming to the fore—he must resign his seat in the Reichstag and retire into private life. He was forced to stand aside while the great party he had helped to build up committed blunder after blunder, split itself up into factions, and forfeited completely the confidence of the constituencies. He must stand aside, too, and see Bismarck being driven to come to terms with his old enemies, the Ultramontanes and Junkers, because the National Liberals were no longer strong enough to keep his Government in power. How he must have cursed in those days that wealth he had gained, when he thought of all that the gaining of it had cost him.

When Dr. Miquel withdrew from the Reichstag, he retired to Osnabrück, where the citizens showed what they thought of the Berliners and their slanders by promptly reappointing him their Burgomaster. While holding this office he won for himself such fame as a municipal reformer, that the people of Frankfort-on-Main appealed to him to take their city in hand and reorganise its institutions. He accepted their Burgomastership in 1880 and threw himself heart and soul into the work of his office, with the result that Frankfort soon became the model city of Germany, the Mecca of all who are interested in municipal reforms and experiments. Although he was elected member of the Prussian Upper House in 1882, and

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was returned to the Reichstag two years later, he held himself resolutely aloof from party politics until 1886, when he joined with Herr von Bennigsen in bringing about the Cartel, that union of the National Liberals, Free Conservatives, and Imperialists to which Prince Bismarck was indebted for the passing of the Septennat and many another of his measures. Even then, however, the Doctor seemed anxious to keep himself in the background. Perhaps he realised that the party to which he belonged had seen its day; perhaps he realised too, for he has a marvellous gift of reading the signs of the times, that Bismarck's power was on the wane, and he wished to avoid entanglements. Be this as it may, so far as the world could judge, his only desire, at that time, was to be allowed to go quietly on with his work as Burgomaster. In December 1889, however, the Emperor paid a visit to Frankfort, and was much impressed by the masterly way in which the affairs of the city were organised and managed. He was keenly interested, too, as he showed plainly, by what he saw of its burgomaster, with his odd combination of cynicism and enthusiasm. Here was the very man he stood in need of, one who had new ideas in his head and cared not a whit for tradition; one who was in sympathy with new courses and experiments, in sympathy, too, though in a somewhat strange fashion, with those workers whom the Emperor was then so eager to conciliate. Within three months Bismarck fell and Dr. Miquel was summoned to Berlin. In the following June he was appointed Minister of Finance.

It is too early days for judgment to be passed on Dr. Miquel's work as Minister: even his admirers admit that his schemes—and they are many—are not all perfect; while that some of them have considerable merit his bitterest foes allow. Prussian finances were in a deplorable condition when he accepted office: expenditure was increasing by leaps and bounds, and without any corresponding increase of income. Although he worked night and day—he can work for longer hours than almost any other man in Europe—pinching, saving, devising ingenious expedients for raising money, for some time it was all in vain; year after year he had to face the Landtag with a deficit. The first reform he attempted has certainly proved a brilliant success; it has adjusted, in some degree at least, the burden of taxation to the backs that are best able to bear it. Already in 1891 he succeeded in passing a progressive income tax—a startling innovation in Prussia—by which while 4 per cent. is levied on incomes above 100,000 marks a year, only two-thirds per cent. is levied on those between 6,000 and 950, and nothing at all on those under 950 marks. The very next year he put a stop to a scandalous anomaly by abolishing the taxation immunity enjoyed theretofore by certain princes and nobles, and forcing them, as their less distinguished fellows, to contribute to the State Exchequer. Then in 1893

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he placed a progressive tax on property, personal as well as real, above 6,000 marks in value. These measures, without entailing any great sacrifice on the poorer class of taxpayers, have resulted in a considerable increase of revenue—so considerable, indeed, that last January Dr. Miquel was able to announce to the Landtag that he had a surplus of 60,000,000 marks, and that he hoped to have one of 80,000,000 marks next year. Thereupon the Emperor promptly showed his appreciation of the work his own special Minister was doing by ennobling him and bestowing on him the Order of the Black Eagle.

Already in 1894 Dr. von Miquel had undertaken, at the Emperor's request, to reorganise the finances of the empire; and to try to devise means of preventing the ever-recurring deficit in the Imperial Budget. And before many months had passed he had formulated a colossal scheme by which, if the Reichstag had but sanctioned it, the empire would at once have been provided with ample means wherewith to meet its expenditure and even to pay off some of its debts. He proposed to raise a sum of no less than 100,000,000 marks a year by an imperial *ad valorem* tax on tobacco, and also to place heavy *ad valorem* duties on wines and spirits. But the Reichstag would have none of his tobacco tax, and granted the duty on spirits only after much cavilling. Dr. Miquel's attitude in face of the opposition of the Reichstag was very characteristic. As soon as he perceived that there was no chance of his measures being carried, he quietly withdrew from the debate, leaving the task of defending them to Herr Posadowsky. When the result of the critical division was announced, he merely remarked, with a gentle little shrug of his shoulders: 'You will have to pass the Bill, you know, sooner or later.'

Within a year of his becoming Minister Dr. Miquel was placed in a most trying position: the Zedlitz Education Law, the most reactionary Bill that had seen light in Prussia for 100 years and more, was introduced into Parliament with the full approval not only of all his colleagues, but of the Emperor himself. It was a Government measure, and he must either support it or resign. And he was just in the first flush of his delight in his work, revelling in the knowledge that he was at length in a position to effect reforms he had been planning for years. None the less he told his colleagues roundly what he thought of their Bill; told them that he neither could nor would support it; warned them that, if they persisted in passing it, they would have to provide themselves with another Finance Minister. They would have done so, too, quite cheerfully had the decision been left in their hands; but it was not; for so great was the public clamour raised against the proposed law that the Emperor insisted on its withdrawal. Then Dr. Miquel was at once hailed as Prussia's strong man; and, what is noteworthy, the semi-official press promptly ranged itself on his side. From that day to this it has supported him steadily,

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while attacking in turn Count Caprivi, Baron Marschall, and almost every other Minister. It had hardly a word of reproach for him even when, some four years ago, his political opponents published a certain letter he had written in his young days. Yet this letter, it must be confessed, is of a kind that must have ruffled considerably official susceptibilities; for in it—it is addressed to Karl Marx—the Doctor declares that he is a communist and an atheist; and that the object for which he is striving is to bring about the dictatorship of the working classes. 'Meine Mittel wähle ich einzig und allein nach der Zweckmässigkeit,' he adds . . . 'Wir müssen den individuellen Hass, die Rachlust des Bauern gegen den Wucherer, die Erbitterung des Tagelöhners gegen den Herrn ausbeuten.'[8] Had these words been written by, say, Baron Marschall, even as a schoolboy, one can well imagine the attacks to which they would have subjected him. But the Finance Minister is a privileged person with a certain section of the Berlin press.

In these latter days Dr. von Miquel's influence has increased, and is still increasing steadily: it is with his tacit approval, if not at his suggestion, that Count Caprivi, Count Eulenberg, and Baron Marschall—three formidable rivals—have been driven from office. At the present time the feeling is strong in Berlin that, for the future, it is to him the Emperor will look for help in drawing up the imperial programme, no matter who may bear the title of Imperial Chancellor. Should this prove to be the case, we shall hear no more of threats and scoldings, or of open conflicts between the Reichstag and the Crown, those who know Dr. Miquel best maintain. A new era will begin, they declare, one of cajolery and management, of the velvet glove, with the iron hand, though, within it. The agrarians will be soothed with promises—possibly, too, with some trifling performances; the Ultramontanes will be encouraged to hope for marks of imperial favour; and an attempt will be made, perhaps, even to win over to the side of the Government the more moderate of the Social Democrats. Crude legislation will cease to be the order of the day; and the measures introduced into the Reichstag will be so cunningly worded that Dr. Lieber himself will fail to find anything in them at which to cavil. Everything that can be done will be done, in fact, if these prophets are to be believed, to avoid friction and give to the land at least the appearance of internal peace. One thing is certain: Dr. Miquel is as bent as the Emperor himself on Germany's becoming a World-Power, with rich colonies, and a strong navy wherewith to defend them. It was at a banquet in his house, it will be remembered, that was first handed round that little document—his Majesty's own handiwork—in which every ship France and Russia

[8] 'I choose my means purely and simply with a view to their serving their purpose. . . . We must turn individual hatred to account, the peasant's thirst for revenge on the moneylender, the daily labourer's animosity against his master.'

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possess is tabulated with infinite care. But he is keenly alive to the fact that colonies cannot be founded, or war-ships built, without money; and that money can be obtained only from the Reichstag. The first thing to be done, therefore, he holds, is to 'capture' the Reichstag: at any cost an end must be put to the present strained relations between the Crown and the representatives of the Empire.

EDITH SELLERS.

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INDIA

I

A REMEDIABLE GRIEVANCE

THE native press of India tells us that the country is deeply discontented, and that the British rule is consequently in danger. We know that the class to which the writers for that press belong is thoroughly discontented; but we know also that it is a class which is very widely divergent from the vast majority of the people of India in its desires and in its views of administration; while its regard for the truth as displayed in its publications is infinitesimal, if indeed it can be considered to exist at all. This being so its cry has received scant consideration.

But I have now before me a pamphlet by an author of a very different stamp. The Talookdars of Oudh are a select and privileged landed aristocracy, which includes representatives of all the highest castes of Upper India. Of this intensely conservative body the author, the Honourable Seth Rughbur Dyal, Member of the Legislative Council of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, is a member. Though, like all aristocracies, the Indian nobility, of whatever caste, is conservative, yet there is in that country a still more conservative class, that to which all the great banking firms belong, and of this class is the family of Seth Rughbur Dyal. Though a resident and landowner of Oudh, he may on the subject he discusses be taken as a very sufficient representative of the views of the landed proprietors of the North-Western Provinces and the Punjaub—that is, of the most important section of India. When a man of this stamp comes forward publicly to warn Government that discontent exists to a dangerous extent, his warning deserves at least the careful and serious consideration of all who have at heart the interests of the Empire.

Seth Rughbur Dyal takes as his text a passage from an article in the *Calcutta Review* written twenty-two years ago by Sir Charles Crosthwaite, K.C.S.I., then an officer in the Settlement Department in the North-West Provinces, the line which of all others brings our revenue officers in closest touch with the people of India, the people who live by the land. It is with the case of these people that the author deals, for, as he says truly, India is an agricultural country,

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nearly four-fifths of her population looking to the land for their living, while on agriculture Government depends for the bulk of its revenue. The people who live by the land are for our Government *the people* of India, and they are a silent folk; so, as the Seth points out, it has come about that while much fuss is made over small legislative enactments which will actually affect the lives of an utterly insignificant fraction of the people of India, most serious decisions on questions regarding the land and affecting many millions vitally receive scanty attention.

This text runs, 'The conviction has forced itself on me that our Government is no longer the same to them [the people] that it was. A feeling of distrust that may easily warm into active dislike is growing up. An idea that Government is hard, leans on its own power and strength, and no longer adapts its measures to the wishes or even the good of the people is beginning to prevail.

On that text Seth Rughbur Dyal preaches us a melancholy sermon. He writes—

'I feel that a feeling of discontent, a direct result of an inconsiderate land policy of the Indian Government, is fast growing up amongst the masses, and that the existence of this feeling at a time when the shadow of poverty has nearly extinguished the light of hope from their horizon is a political danger of no small magnitude.'

Then he continues—

'The poverty of India is increasing day by day and hour by hour; the great source of national wealth—land—has already been saddled with the maximum of taxation; the landowning classes are sinking away under the pressure of penury and want, and a vast mass of groaning, half-starving population is fast becoming a permanent feature of a country which has throughout history been known as one of the most fertile and beautiful spots on the face of the earth.'

It may be stated here that the author says the above was written before the famine.

He goes on to state the causes of the condition of things which he declares to exist, saying that though there are many causes to which it might be ascribed, the most potent of them is 'the exacting Land Revenue system which has been imposed upon India;' and again, 'The theoretical perfection of the present Land Revenue system has been achieved at the cost of its practical utility;' and further, 'The experience of ages speaks to us with the tongue of history that unless more elastic and less exorbitant methods are adopted for the collection of the Land Revenue the British Government will not be able to make the people prosperous and contented, whatever other boons it may confer upon them.'

Again, he writes, 'The land policy is the one dark spot in its career [the career of the British Government]. The discontent

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which it has bred in the heart of the peasant classes is "the little rift within the lute."'

He states that a considerable portion of the agricultural population is ill-fed and ill-clad, and 'always hovering on the verge of starvation,' and regarding the whole avers that 'indebtedness has become one of the most conspicuous features of the agricultural classes in India.'

The author then proceeds to show that 'this impoverished state of India is due to a variety of causes. First of all it is due to an enormous increase of the population . . . The primeval blessing of being fruitful and multiplying has turned into a bitter curse and is the cause of a considerable amount of misery existing in the country.'

Secondly, he says there is the cost of foreign agency and the home charges; thirdly, the rise in exchange and the enormous cost of military expeditions; fourthly, the backwardness of India in industrial pursuits; fifthly, the 'heavy land revenue,' which, he says, 'has crippled our resources and paralysed our industries,' and which 'is the most considerable factor in the economic problem of India.'

The Seth's advice is that the Government should curtail its expenditure and make a permanent settlement of the land revenue. In closing this necessarily very brief statement of his views I may make one more quotation from his pamphlet, viz. 'Exaggeration is one of the most conspicuous features of Oriental writers.'

Now, after allowing the 'large deductions' which must be made from statements in words or writing by most persons of Eastern race, the picture drawn by Seth Rughbur Dyal is a sufficiently gloomy one. He has touched upon various subjects of deep interest—the food supply of the country, the condition of the labouring classes, the possible extension of industries other than agricultural in India—which tempt discussion, but I would in this article confine myself strictly to the question of discontent among the landholding classes.

If marked discontent exists among the landholding classes of Upper India, there must, as the Seth says, be political danger. The India which, as regards the feelings of the people towards us, is of especial importance is rural India; and a very large proportion of the people of rural India own land, though it be but a minute fractional share in the joint estate of a brotherhood. There may be much bitterness between the landlords and the tenants about rent and other matters, but in any real difficulty caste and clanship would range them together; and the landlords and tenants make up not only the backbone but the bulk of the agricultural population. So far as the agricultural labourers are worth reckoning they may be ranged on the side of their employers.

Does this discontent exist? Seth Rughbur Dyal, writing not as

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an irresponsible journalist, but as a man of high position, connected with the Government, and having ample means of knowing the facts, warns us that it does, and his words may have weight with that portion of the British public which distrusts its own countrymen. As an officer of the Indian Government who spent thirty-five years in its service, and the greater part of whose duty was in connection with the land, I have no doubt as to the correctness of the Seth's statement, and I take it that most revenue officers of experience will also agree with him.

Agreeing with Seth Rughbur Dyal as to the existence of discontent, I must differ from him to a great extent as to its cause, and the remedy for it. There are two matters which would account for some bias in his views. Just after the annexation of Oudh the British Government made a settlement of the land revenue on the usual terms, which may be roughly stated as a demand of something over 50 per cent. of the rental for a term of thirty years. Under the British Government the condition of Oudh improved very rapidly and very greatly, so that for years past the Oudh landlords have been enjoying 70 or 80 per cent. of the actual rentals of their estates, instead of their fixed share of 45 or so per cent. The term of settlement having expired, a new one is being made on the same or rather on more favourable terms to the landlords than before; but at the best the landlords find their incomes greatly reduced, and not unnaturally think how profitable for them a permanent settlement would be.

The other point which would doubtless bias the Seth's mind somewhat is that he belongs to a great family of bankers, hereditary lenders of money.

Seth Rughbur Dyal argues that the share of the rental taken by the State is too large, and that our demand is heavier than that taken by the rulers who went before the British Government; but his argument as set forth in his pamphlet appears to me to fail entirely in proof of this. I do not think it necessary to go into details on this point, because I do not think that this charge of excessive demand of land revenue is often made against us. During my long service I have had innumerable discussions on revenue matters with natives of India of every degree, from the noble who owned vast tracts in several districts to the peasant who had only a few acres. Talking privately with an officer for whom they have no dislike and in whom they feel some trust, such persons will criticise the acts of Government freely; but the argument that their land revenue was too heavily assessed has always in my experience been infrequent and in the great majority of cases in which it was advanced it was urged not against our rules for assessment, but against our alleged mistake in their application.

The Seth then says that our system of collecting the land revenue

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is *inelastic* and bad, and in so saying he most certainly expresses the opinion of every owner of land in Upper India. From the first occasion on which, as an extremely young officer, I talked to a zemindar about the collection of revenue, to the last, when I was a member of the Board of Revenue, the complaint I have always heard was that our method of collection is bad because it is inelastic. But no single person to whom I have spoken, or of whose opinion on the subject I have heard, has propounded a practical remedy for it.

The system of our predecessors in rule was, as a matter of fact, elastic in a way, because the power to collect the revenue of a certain area was limited by the possibility of such payment out of the produce of that area. We have interfered with that limitation.

Under native rule the middleman, who stood as zemindar—as landlord—between the king and the actual cultivator of the soil, retained that position for so long, and for so long only, as he paid to the king his share of the rents paid by the cultivators. Now our revenue laws provide for a temporary inability of the landlord middleman to pay these dues, and provide even in cases where default has been due to the blameworthy conduct of the landlord for his restoration to his position as middleman; but these provisions have been made of no avail by the fatal gift to the middlemen of freely transferable rights in their position, of full proprietary right subject only to the demand for revenue. The zemindar under native rule could be ousted by no one but the king. Under our rule he may be ousted by any private creditor whose demand for money he is unable to meet.

Under both native rule and ours the surplus of good years was supposed to meet the deficiencies of bad ones, the zemindar paying every year the same. Now, as the usual practice of the less extravagant landholders has always been—in this I am sure that the Seth and his brother Talookdars will agree with me—that they should live up to their annual rental, the zemindar had no money in hand when a bad year came, and fell back on his banker in old days, as he falls back on him now. But under native rule not only was the zemindar unable to pledge his rights in the land as security for a debt, but the means for recovery of a debt by a creditor from a recalcitrant debtor were scanty, so the credit of a zemindar was comparatively very limited. The State could not get out of him money which he did not possess and could not raise, and so went without its revenue, or a portion of it, in bad years. To turn the middleman out in the circumstances given would have been useless unless he was a mere farmer of the revenue. In this way the collection of revenue by a native ruler was elastic.

Under our rule the zemindar is expected to borrow money to meet the deficiency of bad years. If he simply did this we might not have

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the complaint of want of elasticity in the collection of revenue. But the average zemindar when he borrows money takes little heed about repayment of the debt, and even if he be not extravagant beyond reason, which very many of his class are, considers that he does well if he pays the interest on his debt with fair regularity. Under such conditions it is obvious that a few bad seasons are likely to embarrass a zemindar to a grievous extent. Thus our system is considered inelastic.

What is meant nowadays by an elastic system of collection is one which will adjust the actual collections for the year to the character of the season. But no practicable scheme for this has yet been propounded, and I do not believe that one ever can be discovered.

I feel certain that the amount of our demand for land revenue is not a reason for general discontent, and I do not believe that any noticeable number of landowners object to the time-honoured principle that years good above the average must pay for years poor below the average. What the landowners do object to is that, contrary to all former custom of the country, a careless or unlucky, but not wilfully defaulting landowner is likely under our system to lose his land. They also object, with a more bitter feeling indeed, to being ousted from their land under a money decree given against them by a civil court. To be turned out of the possession of ancestral land by the ruler of the country for failure to pay revenue may be an injury, but it has some sanction of custom; but that because a man has borrowed money, perhaps at exorbitant interest, which accumulates till he can no longer pay, the money-lender should have the power to turn him out and take the land is insult and injury beyond bearing, injury contrary to all old-established custom of the country. This ground for discontent has been passed over by Seth Rughbur Dyal, for very obvious reason.

It is very unreasonable, doubtless, from our point of view that the Indian landowners should expect to eat their cake and yet to have it; to be able to raise money by mortgaging the proprietary rights which we gave them, but to object to foreclosure of the mortgage on their failure to pay their debts. But so it is, and what we have to reckon with is the existence and intensity of the feeling, and not its logical incorrectness. We have to deal with a problem of our own creation, viz. how to maintain, generally at least, the proprietary rights which we invented and which are now highly valued by the landowning classes; and how at the same time to prevent the natural result of those rights when possessed by improvident persons, the transfer to others of their ancestral land, the possession to which above all others the native of India clings.

As Seth Rughbur Dyal, like all the Talookdars of Oudh, well knows, the Government of India meets the difficulty in the case of great landlords who are in very embarrassed circumstances by making them, at their own request, its wards. While they remain its wards

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its revenue officers administer the estate as if it were the property of Government, and finally return it cleared of encumbrances to the owner. It is a system which, if funds were set aside for the purpose, could be greatly extended, even to the dealing with the properties of all embarrassed landlords, though in the case of persons owning fractional shares in joint undivided properties there would be much difficulty. Two things are needed. First, money; not money to be spent and lost, but money to be invested at some small interest and eventually to be repaid to the State. Secondly, legislation, which would restrict the power of landowners who had availed themselves of Government assistance to encumber their lands afresh.

There are other measures for the relief of indebted landowners which have been put in practice in certain particular tracts of country. It would take too much space to give their details even very briefly, and they would be hardly intelligible then to persons not having some intimate knowledge of Indian affairs.

The case, I would say, is this: That, as stated by my friend Seth Rughbur Dyal and by the press, grave discontent does exist among the landholding classes of Upper India. That such discontent is mainly, if not entirely, due to our system of land administration, under which landowners may be and are constantly disposessed of their dearly loved ancestral lands at the pleasure of their creditors. That such discontent could be removed by such measure of legislation as would be welcomed by the great majority of the population and would be accepted as fair even by the trading classes. That the ultimate cost of the scheme to Government would be very small. The expenditure on a very small frontier war would suffice for the capital necessary to finance a province in this respect, and that capital would be used, but not lost.

As Seth Rughbur Dyal has stated in his pamphlet the Government of India has the subject under consideration, but it has been under its consideration for the last thirty years without practical result. If the FRIENDS OF INDIA, who now devote their time to embarrassing the Government of India in regard to grievances sometimes imaginary and not often of any importance, would give their attention to this practical subject that Government might give up its hesitation, and take heart to deal decidedly with the question.

Unfortunately that class in India which alone seems to have the ear of a party in British public life is the class which profits by the extravagance and indebtedness of the Indian landowners. Take the list of the supporters of the 'National Congress' in any district of Upper India, and the great majority will be found to be lawyers or men whose kinsmen are lawyers. Is it too much to suppose that the lawyers of India do not desire to put an end to a state of things which is so profitable to their profession?

GEORGE ADAMS,
Indian Civil Service (retired).

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INDIA

II

IS THE BRITISH 'RAJ' IN DANGER?

England's power and wealth, and in the long run her whole position as a great Power, depend on her possession of India. The question how far this possession is secured against dangers from within and from without is, therefore, one of the weightiest of our time. England's position in India is indisputably more imperilled now than ever; that is the impression that forces itself upon the attentive observer of the more recent development of Indian affairs.

The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, Aug. 17, 1897.

NOTHING has more surprised me than the remarks of many German, Russian, and other Continental newspapers in regard to the position of affairs in India. When serious Continental organs of public opinion, such as the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, publish passages like those quoted above, it is time that their errors should be thoroughly exposed and their lies nailed to the counter. Is the British rule in India in danger? If so, is it more imperilled now than ever?

I will take up the question suggested by the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and examine how far British India is secured against dangers from within and from without. Let us first examine the latter portion of the question. I maintain that India has never been better prepared to meet a foreign invasion than she is to-day. She has a fine army, which can compare favourably with any European or Asiatic army that could be brought to oppose it on the north-western frontiers of that country. The only Power which can be said to entertain serious thoughts of invading India is Russia. Great Britain has secured herself against any possible invasion by Russia in two ways. First, by keeping a large, efficient, and loyal army, and by establishing what is known as the Scientific Frontier. Secondly, by the maintenance and support of the friendly State of Afghanistan. The large army is indisputably loyal and efficient, while the Scientific Frontier, for whatever it is worth, is even in a stronger condition than before. In that branch of defence, therefore, there is no change.

But it may be said that recent events prove that the policy of

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Afghanistan is changed. I will dwell at some length on this important question. The modern history of Afghanistan is the history of her ruler the Ameer Abdur Rahman Khan. He is bound in solemn promise to remain a loyal friend and ally of the Queen of England. On the other hand, the Queen is bound to support and defend him if his country be attacked by any foreign Power. Has the Ameer proved himself to be worthy of the great trust placed in him by England? On the whole I believe the question can be answered in the affirmative. No doubt many points of difference have arisen between Cabul and Simla since the Ameer's accession to the throne, but none of these points were such as could not be settled by diplomacy. In order to strengthen the Anglo-Afghan alliance, Lord Dufferin invited the Ameer to India in the year 1885. The ruler of Afghanistan and the Viceroy of India met together at a great Durbar at Rawal Pindi. In the presence of many princes, chiefs, and civil and military officers assembled to do him honour, the Ameer made a speech, at the end of which, pointing to his sword, His Highness said, 'With this sword I shall destroy the enemies of England.' This speech created no little sensation throughout Europe.

During Lord Dufferin's viceroyalty no doubts were entertained in regard to the Ameer's loyalty. In the year 1894 the Government of India desired to send a mission to Kabul for a satisfactory solution of certain matters in dispute between the two Governments. Lord Roberts was selected by the Viceroy to head this mission, and it is an open secret that the Ameer hesitated to receive the Indian Commander-in-Chief as the guest of his nation, because he thought the presence of Lord Roberts in Kabul would recall many unpleasant memories to the Afghan mind.

But as soon as the Government of India suggested the name of Sir Mortimer Durand, the Ameer freely gave his assent to the proposal, and the mission started for the capital of Afghanistan. The cordial reception which it received at the hands of the Ameer and his nation was the theme of conversation in several Courts of Europe at that time. Sir Mortimer moved about freely without escort in Kabul and expressed himself thoroughly satisfied with the Ameer's hospitality. What is known as the Durand Convention was then drawn up, to the mutual satisfaction of the two Governments. So pleased was the Government of India with the Ameer's conduct that it increased his annual grant from twelve to eighteen lacs of rupees. In order still further to cement the alliance, the Government of India invited the Ameer to visit England and make the personal acquaintance of the Queen-Empress. Owing to personal reasons the Ameer could not accept the invitation in person, but arranged to send his son Sirdar Nasrullah Khan, with numerous precious presents, to London. It is asserted that Nasrullah Khan is

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a person of no importance in the eyes of the Ameer, and that the Ameer sent him here as a slight to England. No greater mistake could be made. The Ameer, and indeed all the nobility of Afghanistan, have the highest opinion of the learning and morality of that Prince, and he is generally referred to as the scholar of the Royal Family. Moreover he possesses a cool and imperturbable temper—an essential quality for a diplomatist. It must also be remembered that there is no law of primogeniture in Afghanistan; all the sons of the sovereign being treated alike in the eye of the law. The only distinction recognised is that of merit. The cordial reception which was accorded to the Prince by the Queen and the nation was gratefully appreciated by his father. But it is an open secret that before the Shahzada left these shores a kind of hitch occurred between the Ameer and the British Government. The Shahzada was desired by the Ameer to ask a favour of the British nation. That was a permission to establish an Afghan political agency in London. As everybody knows, the British Cabinet decided to refuse the request, and thus to a certain extent defeated the very object of the Shahzada's visit. The refusal must have given some annoyance and irritation to the sensitive nature of the Ameer, but his Highness dropped the idea without manifesting resentment of any kind.

It will be seen from the above that there has been nothing hitherto between the Government of India and that of Afghanistan which would give rise to suspicions in the mind of the minutest observer. But since the tribal rising on the north-western frontiers of India some people have suddenly begun to suspect the Ameer's policy. These wiseacres first take it for granted that the Ameer has become the enemy of England, and then spin out various theories to account for the enmity. One of the most romantic theories telegraphed by the Indian correspondents of some Indian papers is that the Ameer contemplates the invasion of India, and that nothing will please His Highness more than to live in history as the deliverer of the Indian people. I should have thought it beneath contempt to notice this theory had it not been discussed in serious English newspapers. Those who know anything about Afghanistan know for certain that the army and the resources of that country, however powerful they may be for defensive purposes, are altogether inadequate for an attack on any of its powerful neighbours. The Ameer knows his strength and his interests too well to enter upon a mad and suicidal course of the above kind. It is said that he has withdrawn his agents from India, which means war with England. The Ameer has three or four commercial agents in different parts of India, and it is quite possible that he may have summoned them to Kabul for reasons not inconsistent with the maintenance of peace. The idea of withdrawing agents before declaring war is purely occidental, and I doubt very much

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if His Highness would be so punctilious in the observance of diplomatic etiquette did he ever declare war against any of his neighbours. Another ingenious theory says that the Ameer has changed his policy towards England because of inspiration from Constantinople. This is 'made in Germany,' and no doubt the wish is father to the thought. The *Vossische Zeitung*, in its issue of the 17th of August, says: 'Afghanistan is playing a false game; that is a fact to be counted on. There is a strategic hand in the game, that of Ghoolam Haidar Khan. Behind him again looms the Ameer of Afghanistan, and still further off the Commander of the Faithful in Stamboul.' The Porte has lost no time in categorically denying the rumour that the Sultan and the Ameer have made common cause against England. It is true that some notables from Afghanistan visited Constantinople and that they were well received. But the enemies of the Ameer and the Sultan should not make too much capital out of that incident. Every year thousands of Afghans visit Mecca and Medina, and now that locomotion has become so cheap and so easy between Jeddah and Constantinople it should be no wonder that some of these Afghan Hadjis visit Stamboul to see the Guardian of the Kaaba and visit the shrine of St. Sophia. This year particularly many Hadjis visited Stamboul in order to have a glance at the victorious Turkish army. But granting for a moment that there was personal exchange of visits between some notables of Kabul and Constantinople, does that fact *per se* prove that an alliance between the Sultan and the Ameer is formed to the detriment of England? I trow not. The best alliance is the alliance of self-interest and preservation. Is it the interest of the Ameer to risk an open rupture with the British Government, to lose his pension, to endanger his dynasty, and to undo all the good that has been done to Afghanistan through him during the last eighteen years? And why? Merely because the concert of the six Great Powers, of which England is one, does not allow the Sultan to have his own way. If Abdur Rahman ever thought of doing a good turn to his brother monarch of Turkey, his best course would be to use his friendly influence openly and freely with his ally the British Government in favour of the Sultan. The Ameer and the Sultan both would gain more by such means than by any overt or covert defiance of England. It is admitted by all who know, that Abdul Hamid and Abdur Rahman are second to no statesman either in Europe or in Asia in skilful diplomacy. Do British politicians therefore seriously believe that two such monarchs would deliberately plan out and follow a course which would inevitably bring immense harm to both of them? If they really do, the world gives them more credit for shrewdness and common sense than they actually deserve. I maintain that British India is secured against dangers from without.

I shall now proceed to examine the second question, namely, Is

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the British rule endangered within India more than it has ever been before? In this inquiry it is important that one should single out abnormal facts and events which have taken place this year and given rise to alarming feelings in certain minds. I shall set aside the three scourges of nature—famine, plague, and earthquake—which made their appearance in India in the earlier part of the year, because such calamities might happen in any country and in spite of the best possible administration. No reasonable critic would accuse the British nation of indifference to the sufferings of the Indian nations during these visitations. The other abnormal events are: the outrageous murder of two English officers at Poona on the Jubilee day, the riots at Calcutta, and the somewhat widespread rising among the frontier tribes.

In connection with those events it is important to remember that they have not the least connection with each other; that they took place in different parts of India, among different people, who have little sympathy with each other, and for entirely different reasons. The outrage at Poona, according to native reports, had its origin in personal revenge against some British officers for their alleged severity and high-handedness in putting down the plague in Poona. Anglo-Indians, however, believe that the outrage was the result of a secret conspiracy on the part of some Brahmins of Poona against the British rule. The Government instituted inquiries, and as a result of a secret investigation the authorities imprisoned two Brahmins of high position and prosecuted a Brahmin editor of some influence for publishing articles inciting people to crime and rebellion. The result of these strong measures is that the Brahmins of Poona, whether seditionmongers or otherwise, are frightened into extra good behaviour. It is true that the Brahmins of the Deccan have been foremost in constitutional agitations against the Government. It is also true that some of them have been writing very seditious and violent articles in their newspapers. It is possible that their speeches and writings have done some harm to the Government, but I cannot believe that their newspapers or agitations have shaken in any appreciable degree the foundation of the British rule in the Deccan. It would not be easy to find out that crime was directly attributable to seditious articles. However, this incident, deplorable as it is, cannot be said to have imperilled the British raj. The riot in Calcutta was not unlike other riots which almost annually take place in India owing to trifling causes. Some low-class Mahomedans had built a mosque on the property of a Hindu landlord, and refused to hand over the same to him when he came to take possession of his lands. The Hindu landlord sought the assistance of the police, who arrived on the spot and requested the unlawful occupants to disperse. On their refusal to do so the police fired upon them, which act gave rise to a general hand-to-hand fight for some hours. The mob submitted the next day and order was restored

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without difficulty. It will be seen that the incident was a rash and fanatical act of a few ignorant people, and could not be said to have any political significance.

Last, but not least, are the tribal risings on the frontier. Strictly speaking, those risings belong to affairs without and not within India. They are entirely confined to Afghan and Chitral tribes, who have no communication with or support from any community or province in India. They are born free-men and soldiers, and they naturally cannot bear any foreign control. Looting is at once the profession and the amusement of their life. They are very good and useful friends at a distance. The immediate cause of their rising seems to be the fanatical preaching of the Mad Mullah. But it is declared that they have been preparing long since to make a determined and combined effort to secure their independence and mountain ease. If that be so, the doubts entertained by the statesmen opposed to the forward policy of the Government of India are justified. But that is a mistake of policy with which I am not concerned. The point is the seriousness of the rising. Indeed, it would have been considered extremely serious if the Ameer's complicity in it had been clearly established. The Ameer has ordered his governors to have no hand whatever in it and to see that the English camels, &c., are in no way interfered with by his subjects. Without the support of the Ameer, therefore, the rising could not be of any formidable character. It is true that the Afreedees and the Orakzais have both joined the insurrection, but notwithstanding them the Queen's forces would soon succeed in quelling it. It is always difficult for regular forces to fight a horde of irregular warriors; it may possibly, therefore, prolong the task of the frontier force, but there is no question as to the result of the expedition.

Some people believe that the British rule is imperilled in India because the native press, being free, spreads sedition everywhere, and as a consequence they recommend the muzzling of the Press. In the first place, it is a libel to say that the entire, or even the major portion of the native Press indulges in sedition. There are a few disreputable sheets which may be termed seditious. But no one would seriously argue that for the sake of a miserable minority the law should punish a progressive and a well-behaved majority. Secondly, sedition is not created by a free Press; it may be increased through it. If it is, then despotic countries like Russia and Turkey, which disallow all freedom of the Press, must be free from sedition. But they are not. The truth is that sedition, in the real sense of the word, hardly exists in India. There is no desire among any community in India to get rid of the British rule. What reasonable people want is the mending and not the ending of the Queen's government.

Lastly, there is an important point to which I beg to draw the attention of my readers. It is the attitude of the Indian Mussulmans

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towards the British rule. It is a well-known fact that the Moslem Indians are the backbone of the British Government in Hindustan. Of late years specially they have done everything in their power to strengthen the Government and co-operate with it in its difficult task. As a body they refused to join the Indian National Congress, because they thought the movement in time would give rise to violent agitations against the authorities, the evil consequences of which it would be difficult to control. Having administered the country for many centuries themselves, they thoroughly understood the difficulties of administering a vast country like India, peopled by different nationalities and religions, and could therefore easily grasp the hardships and appreciate the efforts of the English people in governing India. Grave and ominous rumours are being circulated in Europe just now in regard to their loyalty to their Queen, and I think it therefore proper to correct the mistake and remove the misunderstanding in time.

Let me at once declare that the Indian Moslems continue to have unabated confidence in the British rule, and that their feelings of loyalty to the Empress of India remain unaltered. It is not a mere sentimental loyalty. The British army in India has always been full of Moslems, who have fought side by side with British soldiers, and thus contributed no little to the rise, growth, and development of the British Empire in the East. They therefore share a kind of legitimate pride with their English fellow citizens in the greatness and prosperity of that empire. Although second to none in martial qualities, they are in a minority in India, and they feel convinced that their best interests lie in the maintenance of the British rule in that country. These are facts which cannot be gainsaid. It has lately been asserted that the Sultan's emissaries are trying to sow disaffection among the Moslems in India. There is not a word of truth in it. Indian Moslems do not borrow their politics from Constantinople or any other capital. They are quite competent to decide their own affairs, and they would naturally resent any foreign interference. It must be said, to the credit of the Sultan, that since his accession he has done nothing to interfere directly or indirectly with the political feelings of the Indian Moslems. Of course it is quite natural that they should sympathise with the aspirations of their co-religionists in Turkey, and feel satisfaction in the prosperity of the Caliph's empire. It would be affectation to ignore the fact that hostile feelings between the Government of the Queen and that of the Sultan have caused sincere regret to thousands of the loyal subjects of the Queen. It would no doubt afford immense satisfaction to them to hear that the two Governments have composed their mutual differences and are again old friends and allies.

But to say that a rebellious spirit exists among the Moslems of

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India because of diplomatic frictions between London and Stamboul is to suggest what is positively untrue. In order to prove to the world at large, and particularly to the enemies of England, that Moslem loyalty is not an idle name, but a solid fact, it behoves all Moslems, in these days when there is talk of sedition within India and rumours of war without, to rally round England, so that once more she should have occasion to remember those who are her best friends in her hours of trial. Of the twenty-two Indian officers who were chosen from different cavalry regiments throughout India to form a guard of honour to the Queen on the Jubilee day sixteen were Mahomedans, which shows the strength of the Moslem element in the British Indian army. Those officers have left a remarkable testimony of their unflinching loyalty to England in the shape of a document published a few days ago in the London dailies. That document gives faithful expression to the feelings of the Moslems, and, indeed, of all martial communities in India.

I firmly believe that there is no ground for alarm in regard to the situation in India. The British rule is far from being in danger to-day. Perhaps dangers may arise in the future, and we must cautiously prepare ourselves to meet them. But we must not cry 'Wolf! wolf!' when there is no wolf.

RAFIUDDIN AHMAD.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

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THE BREAKDOWN OF THE 'FORWARD' FRONTIER POLICY

The intellectual gift of most advantage to a ruling race, which lessens the friction of its advance and preserves it from innumerable mistakes and disasters, is imagination, displayed in the direction of placing itself at the point of view from which events are regarded by others. Whether the English, who, in some departments of human endeavour, have shown the highest imaginative and creative power, are, in the domain of politics, less gifted with imagination than other ruling races of the world, cannot be discussed here, but there are so many instances in our history of fatuous and futile policy, laboriously pursued by a succession of English statesmen, such as the long-continued neglect of our Colonial Empire, and the dreary record of failure to conciliate the warm-hearted and generous Irish people, as to suggest an intellectual defect in our national character, some want of humour or imagination, both in the ministers who lead and in the people who should choose their leaders with discretion.

This poverty of imagination is conspicuous in the policy of the Government on the North-West frontier of India, and in the popular journalistic attitude towards the wild, priest-ridden democracy of the Afghan hills, who have thrown down the gauntlet of open war, which honour and policy compel us, unwillingly, to pick up. There can be no doubt that the tribes—Waziris, Afridis, Mohmands, and Orakzais—will be defeated, with more or less loss and difficulty, as they have often been before, and as they expect to be again. They do not for a moment pretend to an equality with us in the field, wholly undisciplined, and badly armed, except for the rifles bought from drink-

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loving British soldiers, or stolen from border guard-houses. But they have united, in a manner and to a degree hitherto unknown on the frontier, in a solemn protest, which they are prepared to emphasise with their blood, against a policy which they believe, rightly or wrongly, to be directed against their independence, which they value far more than their lives. And if this be so, it is incumbent on Englishmen who are just, even if they are not imaginative, and who have shaken themselves free from the fetters which Popes, and Kings, and Parliaments have, at various times, forged for them, to sympathise with the sentiment of these picturesque, dirty, lawless savages, whose chief virtue is their love of freedom.

Not, indeed, that any sentimental consideration, or any doubt as to the wisdom or the morality of any particular course of policy, can, or should, influence in any degree the military reprisals which we are now preparing to exact. This paper is written with no such desire. The Afghan tribes have appealed to the arbitrament of the sword, and their challenge is accepted. The rules of the game are thoroughly known to us and to them. *Væ Victis!* A dominant race, standing on its defence against all comers, is not prepared to weigh out retributive justice as if it were sugar, and as the tribes have sown, so must they reap. It may be the fashion for English writers who think little of the glory of their country to sneer at prestige as an idle thing, but, in Asia, where the men who govern are face to face with realities, instead of playing with fanciful theories, it is certain that prestige is as inseparable from power as the shadow is inseparable from the substance, and that they possess no independent existence. The tribes have raided our territory, and killed our subjects, and burned our forts, and generally defied our authority within and beyond the border; and the sooner they are reminded by the only argument they understand that we are not to be opposed with impunity the better for England, for Afghanistan, and for India.

This being admitted, the plea for the postponement of criticism until the military situation has been retrieved is trivial and meaningless. It has not commended itself to men of experience and patriotism like General Sir Neville Chamberlain, Sir James Lyall, and Sir Auckland Colvin, and it is mostly the refuge of those who are responsible for a policy which they are well aware has broken down, and which they fear may be altogether discredited in public opinion before they have had time to patch and repair its tattered reputation. Willingly would they postpone criticism, and with still greater pleasure would they prevent it altogether. But the advantage of present criticism is that the merits of the policy which has culminated in both disgrace and disaster can be thoroughly considered and discussed before the necessary military operations shall have been completed, and before conditions incompatible with the future peace of the border and the solvency of India have been laid down. Sup-

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pose, for example, that the advisers of the Viceroy, who persuaded him to sanction the military road to Chitral, should insist as a condition of Afridi submission on their disarmament, or on the future maintenance of a similar road through the Afridi country to their summer head-quarters in Tiráh. Judging by past experience and present suggestion, it is probable enough that such proposals may be pressed upon the Viceroy, yet all experts in frontier administration will agree that no more foolish measures could be adopted or more fatal to the chance of future tranquillity.

On the complicated and difficult question of frontier policy, so far as this is concerned with the treatment and management of the independent tribes, it is most important that the qualifications of those who claim, as experts, to instruct the public, should be carefully and even suspiciously challenged. Of the many gallant and distinguished military officers who have held high office in India, and commanded with credit in peace and war, none are competent to speak with authority except those who, either as civil officers of frontier districts, as political officers with an administrative training, or as holding for prolonged periods special commands on the border, have had practical knowledge of the tribes and a personal and intimate acquaintance with their prejudices and sentiments. It would almost seem that the officers who now chiefly influence the counsels of the Government of India in frontier matters were military men, eager for service and decorations, and military political officers who, without the high education and the complete administrative training which is required of all members of the Indian Civil Service, are appointed by the Calcutta Foreign Office to frontier posts, requiring diplomatic ability and knowledge of men, in both which qualifications they have shown themselves to be unavoidably and, indeed, necessarily deficient.[1]

It is no reflection on the gallant and keen officers of the Indian army, but rather the highest compliment, to say that from the Commander-in-Chief downwards they are prejudiced judges on questions of frontier policy. They are naturally in favour of a forward policy

[1] My own title to give an opinion on frontier policy may be questioned, so I would venture to explain that, without possessing the extensive local knowledge of eminent Commissioners of Peshawar, like General Sir Richard Pollock or Sir Donald Macnabb, I have still, for many years, been closely connected with border administration. I first marched down the frontier in 1865 with Sir Donald McLeod, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and subsequently with him on other occasions while engaged in writing an official history of the chiefs of the Punjab, a work which compelled me to make the acquaintance of every native gentleman of any position. As Under-Secretary to the Government, I accompanied Sir Henry Durand down the frontier, and was with him at Tánk, on the Dera Ismael Khan border, when he was killed, to the great and lasting loss of his country. As Chief Secretary to the Government of his two successors, Sir Henry Davies and Sir Robert Egerton, the former of whom had made frontier politics his special study, and who is probably the first living authority on the subject, I spent the cold weather months of several years between 1871 and 1880 on every part of the frontier, of which I have a more intimate knowledge than

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which brings them distinction, and for which they have not to pay; and their opinion should neither be asked nor taken. Their business is to fight and not to decide questions of border management, of which they know nothing. If, then, these classes be withdrawn from the list of experts, where is the great cloud of witnesses which the Government calls into court to defend that policy which is conveniently represented by its latest and most costly example—the permanent occupation of Chitral and the construction of a military road through independent territory? It is superfluous to say that the best expert testimony was strongly opposed to that policy, and has consistently predicted from its adoption the very complications which have now been its direct result. In June 1895, in an article on 'Chitral and Frontier Policy,' in this Review, I endeavoured to show that, as a strategical position against Russian attack, Chitral was valueless, and that even did it possess the advantages claimed for it, the cost, in the present financial state of India, was prohibitive, while the construction of the military road would turn the independent tribes, then indifferent, into declared enemies. I claim neither credit nor prescience for this prediction. Everyone who had an intimate knowledge of the frontier said as much. Nor is there any occasion to repeat the arguments which I then urged. Suffice it to say, that while those who are responsible for the policy in question are endeavouring in every way to shift the blame from their own shoulders to those of the Sultan or the Amir, it seems unreasonable and unnecessary to seek for obscure and recondite causes for the hostility of the tribes, when there is an amply sufficient reason in their belief that the forward policy of the Government endangers, or is directed against, their immemorial independence.

As to incitement from Constantinople, it is advisable to write with the greatest reserve. That there exists an active Muhamadan propaganda is well known to those behind the scenes, and its results are evident in India, in Egypt, and even in England itself. The foolish and hysterical abuse of the Sultan, which has been part of the stock-in-trade of the Radical party for some time past, has undoubtedly excited great and legitimate disgust and irritation among Indian Muhamadans who regard him with respect as the ruler of Turkey and the chief representative of Islám. But it is a mistake

of any other portion of the Punjab or of India. At this time, it must be remembered, the Punjab Government was what Lord Lytton impatiently styled it, the Foreign Office of the Government of India, so far as the independent tribes were concerned, with Kashmir, Boner, Swat, and Chitral, while Kábul politics were largely under its direction through the Commissioner of Peshawar. I was appointed President of the Committees, and drew up the reports on Frontier Militia and Police for the defence of the border, with the co-operation of the independent tribes, and wrote the Frontier Memorandum on the system of administration of the entire frontier for the Secretary of State in 1876. I vacated the office of Secretary to the Punjab Government in January 1880, when, at the request of the Viceroy, I went to Kábul as chief political officer in Northern and Eastern Afghanistan.

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to suppose that they regard him as their religious head. There is no Pope in Islám, and the *khutbah*, or noonday address in the mosques, is, in Muhamadan countries, offered on behalf of the ruler by name, while in India the sovereign is mentioned anonymously as the *hákim-i-waqt*, or 'the ruler of the time,' who is Her Majesty the Queen. If the fashion of introducing into the *khutbah* the name of the Sultan is growing in India, it is an illegitimate innovation due to the propaganda above mentioned, which is undoubtedly strengthened by the Radical onslaught on the ruler who, next to the Empress of India, rules over the largest Muhamadan population. But beyond our border, among the independent tribes, I do not believe that the influences from Constantinople, which to some extent affect Indian Muhamadans, have any practical force. I have never seen any evidence of this on the frontier; and the late Akhúnd of Swat, a fine old gentleman, who gave us much trouble in his time and also did us many a good turn, had twenty times more influence with the tribes than any Sultan at Constantinople. The class which is most troublesome on the border and in Afghanistan is what may conveniently be called the priestly class of *maulavis*, or *mullas*, though there is no sacerdotal class in the Muhamadan religion, and the *mulla* only signifies a man who is 'filled' with knowledge, learned in the law, and consequently of high account among an illiterate population, where his chief duties are to celebrate marriages and work out the exceedingly intricate arithmetical problems which the Muhamadan law of inheritance presents in the division of the estate between the legal sharers, the residuaries and the distant kindred. Their power is consequently very great, and in quiet times they are very pleasant and interesting people. But when a question of war arises, and especially of *jihád*, or holy war, when any principle vital to Islám is attacked, the *mullas* are the inciters of disorder, of religious zeal, and even of religious frenzy. But a question of *jihád* fortunately but seldom is raised on the Punjab border. Our religious tolerance has been so absolute and, in former days, our military expeditions have so invariably been the result of hostile acts of the tribes, who themselves acknowledged the justice of the retaliation, that a preaching of *jihád* would have been absurd. Even the operations for the relief of Chitral caused no *jihád*, and it may not be generally understood that to this is due the fact that the resistance to our advance was neither serious nor prolonged. Had a *jihád* been declared the relief of Chitral would have been a very different affair. Even now there does not seem to be any declaration of *jihád*. Without it the tribes have no cohesion, and their mutual jealousies destroy all possibility of united action. What do the Afridis care for the Yusafzais of Swat or Boner? Absolutely nothing; and they would cut their throats with the greatest pleasure. They only ask that the Swat country and the Samána range may be evacuated, because they

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foresee that the next step will be the dismemberment of their own, with a military road to Tiráh and the prospective stoppage of their subsidies.

With regard to the Amir of Kábul, it is much to be regretted that any high official should have indiscreetly imputed bad faith to him. If this opinion be founded on information of a confidential nature, it should not have been made public; if it be a mere expression of personal opinion, good taste and prudence should have suggested silence. Nothing can be more likely to influence unfavourably a proud and high-spirited ruler than reflections on his good faith, which nothing known to the public in any degree justifies. The Amir has publicly declared, in full durbar, his friendship with the Government, and has commanded his subjects and servants to give no aid whatever to the hostile tribes. It is surely politic to accept these assurances, which I believe to be sincere. It is notorious that the relations between the Amir and the Indian Foreign Office are often strained, while some portions of our frontier policy, especially the occupation of Chaman, which he considers his own territory and a menace to Kandahar, have irritated him considerably. It is further certain that, like all Afghans, his diplomatic manners are brusque and often discourteous, while his position as the ruler of the most fickle, faithless and excitable people in Asia compels him to play to the gallery if he is to maintain his position at Kábul. He dislikes the *mullas* as much as we can possibly do; and they are the only class in the country of which he is afraid and which he is compelled to conciliate. In all Muhamadan countries it is the same, whether Sunni or Shia, at Constantinople or Teheran, where the late Shah was compelled to abandon the tobacco concession on account of *mulla* opposition. But when due weight has been allowed to all these considerations, the fact remains that for the last sixteen years the Amir has remained a very constant if not a very cordial and gracious friend and ally of the English. He has no desire to try his strength with the Government; he has no predelictions in favour of Russia, who would not interfere to help him even should he ask her assistance. He realises that we left him in possession of Afghanistan as an act of deliberate policy, and he enjoys a large annual subsidy which it would seriously embarrass him to lose. He has thus every inducement to be faithful to us, and it is difficult to see in what manner a rupture could advantage him. Lastly, it is to be remembered that with most of the independent border tribes, Biluchés in the south and Afghans in the north, the Yusafzais of Boner and Swat, and the Afridis to the south of Peshawar, the Amir has no influence whatever. Independent in fact as in name; repudiating all connection with or dependence on the Kábul State, the Punjab Government merely recognised an unquestioned fact in dealing with them without any reference to His Highness the Amir.

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Even the Afridis on the main road between Kábul and Peshawar, the hereditary guardians of the Khyber, boast that they have seen Kings come and go, but have never paid homage to a King themselves, and to emphasize this boast they plundered the baggage of Amir Sher Ali Khan when he last passed through the Khyber, which at no time an Amir would be able to do without an escort so large as to be termed an army. The only tribe now hostile to us over which the Amir has direct authority is the Mohmand, a large section of whom, living between the Swat and Kábul rivers, is subject to him, and has its headquarters at Lalpura in his territory. But the section nearest British territory is not subject to the Amir, and it is this branch which has lately raided British territory and attacked our fort of Shabkadr on the open plain, as indeed it has often done before; and in the early days of the frontier no tribe gave more trouble by constant raids on British territory than the Mohmands. The pamphlet on *jihád* which is said to have been lately circulated by the Amir I have not seen, and the India Office had lately received no copy, so it is useless to speculate as to its intention. From such a treatise it is exceedingly difficult to prove teaching hostile to the Government, as I can personally testify from having had occasion to minutely examine a work on *jihád* by a notorious Wahábi leader, whose title and salute were forfeited, on my recommendation, by the Government of India. I think it probable that the Amir, who is a clever dialectician and delights in logical subtleties, and who further believes, like a famous European potentate, that he can teach their special business to all his subjects, has issued this treatise as an intellectual exercise on one of the most interesting and important questions of Muhamadan law, and also with the object of instructing his *mullas*, whose learning is extremely superficial, in the true conditions of *jihád*, than which there can be no more worthy endeavour, as on such sound doctrine is based the loyalty of Indian Muhamadans to the Government of the Queen-Empress. The Amir believes that it would strengthen his secular power if he should show himself the superior in canonical learning to the *mullas*. In any case, when there is every presumption in favour of the Amir's good faith, and no public evidence whatever against him, it is somewhat indelicate for officials whose names carry weight in England and India to calumniate him. My own belief is that, in the splendid isolation in which it seems to delight English statesmen to reside, His Highness the Amir of Kábul is about the most trustworthy ally that we possess in Europe or Asia.

The most noteworthy event in the uprising of the independent tribes is undoubtedly the conduct of the powerful Afridi tribe, who inhabit the country about the Khyber and the Kohát passes, with their immediate neighbours the Orakzais and the Mohmands. Here, it is said, there is no question of the evil effects of the Forward Policy.

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These tribes have neither been offended nor coerced. On the contrary, the control of the principal road leading from India to Kábul and Central Asia was entirely left in their hands, the forts which command the Khyber have been exclusively garrisoned by them, they have furnished the military police for its protection, and have grown fat on the subsidies which they have received for this service. It is asserted that the forts which have been captured, such as Ali Masjid and Lundi Kotal, were 'not British forts but Afridi wayside halting places, held by the Afridis themselves, with regard to which the British Government was precluded from any responsibility.' These statements require a considerable qualification before they can be accepted as correct. It is true that in 1881, after the close of the Afghan war, the management of the Khyber Pass was made over to the Afridis, who, on consideration of receiving certain allowances, undertook the responsibility of preserving order and security of life and property within its limits, independent of aid from Government in the form of troops, and the Afridi chiefs further declared that they understood that they were exclusively responsible for the future management of the Khyber, and that the Government in no way shared the responsibility. This agreement has been maintained with excellent results to the present time; and the Afridis have so well adhered to their engagements that I do not remember the Pass to have been once closed in the past sixteen years. But it is absurd to contend that this or any agreement relieved the Government of the responsibility of maintaining open and secure its principal trade route with Afghanistan. It was made at a time when England and the Government were weary of the war, and, although too wide in its terms, merely confirmed and modified the arrangements with the tribes bordering the Pass, which the Government of the Punjab had always enforced, and their officer, Colonel Warburton, C.S.I., admirably suited for the difficult duty, was continued in charge of the Pass, and has held it to the present time. He has now retired, to the great loss of the public service, and I append the order of the Punjab Government on his retirement that it may be evident how disingenuous is the attempt to free the Government from responsibility for the safety of the Khyber, which has been for years in the charge and under the control of their own officers.[2]

Not less disingenuous is the attempt to convince the world that

[2] Colonel Warburton has been in charge of the Khyber almost ever since the British Government took over charge of the arrangements connected with the Pass in 1879, and practically continuously since 1882, and the credit for the success which has been obtained in carrying out the arrangements initiated by the late Colonel Hastings, and thereby securing the safety of the road and the establishment of fairly friendly relations with the Khyber Afridis, must largely be attributed to his efforts. Those efforts have been recognised by the conferment on him, on the 1st of January, 1890, of the C.S.I., but, as he is now leaving civil employ, the thanks of this Government are due to him for his services, which, in the earlier days of our management of the Pass, at any rate, involved considerable personal risk and exposure. The task

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Lundi Khana, Fort Maude, and Ali Masjid were mere Afridi wayside halting places. The first-named was a caravanserai fortified by us; the second was an outpost or small fort, built by English engineers, while Ali Masjid is a strong fort in the very centre of the Khyber, on a hill several hundred feet high. It was not considered an Afridi wayside halting place when it blocked Sir Sam Browne's march in 1878, and to my unmilitary eye it has always seemed a very formidable place to attack. We would have continued to hold it after the war had not its confined position made it extremely unhealthy, and the water was said to be impregnated with antimony. But if, when an Afridi rising was known to be imminent, the General Commanding had thrown 500 Sikhs or Goorkhas into Ali Masjid, the whole Afridi tribe could never have turned them out. The Khyber, from end to end, whatever agreements may say, was in charge of British officers, its police paid from the Peshawar treasury, and was virtually British territory, and to have allowed its posts to be captured and burned shows that the responsible authorities were unprepared and badly informed. No such disgrace has before befallen us in the whole history of the frontier. The Khyber is by no means a difficult pass, and the road through it is, or was, excellent and practicable for carts and guns.

It is obvious that our treatment of the Afridis of the Pass has been both kind and generous, and that the treachery and violence with which they have broken their engagements merit the severe punishment which they will undoubtedly receive. It must have been a very powerful inducement which has led them to throw up their service and risk the loss of their subsidies. No outside incitement, no preaching of *mullas*, mad or sane, the stormy petrels of every Afghan rising, would have had this effect. The Afridis love fighting, but they love money more, and the reason for their resolve to risk their lives and their subsidies must be sought in a matter personal to themselves. The explanation is given by them plainly, so that he who runs may read it, if he will only open his eyes, in their demand, insolent or not—that we should withdraw our troops from the districts which border their country to the north or south. The Afridis are savages, but it does not follow that they are fools; and they see clearly that the policy of driving military roads through independent territory, even though this may lie beyond their immediate borders, must result in isolating them and seriously threatening their independence. Further, they have doubtless heard of a scheme to

which Colonel Warburton and his able assistant, Colonel Muhammad Aslam Khan, C.I.E., had to perform was novel and of unusual difficulty, and the fact that the Khyber on a kafila day is now as safe as a high road in India, and that the Khyber Rifles have been developed from a body of rude Jezailchis into a fine corps, keen for active service under the British Government, even out of their own tribal limits, will be a lasting memorial of the good work which Colonel Warburton has performed in the service of Government.

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construct a railway from Michni to Lálpúra, along the northern bank of the Kábul river, which would do away with the Khyber as a trade route and abolish the subsidies now paid to the tribes for its protection. Such a railway, for which I think a rough survey was attempted, would hardly be remunerative even if it could be constructed with the consent of the Amir and without exciting the irritation and suspicion of the tribes.

It will be of advantage and, perhaps, not without interest, to explain what the old system of management of the tribes, pursued by the Punjab Government with success for many years, really was, and the points in which it differed from that favoured by the advocates of what is termed, erroneously, the Forward Policy, when it would be more correctly styled Retrograde. The Punjab system is often called obsolete, belated and unsuited to the changed condition of the frontier. But the character and sentiment of the tribes have not changed. They are as warlike as when they opposed the march of Alexander the Great. They are as fond of freedom as ever, and as determined to resist those who would raise the *purda* (curtain) of their desolate hills. Such change as has occurred in their behaviour and procedure towards the Government is due to the firmness and justness with which they were treated, through which the wild border was gradually won to comparative tranquillity. The cardinal principle of the Punjab policy was respect for the independence of the tribes. If they raided British territory they were punished; if they remained quiet they were left alone. No British officer was permitted, even for sport or exploration, to cross the border, and this wholesome prohibition particularly offended Colonel Pomeroy Colley, first Military Secretary and later Private Secretary to the Viceroy, who virtually ruled India during Lord Lytton's term of office, a delightful man, brilliant and gallant, but a doctrinaire of the most pronounced type. He considered that the *civis Britannicus* should be able to wander over the Afridi hills as securely as in Bond Street, a much-to-be-desired ideal. But these things cost money; and the Punjab Government had no money. It ruled the poorest and most backward province in India with a revenue inadequate to meet the necessary expenses of a civilised administration. Every rupee for frontier defence was squeezed with the greatest difficulty out of the Government of India. We had neither roads nor railways. I have ridden up and down the frontier many times from Hazára to Sind, and have a vivid remembrance of the stony or sandy track and the slippery mud of the Derajat, impracticable in wet weather for guns or camels. And, as the Punjab Government was poor it was unable, even if it had wished, to favour a forward policy, which is a luxury for the rich. Even its military expeditions, which in early days were frequent, were conducted as cheaply as possible. We did not, when the tribes rose, dislocate the whole military arrangements of the

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Empire from Peshawar to Madras, and even call out the reserves of the Native States in order to punish them. The work was ordinarily done, except where the Peshawar district, garrisoned by Imperial troops, was concerned, without moving a single British regiment, by the local troops known as the Punjab Frontier Force, under the direct orders of the Lieutenant-Governor. This admirable force, which for gallantry and efficiency was unsurpassed, consisted of about 12,500 men, infantry, cavalry and artillery, chiefly Sikhs, Gurkhas, Afghans and Punjábi Muhamadans. A large proportion were recruits from independent territory. The Afridis, splendid fighting men, took service the most readily, and, in 1874, there were no less than 732 men of this tribe in the force, while of other independent mountaineers, such as Orakzais and Mohmands, there were 333, and the spirit of loyalty and contentment was such that, notwithstanding the ample opportunities of absconding, there were only twenty-seven desertions during the year, many of these being the cases of men who failed, from unknown reasons, to rejoin from leave from foreign territory. The Biluchés did not take service, there being only a few in the different regiments. The policy of enlisting men of independent tribes with whom hostilities at some time or another are not improbable has been sometimes questioned, but there is a general agreement in its favour. It results in leaving among the tribes an influential body of men favourably disposed to the Government and impressed with a knowledge of its power and resources; while, in war, the sense of military honour and fidelity of these mountaineers is strong, and they fight, even against their own clansmen, without demur.

The whole line of the frontier from Hazára to Dera Gházi Khan consists of a continuous line of difficult and rugged mountains, and for the defence of the plain country against the incursions of hill robbers there is a line of posts, military and militia, held by the regiments of the Frontier Force and local levies. The modes of punishing refractory tribes were by fine, blockade and military expeditions, which were only resorted to in exceptional circumstances, and when every other means of coercing a hostile tribe had failed. Those who desire to understand the details of frontier administration and the treatment of the independent tribes by the Punjab Government may be referred to the Frontier Memorandum of 1876. But a *résumé* of the position till that date can be given in a few words. The system of the Punjab Government on the frontier varied with the times. We succeeded to an inheritance of anarchy, the result of the Sikh management of the Trans-Indus districts. They had ever been in a state of war with the border tribes, and even with the people in the interior of the districts. The whole country was studded with forts, each the head-quarters of a robber chief, and the revenue was collected by an army or not collected at all. With the introduction of English rule a change was at once apparent, and the border became tranquil in

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comparison with its condition in the time that had preceded it. But it was not to be expected that the savage and suspicious races in the independent hills should at once accept the new order of things, abandon their predatory habits, and look upon the English successors of their old enemies as their friends. Expedition after expedition was necessary to show each tribe, in turn, the strength of the British Government, and the folly of resisting it by force of arms; while, the lesson having been taught, no effort was spared to encourage friendly feelings and to show the mountaineers that all the Government insisted upon was the peace of the border. This ensured, the hillmen were as free to go and come and trade within British territory as our own subjects. That this policy was successful is proved by the fact that in the six years previous to 1876 only one expedition into independent territory was necessary, and we were able truthfully to report to the Secretary of State that the frontier tribes were slowly but surely losing their suspicion of, and dislike to, the British Government. The change is gradual, but if we look back twenty, or even ten, years, we see how substantial has been the progress made. They are still savage, fanatical, and ignorant; but they have learnt to believe in the fairness of our intentions, and so far appreciate our rule that they leave their hills in large numbers, abandon their predatory life, and settle quietly in British territory.[3]

The system of the Punjab Government in dealing with the independent tribes was unsystematic, or it would have failed. It dealt with each case on its merits as it arose, and each tribe was treated with regard to its special characteristics. The Biluch tribes on the Dera Ghází Khan border were far more amenable to control than the Afghans to the north. They inhabited a less difficult country, their nature was far less fanatical and savage, and they were more or less governed by powerful chiefs, through whom it was possible to exercise over them a practical influence. The western Afghans, on the contrary, were governed by committees or councils of the section of the clan, their constitution was eminently democratic, and tribal power never remained for long together in the hands of the same headmen. Among the Afghans to the north of the Peshawar district there were, on the other hand, many influential chiefs whose aristocratic and hereditary right was only tempered by assassination. Those opponents of the Forward Policy who urge that the system of administration which is associated with the name of Sir Robert Sandeman is inapplicable to districts like Swat, Bajour, Dir and Chitral, seem to me to be hardly reasonable, for there is no part of the Afghan border where there is so plentiful a crop of powerful Khans, who can generally be bribed or persuaded to keep on friendly terms with the Government if we scrupulously abstain from interference with their internal affairs. It is tribes like the Afridis,

[3] Punjab Frontier Memorandum, 1876.

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Orakzais and Waziris, the most powerful and turbulent on the border, who cannot be controlled through tribal leaders who do not exist, and it is wise to have as little to do with them and their territory as possible. The Khyber and the Kohat passes, both of which lie in Afridi country, are important military and commercial roads, which the Afridis understand must be kept open and under Imperial control; but the arrangements for their management have worked fairly well, and it will probably be necessary to renew them when the present excitement has subsided, for the Khyber is too unhealthy for our troops. But Sir Robert Sandeman's policy with the southern tribes was no more than that of the Punjab Government which he served: of dealing with each race according to its tribal peculiarities, and of utilising every legitimate means of influence which came to his hand. He was generally successful in the south, because he thoroughly understood the people with whom he had to deal; he was a man of great readiness and resource, and the mixture of resolution and geniality which formed his character won the respect and attachment of the Biluch chiefs. He had no other system, and the attempt to employ the Biluch method with the western Afghans has always ended in failure. No doubt it may be said that the policy of the Punjab Government towards the tribes was neither ambitious, brilliant, nor thorough. This may be admitted. But it was, on the whole, successful, and it was cheap. With the exception of the Umbeylah expedition, which was a *jihád* campaign, stimulated by the Wahabi fanatics and refugee mutineers of Sittána, all our frontier expeditions probably cost less than the occupation and relief of Chitral.

The Forward Policy which is now in favour is not a cheap one. It is, on the contrary, extremely costly, so costly, indeed, that unless it be speedily reversed it will lead India to bankruptcy. And the question, like all the large questions concerning India, is mainly financial. To lighten taxation, to develop the industrial resources of the country, to render the people prosperous and content, to relieve them from the dread and danger of famine, to feed and clothe them better, to give them cheap and speedy justice—these are the aims which an enlightened Administration must endeavour to attain. No spirited frontier policy which is pursued by the sacrifice of these beneficent objects can be called successful, and the Government and the English people will have to decide which of the two they will choose. They certainly cannot have both.

One of the causes of the enormous cost of the present policy is due to the withdrawal of the Frontier Force from the local Government and placing it under the Commander-in-Chief. This was done about ten years ago, the Punjab Government having successfully resisted it in 1876. It cannot now be undone, though I could easily prove that the force has lost in efficiency, especially in the important matter of transport, the animals and their gear and the drivers being

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far less efficient than before the transfer. But the radical evil is that, the Commander-in-Chief having behind him the Treasury of the Government of India, military expeditions are conducted on the most extravagant scale, every regiment in the regular army is eager to join in the rush for distinction and service, and an army is collected, as now, of 60,000 men, sufficient to repel the attack of a European Power. Either the Government are aware that their irritating measures of interference have excited a general and concerted rising of all the frontier tribes, or the present preparations are out of all reasonable proportion to the difficulty. But when the Commander-in-Chief, who knows as little of the frontier tribes as the Viceroy, demands an army, the Government at Calcutta, having no local knowledge behind them which is not eager to spend money rather than save it, is powerless to make a stand for economy. Such was the policy of Russia in Central Asia until a strong Foreign Secretary insisted on taking all power of initiative from the military party.

Another cause of the immense cost of recent expeditions is the vicious system of scattering military posts over independent territory far from support, like those in Chitral, Kuram, and Samána. In time of peace these posts are useless for all purposes of civilisation—they waste valuable troops required elsewhere, and are a cause of chronic irritation and discontent. In time of war they require an army to relieve them. If there be one cardinal principle in frontier warfare, it is to have no military post which you are unable to safely maintain or speedily relieve. It is discreditable, in the highest degree, to allow our forts and posts to be besieged, captured and burnt by half-armed savages. In the old days, if the tribes raided our territory we punished when and where we chose. We were not foolish enough to play their game, and leave them the whole initiative, giving them the power of attacking isolated positions, which we were compelled to defend in haste by marching an army into a desolate wilderness of mountains, in the hottest and most pestilential season of the year, which the tribes naturally choose for their campaigns. Is there any soldier of light and leading, not irretrievably committed to the Forward Policy, who will declare himself in favour of placing isolated outposts in the heart of a difficult and hostile country? What does Lord Wolseley think of it, or Sir Donald Stewart, or Sir Redvers Buller? I am not a military man, but it seems to me that questions of strategy must to some extent be governed by common sense, and, judged by such a standard, the present military policy would disgrace a Sandhurst cadet. Moreover, the system of posts in independent territory carries with it this vital defect that they require troops of the Imperial army to garrison them. The Frontier Force is insufficient for the duty. This signifies that the most critical positions are held by troops, officers and men, who are ignorant of the country

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and cannot even speak the language of the people whom they must conciliate unless they wish to be attacked and besieged. The Samána and Kuram posts are now garrisoned by the 36th Sikhs, a down-country battalion, absolutely unfitted for the work.

This article has dealt more especially with the management of the independent tribes, and I have only incidentally touched on the question of Chitral, as the policy of that occupation rests on different grounds than that of worrying the tribes on our immediate borders into hostility. If it be asserted that it is necessary to occupy Chitral to close an important road to India from Russian attack, the argument is intelligible, though I personally deny the possibility of any attack in that direction, and believe that the distinguished Generals I have just named agree with me. But this question I have before discussed at length in this Review, and all that is necessary to note now is the charge of breach of faith in constructing a military road to Chitral when it was distinctly proclaimed that the Government of India had no intention of permanently occupying any territory through which Umra Khan's misconduct might force them to pass, or of interfering with the independence of the tribes. An apologist of the Indian Government has endeavoured, in the *Times* of the 9th of September, to refute this charge, and it is certainly desirable to do so, for to this particular action the irritation and suspicion of the tribes seem to be partly due. But his simple sophistries, which may be acceptable to the House of Commons, do not count for much with the wild mountaineers. If a military road, supported by military posts, and held by tribal levies paid from the British treasury, is made and maintained in independent territory, that will be considered by the tribes to be occupation, whatever any apologist may say, and it is difficult to assert that they are wrong. Nor is he more happy in dealing with the occupation of Chitral, which he declares to be no more annexed than Zanzibar. This may be so; but to the ordinary eye, unclouded by official cobwebs, Zanzibar seems as much British territory as the Isle of Wight, and its Sultan a puppet whom we create or depose at pleasure.

The policy of the future may be discussed in detail in a later article, and I would only note, in conclusion, the lines it may conveniently follow. It is impossible to restore the past system, giving back the Frontier Force to the local Government, and allowing it the effective control of all trans-border affairs. This being so, it will probably be advisable to carry out Lord Lytton's proposal, which was premature when made, and was successfully resisted by the Punjab Government, of removing the frontier districts from the charge of the Lieutenant-Governor and placing them under a Chief Commissioner. The Lieutenant-Governor, without the local troops and shorn of political power, cannot do justice to the frontier, and the ever-growing complexity of the civil administration of a rapidly

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progressing province leaves him no sufficient leisure for the mastery of frontier affairs. But it is a *sine quâ non* that the Chief Commissioner be a civilian, and not, as proposed by Lord Lytton, a military man. By this I do not mean to exclude military civilians, trained from youth in administrative work, and many of whom, Abbott, Becher, James, Edwardes, Lake and Sandeman have performed the most splendid service. But a man trained systematically in civil duties, knowing intimately the people and the language, is essential to prevent the frontier districts falling from the high standard of civilisation which they have already attained. To nominate a General Officer as Lord Warden of the Marches would be to intensify the evils of the existing system. What is needed is a strong civil administrator whose professional instinct would be in favour of peace and not of war, and who would be content to follow the firm and friendly policy towards the tribes which was pursued with success by Lieutenant-Governors of the Punjab: Lord Lawrence, Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir Donald McLeod, Sir Henry Durand, Sir Henry Davies and Sir Robert Egerton. He would be the full receptacle of local knowledge, on which the Viceroy and the Foreign Office could safely draw, instead of, as at present, remaining the unconscious instruments of a military clique which is most unwisely endeavouring to deal with the country beyond our border as Russia dealt with Circassia. For in the armed independence of the frontier tribes is one of the surest defences of India. We do not require military roads through independent territory to facilitate the march of an invading army, nor a cowed and disarmed population which could do nothing to resist its advance. Even our relations with Afghanistan are facilitated by the existence of the independent region between it and India. I do not believe in buffer States; but between a highly civilised Government like that of British India and one in a far lower stage of social and political development it is of the highest advantage to have a fringe of tribes owning allegiance to neither, but, like all members of the human family, susceptible to kindly influences, and relying, as in past times they undoubtedly relied, on the generosity and fair dealing of the Indian Government.

LEPEL GRIFFIN.

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A MOSLEM'S VIEW OF THE PAN-ISLAMIC REVIVAL

THE last decade of the nineteenth century is an important epoch in the history of Islam and its followers throughout the world. After three centuries of social and political decadence the Moslem world seems, at last, to have awakened to its sense of danger and responsibility. Signs of Islamic revival are observed everywhere, and though, in many cases, these signs only indicate Moslem unrest, it may fairly be inferred that some common feeling is universally shared by the followers of the Prophet at this particular time. What is this feeling? Is it conquest or aggression? Is it a desire to convert all infidels to Islam? If I may venture to guess, it is a perception of reasonable and probable dangers to Islam and the Islamites engendered by the Greco-Turkish war and the attitude of Christendom towards Islam during recent years. It is an assertion of the natural feeling of self-preservation and self-respect. What events have caused this perturbation in the Islamic world? The most important event of the present century concerning the Moslem world is the change in the traditional policies of England and Russia with respect to the treatment of the Eastern question. England, which has been hitherto known in the Islamic world as the ally of Turkey, has denounced her alliance with that country; while Russia, the ancient and mortal enemy of Turkey, and the traditional defender of the Christian races in the East, has become the protector of the Sultan and friend of the Moslems all over the world. The other events are the following.

The Armenian question is responsible for many evils. It started in England as a humanitarian protest against the massacre of Armenian Christians at Sassoon. As such it had the sympathies of the educated Moslems of India, and even of Turkey. By degrees, however, it assumed, in the hands of designing Christian ministers, imbued with a secret hatred of Islam, and Forward Liberals inebriated with party fanaticism, an anti-Islamic character. For months, a section of the British press indulged in vituperation and vehement denunciation of the Turkish race, Moslem law, and the head of the Mohammedan Faith. The Caliph of Islam was styled 'Abdul the

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Damned' by a minor poet, and 'the Great Assassin' by an ex-premier. Such intemperate language and excitement in England produced suspicions even in the minds of Moslems most favourably disposed towards this country in regard to her intentions. So loud, indeed, was the voice of St. James's Hall against the government of Moslems over Christians, that Islamic nations inhabiting the Turkish Empire, ignorant of the loquacious ways of great democracies, became seriously apprehensive of the safety of that Empire. The Sultan himself, for one whole year, trembled at the words and deeds of British statesmen, and, throwing aside the traditional pride and reserve of the princes of the Ottoman race, actually sent an autograph letter of repentance to the British Prime Minister. The bones of his mighty forefathers must have groaned in their graves at the pitiable sight of the present occupant of the Ottoman throne. The Sultan was then in such a frame of mind that he would have done anything short of political suicide to appease the wrath of the English nation. But democratic feeling was whipped up to white heat in England, and would be satisfied with nothing less than the deposition of Abdul Hamid and a system of complete control over his successors. Prince Lobanoff, the clever foreign minister of Russia, frightened Abdul Hamid still further by informing him of coercion proposals on behalf of England, with the result that the Sultan threw himself entirely on the mercy of Russia. Lobanoff gave the British Government to understand that the Government of the Czar would not allow any Power to use coercion against Turkey, though it would not object to any amount of paper remonstrance against the Sublime Porte. The echo of the furious denunciations of Islam and its Caliph in England reached all parts of the Mussulman world, and the Faithful began to discuss whether the so-called humanitarian protest in Christendom was not really a crusade against the power and the prestige of their religion. Thus many Moslems educated in Europe, and quite competent to understand the blunders of the Armenian policy of the Sublime Porte, and who, moreover, made no secret of their disapproval of the conduct of the Sultan himself, were frightened at the signs of the storm brewing in England against Islam. Had they not suspected Christian designs, not only against the Mosque of St. Sophia, but also against the Holy Shrines in Arabia, they would have willingly joined the cry against misgovernment in Turkey. As it was, the more Mr. Gladstone and Exeter Hall denounced the Caliph, the closer did the Moslems draw towards him. The result was that Abdul Hamid, who was becoming unpopular with young Moslems both in and out of Turkey, three years ago, on account of his coercive policy, began, when fighting single-handed with the Christian Powers of Europe, to be gradually recognised as a patriotic hero of Islam. It became a question of Islam *versus* Christendom.

Hardly was the Armenian question settled, or rather put off, when

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the Cretan question assumed its acutest form, owing to the filibustering expedition of Greece into that island. Two things in connection with the Cretan question excited the indignation of the Islamic world: the cold-blooded massacres of the Moslems by the Cretan Christians when the latter got the upper hand through the assistance of the Greeks. The incident reminded them of the treatment reserved for their fellow-believers in the Turkish Empire, in the event of the Crescent losing its ascendency over its Christian subjects. Secondly, the fact that Prince George of Greece was allowed to land troops in Crete under the very eyes of the admirals of the Great Powers, while the Sultan, the legitimate owner of the island, was prevented from sending any troops to quell a rebellion in his own territory. The incident clearly showed to them the injustice of Christendom towards Islam. Here, again, it was England who took the lead in defeating the proposals of Turkey.

When the Mussulman world was in a state of anxiety in regard to the safety of the Caliph's dominions, the folly of Greece brought salvation to the door of the Sultan. Well might the Turk exclaim: 'Our antagonist is our helper.' For generations the Moslem arms have not been brilliantly successful over the infidels at the conclusion of war; though, indeed, the Moslem sword was never altogether sheathed even for a decade. The victory, the patriotism, the endurance of the Turkish troops and the defeat, the cowardice, and the stampede of the Greeks have been the theme of conversation in mosque, in market, in all public and private gatherings of Moslems in the Islamic world. The story of Hafiz Pasha, an octogenarian Turkish general, receiving two wounds in his arms and losing their use, but refusing to dismount, and encouraging the soldiers by such exclamations as 'Onward, children, onward!' until a third bullet in his mouth put an end to his heroic career, was versified and sung by the village boys of Islam. Very few Moslems know, or, indeed, cared to know, the extent or the strength of the State of Greece. All they knew and repeated everywhere was that the Caliph's army defeated and destroyed Christian forces in Europe itself. At the end of the war great towns and mighty personages of Islam vied with each other in sending congratulatory messages and epistles to the Commander of the Faithful in Stamboul. The followers of the Prophet illuminated their houses, their mosques, and their huts in celebration of the event, and every Islamic sect, be it Shia or Sunnee, felt as much pleasure at the victory as if it had been won by them and for them.

The war was brought to a successful termination by a most friendly and courteous message from the Czar to his 'friend and neighbour' the Sultan. But when it came to the fruits of victory the Christian Powers propounded a doctrine as curious as it was unjust: that the Turk should not be allowed to retain any portion of

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the land once occupied by Christians which he had conquered. This doctrine sent a thrill of indignation through the body politic of Islam, and the Faithful in general were convinced that, notwithstanding the boasted civilisation of Europe, Christendom had not shaken off its ancient animosities against Islam. The long-looked-for opportunity again came to Abdul Hamid, and he carried on a diplomatic war with the representatives of the Christian Powers, with all the art and craft of modern diplomacy, of which he is an acknowledged master. Even the Young Turkish party, bitterly opposed to him for his policy of repression and reaction at home, could not but admire his dexterity in opposing the *sic volo sic jubeo* of united Christendom. On the question of the retention of Thessaly, no doubt, he had to give way, but he did not fail to convince his Moslem critics that he fought as a patriotic sovereign—he fought tooth and nail for the benefit of Turkey and the good of Islam. Nor did the Moslems fail to appreciate his patriotic efforts. Their journals commented upon European bigotry with unusual severity. By way of sympathy with the Turkish nation, subscriptions were collected everywhere for the sick and wounded of the Turkish army. Even Hedjaz, the heart of Arabia, which is generally supposed by Christians to be ever burning to throw over the intolerable yoke of the Turk, subscribed 13,000 Turkish pounds, and laid them at the feet of the Caliph to be spent for the good of Islam, in whatever way the Caliph thought best.

Another contemporary event of great importance to Islam was the invasion and conquest of Kafiristan by the Ameer Abdur Rahman Khan, 'the Light of the Nation and Religion.' So long and so frequently have Moslem princes been losing territories that this annexation, little as it is, was hailed with unbounded joy by the people of Afghanistan and their friends and well-wishers. The visit of the Shahzada Nasrullah Khan to England in the year 1895 and that of the Khans of Bokhara and Khiva to St. Petersburg in 1896, in connection with the coronation of the Czar, directly brought for the first time the most conservative and exclusive Moslem princes of central Asia in contact with the most influential capitals of Christian Europe; and the political knowledge thus derived by them has already been used, in various ways, for the good of their respective countries. The Ameer of Bokhara has published an account of his travels in Europe. In Africa, the victory of the Abyssinians over the Italians, the Anglo-Egyptian expedition to Khartoum, the bombardment of Zanzibar and the flight of the pretender to German territories, have taught the Arabs valuable lessons in regard to the ways and means of the Christian Powers of Europe, whom they had hitherto looked down upon.

The above-mentioned are some of the leading events which have caused no little commotion in the Mussulman world. But it may, not inaptly, be asked, What is the importance, political and com-

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mercial, of this Mussulman world that European nations should bother themselves about its feelings? I must, therefore, answer that question before proceeding to the pith of my main discourse. As regards their connection with England, Moslems may be mentioned in four categories: (1) Those that are directly under the British Flag; (2) Those that are under British protection; (3) Those that are under independent Moslem rulers; (4) Those that are under non-Mussulman Powers other than England, or under no recognised ruler.

Our first category includes the Moslems of India, Burmah, Ceylon, Aden, Perim, Socotra, Kuria, Muria islands, Bahrain islands, British Borneo, Cyprus, Kamran islands, Laccadives, and a large portion of the Straits Settlements. The total population is more than seventy millions. The second comprises Egypt, Beluchistan, Zanzibar and Pemba, Johar and other principalities of the Straits, the Somali coast protectorate, Maldive islands, Keeling islands, &c. Total population, nearly eight millions. The third embraces Turkey, Persia, Morocco, Afghanistan, Sokoto, Barinüh, Wadaikanem and Bagirmi. Total population, more than eighty millions. Under the fourth may be included the Moslems under China, Holland, Russia, France, the numerous tribes of Central Asia, which inhabit 'no man's land,' and of the interior of Africa, which is not yet fully explored. China has forty millions, Holland twenty millions, Russia twenty millions, France four millions, the interior of Africa, &c., thirty millions. The total population of the Moslem world approximately is 270 millions. The political and commercial advantages derivable from the above mentioned millions of human beings can be more easily imagined than described. Their organisation, if brought about, would be formidable, and their moral support is not to be despised.

Some explanation is necessary as to how these Moslem communities, separated from each other by the width of the ocean, and scattered all over the world among peoples diametrically opposed to them in religious no less than in political matters, can possibly be brought together to deliberate on topics affecting themselves and their religion. What chance, it may be asked, is there for the Moslem of Java to meet his fellow-believer of Algeria, or for the inhabitant of Cabul to embrace the inhabitant of Constantinople at the same time and at the same place, for interchange of views? Again it may be argued, not all of them speak the same language or entertain the same ideas on politics, or possess the necessary intellectual capacity for discussion. Moreover, as we have seen, they owe political allegiance not only to different Moslem monarchs whose interests are not always identical, but also to non-Mussulman Governments who are jealous of each other, and whose attitude towards Islam is not always friendly. These are heavy difficulties, and at first sight their solution appears to be impossible. But on a deeper consideration it will be found to be very easy. The

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Founder of Islam, with that religious and political inspiration which characterised him all his life, anticipated the difficulties and himself provided a solution for them. The Prophet made it incumbent upon such of his followers throughout the world as possessed the necessary mental and financial qualifications, to assemble together once every year at the House of God (Baitullah) in Mecca, primarily and essentially to glorify the name of God in a universal chorus. And nowhere upon God's earth does such a large concourse of human beings sing together the glories of heaven as it does in Mecca on the day of Moslem Hadj. But indirectly this institution is also intended to furnish opportunities to the cream of the intellect, power, and piety of Islam to commemorate the common origin of their religion and empire, to consider their common dangers, and to promote cohesion and affection among the followers of the Prophet throughout the world. To the House of God, therefore, the True Believers repair, every year, as a matter of religious duty. No Government, Mussulman or infidel, can prevent them from the due discharge of one of the fundamental obligations of their religion. In Mecca, the true capital of Islam, will a student of theology, ethnology, and politics annually observe the Chinaman, the Indian, the Malay, the Afghan, the Persian, the Algerian, and the Turk, freely mingling and discussing together, all guided by the language of the Arabian Prophet. Here every Moslem daily repeats and hourly practises the favourite maxim of the Founder of Islam, 'All True Believers, ye are brethren unto each other.' Even as the Hadj cleanses the hearts of men and makes them innocent like new-born babes, the True Believers are expected to forget and forgive individual faults, sectional animosities, and think of nothing else but the good of Islam and the collective welfare of all her children. Here, therefore, after the Hadj, the learned doctors of Islam and the true representatives of the Moslems, irrespective of caste, colour, or country, unfold to each other, in all simplicity and sincerity, the contents of their minds. During the last three years the one all-absorbing topic of conversation among the Hadjees has been the dangers to the Caliphate, the Holy Shrines and Islam itself, owing to the menacing attitude of Christendom towards the Caliph. They know not much of all the Powers that constitute Christendom, but every one of them knows or has heard about England and Russia. Possibly they know little of the power and influence of these respective countries, but they have always believed that England is the friend and Russia the enemy of the Sultan of Islam. During the last three years various reports have given them to understand that the two Christian Powers most concerned with Islam have changed places; that Russia has become the friend and England the enemy of the Caliph This belief, in my opinion, is extremely deplorable. But there it is. Of course, in accordance with Turkish usage, there have not been any political meetings in Mecca. But informal gatherings and private

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chat are very often more far-reaching in their consequences than cut and dried resolutions passed by official congresses in the Oriental world. Speaking of the influence of the Hadjees among their co-religionists, a distinguished Indian statesman wrote, a few years ago, to Mr. W. S. Blunt as follows:

> I may, however, add, that by far the most formidable means which can be adopted for propagating such ideas, or for rousing a desire for Islamic union, would be the distribution of pamphlets to the pilgrims at Mecca. The annual Haj at Mecca draws the more religious from all parts of India, and the Hajees on their return are treated with exceptional respect, and visited by their friends and neighbours, who naturally inquire about the latest news and doctrines propounded in the holy cities; so that for dissemination of their views, the most effective way would be for the propagandists to bring the Hajees under their influence. I call it effective, because the influence of what the Hajees say goes to the remotest villages of the Mofussil.

The belief, alluded to above, is all the more deplorable, because, only a few years ago, England had given to the Hadjees a fresh proof of her friendliness to Islam. In the year 1894, Sir Henry Fowler, one of the strongest of the Secretaries of State for India, heard from me the grievances of the Meccan pilgrims, sympathised with them, and promised to remove such of them as lay within the sphere of the Government of India, without delay. He was as good as his word. The news was received with unfeigned satisfaction by the religious portion of Islam in every country. Last year, however, the Government of India was compelled to stop all pilgrim traffic between Indian seaports and Jeddah, owing to the outbreak of the bubonic plague in Bombay and Karachi. It is possible that this action of the Government may have been wrongly attributed to evil motives in some ignorant Moslem quarters. I should not be surprised to hear that fanatical priests, like Hadda Mullah, worked upon the superstitions of the Afghan border tribes by declaring to them that Great Britain stopped the pilgrims of Central Asia from proceeding to the Holy Place because of her ill-will towards Islam. It will appear ridiculous to the Moslems of India, but it may be swallowed as truth by the iguorant Afghans. They will have, possibly, no means of knowing that it was the Caliph's Government itself which had practically stopped the importation of Indian pilgrims into Arabia, owing to the prevalence of the plague in India.

Thus far I have dealt with the feelings of the Moslem peoples as distinct from Moslem States. I may, in passing, briefly remark, that recent events in Christendom have also moved Moslem States to forget past animosities, to overlook sectional differences, to shake off past lethargy, and to establish closer political and social relations between them. Just before the assassination of the late Nasir-ed-Din Shah, the Sultan had despatched a special mission to the Shah in order to congratulate his Persian Majesty on his jubilee, and pave the way for what might be termed the reunion of Islam. The

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mission was headed by one of the ablest scholars and diplomats of Turkey, H.E. Muniff Pasha, minister of Public Instruction in the Cabinet of Kiamil Pasha. Unfortunately, just before the arrival of Muniff Pasha in Teheran, the Shah was killed and the suggestion consequently postponed. The Sultan, however, did not recall the envoy but appointed him Permanent Ambassador at the Court of Teheran. The new Shah, it is reported, sent very valuable presents to the Sultan immediately after the former's accession to the throne, and the envoy who brought them had an unusually long interview with the Sultan. If the successors of Constantine and Darius continue, for some years, to show the same brotherly attentions to each other as they have been doing of late, an alliance between their two Islamic countries would be an accomplished fact. The ruler of Afghanistan also seems to be thoroughly in touch with contemporary Moslem feeling and aspiration. Not long ago 'the Light of the Nation and Religion' sent some rare presents to a Holy Shrine in Persia, and the compliment was very much appreciated by the countrymen of Sadi and Hafiz. The recent much-talked-of visit of some notable Afghans to Constantinople, and of some Turkish gentlemen to Cabul, clearly indicates sympathy and cordiality between the nations to which the visitors belong. The *entente cordiale* happily subsisting between the three great Moslem monarchs who occupy territories which are conterminous with each other will, it is hoped, soon lead to a Moslem Triple Alliance for purposes of self-preservation and defence.

The growing change in Islamic feeling towards England is most deplorable. It is harmful both to England and to the Moslems themselves. It is harmful to England, because she is the greatest Moslem Power upon earth; because she has intricate political and commercial relations with all Moslem States; and because she has a dangerous rival in Asia, who looks upon England's difficulties as her opportunities in every part of the world. No European nation knows the value of Moslem goodwill more than Russia. She is studiously detaching Moslem sympathy everywhere from Great Britain, and is losing no opportunity of making herself popular among the followers of the Prophet. Although herself a bigoted Christian, she has built mosques for her Moslem subjects in Central Asia, and has appointed Mohammedan consuls in Persia to look after the comforts of the Moslem pilgrims to Kerbulla. She has lately given commissions in her army to Moslem youths of position in Bokhara, established a legation in Morocco, and secured the goodwill of the Caliph. But this activity of Russia and her ostentatious display of friendship towards Islam must not blind us to the merits and faults of the real policy of the two Christian nations towards Moslems. It cannot, unfortunately, be denied that the more England denounced Abdul Hamid, the closer did he draw towards

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Russia. No doubt it was sheer necessity from his point of view. But even Moslems may be pardoned if they ask: 'Does the Sultan really believe that the most ancient, formidable, and determined foe of Turkey has become the cordial friend of that country, having suddenly found out the wickedness of her past policy and repudiated it?' Does he not perceive any ulterior motive in the sudden change of the Muscovite policy? Nobody knows it better than Abdul Hamid. It does not require much political study to know that the real aim of Russia is to take Constantinople, if possible, without fighting. It is, therefore, to her advantage to bring about the entire collapse of the Turkish administration by the slow process of internal discord and decay. She knows that England has always been in her way, and that at the eleventh hour the possession of Constantinople was snatched from her mainly by the force of England. Her latest policy consequently has been to alienate English sympathy completely from Turkey; so that when the apple becomes ripe for her to take, England would not hamper her action again. If that is her policy, how completely has the Caliph played into her hands. The policy of England, on the other hand, has always been to check the aggression of Russia in the south-east of Europe, by supporting Turkey. Consequently her best interest is to have a strong Turkey. What does England desire? That His Majesty the Sultan should introduce real reforms in his empire, remove at least the most dangerous causes of disaffection among his subjects, and otherwise improve his government in order to prolong its existence as a civilised State in Europe. Twenty years ago Lord Beaconsfield made England believe that Turkey would reform her administration, provided sufficient time and peace were given her. To-day England is of opinion that Turkey will not improve herself, and that therefore she should cease to support her. Which of the two policies will the real well-wishers of the Turkish Empire favour? Undoubtedly the policy of England. Nine out of ten intelligent Moslems pine for reforms consistent with the integrity of the empire. The Sultan has for the time being joined hands with Russia. But on calmer reflection His Majesty must see that the step which he has taken will, at best, only make him a vassal of Russia, and gradually result in the absorption of his country by the Slav. That policy must be changed. I have always deplored the attacks in the British press upon the Caliph. Equally do I deplore the recent outburst of ill-feeling towards England in the Turkish press. I have stated that England could not afford to dispense with the sympathy of Islam; neither can the Moslem world afford the permanent hostility of England. It is the duty of all thoughtful Moslems to bring home to the Caliph the evils of his present policy. It is their duty also to impress upon the ministers of the Queen-Empress to re-establish cordial relations between this country and the Islamic world. It is asserted that

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England cannot again be the friend of Turkey. I do not believe that. The friendship of England with Turkey did not arise from any sentimental love for the Turk. Far from that: its basis was the interests of England. That basis is irremovable. The hostility of England to Turkey is conditional. England is angry because she sees no chance of real reforms being introduced into Turkish administration. But so would be every friend of Turkey under the same circumstances. Let the Sultan introduce permanent reforms, study the happiness of all his subjects alike, and give up playing into the hands of his bitterest enemy, and then it would not be difficult for him to claim the alliance of England again. That must be the aim of the Caliph if he desires the reunion of Islam; because I firmly believe that the interests of England are not opposed to the interests of Islam, but are identical with them. The contemplated Triple Alliance of Islam must include England. She is already the ally of Afghanistan; she has been the ally of Turkey, and she is the best friend of Persia. The statesmen who bring about this quadruple alliance will deserve the cordial support and grateful thanks of the Moslem millions.

RAFIÜDDIN AHMAD.

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THE COMING REVOLT OF THE CLERGY

It is a truth which almost amounts to a platitude that the Conservative Governments of this century have had no more doggedly faithful supporters than the country clergy. That most convenient of all political stalking horses, 'the Establishment in danger,' has been trotted out on every possible occasion, and so far has never failed to answer the whip. The support of the clergy is so safe that the election agent scarcely stops to inquire what it is worth, or even to calculate accurately what would be his position without it. The only calculation is as to the electorate with the clergy left out. The old belief that the clergyman is everywhere desperately afraid of the masses still prevails in Tory circles. He is still bound, men think, by convictions as strong as his Ordination vows to fall back on the support of that great Constitutional party which alone can save the Establishment from the attack of an irreligious democracy.

This belief is still widely held, but those who are best acquainted with the clergy are not so fully persuaded of its truth. The Church is beginning to trust the masses, and where she does so her trust is seldom found to be in vain. The last twenty years have assuredly seen a strengthening of the bond between the clergy and the people, and perhaps somewhat of an increasing apathy towards the Church on the part of the aristocratic classes. If this change of relationship is gradual, there is another factor in the situation which will certainly tell at the next general election, and it is on this point alone that we now wish to dwell.

It may be asserted with perfect truth that there is at the present moment no one in England who is so heavily taxed as the country parson. He is the only person in the land who is rated upon his whole professional income, and the demands made upon him are so enormous that one has to look for a parallel to mediæval times, or to social conditions resembling those of the Russian peasant. If any other professional class suffered from one half of his burdens, the expression of horror would be universal. But he is only the parson, and, as a correspondent in the *Times* recently observed, 'sufferance is the badge of all their tribe.' A tyrant was once heard to remark that after he had flayed his victim alive he might then have to resort to

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extreme measures. The clergy have for a long time in a pecuniary sense been flayed alive. They are now experiencing the further 'extreme measures' in the shape of the Agricultural Rates Act, 1896.

Let us consider the position of the country clergyman whose Tithe Rent Commutation was fixed by the Act of 1836 at 200*l.* per annum. Of this sum at the present day an incumbent only receives 95*l.* For, at the present value, the 200*l.* represents less than 140*l.* in cash. And this 140*l.* is further liable to rates, land tax, and collection fees which, at a very low estimate, amount to another 45*l.* The incumbent is more fortunate than most of his neighbours if he receives his 95*l.* clear. Out of this 95*l.* he has not only to maintain himself and his family, but also to provide for ecclesiastical dilapidations and the numerous calls which fall upon a country rector.

When this state of things is fairly considered, it seems inconceivable that any Government should deliberately pass a Bill the effect of which would be to materially add to these burdens. But Rehoboam, in the person of Mr. Chaplin, appeared, and on the night when he announced that the clergy were to be excluded from the benefit of the Agricultural Rates Act they well knew what to expect. The farmers were to be relieved, but the largest proportion of this relief was to come out of the pockets of the country parsons!

It should be clearly understood what is the exact grievance of the clergy in this matter, for the point is often missed. Their grievance is not merely that they have been excluded from the benefits of an Act which on every ground of justice they should have obtained. Their grievance goes much further than this. It is that this Act will increase their taxation to an enormous extent—in some instances possibly to an additional ten, twenty, or thirty per cent. of their scanty available income!

This matter requires careful explanation, for the result of this extraordinary Act would escape any but a careful observer. Under this Act the occupiers of agricultural land pay one half only of the rate in the pound payable in respect of buildings and 'other hereditaments.' The deficit caused by this relief to the agriculturalists is *supposed* to be covered by a special grant from the Local Taxation Account. But this grant in relief is a stereotyped sum, the amount being *fixed* for five years. Therefore if, as it often happens, the rates increase, there will be a deficiency not covered by the fixed Local Taxation Grant. This deficiency, as the agriculturalists are to be relieved, will fall mainly on 'the buildings and *other hereditaments*,' —*i.e.* on the tithe. For the rateable value of the tithe in many country parishes often amounts to that of all the house property put together.

In order to show how this works we will give an example taken by the Secretary of the Tithe Owners' Union in his correspondence with Mr. Chaplin. He writes:

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For example, take a parish where in the year terminating 31st of March, 1896, the amount to be raised by the spending authority is 1,000*l.*, of which 250*l.* is payable by the occupiers of agricultural land. In this case the grant from the Local Taxation account would be 125*l.* Now assume that the sum to be raised from the same parish be increased in the year 1897–8 to 1,600*l.*, the rateable value of the parish remaining the same. In this case the occupiers of the agricultural land would, but for the provisions of the Act of 1896, have to pay 400*l.* As a result of the Act, however, they would only pay 200*l.*, and if the Government grant remains at the fixed sum of 125*l.* as in the year 1895–6, the deficiency of 75*l.* would have mainly to be made good by the other ratepayers in the Parish, and the tithe-owner, being in most agricultural parishes the largest ratepayer, would have to bear the greatest part of this deficiency.

This danger is indeed no imaginary one. There have been already numerous letters in the newspapers from the country clergy complaining of the increase in their rates since the passing of this Act. It may, of course, happen that where there is no deficiency in the rates the clergyman does not suffer; or it may happen in districts where there is much house property that the proportion of extra taxation borne by the tithe is inconsiderable. But the parson in purely rural parishes has now, indeed, the sword of Damocles perpetually suspended over his head. His security in one year is no guarantee for his security in the next. The sudden rise of rates in a purely agricultural district might swallow up at one blow the quarter of his remaining income.

So far as to the way in which the Government has acted towards the clergy. Let us now consider the grounds it has taken in answering the appeal made to it for redress.

The arguments used in opposition to the claims of the tithe owners were chiefly two:

(1) That the Bill was only for the relief of the tenants of agricultural land.

(2) That the Government had not sufficient funds at its disposal to enable it to extend to tithe owners the relief granted by the Act.

In considering these objections we cannot do better than quote from the able report of the Tithe Owners' Union. That report says, as to the first objection:

The reason assigned for granting relief to the tenants was that they had suffered severely from the fall in agricultural prices, and more especially in the price of wheat. Now the tithe owner has also suffered severely from the same cause. And not only so, but the tithe owner has, on an average taken over the whole kingdom, lost far more than the tenant. This is clearly shown by the returns under Schedule B of Income Tax. For whereas between 1843 and 1894 the occupiers' profits charged under this head showed a fall of 12·9 per cent., tithe rent charge had fallen in value during the same period 29·7 per cent. If therefore agricultural tenants had a claim for relief, the tithe-owner had a doubly strong claim.

With regard to the second objection to the tithe-owners' claim—viz. that the Government had insufficient funds at its disposal—we will quote again from the same report. It says:

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By a careful calculation it has been estimated that if half of the rates upon tithe rent charge were remitted, and the deficiency made up out of the consolidated fund, the amount of the necessary grant would be about 86,000*l.* In view of the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his last Budget Speech was able to announce that the actual exchequer grant required under the Agricultural Rates Act was 143,000*l.* less than the amount originally estimated, we might have expected that part of this surplus would have been devoted to remedying the injustice committed in the previous session. But no; the Government, unable to rely longer on the ground of want of funds, shifts its ground, and says relief must not be granted to tithe owners because, if so, the enemies of the Church would be able to raise the cry of a State-aided Church.

The case, then, stands thus: the clergy being already taxed more heavily than any other class in the country, the present Government, so far from relieving them by the Agricultural Rates Act, has immensely added to their burdens. Nor can it be overlooked that the Cabinet responsible for this unjust act consisted chiefly of large landowners. Let Mr. Chaplin say what he likes, it is mere juggling with words to deny that the landlord class derived enormous pecuniary benefit from the Bill which adds so heavily to the burdens of the unfortunate clergy. In asserting this fact we have nothing to do with motives, nor with the high character of the Ministry. But does not everyone know what the reduction of half the rates on an estate means to a large landlord? Or can any possible words explain these facts away?

What, then, are the clergy to do in this serious crisis of their affairs? They will be foolish indeed if they rely on any such broken reeds as promises of 'earnest consideration,' Royal Commissions, or deputations to the Archbishop. There is no doubt whatever of loyal support from the bishops, but the motive power cannot be looked for from the House of Lords. It must come from the clergy themselves. There is only one argument for politicians nowadays, and that is to be found in the ballot box. If the clergy wish for justice, they must demand it in the only possible way in which their voice can be heard.

Let the clergy form a Defence League, placing other political considerations aside, and with the one object of securing their rights as citizens. This is surely a justifiable course for men who have been marked out for such exceptionally unjust treatment, and whose burdens in the way of taxation are probably three times as heavy as those of any other class in the country. If the clergy at the next general election were to unite in demanding a pledge from their parliamentary candidate that he should endeavour to secure for them the same benefits as those given to agriculturalists under the Act of 1896, their cause would be won.

There is another line of defence which the clergy might adopt, and that is to make common cause with the large class of householders and suburban ratepayers who are already dissatisfied with

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the working of the Act. The householder as well as the tithe owner is liable to have his rates raised for the farmer's benefit. And although taxation of income is far more serious than taxation of rateable value, both classes—the owners of houses and the owners of 'other hereditaments'—are alike called upon to undertake a fresh liability. The Agricultural Rates Act is unpopular, and we shall be surprised if the aversion to it does not increase as time goes on. Even the farmers dislike it. They would have preferred such a measure as the abolition of the Highway Rate, or some other plan of all-round relief; but, as the writer has himself heard farmers observe, they do not wish their class to benefit at the expense of others.

We believe that the quiet influence of the country clergy with their parishioners is a factor of immense weight at election time. The average parson is far from being a noisy politician, but there are few parishes where his opinions and example are without their weight. We have no wish to see politics invading the domain of religion. But there are times when even the clergy must defend their own rights, and such a defence, if made with spirit, would immensely strengthen their position in the future.

At the present time some of their so-called friends are resisting their demand for justice on the ground that the granting of such justice would arouse the enemies of the Church. Such a plea may be indeed characterised as both base and untrue—untrue because the sense of justice is the exclusive possession of neither party, and base because it is a mean appeal to forbear through fear from demanding the rights of free men.

The last session has shown that the clergy on this question of taxation are not without their able defenders in Parliament. The debate introduced by Mr. James Round, M.P., brought forth some able speeches, and helped to show the clergy who were their true friends. Let them now themselves follow up what their friends have commenced, let them organise without delay, and if this is earnestly and unanimously done, a very short period will witness the removal of those burdens from which they so unjustly suffer.

HENEAGE H. JEBB
(*Rector of Battlesden, Beds.*)

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THE LAW OF THE BEASTS

Of Mr. Morley's Romanes Lecture on Machiavelli, Mr. Frederic Harrison says, in last month's number of this Review, 'Every one who heard or read it kept asking, "What is the moral of it all?"' The question was a natural one, for the lecturer himself supplied no moral. Sketching in clean, clear outline the life, the times, the character, and the political teaching of Machiavelli, he dwelt particularly, as everybody does who thinks or speaks of the famous Florentine, upon the doctrine that has given his name to a whole clutch of vices, and they the worst of which mankind is capable. But though Mr. Morley had evidently chosen his theme with intent to bring this most ancient doctrine forward as still influencing the ethics of politics, though his meaning was to raise once more the question whether any times or any circumstances could justify the application of that doctrine in any part or degree, he had himself no definite instructive answer to give. No doubt our (temporary) loss in that particular has been rightly explained: 'The occasion did not require, perhaps did not permit the lecturer to offer his own solution' of questions so opportunely stated. There are plain indications of what Mr. Morley's answers would be in the form which his questions take; yet they are but questions such as these: 'Is the State means or end? What does it really exist for? For the sake of the individual, his moral and material well-being; or is the individual a mere cog or pinion in the vast machine? How far is it true that citizenship dominates all other relations and duties, and is the most important of them? Can States enter upon courses of duplicity and selfish violence without paying the penalty in national demoralisation?' And so the questioning passes—suggestive, but without answer; though in the last case it is so imperfect as to be in the strict sense of the word improper. The whole nature of the debate demands constant recollection that there is the selfish violence of aggression, which is one thing, and the selfish violence of defence, which is another and quite a different thing. But for the distinction between them, indeed, toleration of the Machiavellian doctrine would have no place for argument on ethical grounds. On those grounds there could be

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nothing for it but denunciation; and the Romanes Lecture of 1897 would have had a different theme or else different treatment.

What Mr. Morley did, then, was to start a particular debate on the ethics of politics—one which, as Mr. Harrison says, 'interests all but in which few care to speak out frankly.' Few care to speak out frankly; that is perfectly true, but why should frankness be a difficulty in such a debate? There are several answers to the question, no doubt; but I fancy the one that weighed heavily with me before touching the subject prevails with many men to leave it alone. This country is not Spain, nor is the year 1597 and the matter in dispute transubstantiation; yet the subject is a dangerous one. When Mr. Morley or anybody else invites a fellow Briton to say openly and frankly what he thinks of the incriminated precepts of Machiavelli; whether anything in them is misunderstood or misrepresented; whether there is any sense in which they may be accepted, any occasion upon which they may be blamelessly followed—the poor man is asked to confront a certainty of condemnation as wry-minded or worse. Here is matter for thought to which all the more recent signs of the times give new and great importance; but whosoever has anything to say on that side of the question which has been least considered should expect to be made sorry that he spoke. This is the main explanation of Mr. Harrison's remark that this is 'a debate in which few care to speak out frankly;' and the 'few'?—it is easily seen who *they* are. The rest of us have no difficulty in declaring opinions that count to us for righteousness whether we understand them or not.

Silencing these warning considerations, I lately made bold to offer a contribution to the debate which event and portent have brought from academical retirement. This contributory screed was printed in the August number of the tri-lingual review, *Cosmopolis*; and as far as it goes, it is, I think, just, rational, and harmonious with the laws of public morality; even in some degree expository of them perhaps. But it is not abusive of Machiavelli; and now mark the fate of frankness when it would say that the Florentine is not so black as he is painted. Mr. Harrison thought me wrong; that such an opinion must have an erring motive; and to show how far I should be understood as falling short in the moralities of the question, he took my argument and made a totally different thing of it with a pruning knife and a shovel. This was done by shearing away half the argument (the readers of this Review know nothing of this), and that the foundation-half; by destroying the limitations within which it was set, as life is in the body; by cutting out its most essential and signifying words; and by heaving into it matter which was in plain terms rejected on account of its barbarism. This is really true, though I am quite sure that it was in some way done without knowledge or intent.

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Here is little encouragement for the few who may be inclined to speak frankly in the debate which Mr. Morley invites. And it is less to extricate their expositor than to rescue certain views from misstatement and resulting misapprehension that these views are now repeated, cleared, and enlarged to meet Mr. Harrison's criticism.

For those who have not read Mr. Morley's lecture it is necessary to restate the questions it is meant to raise. They have to do with ourselves and our own times. Here are certain precepts laid down for the instruction of the Prince, the Ruler, the Governing Authority, whose main business is to keep safe the State. We are to consider what these teachings are; to mark that all means necessary to uphold the State, even the worst, are said to be permitted or even obligatory; and to ask ourselves whether such doctrine should be allowed admission into the conduct of affairs at this advanced time of day. The literal reading of Machiavelli's injunctions as to saving the State is, that it is the ruler's business to maintain his own authority above and despite everything. But interpreted by Machiavelli's intensely patriotic feeling, his republicanism, the tenor of the *Discourses*, and by many a passage in the *Prince* itself, his meaning must be the good of the State where a ruler's tyranny might be understood. Only by that interpretation can a particular body of doctrine which looks atrocious have a living interest for us in these times. Nothing that has lately happened or is likely to happen raises the question whether a prince with a will to govern his people in his own way, by treachery, hypocrisy, inhumanity, is justified in doing so. But much that has happened and may happen does revive the question whether a State is bound to use moral means alone for maintaining its existence and its freedom. Look where we may amongst the White peoples, from the little kingdoms in Northern Europe to the small republics in Southern Africa, we see that all danger to existence in freedom is external. It is an affair of foreign politics; and, the peril arising in that way, may defence be conducted according to the Machiavellian doctrine in any measure or in none? That is the question we are to consider; and though Mr. Harrison does not think so, no possible answer to it can imply that justification of defence on Machiavellian principles is justification of rapine and aggression by the same. On that foundation let us proceed.

As Mr. Morley and other candid writers on the subject are careful to keep in view, it would be unfair to judge Machiavelli's most startling doctrine as if it stood alone. For in bulk it is no larger, in verbal emphasis no sharper, in meaning no more positive, in intention no more sharply marked by sincerity, than other Machiavellian teaching of an opposite character. Of this there is plenty;

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so that it is a commonplace of criticism that Machiavelli is a puzzle. And since that is the case, fairness to him and fidelity to the purpose of criticism combine to suggest that his better precepts warrant the most favourable interpretation that can be put upon the worst. To adopt that suggestion, to act upon it by looking for a favourable interpretation which is at the same time fit and sound, is no proof of sympathy with villainous counsellors, but the doing of a right and sensible thing. It cannot be wrong to think so. To increase our goodness by painting this sixteenth-century Italian at his worst possible, and then disposing ourselves about the picture to abhor it, is but one way of morality. Another way is to deny ourselves the excitement if his true best will not afford it; and even to seek out his best, regardless of the spiritual stimulus that may have to be resigned in consequence. But whichever way be preferred, the great question is, in entering with these ideas into the debate provoked by the Romanes Lecture, whether the worst of Machiavelli's teaching is less black than it looks when it dwells on 'the business of saving the State;' whether and in what degree it is teaching at all, rather than recognition of what I have called a lamentable necessity, though Nicolò would have been careless of the adjective; and, lastly, what hopes and means there are of relaxing the grip of this necessity. To bring in these questions, and to dispose of them according to reason and not according to desire, is a large part of the matter in hand.

What, then, is Machiavelli's teaching as to 'the business of saving the State'? He tells the Prince of that bad time (would tell 'the Executive' in our better day) that it is a duty which transcends and at an extreme pinch makes naught of every other. The State was but a poor thing in Machiavelli's Italy; yet this adviser of princes (and propounder of 'deep truths,' says Mr. Morley) laid it upon them that every consideration of morality, humanity, and religion might be thrown over if that alone would preserve the existence of the State in freedom. Delivered in terribly curt and emotionless sentences, the surprise of this judgment is heightened by a saying that there are laws proper to mankind, and there is the law of the beasts: when the one do not suffice for the needed protection, resort may be had to the other. This is the Machiavellian precept (at the same time the practice of every tribe and nation since communities began to supersede the law of the beasts) which has loaded the author of the *Prince* with infamy.

In considering Mr. Morley's question whether it is possible that such doctrine can have any living application, I was careful to take nothing from it—from the doctrine, I mean—as witness the paragraph which Mr. Harrison quotes partially and misleadingly over and over again. It is this:

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> Given a corrupt, a divided, a distracted community, how are you to restore it? This is one problem, and the one that pressed for solution in the Italy of Machiavelli's day. Another is, Given a sound, settled, well-ordered, ambitious-of-good community, how are you to secure it? That is the problem to-day in the older European States. The Florentine's first answer to the question we find ourselves forced to accept, though it shades off into counsel which none of us like and some of us reject. It is, Be strong to smite, ready to smite, and swift and willing. Learn to be crafty in approach, finished in address, unsparing in defence and attack. In brief, the advice of the lion to the fox, of the fox to the lion. The second and best-known answer is the staggerer. It comes to this when rightly and fairly expressed: If nothing less will serve to secure the existence of your State in freedom, you may do anything that a wild animal will do—knowing nothing of God or devil, or sentiment, or morals, or any sort of *point d'honneur*—for his life and liberty. And you may do anything that a wild animal would do if he had a finer cunning and no more conscience.

It should be admitted, I think, that there is no shielding of the Machiavellian doctrine here, and also that there is no expression of sympathy with it. But though it ought to be possible to describe another man's incriminated teaching, putting in all the wickedness it can be accused of, without fear of having it first made worse by the reduction of everything that qualifies and conditions it and then fastened upon yourself, yet that is what happens to me. Mr. Harrison writes very angrily, 'Mr. Greenwood says' (and what follows is printed within quotation marks) '"to save the State you may do anything that a wild beast may do—never mind God, devil, sentiment, or morals."' That is not as it should be. It would have made some difference for the better, and one that I should have been personally thankful for, if 'anything that a wild beast may do' had been allowed to run, 'anything that a wild beast will do for life and liberty.' Mere respect for the argument demanded retention of the conditioning words, 'if nothing less will help.' 'You may do this to save the State' is one proposition. 'You may do this to save the State from destruction if nothing else will serve,' is another and not the same.

For here we touch upon an important matter; to wit, the question whether Machiavelli's teaching on this point is rightly so called. *Is* it teaching? or might we not say for him as truly that it is recognition—expressed with his usual cold-blooded indifference to all else but determining facts—that human societies are still rooted in the dispensation originated for all created things? I think we may; and that though we are under no great obligation to concern ourselves for his sake, we must needs bring this admission into the debate.

What is the law of the beasts which Machiavelli sets behind 'the laws proper to man,' where, indeed, it has lurked in readiness for a call ever since the beginnings of civilisation. It is the universal law which for ever destroys in order to rebuild: 'the law of conflict celebrated in the description of Nature as "red in tooth and claw."' That is the law of the beasts—at some remote time ours too; and

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though within all progressive communities of mankind it has been superseded more and more by 'the laws proper to men,' so that its extinction is nearly approached, international relations still proceed upon it. Proceed with constant though slow modifyings and softenings, no doubt; yet the truth is that no State, in its relations with other States, is able to free itself from the domination of the primal law of Nature. The proof of this is the right of resort to war and the persistent necessity of it; for resort to war is appeal to the law of the beasts. 'War is return by consent to the Natural Order; the same that is seen at work in the tooth-and-claw rivalries of the animal kingdom. Even when it is most honourable, war is competition in destroying life, limb, and goods, not only by monstrous violence, but by craft, guile, betrayal.'

This is the foundation of all argument on one side of the dispute. If it can be upset, my little contribution to the debate is dismissed, and Machiavelli's tongue must still burn for the drop of cold water that might otherwise be granted. But if not, it appears that much must be accepted which many men agree with Mr. Harrison in rejecting. For Machiavelli's prescription for upholding the safety of the State puts on another aspect now, taking the form of sanction —atrociously willing sanction, if you please—of a peremptory condition of national existence. Conceivably, of course (though the thing has never yet been done), a nation might spurn the Machiavellian counsel as too wicked for adoption in any extremity. But mark that no country could do so without sharpening in rival States the old forest-born rapacity which it would invite to its own destruction; and that the sharpening of those rapacities, the invitation to destruction, the voluntary submission to it, would be all wrong together: not only bad politics, but bad morality. Moreover, if it be true that States in their outer relations are still unemancipated from the Primal Law, while the relation of individuals to each other within the State has been brought into a higher dispensation, it seems vain to deny that statesmanship has to do with two differing orders of obligation and morality; as also from its practice appears to be the case. It now becomes evident from the convincing nature of things—which in many another matter is not all we could wish—that the ethics of politics, as determining the obligations of conduct in public affairs, are not always the same that determine the obligations of conduct between man and man in civilised communities. The essence of true morality is to act in utter disregard of practical consequences. This the individual is free to do, but not the State; nor will it be till the law of the beasts is evicted from the foundations of human polity.

These are important points, and hotly disputed as was seen upon the publication of the last number of this Review; but the central point of difference has yet to be stated. For it seems to be

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agreed that the law of the beasts may be rightly set in motion by the soldier for the defence of the State; and that if Machiavelli intended no more than that, he could only be accused of expressing his meaning in a singularly violent, excessive, and yet cold-blooded way. But those dreadful outspoken counsels of his—that if nothing less will serve to secure the existence of your State in freedom, you may do anything that a wild animal will do for life and liberty—the wild beast which knows nothing of God or devil, sentiment or morals—are addressed to *the Government*. They are precepts for the politician, the ruling prince, the Prime Minister; and on that account are simply atrocious.

There it is that I bring in a question which must certainly be met and disposed of, if this is a real discussion on a point of political ethics and not a hustings-fight in disguise. In natural alarm, considering the activity of belligerence and intrigue everywhere about, Mr. Morley asks with ironic meaning, 'Why should the ruler of a State be bound by a moral code from which the soldier is free?' But the question must be put seriously, and not with an assumption that its hideousness supplies the answer. Were statesmanship a moral agency, and nothing else, it would be another matter; the question might then be put most cogently as Mr. Morley presents it. The case standing as we see it does, however, it is hardly a question to be asked at all. Can it be said that the State *is* bound by a moral code from which the soldier is free? Whence, then, does he derive his freedom? It would almost seem to be regarded as a right spontaneously generated within himself—underived, unshared, to him pertaining alone; an error which appears to run at large where it should be immediately put under arrest. The truth is, as I have said, that the soldier's freedom to go to work by the Natural Law is created by the ruler's command; and that is plain. In all civilised countries the statesman's word is the soldier's warrant: he has no other, and without it he could not be innocent. By the light of that fact we see both soldier and statesman in their right places, and the superlative atrocity of dealing out those Machiavellian counsels to the political authority begins to pale. So I suggest, at any rate; for even in the ethics of politics it must be allowed that a man may lawfully do what he may lawfully command to be done, or any part of it. 'The authority is with the responsibility, and the responsibility is with the ruling power. So that as long as the law of the beasts is obligatory or permitted for ensuring the safety of the State, the ruler is not only at liberty to employ it in all its branches, but he may alone do so in any branch properly.'

From this point we have only to carry Mr. Morley's question one step farther. We know what the soldier's methods are and what obliquities they include; we know what they would be but for the sanction of a great and overruling obligation; but we remember

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that they have that sanction. With full authority, then, to employ these methods under stress of the same purpose, is the statesman forbidden to adopt any of them? This is the final question, to which I answer as follows: The statesman and the soldier are one. The statesman also is part of the machinery of war both when it stands as a threat or moves to action. There is—that is to say, there generally is—a distinctly existing state of war before a blow is struck: storm before the lightning strikes. And anything done in that period to avert a dangerous conflict that may be done in carrying it on is justified. All along, remember (mark this), we speak of a nation that is menaced with destruction; as a weak State by a strong one, or as it might be if England (or Germany or France) were threatened by a great coalition. A state of war has commenced which may have ruin for result, and if so will proceed to it by means of the most dreadful slaughter, *plus* the practice of all manner of lies, deceits, ambuscades and betrayals. Why may not the rulers of the endangered country end the matter, if they can, by lies, deceits, and ambuscades *minus* the slaughter? Why must they rather risk the existence of a settled and benign civilisation? I say that I do not know.

Shorn of some supporting considerations of a moral character, this is the argument and this the conclusion which, upon invitation of Mr. Morley's Romanes Lecture, I venture to submit; and they are not at all what they appear in Mr. Harrison's account of them. It is no hurt to me, of course, if he argues upon a superficial impression of Machiavelli's meaning; though I think that, for one, Mr. Morley must agree that he does so, for he can hardly hold Mr. Harrison's view and yet consider the Florentine's teaching in this matter debatable at all. But when Mr. Harrison fits the author of the *Prince* with interpretations which I reject, and then makes out that they are mine and that I adopt the doctrine *with* these interpretations, he misrepresents as he would not instead of refuting as he would. What asks for refutation or acceptance (the reader of these pages will not miss it) is set aside. The restriction plainly imposed by Machiavelli and his humble commentator on their several meanings is swept away; and thus 'The Machiavellian patriot may do all that a wild beast does' is presented as the equivalent of 'If nothing else will serve to uphold the existence of the State in freedom you may do all that a wild animal will do for life and liberty.' Throughout the whole of his remarks, Mr. Harrison refuses to recognise the limitation of the argument to defence. His readers could but understand that aggression is commended where self-defence in extremity is the sole thesis. In vain I declare that patriotism is insulted by the assumption that 'it is patriotic to seek national prosperity by outrage on the rights of other nations, or by robbery from them either by violence or chicane.' In vain do I cry, 'Re-

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member, we speak of a State menaced with destruction; we go upon the hypothesis that the existence of a settled and benign civilisation is at stake.' All that, it seems, will not do. My purpose is to preach a doctrine of general application, which is this: 'Morality in international affairs is either hypocrisy or weakness.' Mr. Greenwood 'proclaims that in dealing with foreign nations in time of peace, falsehood, cruelty, and violence are not vices, but public virtues.' And he has a particular motive for doing so which he does not mention.

For it seems—as also may be learnt from an article by Mr. Beesly in the *Positivist Review*—that the aim of Mr. Morley's lecture was to raise an attack on 'the new Machiavelism prevailing at Westminster,' and that my purpose is to defend it! To me that is indeed a surprise. I certainly did not understand, nor do I now, that Mr. Morley's design is so narrow; and for myself I must say that I had not the least idea of defending a 'new Machiavelism' which is as old as sin and has no appearance of being meant to 'save the State.' This debate on the ethics of politics was, I understood, to be an affair of the study; something in that way. It was to be carried on above the heat and fume of day-to-day controversy, and deal at large with the brutal necessities and compulsions which beset statesmanship at all times and places. If it be not that, and we are still in the heat and fume of party contention, the mishandling of each other's meaning is, of course, in the regular order of things.

When Mr. Harrison asks, 'Why is not Abdul Hamid a Machiavellian patriot?' he might be answered out of Machiavelli's pages. Nicolò says, for example (longer quotations would bring much more to the same purpose), 'that the Prince should not take alarm from phantoms of his own creation, or lend a ready ear to terrifying incitements.' The Prince is also told that 'it must not be called virtue to murder our fellow-citizens.' And what if the Sultan does 'profoundly believe that all his fraud, cruelty, and violence are necessary for the salvation of Turkey?' *Are they?* Abdul Hamid's belief will not make him a Machiavellian patriot if it have no foundation but in blundering fear and savagery; and that it has no other foundation is the point of Mr. Harrison's question. When he asks, 'What about the conscientious assassins who murdered the Czar Alexander, President Lincoln, and other potentates?' this answer suffices within the bounds of the argument: Recourse to the law of the beasts is in every civilised community forbidden to private persons; and the conscience of the murderer from the street has even less to do with the matter than Abdul Hamid's persuasions. And when the Sultan was remembered as supplying a case in point, President Kruger

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should not have been forgotten. He also supplies a case, and one of greater cogency. We know the obligations and responsibilities amid which his small republic stands. Suppose it actually faced by a plot to destroy its existence and bring its people under foreign rule. Suppose that the conspiracy, intending no half-measures, downs with the moral law, calls in the law of the beasts, and does so with such means of slaughter at hand that resistance would be immolation, not prevention or the least chance of it. What, in that situation, is Kruger to do, who has the Republic in trust? By what canon is it fixed that he should choose between effortless surrender and extinction amid the havoc of war with its contending craft and guile, although the craft without the havoc might save his country? If Mr. Harrison says that, were the decision officially his, he should feel bound to create a precedent by confining his choice to submission or extinction, he will of course be believed, but not without surprise.

That war *is* recourse to the law of the beasts is said to be wrong, but it is not, I think, a question that need be dwelt upon. The grateful truth is, of course, as Mr. Morley says, that the usages of war are constantly undergoing mitigation. Every year we launch upon the sea some more appalling engine of destruction. Progress is ever engaged in searching the secrets of Nature for yet swifter, surer, and more horrible improvements on her 'tooth-and-claw' appliances. We are still looking for a means of maiming twenty men where now, with our best of Maxim guns, we can only reckon upon destroying five; yet the very spirit of humanity is brought into the battlefield, not under the Red Cross, only but in many ways. Nevertheless, war is what it is here said to be. Certain agreements of restraint and (what are far more to the purpose) certain customs of restraint are imposed upon its practice; but they do not change its nature, which shows worse in some respects if better in others. 'The old savage rule of *inter arma silent leges* is quite obsolete.' So I read, but the assertion will not pass where the ethics of politics rise one degree above martial-law standard. And when it is said that if to safeguard the existence and freedom of their country 'Lord Wolseley or General Billot were to do whatever a wild animal will do for life and liberty the world would ring with execrations,' there must be some misunderstanding or mishandling of words. Exactly what a beast will do in such affairs a man cannot do; nor could any general possibly imitate the defensive action of wild animals. We must go by equivalents, and recall such operations as the investment, bombarding, and starving of a populous city: as it might be Paris. What in the defensive conduct of wild animals goes beyond the hemming-in of hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, pouring shot and shell upon them as a minor operation, and slowly 'reducing them by famine

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and disease'? And when that is done, how much does the world ring with execrations? In dealing with these things Machiavelli had an almost inhuman way of stripping the facts to their skins: it was certainly the most unpleasant but doubtfully the worst way.

These, however, are but suburbs and side-branches of the matter in dispute; and here we may leave them, with one remark. It will not do to talk of construing the ethics of international affairs by the 'analogy of war.' Analogy! No word could more surely indicate a radical misconception of the whole status of international affairs, or lead more widely away from an understanding of their moralities. Viewed from amidst the interior bustle of civic life, war (like police) has a look of being accidental, attendant, adjunctive. But viewed from the walls of the city, where its statesmanship sits at watch upon the outer world, war takes quite another appearance. By the outer world is meant the wide region of international affairs and relations, where war underlies everything and is absent from nothing. A hidden presence except in its paraphernalia, which when war is idle passes for state equipage, good influences strive more and more to hold it in repression, and are aided in that by some natural growths of what is called progress. But yet all throughout this exterior region war is the dominant factor, the shaping spirit; so much so that it might almost paraphrase for itself the most striking of the eight sayings lately recovered from an Egyptian tomb. If any one doubts this, let him look a little deeper than usual into these affairs and he will find it true; and upon that, perhaps, be little inclined to deny that war, which is the ancient law of the beasts, modifies the character of international ethics in a very determinate way. At the least, here are no analogies, true or false. Analogies are not the things of which they are analogues.

Whenever these matters are debated, one question is sure to be raised from 'the side of the angels,' in some rear rank of which I hope also to be found when all is said. This question is suggested in Mr. Morley's lecture, and is expressly advanced by Mr. Harrison and others: 'Is, then, the State above morality?' It has the look of a question that answers itself, and must be left to do so amid decent silence. But it is no concern of mine. What I say is, that for a great and peremptory part of its function the State is *below* morality; not from depravity, not from decadence, but from certain original and but slowly alterable conditions of existence. Where this cannot be acknowledged there is an end of argument; but unless the difficulty of acknowledgment lies in unwillingness to recognise an obstinately imperfect condition of things, where is it to be found?

Perhaps in the reflection that when we say 'the State,' we mean in this connection the Government of the country, its statesmen,

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men who are grounded and practised in more than the 'ordinary morality' of our much-advanced times; for it is to these men of honour and principle, and to no relics and votaries of a barbarous system of ethics, that the conduct of international affairs is committed. And that is all true. To these men also the domestic concerns of the country are entrusted, though under much closer supervision and check. And as I lately said, giving much dissatisfaction thereby apparently, in settled States like ours there is neither use nor excuse for Machiavellian principles in domestic government. Here we are at home, in an order of things redeemed altogether from the Natural Law. This is in the family, where Machiavellian violence would be outrage and where Machiavellian faithlessness is fraud aggravated by household treachery. But as a matter of fact and to the particular knowledge of hundreds of men, some of the worst faults that Machiavellian teaching is blamed for are active in government and party leadership. Here what is most valuable, most desired, most courted by every motion of respect and every promise of fidelity, is public confidence. And here men who are 'possessed of every private virtue' habitually (though not, of course, every day) cheat the confidence of the country; doing so by wrongful concealment, absolute deceit, the profession of opinions which they do not hold, the denial of opinions which they do hold, pretence of belief—before the face of their fellow-countrymen, who trust to their leaders' judgment and follow it—in what they disbelieve and even dread. The main reason for recalling these facts will be seen later. The present purpose is to raise two questions upon them. Firstly, whether it does not appear that, even on the domestic hearth and amongst friends, the State (statesmanship—same thing) is constitutionally 'below morality.' And, secondly, what kind of political ethics is it which tolerates such offences for the sake of Party, and rises at the wickedness of attempting them for the sake of the Country? Deceit is deceit; fraud is fraud; betrayal of trust is no more worthy when played upon friends than upon an enemy. Practise these arts to secure the existence of your Party in office, and it is one of the unfortunate necessities of public life. Attempt them to secure the existence of your Country in freedom, and it is infamous. There is something much worse here than confusion of thought.

Besides the self-answering question, 'Is the State, then, above morality?' some others which go deeper are asked on the side of the angels. One of them is: 'Are we, after all, to accept the doctrine implied in the barbaric cry of the American statesman, "My country, right or wrong"?' The answer is somewhat difficult, but the difficulty is much reduced when we put the senator's exclamation in another form: 'My mother, right or wrong!'

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The change of a word, the same thing said. My country; my mother. No philosopher can bring up a false-analogy objection here, even though he seek authority in genesis for doing so. And how does the question 'right or wrong' come into the argument so usefully raised by Mr. Morley on a certain passage in the *Prince*? The argument has its limits; the Machiavellian passage defines them, and Mr. Morley re-marks them out. And the question so defined is not whether your country may do wrong to others, but whether, if there be no other way of keeping your country from destruction, you may do all that a wild animal will do in like danger. Next, whether war does not supply an affirmative answer; and, lastly, why certain of the nation's officers called statesmen may not in that extremity, and for prevention, do some part of what other officers called soldiers may do? Yet, the free existence of England being at stake, I will be candid enough to say that I can hardly conceive of any circumstances in which I should not cry, 'My mother, right or wrong!' Whether to do so would be completely moral I should not ask. Not to do so would be denial of the elements of morality, and that conviction would keep my conscience undisturbed.

When Mr. Morley speaks of the 'worship' of the State, I only hear an exaggerated description of duty to the State; an excess which is carried yet farther by Mr. Harrison, who substitutes 'fetishism' for 'worship.' There is no such thing. 'Making a fetish of the State' is merely a rhetorical equivalent of 'making an idol of this world,' and no such unjudicial language should be brought into a judicial discussion.[1] In the same drift of suggestion, Mr. Morley asks, 'Is the State means or end? What does it really exist for? For the sake of the individual, his moral and material well-being, or is the individual a mere cog or pinion in the vast machine?' The cogency of this series of questions may be tested, I think, and their true relation to the question in hand shown, by quoting them with (again) the change of a single word. 'Is the Family means or end? What does it really exist for? For the sake of the individual, his moral and material well-being, or is the individual a mere cog or pinion in the machine?' The substitution of the word 'Family' for 'State' alters nothing. In Mr.

[1] Where Mr. Harrison denounces this making a fetish of the State, he goes on to say: 'The State is only an aggregate of Parishes, as the Parish is an aggregate of Families. And Humanity is an aggregate of States.' But his conclusive assertion is of very doubtful accuracy. In what sense are the various nations of the world an *aggregate*?—*i.e.* collected into one body—'gathered together as a flock.' And can he mean that they are aggregated—as families are in the parish, parishes in the State—under the same system of law, allegiance, obligation, enforced by a common sanction? Were that so, these two short sentences of his would be a sufficient contribution to the debate, ending it. If it be not so, they are quite without application.

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Morley's use of the latter word here, they are all but strictly synonymous; the State is the Family writ large. And in what way and how much are we concerned with the question, 'Is the Family means or end?' What alteration in conduct (or even in sentiment may be expected from a precise knowledge of what the Family exists for? What reason is there for considering the individual a cog or pinion in the State any more than in the Family, and what would it matter if a likeness to cog or pinion could be established in the greater and the smaller relation? In some remote philosophical way the questions repeated here by Mr. Morley have a profitable purpose in them, no doubt, or he would not trouble himself about them. But what is their bearing on the ethics of practical statesmanship? Apparently, this. Worship of the State is wrong. How is this worship manifested? What is it known by? The fervid sentiment called Patriotism. It is this which is wrong, or at any rate that *goes* wrong. And not the intention, but the danger of those questions—('Is the State means or end? What does it really exist for?' and the rest)—is to put the individual at odds with Patriotism; and to do so upon considerations which stimulate appeal to the individual's sense of personal advantage. Prejudice, perhaps, though I call it conviction, tells me that there is no good in that. To put the individual at odds with wrong-doing cloaked as Patriotism (an imposture, of which we have lately seen some flaunting examples) is itself a patriotic thing to do. But to cast suspicion on true Patriotism as immoral is on every ground as wrong as it can be. Destroy Patriotism, and the staff and shield of freedom go too: there is an end to one of the surest helps of humanity from low conditions to higher ones. Love of country is a moral force, with certain beauties of its own, which works for the advancement of all mankind. It exists wherever there is a people capable of advancing anything, and is generally strongest in those which are the most capable of furthering most good things. Where it perishes, there is a perishing people, soon to be good for nothing. Directly or indirectly, every civic virtue springs from it or is sustained by it, and would languish with it. Instinctive as mothers' love, love of country is *felt* as moral with as much conviction as the love of truth and honesty. Its complementary passion, detestation of treachery to country, is so deep that a people wronged by another would loathe the traitor who aided them to punish his native land; and even in England at this day I doubt whether any philosopher (I do not say any philosophy) would justify the excessive moralist. No. Patriotism is as good an original virtue as most; a moral enthusiasm calling into play many of the highest and noblest of virtues; and on that as well as on other accounts it remains as necessary and essential a factor in a great evolutionary process as devotion to family was at the

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beginning. A time may come when Patriotism will be an outworn agency of human advancement; but for reasons yet to be stated it must not be abandoned in our day if that time is ever to come.

To put ourselves on a right understanding of the matter as a whole, three things are necessary. Firstly, to recognise that the Law of the Beasts is not yet banished from human affairs, but—with modifications and softenings amidst increasing hatred of it—still lives and reigns in international politics. Secondly, to recognise the functions of statesmanship for what they really are. Thirdly, not to be impatient with origins, and to be patient with developments.

On the first of these points no more need be said: it is palpable, and means a very great deal. The safety of the State being so largely placed under this law of the beasts, it is impossible that statesmanship should refuse to go by it. There is abundant room and opportunity for the *influence* of the Moral Law in international affairs, and its influence is by no means a failure. But they go upon a foundation of the Natural Law; they cannot be removed from that foundation yet; and hence it follows that statesmanship has still to work perforce by the Natural Law, which is brutal, and only as it can by the Moral Law, which is divine. In effect, the statesman is part of an unregenerate order of things, and can only get above them at the risk of losing hold upon them. Here he has to deal with forces as forces, and little with their morality; for whatever that may be, it rarely modifies their weight, subtlety, effect. If met at all, the only way of opposing them often is by use of the same or similar means; appeal to moral principle being (in hard cases, such as we look to in this debate) no more effectual practically than between dog and bear. Yet though that is understood to be 'in the game,' just as in actual war it is understood that ruse and guile are 'in the game' no less than havoc, the statesman might conceivably resolve to use no means of prevention or defence unsanctioned by the Moral Law. But in these same hard cases that would be offering his country to destruction and ensuring its accomplishment. There, then, he stands. He has done what that higher law which is not of the beasts pointed to imperatively. But neither can his country consider his conduct moral nor is it. It is seven times immoral; and if the case should be, as it naturally would in such circumstances, that the more civilised community goes down before the more barbarous, he does a wrong to all mankind. And that exactly shows the true position of statesmanship in international affairs.

The final consideration in the last paragraph not only excuses but justifies on moral grounds the Machiavellian precept, as properly defined and limited: 'If nothing else will serve to secure the existence

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of your State in freedom,' &c.; with the implied and essential proviso that recourse to the law of the beasts must never be carried beyond the need. I say justifies on moral grounds. For when Mr. Morley asks, presenting the Machiavellian precept to us as a counsel of despair, 'If moral force and spiritual force are exhausted, with what hope can you look for either good soldiers or good rulers?' he leads our minds down a wrong turning. For by many signs the truth seems to be that moral and spiritual force is coming into existence by development, not going out by exhaustion. And as the nations rise from barbarism, how they can be protected from destruction by ruder and less scrupulous rivals, so that their spiritual growths may continue, strengthen, and propagate their kind, if not by the only means by which aggression can be foiled or repelled? Moral influences, or any supposed awe that they may shed, will not do it. And (to quote myself) unless the free existence of such a community is upheld through a long period of moral development, and upheld till other States *reciprocate the bias* to a higher morality, the only way of bringing mankind into the rule of none but moral and spiritual forces is fatally interrupted.

Provide against the interruption, and there is hope; at least so I make out, as follows. The morality of a State may be considered as a trinity in unity. 'There is that which goes to the perfecting of citizenship, that which goes to the perfecting of individual character, and that which makes for the extension of civic relations or amenities to other States. Through the perfecting of individual character, the perfecting of citizenship; through the perfecting of both, the extension of the obligations and amenities of citizenship to groups of nations.' That is the natural order; the third process depending on the other two. In one way or another Patriotism constitutes nearly the whole morality of citizenship, and in nearly every sense is a determination to maintain the existence and freedom of the State. It cannot be got rid of without destroying the State itself; and 'with the ruin of the State the evolutionary process breaks down at some point before the perfecting of citizenship and individual character has prepared a possibility of including groups of nations in civic obligations and amenities.' There has been no time to await and establish a reciprocal bias to a higher system of morality. All goes, and again and again similar beginnings come to the same end.

Here, it seems to me, is clear justification of the Machiavellian precept on moral grounds. Of course it can be misconceived, misconstrued, transformed by arbitrary interpretation, and that cannot be helped. But there will be agreement on one point. If Machiavelism is detestable in foreign affairs, it is not less so in domestic affairs. Doubt about keeping a nation in existence if it may only be done by unveracity, false profession, breach of faith, is not well counte-

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nanced by the practice of these arts in an infinitely more immoral way to keep a party in office. And if, as appears certain, the best hope of evicting the Law of the Beasts from international affairs is by the elevation of political sentiment in the several States of the world, it is plain that their rulers have a double duty in harmonising their scruples to the tune of Morality begins at home.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

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JOHN DAY

ONE of the very greatest poets that ever glorified the world has left on record his wish that Beaumont and Fletcher had written poems instead of plays; and his wish has been echoed by one of the finest and surest critics of poetry, himself an admirable and memorable poet, unequalled in his own line of terse and pathetic narrative or allegory. I am reluctant if not ashamed, and sorry if not afraid, to differ from Coleridge and Leigh Hunt; yet I cannot but think that it would have been a pity, a mistake, and a grievous loss to poetic or creative literature, if the great twin brethren of our drama had not given their whole soul and their whole strength to the stage. I cannot imagine that any poetry they might have left us, had they gone astray after Spenser with the kinsmen of the elder of the two, could have been worth *Philaster* or *The Spanish Curate*, *The Maid's Tragedy* or *The Knight of Malta*. But I do sincerely regret that a far humbler labourer in the same Elysian field should have wasted the treasure of a sweet bright fancy and the charm of a true lyrical gift on work too hard and high for him. John Day should never have written for the stage of Shakespeare. The pretty allegory of his *Peregrinatio Scholastica*, a really charming example of that singular branch of mediæval literature which had yet to find its last consummate utterance in the *Pilgrim's Progress* of a half inspired but wholly demented and demoralised Christomaniac, is perhaps better reading than his comedies; and it is not the least of our many debts to the industrious devotion of Mr. Bullen that we owe to him the publication of this long buried and forgotten little work of kindly and manly and rather pathetic fancy. There is nothing in it of such reptile rancour as hisses and spits and pants with all the recreant malignity of a fangless viper, through the stagnant and fetid fenlands of *The Return from Parnassus*. We are touched and interested by the modest plea—it is rather a plea than a plaint—of the poor simple scholar; but perhaps we only realise how hard and heavy must have been the pressure of necessity or mischance on his gentle and fanciful genius when we begin to read the first extant play in which he took a fitful and indistinguishable part. And yet there is good matter in *The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*, however

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hasty and headlong be the management or conduct of the huddled and muddled combination or confusion of plots. The scene in which poor Bess, driven toward suicide by the villany of her guardian and the infidelity of her betrothed, first comes across her disguised and unrecognised father, and turns all her own sorrow into pity for him and devotion to the needs of a suffering stranger, is a good example of that exquisite simplicity in expression of pathetic fancy which was common to all the dramatic poets of the divine Shakespearean generation, and peculiar to them.

> Art thou blind, sayest thou? Let me see thy face:
> O, let me kiss it too, and with my tears
> Wash off those blemishes which cruel time
> Hath furrowed in thy cheeks! O, couldst thou see,
> I'd show thine eyes whom thou dost represent.
> I called thee father—ay, thou shalt be my father;
> Nor scorn my proffer: were my father here
> He'd tell thee that his daughter held him dear;
> But in his absence, father, thou art he.

It would seem that the very existence and presence of Shakespeare on English earth must have infected with a celestial contagion of incomparable style the very lowliest of his followers in art and his fellows in aspiration. It would also seem that the instinct of such emotion, the capacity of such expression, had died out for ever with the after-glow of his sunset. Even the grateful and joyful appreciation of the legacies bequeathed to us by the poets of that transcendent age is now no natural and general property of all Englishmen who can read, but the exceptional and eccentric quality of a few surviving students who prefer old English silver and gold to new foreign brass and copper.

> Shakespeare and Marlowe to the vile seem vile:
> Filths savour but themselves.

Themselves, that is, and their Ibsens. 'Like lips, like lettuce.'

There is some good simple fun too in this homely and humble old play: the Norfolk yeomen are not all unworthy compatriots of Tennyson's immortal Northern Farmers; there is something in young Tom's reflection, 'Well, I see I might ha' kept company with honest men all the days o' my life ere I should ha' learned half this knavery.' Worse jests than this have found wider echoes of laughter; and Tom approves himself a good fellow, and a living creature of a real creator, when he risks his life for the blind old beggar: 'I'll take up my lodging on God's dear ground ere thou shalt take any harm.' It is a pity we have lost the double sequel to this play; I for one, at all events, should rejoice to read 'the second part of Strowd' and 'the third part of Tom Strowd.' His evident popularity does credit to the honest and wholesome taste of his audience. It is a curious sign of the times that Day and his comrade Chettle should have ventured

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and found it profitable to venture a trespass on ground preoccupied already by Marlowe, if not by Shakespeare; and we can only wonder whether Duke Humphrey and Cardinal Beaufort reappeared and renewed their tragic wrangling on the stage of the second or the third part of a story transported from the traditional date of Henry the Third to the theatrically popular date of Henry the Sixth. It is perhaps needless to remind any reader that the blind beggar who played his part on the Bethnal Green of our old balladmongers was supposed to be the surviving son of the great Earl Simon, blinded and left for dead on the battle-field of Evesham.

A quaint and primitive little play, *The Maid's Metamorphosis*, printed in the year which Henslowe gives as the date of the production of *The Blind Beggar*, who was not to see the light of print till fifty-nine years later, has been conjecturally and plausibly assigned by Mr. Gosse to the hand of Day. The fluent simplicity of rhyming verse is sometimes sweet as well as smooth. In the first scene of the second act there is so singular an instance of the crude and childish licence which allowed an actor in the play to address the audience, that I should have expected to find it a familiar quotation in the notes or commentaries of editors who were scholars, and not such impudently ignorant impostors as have sometimes undertaken a work of which they did not understand the simplest and most elementary conditions. '(*He speaks to the people*). Well, I pray you look to my master, for here I leave him amongst you.' There are touches of pleasant fancy and joyous music in this evidently juvenile poem which may recall to a modern reader the lighter moods of Keats. Its author, like the author of *Doctor Dodipoll*, must have had Shakespeare on the brain; no reader of either play can miss or can mistake the gracious influence of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Comedy of Errors*. The pun on the words *Pan* and *pot* anticipates a jest unconsciously borrowed and worked to death by the typically Caledonian humour of Carlyle.

Any form of tribute to the memory of Sir Philip Sidney, any kind of witness to the popularity of the *Arcadia*, does honour to his lovers in the past and gives pleasure to its lovers in the present; but one at least of these latter must express a wish that the playwrights would have left that last and loveliest of chivalrous and pastoral romances reverentially and lovingly alone. The prologue to *The Isle of Gulls* is a bright and amusing little sample of dramatic satire; its three types of critic, the lover of libel, the lover of ribaldry, and the lover of fustian, are outlines of figures not unworthy of Ben Jonson. But there is little or rather nothing in the five acts thus ingeniously introduced of the peculiar charm which pervades the whole atmosphere of the *Arcadia*: Day's young princes are mere puppets, with no trace of likeness to the noble original figures of Pyrocles and Musidorus; not for a moment can his light and loose-

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tongued heroines, whatever grace of expression and of verse may be wasted on the wanton and fantastic exposure of their trivial inclinations, recall the two glorious sister figures of Sidney's divine invention. There is only one 'person of the play' who has any life or likeness of life in him: the rascally adventurer Manasses, moralist and satirist, informer and swindler and preacher; a very model and prototype of the so-called new journalist. The scene in which he explains his professional aptitudes and relates his varied experience is the only vigorous piece of writing in the ragged and slipshod little play; his Puritan sermon anticipates with quite curious precision the peculiar eloquence of Mr. Chadband. There is some rough and ready fun in the part of Miso; but the whole concern is on the whole but 'an indigest deformèd lump.' The soliloquy which opens the fifth act has real sweetness as well as smoothness of metre as well as fancy. A few lines may serve to give the reader a taste of Day's simple and gentle genius or gift of style.

> Farewell, bright sun, thou lightener of all eyes;
> Thou fall'st to give a brighter beam to rise:
> Each tree and shrub wear trammels of thy hair,
> But these are wires for none but kings to wear.

For *these* we should probably read *hers*. The play is as carelessly printed as it was carelessly composed.

> The gentle minutes, crowned with crystal flowers,
> Losing their youths, are grown up perfect hours
> To hasten my delight: the bashful moon,
> That since her dalliance with Endymion
> Durst never walk by day, is under sail.

What follows is pretty and musical, but these are the best lines.

Shakespeare and Heywood have both touched smilingly on the 'infinite variety' in style and subject of their contemporary playwrights: neither has included in his list of the sundry sorts and kinds of play then aiming at popularity or bidding for success one curious and interesting class, generally perhaps interesting on historical rather than literary grounds: the biographical drama. There are better and there are worse examples of this kind than *The Travels of Three English Brothers*; the anonymous play of *Sir Thomas More*, which has scenes and passages in it of a quiet beauty and grave charm peculiar to the unknown and unconjecturable writer, is very much better, and probably the finest existing poem of its class; *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, by the new or German Shakespeare, must alike in reason and in charity be hopefully accepted as the worst. The curious and amorphous play in which three men of genius—no competent reader of their remaining works will deny the claim to that distinction of Rowley, of Wilkins, or of Day—took it by turns to dash off a sketch of incidents supplied by report, and to compile a supplement of inventions huddled up at random, is almost equally interesting and

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disappointing to a student of heroic biography or a lover of the drama which depends on adventure and event. Heywood was the man who should have undertaken this subject: he would have made out of it a simple and a noble work of artless and unconscious art. The three adventurous brothers, whose doings and sufferings, wise or unwise and deserved or undeserved, can hardly be remembered without sympathy by any not unworthy countryman of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Richard Burton, do not seem to have made any complaint of the liberties taken by their three volunteer laureates with their persons or their names, their characters or their experiences. And yet the representation of a Christian hero, who might conceivably and quite possibly have been sitting among the audience, fastened in the stocks and distended on the rack before the eyes of 'the great Turk,' must make a modern Englishman feel that the honest and admiring enthusiasm of a dramatic poet no greater than Rowley or Wilkins or Day might be almost more terrible as an infliction than the pitiless and unscrupulous animosity of Aristophanes or Shakespeare or Molière. Cleon or Lucy or Cotin may have held up his head and smiled upon the foolish and vulgar spectator who could imagine him accessible or vulnerable by the satire of *The Knights*, or *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, or *Les Femmes Savantes*: an English gentleman must have been a very Stoic if he could so far sacrifice his natural instinct of personal reserve and noble shyness as to abstain from wincing at his exhibition or exposure as a hero and a martyr, on the chance that the groundlings might be kindled and stimulated by his example to a keener sense of religious or patriotic duty.

The quaint and original prologue to this singular play is perceptibly and demonstrably the work of Rowley: who, though assuredly no dunce, would seem to have anticipated the brilliant and convenient theory of certain modern dunces that good metre and musical verse must needs imply tenuity of meaning and deficiency of thought—as in the notorious and lamentable instances of Coleridge and Shelley, whose melodious emptiness and vacuous efflorescence of mere colour and mere sound were so justly and so loudly derided and deplored by contemporary criticism. The singular point in Rowley's case is that he really could write excellent good verse if he chose, but usually preferred to hobble and stagger rather than walk steady or run straight. Lamb, who liked him so well, and took such pleasure in culinary humour, must surely have missed this curious illustration of the process by which fact has to be trimmed up with fiction for the purposes of the historic stage.

> Who gives a fowl unto his cook to dress
> Likewise expects to have a fowl again;
> Though in the cook's laborious workmanship
> Much may be diminisht, somewhat added,
> (The loss of feathers and the gain of sauce),

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Yet in the back surrender of this dish
It is, and may be truly called, the same.
Such are our acts: should our tedious Muse
Pace the particulars of our travellers,
Five days would break the limits of our scenes
But to express the shadows: therefore we
(Leaving the feathers and some needless stuff)
Present you with the fairest of our feast,
Clothing our truth within an argument
Fitting the stage and your attention,
Yet not so hid but that she may appear
To be herself, even truth.

Eccentric in expression as this apology may seem, I know not where to look for an apter or happier explanation and vindication of the method by which the nudity and aridity of mere casual fact must needs be clothed and vivified by poetry or fiction with the likeness and the spirit of enduring and essential truth. The symbol or emblem is less refined and ingenious than that of *The Ring and the Book*, but hardly less exact in its aptitude of application.

A curious use of a word which conveys to modern English ears none but a very different meaning may be noted in the dedication, where the authors express a modest wish to have 'a safe harbour and umbrage for our well-willing yet weak labours.' One or two necessary corrections or completions of an obviously defective text may be worth transcription:—

Refrain therefore, and [know,] whate'er you are (page 38).
I thank thee: less [or more] I cannot give thee (page 45).

An over austere or impatient critic might set down his opinion that the opening scene of *Law Tricks* was less like the professional writing of a sane adult than the furtive scribbling of a clever child; that a few pretty verses sprinkled here and there throughout the infantile five acts of this innocent little play could hardly carry weight enough with even the most uncritical reader to make him doubt whether a schoolboy with a touch of ambition to give something like shape to his rudest fancy and something of colour to his crudest emotion might not have written it against time between school hours—and hesitated to submit it to the judicial and jocose opinion of any but his most intimate and most closely coeval friend; that the two pages are the only satisfactory figures in it—their elders, virtuous or murderous, being comically rather than lamentably like the creatures of such a boy's brain. The mention of 'Justice Slender' in the first scene is noticeable as an early and blundering reference to the text of a play which, though published four years before, can hardly have been known to Day except on the stage; the hastiest reader of Shakespeare's first rough draft could hardly have confused the two immortal cousins as the memory of a playgoer who had but once seen it acted may apparently if not evidently have done. The

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dialogue is sometimes bright and pleasant; it shoots and sparkles through the rhyming retort of fencing epigrams as lightly and gracefully as Shakespeare's in any of his earliest and idlest wit-combats or encounters of fancy. There are not a few notable words and phrases in the text worth registering for an English dictionary that should be worthy to stand beside Littré's; and there are touches of humour illustrative of manners which might repay the notice of a social historian. This passage, for instance, anticipates the aristocratic satire of Etherege: 'Still in the bogs of melancholy! 'tis staler than tobacco: not so much but the singing cobbler is grown melancholy, and corrects shoes in humour; fie on't!'[1] That modern American slang has its roots in old or obsolete English is a truth once more attested by this curious passage: 'Why, she is of my near affinity! Should I see my near affinity go in tatters?' (Act II. sc. 1.) It may possibly be just worth notice that the same speaker in a later scene echoes the famous and defiant query of Ancient Pistol, 'Have we not Hiren here?' and it seems to me certainly worth while to note a singularly modern or modern-sounding use of a commonplace adjective just afterwards: 'We will be odd in all things.' I do not know whether camp-ball and football be the same game, but I should guess so from Tom Strowd's offer (*The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*, v. i.) to 'play gole at camp-ball.' Football was then held a plebeian game—witness Shakespeare, to say nothing of Beaumont and Fletcher. Anyhow, the word is a rare one.

There is about as much substance in *Humour out of Breath* as in a broken thread of gossamer; but even in the slightest and lightest of dramatic playthings misconstructed by the very clumsiest craftsmen who opened their toyshop on the stage of Shakespeare there is a touch, a hint, an indication of something more graceful and fanciful and childlike in its pretty silly idleness or waywardness or incompetence than can be found among the wares of earlier or later 'factors for the scene.' Mr. Bullen's generous commendation of such merit as may be discovered in action or in character by a kindly or friendly reader will be accepted rather than controverted by a reasonably good-humoured critic; who nevertheless may be expected to regret that a little more than the less than little which has been was not made of the faintly

[1] For 'doubt' (Act II. sc. 1) we must obviously read 'doubted'—certainly not 'do't,' which is hardly sense, as tobacco is not exactly an aphrodisiac. Profligate the prince is, says the jesting speaker; 'and that which makes him doubted most, he is in love with the Indian punk Tobacco.' In the ninth line of page 23 'induce' is of course a misprint for 'endure.' In the second line of page 42 a stage direction has crept into the text; the words 'discover Lurdo behind the arras' can only mean '*Lurdo is discovered*'; as part of the speech into which the printer has jumbled them they are mere nonsense. In the sixth line of the pretty rhyming scene which follows, the word 'away' is a palpable mistake for 'awry.' The right reading is pathetic and consistent; the wrong reading stultifies a very graceful passage. On page 78 there are two consecutive and curious errors; 'ungive' for 'ungyve' (=unfetter), and 'Heate' for 'Hecate.'

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pencilled outlines and suggestions which promise now and then something better than we find realised in this unsteady and headlong little play. The divine and universal influence of Shakespeare lends it something of life and light and charm; we feel once more that the very humblest and hastiest of his faithful and loyal followers has something to give us which no later stage poet of more vigorous and serious ability, no Dryden or Otway or Southerne or Rowe, can give. There is more merit in the least of these four playwrights, whichever he may be, than it is now the fashion to allow him; but in all those later days of luminous decadence there was but one of their kind who could write a verse or two after the manner of the Shakespearean age in its earliest and simplest expression of dramatic rapture by alternate or elegiac rhyme. No competent judge of poetic style would assign the following verses to a poet or a dramatist of the Restoration.

> Why was I destined to be born above,
> By midwife Honour to the light conveyed,
> Fame's darling, the bright infant of high love,
> Crowned, and in Empire's golden cradle laid;
> Rocked by the hand of empresses, that yield
> Their sceptres formed to rattles for my hand,
> *Born to the wealth of the green floating field,*
> *And the rich dust of all the yellow land?*

Any one who knows anything of the subject, if asked to name at a venture the author of these last two lovely lines, would assuredly name Tennyson. They belong to Nathaniel Lee, and occur in the first scene of the most hopelessly and obviously delirious or lunatic performance that surely can ever have got itself acted. I wish I could find anything in Day so wholly and so delightfully worthy of the hand which wrote the lovely scene of lyric and romantic courtship between Antipholus of Syracuse and Luciana: but there is some light faint breath of the luminous April air which stirs and shines through every scene of Shakespeare's earliest plays in the opening of this fantastic little comedy. And there is something of a higher note in the utterance of the banished Duke's irreconcilable son, when he refuses to acquiesce with his father and sisters in submission to adversity without hope of retribution or restoration, but repudiates all treacherous means of revenge on their supplanter.

> I will not play the coward, kill him first
> And send my challenge after.

This almost tragic figure, which might have been borrowed from Marston and tempered or toned down in the borrowing, seems to bring luck to the lesser and gentler poet; the character of his mistress takes something of life and charm on it when he leaves her, rejected and contemptuous, and the page to whom she has confessed that she 'cannot live without him' replies, 'O that he knew it, lady!' The rejoinder is worthy of a greater and more famous dramatist. 'He

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does: he would never have left me else. He does.' And the wrangling and love-making dialogue that follows is worthy either of Marston or of Jonson. But on the whole this play might not unjustly be described as Marston and water. Antonio, though he has some very pretty and fanciful verses to say, is a very thin 'moonshine shadow' of Andrugio. But in lighter things the lighter touch of Day is graceful and pleasant enough; the scene of blind man's buff in which the prisoner escapes by the help of his princess and her page, and leaves his gaoler in gaol, is as pretty an interlude of farce as even Molière could have devised by way of relief to the graver interest of romantic comedy.[2]

In the moral and satirical allegory of the scholar's pilgrimage, for the survival or revival of which Day and we owe sincere thanks to Mr. Bullen, the opening attack on the tricks of tradesmen is noticeable for a realistic force of humour not unworthy of Dekker. The wealth of curious terms and phrases would amply repay the research of a social historian or an intelligent lexicographer.[3] There are such vivid and picturesque touches in the description of 'Poneria, or Sin,' as would be famous if they had but had the luck to be laid on by the hand of no better a poet than Bunyan. For example: 'Her hair, that hung in loose trammels about her shoulders, like fine threads of gold, *seemed like a curled flame that burns downwards.*' The entire allegory is alive with ingenious and imaginative invention of incident and symbol. There are touches of genuine if not very subtle or recondite humour in the seventeenth 'tractate:' the description of 'a kind of justice in law' and his household is hardly unworthy of Fielding or of Dickens; and 'the new vicar, made out of an old friar that had been twice turned at a religion-dresser's,' is a clergyman fit to stand beside the reverend and immortal figure of Parson Trulliber. In the nineteenth tractate it is curious to come once more upon the old mediæval fable or allegory of human life as a tree growing in the side of a gulf or pit, with God as a raging lion and the devil as a fiery serpent above it and beneath, and the white mouse Day and the black mouse Night ever nibbling at the root of it.[4]

The best known or rather the least unknown of Day's works belongs to the same category of allegorical satire. Leigh Hunt, who spoke of it with his usual and unfailing charm of sympathetic and

[2] In the third line of the second speech of this play there is an obviously ridiculous misprint: the 'steeds still armed' could only have been 'banded with steel,' not 'branded'—or fired.

[3] In his description of Envy, Day uses the word 'hag' as a masculine substantive, and Anger he defines as 'a right low country boot-haler.' The rare word 'swelted' which occurs in the sixth tractate—'the beauteous flowers were nothing else but swelted weeds'—is apparently another form of 'wilted.'

[4] In the seventh tractate there is a curious phrase which is new to me: 'he is his own as sure as a club.'

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sensitive appreciation in that delightful book which will always be especially cherished by all to whom his genius and Richard Doyle's are dear, was as right as might have been expected in his objection that the characters who play their parts in *The Parliament of Bees* were too unlike the makers of honey to represent them fairly in sight of the laziest and most indulgent fancy. He knew this quaint and queer and beautiful poem only by the extracts given in Lamb's priceless *Specimens*, and consequently could not guess that it was mainly intended as a direct and obvious presentation, satirical or panegyrical, of contemporary and characteristic types of men and women under the merely nominal and transparent form of bees. It is a real pity that the happy and happy-making author of *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla* should never have read even the title of the original version unearthed by the deservedly fortunate and thankworthy research of Mr. Bullen: 'An old Manuscript containing the Parliament of Bees, found in a hollow tree in a garden at Hybla, in a strange language, and now faithfully translated into easy English verse by John Day, Cantabrig.'—who ventures to append the motto chosen by Shakespeare for the first book which ever bore on its title-page the most illustrious of all mortal or immortal names. Balzac, if not Hugo, might have been interested to learn from the dedication 'how Lewis the eleventh (of that name) King of France took notice, and bountifully rewarded a decayed gardener, who presented him with a bunch of carrots.'

The partnership of Dekker in this work, detected and verified by Mr. Bullen, is confirmed beyond all question by comparison of the good metre in the charming sixth scene with the scandalously slipshod verse which here and there disfigures those which precede and follow it: a perverse and villanous defect peculiar to Dekker alone among all his fellows; a sin out of which even the merciless lash of Ben Jonson failed to whip him into repentance and reformation. The changes from the manuscript in the printed text are sometimes at least such improvements as transfigure rather poor verse into really good poetry; and sometimes of a much more dubious kind. A passage which does not reappear in the printed *Parliament of Bees*, but recurs in Dekker's *Wonder of a Kingdom*, seems to me better expressed in its original manuscript form.

> He that will read my acts of charity
> Shall find them writ in ashes, which the wind
> Shall scatter ere he spells them.

In the text of Dekker's play we find this surely inferior version:

> He that will read the wasting of my gold
> Shall find it writ in ashes, which the wind
> Will scatter ere he spends it.

But if Wordsworth, Landor, and even Tennyson, did not always

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change for the better, we can hardly expect a more infallible felicity in revision from Dekker or from Day.

That the third 'Character' belongs to Dekker seems to me evident from the cancelled couplet which announces without introducing an important figure in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, the disowned and impoverished brother of the profligate and ruffianly braggart. As that gallant and ill-requited soldier is the next 'Character,' this scene must also, I presume, be Dekker's. But it is Day, I think, who touches the loathsome lips of the typical and eternal poetaster—sycophant and slanderer, coward and liar—with indirect and involuntary praise of Persius. I doubt whether Dekker could have construed a dozen consecutive lines of the noble young Roman stoic.

How Day could have had the heart to cancel some of the sweetest lines he ever wrote I cannot conjecture; but the strange fact is that these pretty verses were struck away from the sixth and gracefullest scene of the most delightful little poem he has left us.

> A pair of suns move in his spherelike eyes;
> Were I love's pirate, he should be my prize.
> Only his person lightens all the room,
> For where his beauty shines night dares not come.
> His frown would school a tyrant to be meek;
> Love's chronicle is painted on his cheek,
> Where lilies and fresh roses spread so high
> As death himself to see them fade would die.

This passage can hardly have been cancelled because the characteristics of fascinating youth described in it were rather human than apiarian: the whole poem, on that score, would at once deserve the castigation of fire.

The seventh interlude, brightly and lightly written after the ready fashion of Dekker, has just the straightforward simplicity of his satire in its caricatures of parsimony and prodigality, with something of his roughness and laxity in metre. In the ninth and tenth we find him again, and recognise in each the first shape or sketch of yet another scene in the tragicomedy to which so much was transferred from this as yet unpublished poem. The eighth, a sequel or counterpart to the sixth, is no less evidently the work of Day: as smooth and musical in metre, as extravagant and fantastic in conceit. The two sweet and graceful scenes which wind up the pretty and fanciful weft of this lyric and satiric poem are perhaps the best evidence left us of Day's especial and delightful gift; fresh, bright, and delicate as the spirit and the genius of the poet and critic who discovered him, and gave his modest and gentle name the imperishable and most enviable honour of association with the name of Lamb.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

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FIFTY YEARS OF THE ENGLISH COUNTY COURTS

FIFTY years ago an Act of Parliament came into force in England and Wales dealing with a branch of the subject of legal reform. It had passed through all its stages at the end of the stormy session of the free-trade year, receiving the royal assent on the 28th of August 1846, and it became law under the modest title of 'An Act for the more easy Recovery of Small Debts and Demands in England.' The debates which attended its passage through both Houses are recorded within less than a dozen columns of Hansard; yet its proposals were the outcome of nearly twenty years of resolute parliamentary effort, met by opposition no less persistent. Such struggles are wont to end, as this did, in a compromise. It was the old story of all sound English reform: hasty change was successfully withstood, and gradual evolution was happily accomplished. Now that the County Court system so inaugurated has been in operation in England for half a century, I may perhaps be permitted, as one who during the last fifteen years has 'worked in the mill,' to trace briefly the origin and progress and endeavour to realise the result of a measure whose full importance is hardly recognised as yet, but which will one day be reckoned among the great legislative achievements of Her Majesty's reign.

In the year 1828 Brougham had directed the attention of the House of Commons to the then existing state of the courts of common law, examining their constitution and the mode in which the business was distributed and conducted. In one of those flights of rhetoric so characteristic of the man he declared, 'If we view the whole establishments of the country,' whether executive, administrative, civil, military, naval, diplomatic, domestic, or fiscal, 'all shrink into nothing when compared with the pure, prompt, and cheap administration of justice throughout the Empire.' It was an easy task at that time to expose mischiefs which stayed the administration of civil jurisprudence, often causing a virtual denial of justice to large classes of the people. Those evils resulted mainly from rigid adherence to a system which arose out of conditions of life prevalent for a certain period in England. But those conditions were temporary; they had long passed away; the system had become obsolete.

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As will presently be seen, however, the modern endeavour to provide for the administration of civil justice speedily, and on the spot, is but a return to the sounder principles and practice of an earlier age; and follows the enlightened maxim of Bacon: 'Antiquity deserveth that reverence, that men should make a stand thereupon, and discover what is the best way; but when the Discovery is well taken, then to make Progression.'

In feudal times the civil tribunals in England were threefold. There was the Supreme Court-baron, in which the sovereign, as superior lord, summoned his great tenants, those who held *per baroniam*, to administer justice for the whole realm;[1] while the tenants of the Crown who held otherwise than *per baroniam* also performed judicial duties as one of the conditions of their tenure, exercising jurisdiction in respect of matters arising within their respective counties; their court was called the *Curia Comitatûs*—the County Court—being held by and before the *Comitatus*, or body of Freeholders of the County; and, lastly, the inferior lords of manors were entitled to summon their own freehold tenants in Courts-baron, and so to exercise jurisdiction in matters arising within the district of the seignory.[2] In the two latter tribunals the ordinary jurisdiction was limited to forty shillings, an amount probably sufficient in feudal times to reach most of the ordinary disputes of daily life; and it was their chief virtue that they were local, and therefore easy of access as well for the suitors as the sued.[3] Thus, to use the words of Blackstone, 'Justice was brought home to every man's door, by constituting as many Courts of Judicature as there were manors or townships in the kingdom, wherein injuries were redressed in an easy and expeditious manner by the suffrages of neighbours and friends.' It may be assumed that the procedure in the local tribunals was simple and speedy; perhaps, too, it was cheap; but with the decay of the feudal system and the gradual decline in the value of money, the forty-shilling courts fell more and more into disuse. Instead of the local system being adapted to the changed conditions of life, the business of litigation was gradually drawn away from the districts in which the suitors resided, with increased gain to the London lawyers, who became in the course of time a brilliant and powerful craft, but with an increase of cost,

[1] In the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords part of that duty exists to this day, its function as a Court of First Instance being now delegated to other hands, and Barons by Tenure superseded by Barons by Writ of Summons.

[2] In Wales, and in the Counties Palatine of Lancaster, Chester, and Durham, a local jurisdiction survived large enough for dealing with cases of greater magnitude, but throughout the rest of the country the work of local courts was practically limited to the task of enforcing payment of petty debts by means of a dilatory, costly, and inefficient procedure.

[3] The local courts were controlled by appeal to the central and superior judiciary, whose delegates—*justiciarii in itinere*, or Justices in Eyre, now superseded by the Judges of Assize—went round the country from time to time.

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vexation, and delay for the suitors. All actions involving questions of any importance or magnitude were commenced by the issue of a writ at Westminster, and were either tried there or, at the conclusion of the 'pleadings' stage, sent for trial to the assizes. Under this system two institutions in the course of time grew and prospered exceedingly: a central Bar of common-law barristers, and a large number of agency firms of London attorneys, to whom the conduct of their clients' litigation was entrusted by the provincial practitioners, the latter being thus virtually reduced to the position of middlemen. For the leaders and leading juniors of the common-law Bar, as well as for the agency houses, the system was a lucrative monopoly; and it could not be expected that they would regard proposals for scattering the business save with feelings of abhorrence, or that, being so near to the legislative centre, they would forbear to encourage resistance to all proposals for reform.

For small suitors, however, there was almost a denial of justice. Of an average of some 90,000 causes entered annually in the superior courts of Westminster during the five years ending 1827, no less than 30,000, or one-third, were for amounts not exceeding 20*l.*, and it was stated that to try these cases out would require an expenditure of at least four times the aggregate amount in dispute; while 60,000, or two-thirds of the whole, were entered for the recovery of sums not exceeding 50*l.*, the estimated cost and expense of trying them being more than double the amount which formed the subject of the claims. In some of the chief centres of population attempts had been made to remedy the mischief by the establishment of Courts of Request, created usually by local statutes; but the extent of the jurisdiction vested in these courts, their forms of procedure, and their scales of costs, varied considerably. Moreover, owing to the lack of judicial strength and their inability to enforce due execution of their own process, or compel the attendance of witnesses, they proved to be but feeble tribunals for the enforcement of even the humblest claims. The evil reached its height during the first quarter of the present century.

In the long peace the attention of Parliament was more immediately directed to questions of domestic policy, and, amongst them, to the problem of law reform. It may be worth while here to review in a few sentences the protracted struggle which ended in the re-establishment of the ancient County Courts upon their present basis, not only for the purpose of throwing light on the course of such further changes as may be necessary, but also because the parliamentary conflict was a remarkable instance of the curiously deliberate yet always successful habit of the English people when engaged in handling a large measure of reform, that of fashioning it to the shape in which they think it will be most suitable to the wants and habits of their daily life. Lord Althorp was the first statesman

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who seems to have given serious attention to the subject of the cheap and easy recovery of small debts. With the aid of a lawyer and jurist of great enlightenment—Mr. Baron Alderson, then at the Bar—he prepared an unambitious Bill, by which it was proposed to extend the jurisdiction of the ancient County Courts to 10*l.*, giving to the sheriff a legal expert as assessor. After several ineffectual attempts to pass even this modest measure, Lord Althorp resigned the Bill to Sir Robert Peel, then Home Secretary, in whose hands it met with no better success, notwithstanding that he endeavoured to present it with the omission of the assessor clauses. It was soon after this that Brougham, in 1828, brought the whole question of the state of the law before the House of Commons in the great speech before mentioned, and succeeded in carrying a vote for an Address praying for an inquiry. Two Royal Commissions were appointed: one to inquire into the law of real property, the other into the pleadings, practice, and proceedings in the common-law courts.[4] Without waiting for the report of the learned Common-Law Commissioners, or, possibly, harbouring misgivings as to the mode in which they would deal with the subject of local courts, Brougham introduced in 1830 a Bill for the establishment of 'Local District Courts,' with a jurisdiction limited to 100*l.* in actions of debt, and 50*l.* in actions for injury to person or personal property, besides an unlimited jurisdiction in actions of every kind where the parties agreed to a trial before the local tribunal. The District Judges were also to act as Arbitrators, on occasion, and it was further proposed to entrust to them functions analogous to those of a *juge de paix*, under the title of 'Judges of Reconcilement.' The Bill, introduced in April 1830, was read a second time in the House of Commons, and seemed likely to receive the approval and support of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Althorp; but, owing to the prorogation and dissolution of that year, it perished in its prime. In the autumn, however, Brougham became Lord Chancellor, and one of his first acts was to introduce the measure in the House of Lords, omitting the arbitration and 'reconcilement' clauses, but adding a large bankruptcy jurisdiction, and entrusting to the local judges the functions of Masters in Chancery. At the instance of Lyndhurst the Bill was referred to the Common-Law Commissioners, who advised a reduction in the amount of the jurisdiction to 20*l.* in actions of debt and 50*l.* in tort, but otherwise recommended its adoption, and in that form it was reintroduced by Brougham in the session of 1833.

The career and fate of the Bill in the House of Lords form a dramatic episode in the history of law reform. The opponents of change found in Lyndhurst a valiant champion, and watched the battle with keen anxiety. Although the question was fought out

[4] The Reports of these Commissions were presented in 1832, and, as is well known, became the foundation of several momentous changes in legal procedure.

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upon lines of abstract controversy, the pages of Hansard recording the debates reveal the intense personal feeling which the combatants brought to the contest. It was not as carpet knights that Brougham and Lyndhurst entered the lists for the fray. Brougham could and did hit hard. His zeal as a reformer, quickened by a personal anxiety to prevail over Lyndhurst, nerved him to a great effort, in which he found but little help or encouragement. But if Brougham was the harder hitter, Lyndhurst was the subtler debater and the more skilful strategist. Making no secret of his disapproval of local jurisdiction generally, and discussing the question with the frankest candour, but at the same time with admirable tact, he argued that, if Parliament in its wisdom should think fit to establish such a system, the first duty of Parliament should be to make it as perfect as possible. By his advice the Bill was allowed to go into Committee, the question of its adoption at all being reserved for the third reading. Accordingly, the measure was duly dealt with in Committee. It was considered in detail, pruned, whittled, and prepared in usual Committee fashion. It was an hour of triumph for Brougham when the amended Bill came on for the third reading—bnt no more than an hour, for Lyndhurst had not been idle. The division was taken on the question 'That the Bill be now read a third time?' and the result was as follows: Contents 81; Non-contents 81! Proxies—there were proxies in those days—were called. Brougham held 41, but Lyndhurst produced 53, and so the question was quietly shelved for more than a dozen years.

But the time had come; reform was 'in the air.' Before the beginning of the present reign it had become evident, even to those who had most earnestly opposed the Bill of 1833, that the adoption of some such measure was inevitable. For the profession the thin end of the wedge was less to be dreaded than the thick end. A Common-Law Process Act, passed in 1833, had given a jurisdiction up to 20*l.* to the sheriff's court; but the shadow of Westminster Hall rested upon its modest provisions, for the jurisdiction was exercisable only on a 'writ of inquiry,' and with a jury to assess the damages. So things went on until 1842, when it was found expedient to extend throughout England the Bankruptcy jurisdiction which had recently been established with great success in London. Then it was that Lyndhurst, who had, in 1841, become Lord Chancellor for the third time, admitted at last that efficient local courts were needed, if only as a machinery for the purpose of carrying out the Bankruptcy business of the country; and his old antagonist had at least the grim satisfaction of being able to say 'I told you so.' After nearly a decade Brougham's abortive measure of 1833 was taken from the pigeon-hole to which it had been consigned, and from its clauses a new Bill was drafted, extending the jurisdiction of the ancient County Courts from 40*s.* to 20*l.*, giving to them a limited jurisdiction in

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actions of tort, and enabling them to try actions of every kind and amount by consent of the parties. This last provision was fatal; opposition in the Commons was successful, and the Bill was lost. Soon afterwards came the memorable Free-trade year. Lyndhurst again introduced his old opponent's Bill (omitting the 'voluntary jurisdiction' clauses) as 'A Bill for the more easy Recovery of Small Debts and Demands in England,' but before the second reading Lyndhurst's official career had closed; he went out of office with Sir Robert Peel's Ministry on the 6th of July, 1846. The incoming Lord Chancellor, Lord Cottenham, forthwith adopted the foundling. On his motion it was read a second time in the Upper House, was hurried through all its stages in both Houses, and received the Royal Assent before the close of the session. Thus ended the strange vicissitudes of this long controversy, and so it came to pass that Brougham lived to see his pet measure carried by a Whig Minister after all; while to Lord Cottenham was given a profusion of patronage, including sixty County-Court judgeships, such as has not fallen to the lot of any Lord Chancellor before or since.[5]

In March 1847 the Act came into operation throughout England and Wales. The country was mapped out into sixty circuits, comprehending an aggregate of about 500 courts, while the district of each court included the area of a number of parishes.[6] It was a good common-sense arrangement, in which geographical boundaries were ignored; some circuits extending over parts of as many as seven counties, the main object being to distribute the work amongst the judges according to population rather than area. For each circuit a Judge, and for each district a Clerk (now called a Registrar), and a High Bailiff were appointed, their respective duties being prescribed by the Act, and with this modest equipment the new County Courts set to work in the exercise of their limited jurisdiction.[7] The simple machinery of 1847, with the addition of junior clerks, and under-bailiffs where necessary, and regulated by a code of Rules, Forms, and

[5] The qualification for the office of Judge required by the original Act was seven years' standing at the Bar, but has since been raised to ten years. Lord Cottenham, finding that no provision was made for granting pensions to the Judges of the abolished 'Courts of Request,' generously appointed a large number of them to the newly created judgeships. The effect of this upon the strength of the County Court judiciary was felt for several years. The qualification for the office of Registrar is five years' standing as a solicitor.

[6] The original method adopted for fixing the court towns was ingenious. The plan pursued in the Act for the Appointment of Registrars of Births, Deaths, and Marriages (6 & 7 Wm. IV. c. 85) was taken as a basis. The device saved trouble, and on the whole has worked well. Power was taken to alter and vary, by Orders in Council, the areas of the respective circuits. This has from time to time been effected with more or less advantage, and the number of circuits has been reduced to fifty-four.

[7] A limited number of highly paid 'Treasurers' were appointed for the task of auditing and controlling the fiscal part of the administration. The office was gradually abolished as the original holders died out, and the duty is now admirably performed by auditors on the permanent staff of Her Majesty's Treasury.

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Scales of Costs, suffices to this day, although the acorn planted fifty years ago has become a good-sized oak, and the original jurisdiction, as will be seen, has been augmented by scores of subsequent statutes.

From its beginning the experiment was successful. At once an enormous mass of business flowed into the new Courts. Within the first twenty-one months, no less than 856,826 actions were tried in them, and it was admitted that in addition to the causes actually tried many thousands were settled out of Court in consequence of the intimation given to debtors and wrong-doers by the speedy dispatch of the business that it was vain to refuse compliance with just demands, whether of debt or for damages. Soon the extent of the jurisdiction was found to be too restricted, and from time to time the provisions of Brougham's original Bill of 1833 were incorporated by means of Amending Acts. The first extension, in 1850, was from 20*l.* to 50*l.* in actions of debt, with the result that no less than 4,000 causes for claims between those amounts were tried in four months, being at the rate of 10,000 in a year. It quickly became evident that the speed, simplicity, and finality of the procedure attracted litigants and commanded their confidence. During the first quinquennium the yearly average of causes was 433,000. In the Superior Courts of Westminster Hall, the Circuits and Process Courts included, the average had barely exceeded 100,000.

By thirteen subsequent County Court Acts the jurisdiction was gradually augmented. A Consolidation Act, incorporating the provisions of all of them, and still further enlarging their powers, was passed in 1888, and for the last nine years the ordinary jurisdiction of the County Courts in England and Wales has stood thus:

Subject-Matter	Pecuniary Limit of Jurisdiction
Common law action, with written consent of both parties	Unlimited.
Action founded on contract (except for Breach of promise of Marriage, in which the County Courts have no jurisdiction)	50*l.*
Action founded on tort (except Libel, Slander, and Seduction, in which the County Courts have no jurisdiction)	50*l.*
Counter-claims (unless plaintiff gives written notice of objection)	Unlimited.
Ejectment or questions of title to realty	50*l.* annual value.
Equity jurisdiction	500*l.*
Probate jurisdiction	200*l.* personalty and 300*l.* realty.
Admiralty jurisdiction	300*l.*
Bankruptcy jurisdiction	Unlimited.
Replevin	Unlimited.
Interpleaders transferred from High Court	500*l.*
Actions on contract transferred from High Court	100*l.*
Actions on tort transferred from High Court	Unlimited.
Companies (winding-up) when the paid-up capital does not exceed	10,000*l.*

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Commenting on these figures, an eminent authority[8] truthfully and humorously observes that 'the only general principle to be deduced from them is that the simpler an action is to try, the less jurisdiction the County Court has to deal with it.'

But the ordinary curriculum of work includes by no means the whole of the duties which have been cast upon the Judges. The Statute-Book contains more than a hundred Acts of Parliament authorising or directing exceptional proceedings to be taken in the County Courts, and otherwise recognising them as an institution ancillary to modern social legislation. A mere catalogue of these Acts of Parliament would fill a couple of pages, but a short alphabetical list of a few of them may serve by way of illustration.

Agricultural Holdings Act, 1883.
Bankruptcy Act, 1883.
Coal Mines Regulation Act, 1887.
Debtors Act, 1869.
Employers' Liability Act, 1880.
Friendly Societies Act, 1875.
Guardianship of Infants Act, 1886.
Habitual Drunkards Act, 1879.
Industrial Assurance, &c., Act, 1896.
Law of Distress Amendment Act, 1888.
Mercantile Law Amendment Act, 1856.
Open Spaces, &c., Act, 1890.
Public Health Act., 1875.
Railways Regulation Act, 1871.
Settled Land Acts, 1882–90.
Tithe Act, 1891,
and (last, but not least)
Workmen's (Compensation for Injuries) Act, 1897.

These and similar supplemental jurisdictions, if I may so term them, have been entrusted to the County Courts so freely, and have been assimilated so easily, that every Member of Parliament who has a new legal measure on the stocks naturally suggests that the County Court shall be the instrument or machinery for carrying out his scheme. The staff is there, so all objections to the proposal on the score of expense are ingeniously avoided, and undoubtedly a considerable amount of important modern legislation relating to social subjects would have been impracticable if the useful domestic court-of-all-work was not at all times available and equal to the occasion. The additional expenditure of time and labour required for the discharge of the duties created by some of those enactments is not very considerable, and most of the Judges, I believe, regard the work as an agreeable variety which breaks the monotony of the daily round. But 'many littles make a mickle.' For instance, when the Commissioners of Bankruptcy were abolished by the Bankruptcy Act of 1869, and the business of their department, outside of London was handed over to the County Courts, with a saving of 70,000*l.* per annum to the Exchequer, the County Court Judges struggled as best they

[8] Mr. M. D. Chalmers, now Legal Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India, and formerly (1884 to 1896) Judge of the Birmingham County Court. See the *Law Quarterly Review* for January 1889, from which the suggestion of the above tabular statement, adapted from one drawn up by his Honour Judge Chalmers, is taken.

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could for fourteen years with the shortcomings of that elaborately mischievous measure; and when in 1883 Mr. Chamberlain conceived and carried the great Bankruptcy Act of that year—a statute which in my humble opinion has done much to purify a certain stratum of the commercial atmosphere of the country—the equitable working out of the new system was confided to the discretion of the County Court Judges, with an absolute authority to settle all questions in dispute, and, where necessary, to inflict due punishment for fraud. Again, the Employers' Liability Act of 1882 has made heavy demands upon the time of the County Court, and upon the attention of its Judges; and, later still, when the law relating to Agricultural Holdings and Tenants' Compensation, the amendment of the Law of Distress, and the Tithe-collection question had to be dealt with, the County Courts were made in each case the instruments of the new policy. As to the Workmen's Compensation Act of last session—a measure described by Mr. Chamberlain as 'an enormous step'[9]—it is too soon to foretell with certainty what its effects may be; but if success should attend the effort of the present Government to submit to cheap and friendly arbitration conflicts hitherto involving acrimonious litigation between employers and workmen, that success will necessarily involve a considerable addition to the functions of the County Courts, whose Judges will find that a fresh batch of duties has fallen into their miscellaneous inheritance.

It may be asked how it is that this heterogeneous mass of work is so smoothly, and on the whole so successfully, disposed of from year to year? The answer is simple. The English County Court system is an organisation conducted on the plain business lines of absolute division of labour and absolute delegation of responsibility. The Lord Chancellor, in whom is vested the power of appointment,[10] nominates under his own hand each one of the Judges 'to hold Courts' in a separate circuit, and having done so permits him, within the limits of that circuit and of the jurisdiction, to rule and to adjudicate without let or hindrance. The Judge, subject to the approval of the Lord Chancellor, appoints the Registrar for each Court. The Registrar, subject to the approval of the Judge, selects and appoints the bailiffs. Nobody interferes with the functions or province of anybody else, so long as the work of each

[9] 'He (Mr. Chamberlain) was sure, although he had little support now and few might listen to him, there were many who would come to realise that this was indeed an enormous step they were taking. It was a step that would have an influence far beyond that House.'—*Speech* on Third Reading (Hansard, li. 225).

[10] The Judges are removable, for inability or misbehaviour. They are not 'sworn in,' and by Statute are disqualified for sitting in Parliament or practising at the Bar; but are expressly qualified to be Commissioners of Assize and Justices of the Peace. The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster appoints the Judges of the Lancashire County Court Circuits, including the important Courts of Liverpool, where there are two Judges, and Manchester.

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department is properly and promptly conducted.[11] The Judge's pronouncements of the law are subject to revision on appeal by the Supreme Court of Justice in all causes where the claim exceeds 20*l.* The statistics relating to these appeals are remarkable. The total number of appeals from County Courts in 1895 (the last year for which returns have been published) was only 130, of which considerably less than one-half were successful. The grouped 'districts,' each with its own Court town, which compose a 'circuit,' are independent as well as distinct. The days and hours of the sittings of every Court are fixed by the Judge many weeks or months beforehand, are published, and are adhered to.[12] Long practice has made the Registrar and his staff expert in the art of gauging approximately the duration of each day's work, and as a rule the allotted business of each day is finished within the day. The Registrar disposes swiftly of all undefended or admitted claims, and, when the parties consent, he tries all disputed claims up to 2*l.*, while the remainder of disputed cases, a small percentage of the whole, are heard and determined by the Judge, who is directed by Statute to 'proceed in a summary way to try the action and give judgment,' and who has discovered that arrears are burdensome; he generally, therefore, takes care to sit until he has exhausted his list.

From the first, the British public—who are, on the whole, a very simple-minded and practical public, caring little for professional interests or jealousy when their own greater interests and convenience are concerned—discovered that in the County Court system they had secured something that was wanted. The Act of 1846 was not a perfect measure: it was a crude experiment; but what of that? It was useful, it was simple: it was effective, it was capable of amendment, of improvement; and so the public 'took to it' at once and fostered it. Stephenson's 'Puffing Billy' was a rough experiment, nevertheless it showed not only that the thing could be done, but how it could be done; it has been developed in many directions, and we have the express locomotive of to-day. So Brougham's invention of the modern County Court lent itself readily to evolution: a mere useful and handy tool at first, it has been gradually improved into a kind of judicial steam-hammer, capable of dealing with a claim in Bankruptcy for 100,000*l.*, or determining an action of debt to recover half-a-sovereign.

[11] The success with which the machinery of this staff of fifty-four Judges and over five hundred Registrars is made to work easily is largely due to the urbanity and tact of the learned gentleman who at present holds the office of Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor.

[12] The Judges are directed by statute to attend and hold the Court in each district at least once in every month, unless the Lord Chancellor shall otherwise direct. In practice the Judge sits several times a month in the larger centres of population, and less frequently than once a month at the Court town of sparsely inhabited districts.

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The volume and extent of the business now disposed of in the County Court is enormous, and it increases year by year. From the annual statistical returns for the last twenty-five years, which are duly presented to Parliament, the following table has been prepared:

COUNTY COURTS

ORDINARY JURISDICTION

Years	Plaints entered (of whatsoever nature)		
	Not exceeding 20*l.*	Above 20*l.*, and not exceeding 50*l.*	By agreement above 50*l.*
	1	2	3
1870	898,810	13,445	43
1871	904,072	14,431	35
1872	886,951	13,799	25
1873	848,673	14,594	33
1874	849,816	15,202	22
1875	861,188	17,273	32
1876	929,159	17,378	168
1877	1,007,563	16,879	384
1878	1,014,631	15,990	420
1879	1,028,501	15,534	329
1880	1,081,879	13,694	296
1881	1,022,340	12,689	282
1882	1,009,185	11,771	270
1883	991,002	11,263	683
1884	940,683	12,066	665
1885	948,480	12,373	560
1886	966,948	12,716	674
1887	1,000,297	11,264	666
1888	1,032,034	10,809	732
1889	1,032,295	11,597	794
1890	978,784	11,573	800
1891	1,019,053	11,685	870
1892	1,055,618	12,139	936
1893	1,055,618	12,596	1,004
1894	1,125,825	12,489	892
1895	1,105,896	13,568	1,262

It will be observed that, whereas the number of cases in the first and second columns, which represent the ordinary normal work of the County Court, are, notwithstanding the increase in population, practically stationary, the figures in the third column representing the number of causes which, although beyond the ordinary jurisdiction, are submitted to the arbitrament of the County Court by agreement between the parties, have been steadily advancing during the last twenty years. Nor does it appear that the thousand or so of actions in that third column—the annual average of the last five years—which are of High Court importance, have been entered in the County Courts of the Metropolitan area or even in those of the assize towns, as the following analysis will show:

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COUNTY COURTS

ANALYSIS OF 936 ACTIONS ENTERED IN THE YEAR 1892 FOR AMOUNTS EXCEEDING 50*l.*

In the County Courts of the Metropolis	167
In the County Courts held at 51 'Assize Towns' . .	59
In the County Courts of eight large centres of population and industry, viz.: Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Newcastle, Bristol, Cardiff, Swansea . .	274
In County Courts held at local centres other than the foregoing	436
	936

The statistics of the supplemental or extraordinary jurisdiction are no less interesting. In 1895 the actions 'remitted' from the High Court,[13] and thus converted into additional County Court actions, numbered 1,510, and dealt with claims to an amount of nearly 80,000*l.*; the petitions in Bankruptcy were 4,093; the actions under the Employers' Liability Act were 550; while 'other proceedings,' of whatever nature, amounted to 6,286.

The foregoing figures point to the conclusion not only that there is a tendency to localise much of the litigation which lies outside the ordinary jurisdiction, but that nearly one half of the unlimited and supplemental jurisdiction of the County Courts is, as has been pointed out by a correspondent in the *Times*, administered 'not in the Metropolitan County Courts (such as Westminster, Marylebone, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, &c.), not even in the great industrial and commercial centres, and certainly not in the towns consecrated to the antique and moribund assize system, but in localities where the inhabitants have become enlightened enough to recognise the fact that litigation, like charity, may just as well begin at home, and where local groups of highly trained and competent solicitors are at hand and are ready to give practical effect to that view.'

The procedure adopted in the new County Courts from the beginning differed in three essential features from that which prevailed in the High Court of Justice in 1847. This contributed much to the immediate success of the experiment by enabling the new tribunals to start with independent and simpler methods. The differences related, first, to the Rules of Pleading; secondly, to the Rules of Evidence; and, thirdly, to the Right of Audience. When the County Court scheme was inaugurated, its immediate and conspicuous advantage in a certain class of cases was chiefly due to the highly artificial and costly system of Pleading, and to the oppressive Rules of Evidence then in force in the Superior Courts of Common Law. The 'Pleadings'—in other words, the mere method of arriving at the points in dispute—

[13] A Judge of the High Court may, where the claim in an action of contract brought in the High Court does not exceed 100*l.*, order the trial and the whole of the subsequent proceedings to be 'remitted' to a 'convenient' County Court.

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were complex and costly in the highest degree. The art of pleading had been expanded and refined until it became a kind of sublime trade secret, and the preliminary skirmishing before an action was ready for the decisive battle of a trial in Court involved sometimes an enormous outlay, which was, indeed, often the only thing about the system comprehensible by the lay mind. Consequently, while the few rushed or were lured to the Superior Courts, the many, more wisely, gave Westminster Hall a wide berth, and to the latter the sweet simplicity of the County Court 'Particulars of Claim,' with the summary adjustment and trial of the issue by the Judge in Court, came as a boon and a blessing. At least the procedure could be understood, while the cost was not ruinous. As was to be expected, the High Court has long since 'gone with the times.' 'Pleadings,' in the old-fashioned sense of the term, have been killed by successive Judicature Acts and Rules; the Special Demurrer is as extinct as the dodo. Then as to the Rules of Evidence. The County Courts were from the first empowered to receive the evidence of the parties in an action as being in most cases the best and in many the only testimony really relevant to the immediate questions in dispute. By the Rules of Evidence prevailing in Westminster Hall in 1847, the parties were not allowed to be competent witnesses; nor was it until 1851 that the Evidence Act of that year [14] made it impossible in the Queen's Bench, say, for a plaintiff to make his opponent's best witnesses defendants in order to close their mouths, or for the manufacturer or tradesman to prove his case by the testimony of his own hired assistants, while the defendant customer had no witness and could not himself be heard. Lastly, with regard to the right of audience. In the vast majority of cases in the County Courts the parties appear in person, but solicitors, in common with barristers, are by statute entitled to audience as advocates. In some of the more important cases counsel appear, but by the unwritten code of Bar etiquette no barrister is supposed to sit at the receipt of custom in a County Court; he must bring a brief with him into Court, and when his case is disposed of he ties up his papers and departs. There is, consequently, no acknowledged County Court Bar, even in the largest towns, but there are numerous local solicitor-advocates, a very useful and important class of professional men. I have nothing but praise to bestow upon these excellent practitioners as a body. According to my experience, they work hard for their clients, treat the Court with all due respect, often display remarkable legal attainments and acumen, and, having business other than advocacy awaiting them at their offices, are generally inclined to save their own time and that of the public.[15]

[14] 14 & 15 Vict. c. 99.

[15] On the other hand, the County Courts might perhaps, as regards procedure, in some respects be assimilated to the High Court with advantage. For instance, in the

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For fifty years the High Court of Justice and the County Courts have been in operation in England, side by side, dealing with the Common Law litigation of the country, each after its own fashion, and we are now, therefore, in a position to judge fairly of the effects of the two systems. The results are to be found in the Blue Book, compiled mainly from special returns furnished annually to the Secretary of State by the officers of the various Courts.[16] These statistics show, first, that the bulk of the litigation in England and Wales, whether estimated by the number of 'Proceedings commenced' or of 'Cases heard and determined,' is carried on in the County Courts; and, secondly, that while the volume of 'Plaints, &c.,' entered in the County Courts, has for nearly forty years increased almost exactly in the same ratio as the population, and while the Chancery Division of the High Court has pursued the even tenor of its way, the number of 'Writs, &c.' issued in the Queen's Bench Division, after increasing rateably with the population until 1867, suddenly dropped from 127,000 in that year to 83,000 in 1868, has never since reached an average of 100,000, and is less than 70,000 at the present time.[17]

I take these figures and the ingenious diagrams, prepared by Master Macdonell of the Supreme Court, which illustrate them, from the Blue Book of the *Civil Judicial Statistics for England and Wales*, presented to Parliament in August of this year. The diagrams[18] are more eloquent than any words, and will do much, if carefully studied, to enlighten Parliament, the profession, and the public, with regard to the existing state of things.

Superior Courts a defendant cannot be sued until he has been personally served with the writ, or at least has had personal knowledge of its existence; not so in the County Court, where the bailiff merely hands the summons at the defendant's alleged residence to some person who 'promises to deliver it' to the person sued. The occasional consequences are oppressive. Again, a County Court jury consist of five instead of twelve men in a box; but experience has convinced me that one stupidly obstinate or cranky juryman can do more mischief when he has only four colleagues to convince than when he gets to loggerheads with eleven. I have purposely refrained from any reference in this article to two vexed questions relating to the procedure—namely, the alleged excessive amount of the Court fees exacted from the suitor, and the exercise of the power of commitment for nonpayment in certain cases after judgment. To enter upon these topics would open a wide door of controversy, besides being irrelevant to my purpose here.

[16] Down to 1894 the Judicial Statistics were laid before Parliament annually in a form which might be described as a typographical wilderness. Since that year, however, the editorship and preparation of the annual volume have been wisely entrusted to Mr. John Macdonell, LL.D., one of the Masters of the Supreme Court of Justice, an accomplished jurist as well as a diligent and keen statistician.

[17] The remarkable drop in the number of writs and in the Queen's Bench Division which occurred between 1867 and 1873 was due partly no doubt to the paralysis of commercial business consequent upon the Overend and Gurney failure and the panic of 1866; but chiefly to the effect of an Act of Parliament, passed in 1867, which provided that costs should not be recoverable in the Superior Courts where the cause of action if in contract should involve an amount of less than 20*l.*, or if in tort of less than 10*l.*

[18] The diagrams have been considerably reduced in size for reproduction in these pages.

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DIAGRAM I

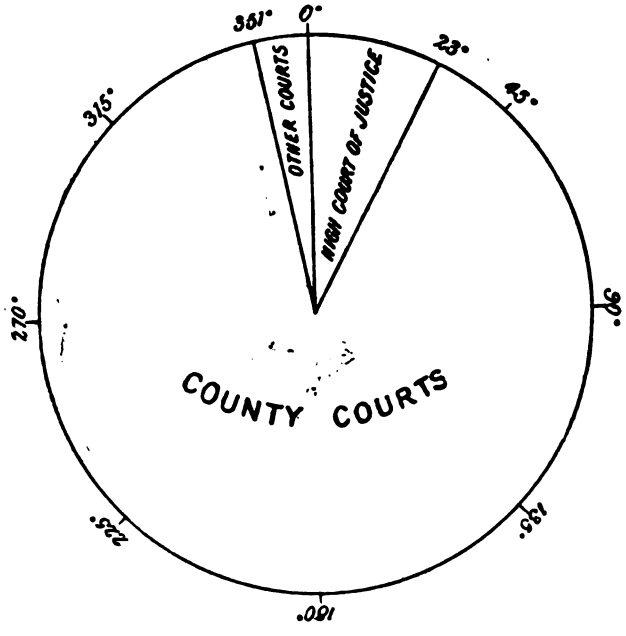

Figure 1.—Total Number of Proceedings *commenced* in all Courts in England and Wales in 1895

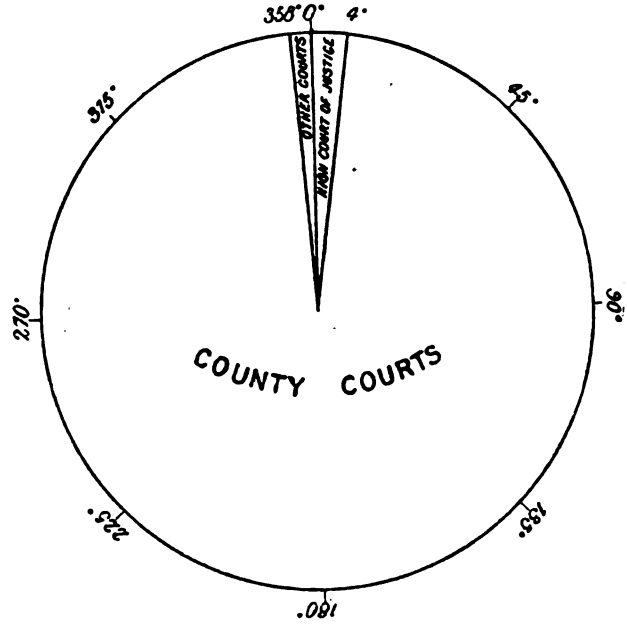

Figure 2.—Total Number of Appeals, Actions &c. *heard and determined* in all Courts in 1895.

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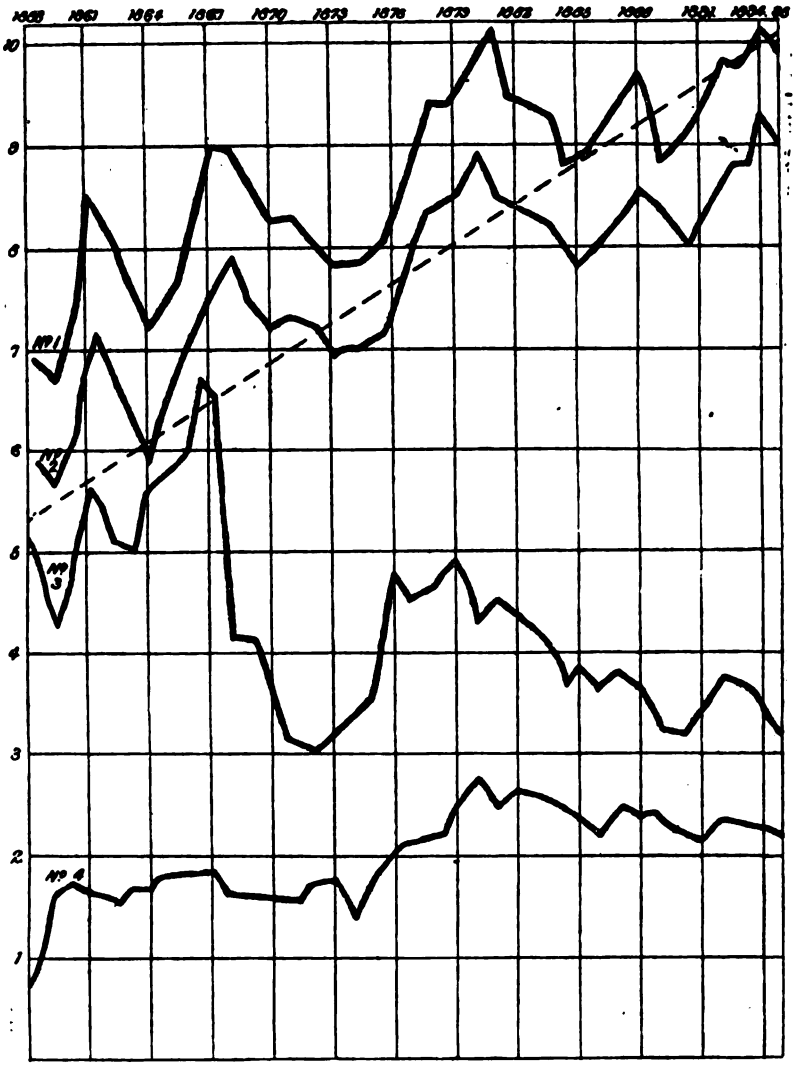
DIAGRAM II



Estimated Population. Dotted line . . . ½ inch = 3,000,000
Zigzag. No. 1. Total Proceedings in all Courts . . . ½ inch = 125,000
„ No. 2. Plaints &c. in County Courts . . . ½ inch = 125,000
„ No. 3. Writs &c. High Court, Queen's Bench Division . . . ½ inch = 20,000
„ No. 4. „ „ High Court, Chancery Division . ½ inch = 3,000

There is an aspect of this growth of the business of the County Courts, and of its bearing upon the business of the High Court of Justice, on which I may be permitted before closing this article to say a few words. Approaching the subject with some misgiving, and even with apprehension, lest my intention should be misconstrued,

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I would beg, nevertheless, a patient attention to what with all deference I venture to submit on this difficult and delicate question. A bitter cry has recently gone up from the representatives of the Common Law Bar who watch the ebbing tide of business in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court with natural and just alarm, and various explanations have been given of the unwelcome phenomenon. In a Report [19] published as recently as the month of August in the present year the General Council of the Bar, a distinguished body elected by the Profession and composed of Queen's Counsel and Juniors of large practice and matured experience, whose opinion on the subject must carry great weight, 'formulate allegations'—to use their own expression—of a grave character. No fault is found with the Chancery Division, the Probate and Divorce Division, or the Commercial Court, but the present arrangements for the transaction of business in the Queen's Bench Division are trenchantly criticised, and the present Assize circuit system is declared to be 'defective in every respect.' Into the justice of those censures I do not presume to inquire. I shall only refer to one paragraph of the Report which brings the views of the writers into touch with the subject of this article:

'In the opinion of the Council, this state of things cannot go on without seriously impairing the popular belief in the efficacy of trial in the Queen's Bench Courts. Such delays and uncertainty deter suitors from seeking redress for their grievances in the tribunals of the country, and drive them to arbitration and *other methods* of settlement.'

There can be little doubt, in face of the figures I have given above, that 'other methods' must, in the minds of the General Council of the Bar, mean, or at least include, the County Courts; and I will assume that the words are used as a handy periphrasis, just as the expression 'another place' is sometimes used and quite well understood in the conventional code of Parliamentary etiquette. That the Common Law Bar should be in danger of serious detriment in consequence of any system of procedure is, however, a grave matter. The Common Law Bar is an ancient and honourable institution, whose members as a body have always been loyally true to its unique prerogatives and high obligations. Great advocates, great jurists, and great judges have been trained under its discipline, and every tyro in its ranks is rightly zealous to preserve its privileges and to hand down its traditions as a solemn trust. The efficiency and integrity of its members constitute something more than the equipment of a craft; they are essential factors in the economy of our English Courts of Law, because the members of the Bar frequent those Courts, not

[19] 'Report of the General Council of the Bar on the subject of the Common Law Business of the High Court of Justice,' dated Aug. 5, 1897, and published in the *Times* of the 11th of August.

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only as advocates but as critics, and—to use the epigrammatic words of Lord Halsbury—'Criticism is the salt of the administration of justice.'[20]

Two suggestions are offered by the Council in their Report—first, that 'at least six Courts sitting continuously in London throughout the legal year for the trial of actions in the Queen's Bench Division' are 'imperatively necessary'; and secondly, that 'an addition to the number of Judges of the Queen's Bench Division' is 'imperatively required.' But will more sails bring more wind to fill them? Will it do merely to crowd on more canvas and then whistle for a breeze? The necessity for more Judge-power suggested by the Report of the Bar Council is hardly borne out by the published statistics, which show that the business of the Queen's Bench Division was less in volume in the year 1895 than the average of the preceding five years. Here are the figures:

	1895	Average 1891–1895
Number of writs &c., Queen's Bench Division . .	67,900	72,167
Number of actions for trial in the Queen's Bench Division	4,605	5,098

It is said that there are, nevertheless, heavy arrears in the Queen's Bench Division, caused, in the opinion of the Bar Council, by the absence of thirteen of Her Majesty's Judges on circuit, an absence averaging annually some seventy days per Judge, 'part of that time being spent in Assize towns at which there is generally—almost invariably—no business either civil or criminal.' The assize towns will, however, if threatened, have a voice in the question of what they would probably deem their own degradation. In addition to being assize towns, they are Parliamentary constituencies; they have been accustomed to their assizes ever since the reign of Henry the Second, or thereabouts. They look forward with something more than pride to the periodical appearance in their midst of the ermined Judge with his retinue, the High Sheriff with his chaplain and his trumpeters, the Grand Jury, the petty jurors, and, now and then, the public executioner, as well as the crowd of thirsty yokels who on these occasions flock into their streets. If the Bar looks to the abandonment of the present assize system as a remedy, it may have long to wait. The assize towns will die a natural death if it must be so, but they will not willingly perform the happy despatch. 'A Correspondent' of the *Times*,[21] criticising in a Special Article the Report of the Bar Council, writes:

'Popular feeling on the subject in the opinion of experienced persons of sound judgment'—a delightful synonym for the party whips—'makes the maintenance of the system inevitable. "They've

[20] Speech of the Lord Chancellor at Derby on the 9th of April, 1897, on the occasion of the opening of the new County Court buildings for that town, reported in the *Times* of the 10th of April.

[21] Aug. 26, 1897.

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taken away our gaol, my Lord, and if they take away our assizes, the Government that does it will never get another vote out of Presteign," said a leading solicitor of that pleasant village to a reforming Judge anxious to study local opinion; and though most Governments might not feel that particular threat contain any serious terror, the feeling which prompted it is too widespread to be neglected.'[22]

Whatever the true explanation may be, the fact remains that at least two-thirds of the minor business of the Queen's Bench Division has drifted to the County Courts, whither the Bar, as a body, have not followed it. Apart from the ordinary business which the County Courts were established to deal with, over and above the claims not exceeding 50*l.* which form the bulk of the normal business of the County Courts, there were, in 1895:—

Actions entered in the County Courts, by agreement between the parties for amounts exceeding 50*l.*	1,262
Actions begun by writ in the High Court, but remitted to the County Courts	1,510
Actions under the Employers' Liability Act	550
Total	3,322

to say nothing of the work under the Bankruptcy and other supplemental jurisdictions. Is it really probable that the public who have enjoyed the experience of having cases of this kind tried swiftly and cheaply on the spot will, under any practicable reform of the centralised procedure of the Queen's Bench Division, consent to be led back to its fold? Nay, is it in the public interest expedient that they should do so? And, if not, is there not another remedy for the evils complained of in the interest of the Bar? If the mountain 'will not come to Mahomet, why should not Mahomet go to the mountain?'

If it be said that this litigation is carried on in remote localities, where it would be impracticable, if not impossible, for the central Bar to follow it, surely that difficulty might easily be met. The very machinery is at hand. In the year 1876 District Registries of the High Court of Justice were established in 86 populous centres throughout England and Wales, and were annexed to the County Courts in those places by the appointment of the County Court Registrar to the office of District Registrar of the High Court, *ex*

[22] It is only fair to add the following remark of the same acute observer, which puts the argument upon somewhat higher ground: 'It is a commonplace observation that the administration of justice must not only be sound, but ought to be popular, and, letting alone the visits of Judges to such centres as Manchester, Birmingham, and Cardiff, there can be no doubt that the general confidence which Her Majesty's Judges happily enjoy is largely increased by their occasional presence at such places as Aylesbury, Oakham, and Beaumaris.' The Return of Civil Actions entered for trial at these three assize towns during the four assizes of 1895 is interesting. It is as follows:

	Winter Assizes	Spring Assizes	Summer Assizes	Autumn Assizes
Aylesbury	0	0	0	0
Oakham	0	0	0	0
Beaumaris	1	0	1	0

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officio. Does not this point to a solution? Let the 500 County Courts, with their original jurisdiction, their original and ancient designation, their officers and their Judges, remain exactly as they are. Let the litigation in respect of all claims not exceeding, say, 30*l.* be carried on locally and swiftly in those Courts, as at present. Give to them such increase of jurisdiction as may be deemed expedient—if, indeed, it is not large enough in all conscience as it is—but let the trial and disposal of all the heavier claims, of all the more important remitted actions, and of all matters under, say, the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1897, and the like, take place before the County Court Judge (unless the Judge shall otherwise direct) at *Special Sessions* to be held periodically at one or other of the larger and more accessible Court towns of each County Court Circuit, say at the Central Courts to which District Registries of the High Court are at present annexed. If the Common Law Bar should still scruple to attend such Courts as its members attend the Quarter Sessions of the Peace, that reluctance might possibly be overcome by changing the designation of the special courts from County Courts to 'County Civil Courts,' and by connecting them with the institution of 'County Criminal Courts' on the lines suggested by Sir Harry Poland, a measure already approved and recommended as 'desirable' by the General Council of the Bar. Such an arrangement, especially if it were accompanied by the right of exclusive audience enjoyed by the Bar at Quarter Sessions, would not only put an end to many anomalies, but would secure for the Judges of the local Courts the benefit of that continuous professional criticism which is sometimes so sorely needed. As the Lord Chancellor truly and wisely remarked in his recent address at Derby: 'The smaller the Courts, the less open they are to the light of public criticism, the more important it is they should be kept closely in touch with those persons who can take care that right is done, and the more important that the Judge, no less than the Judge of the High Court and the Lord Chancellor, should be constantly under the pressure of public criticism.'[23]

I have endeavoured in these few pages to show how for half a century the English County Courts have grown and prospered. As an institution absolutely demanded by the requirements of the people, and justified to the full by the test of time; as an instrument for extending civil justice throughout the land and placing millions under the protection of the law, from which they would otherwise be excluded, the modern County Court system must be deemed a legis-

[23] Speech of Lord Halsbury at Derby, *ubi supra.* See also the *Times* leading article of the 19th of February, 1879: 'It is found that a good Judge is much improved by a good Bar. He profits by sharp critics and learned counsellors, and this whetstone many a County Court Judge lacks. If he is left to himself, or if his equals do not practise before him, he too often is apt to become arbitrary or slovenly.'

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lative triumph and a lasting memorial of the genius and foresight of its founder. I may therefore be forgiven if I quote once more from Brougham's great speech of 1828, although the rhetoric of that day has gone rather out of fashion, and the style is hardly suited to this less imaginative age: 'It was the boast of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. . . . How much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say he found Law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it an open letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor!' Without presuming to restrict Brougham's brilliant eulogium to the branch of Law Reform of which alone this article pretends to treat, it may fairly and in soberness be claimed that the ancient County Courts of England have, in their modern development, kept pace and touch with the progress of the Victorian period, while, within the limits of their jurisdiction and to an extent not always fully recognised, they have met the demands and supplied the needs of an orderly and busy people.

T. W. Snagge.

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CONSUMPTION IN CATTLE CONVEYABLE TO MAN

It is not generally understood that the cattle disease known as tuberculosis is identical with consumption in man. To the million the importance of this fact will not appeal, but the thinking members of the community cannot dismiss it without considering its great significance. It is estimated by those whose position best enables them to judge—some of the leading veterinarians of the world—that twenty per cent. of our cattle are affected with the disease, milking cows which are housed, and especially those in thickly populated places, showing a much higher proportion. Consumption is a specific disease which has unhappily made its mark in almost every family in the land. It is caused by the organism known as Koch's bacillus, and is communicable through the medium of this organism from animal to animal and from animal to man. Further than this, it may be acquired by man by the consumption of meat—especially beef—and milk, the produce of affected beasts. It may now be asked whether the consumer is content to run the undoubted risk to which he is exposed, or whether he is content to eat the meat of tuberculous cattle or drink the milk of consumptive cows without himself taking any precautions or requiring the Government to do so. When the bacilli establish themselves in the animal—as they do in the cow, the horse, and the pig in particular—the formation of nodular growths or tubercle follows. The danger to life chiefly depends, however, upon whether a vital organ is affected, or whether the bacillus confines itself to the muscular tissue; but it also depends upon the relative susceptibility of the animal, its condition, and its environment. A badly affected beast speedily loses flesh, but while an animal intended for the butcher is, when the disease is suspected, pushed on by richer feeding and slaughtered early, a cow is usually milked as long as milk can be extracted from her.

Those who are acquainted with the terrible nature of consumption—and who is not?—will naturally shrink from the prospect of consuming the produce of consumptive cattle; yet it is fair to remark that although a beast may be diseased, the affected parts may

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be but slightly tuberculous, while the important organs of the body may be perfectly healthy. In the majority of existing cases the disease is in an early stage, and it is consequently unrecognised by the expert; nor is it, as a rule, understood in its chronic stages by farmers, who, while appreciating the hopelessness of each case, shrink from inflicting upon themselves losses which they know they must one day sustain; and so it is that the milk is placed upon the market. If the percentage of consumptive cows is what it is believed to be, there must be diseased animals in almost every herd. It is, however, believed by many authorities that Koch's bacillus is present only in milk drawn from an infected udder, and consequently that there is no actual danger to the consumer of the milk of a cow affected with the disease in any other part of the body. We shall, however, show that there may be tubercle in an apparently healthy udder, and that in consequence the milk drawn from it is sold; and further that an udder may be diseased and the milk utilised while it is undergoing treatment for some other malady. A large proportion, practically the whole, of the milk retailed in our great cities is the mixed milk of many cattle, sometimes of many herds; it follows, therefore, that the whole of the milk of one retailer may sometimes be infected, and that his customers as a body may consume a fluid containing the dreaded seed of consumption, the tubercle bacillus. To their credit be it said, there are, in London at least, some large milk retailing companies and firms—whom it might be considered invidious to mention—who recognise the vast importance of the subject by taking the precaution to inspect the herds from which their clients supply them with milk; it is also true that consumers can protect themselves by boiling their milk and well cooking their meat.

Consumption cannot be acquired without the presence of the tubercle bacillus—that has been proved by experiment—and therefore unless the organism enters the system in a living state it is not dangerous to health. It can only be developed by constant heat, at a temperature such as that of the animal body; but it is also destroyed by heat, although at a much more elevated degree. If a calf draw its milk from a tuberculous udder it contracts tuberculosis, but if it is fed with the previously boiled milk of the same cow it remains healthy. It must not, however, be assumed that the milk of a badly diseased cow is otherwise normal; on the contrary, its quality is often abnormally poor, and unsuited as a food either to the calf or the child.

Is Consumption Hereditary?

The opportunities of determining this point in the human being have never been so marked as in the case of cattle. If a calf born of a tuberculous parent is also tuberculous, there should be no difficulty, as Professor McFadyean has shown, in proving the fact by finding

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evidence of the disease in calves killed on the day of their birth or soon after; and since it is probable, in his opinion, that of the calves bred in this country one in every four had a tuberculous parent there can be no lack of opportunity to settle the matter in this way. As Nocard has shown, calves born with tubercle are extremely rare, and he and other highly skilled veterinarians, who are pursuing the subject with great pertinacity, have failed to find many cases in continental countries, in spite of the large number of examinations which they have made. In this country we find only one recorded case. It has been shown, too, in accordance with the statistics obtained in other European countries, that of all the calves slaughtered under official inspection not more than one in ten thousand of those under a month old are tuberculous.

Bolitz has compiled a table in relation to the post-mortem examinations of the bodies of 2,576 children who died in Kiel during the years 1873 to 1889; of these 424, or 16·4 per cent. of the whole, were cases of consumption. Up to the age of four weeks there were no deaths owing to tuberculosis; the deaths between five and ten weeks were 0·9 per cent.; from three to five months, 8·6 per cent.; from six to twelve months, 18·3 per cent.; from one to two years, 26·8 per cent.; from two to three years, 33 per cent.; from three to four years, 29·6 per cent.; from four to five years, 31·8 per cent.; from five to ten years, 34·3 per cent.; and from ten to fifteen years, 30·1 per cent. It has, however, been suggested that the bacilli remain dormant in the body after birth; but in answer to this investigators have shown that when, in the course of experiment, they are introduced into the bodies of calves the formation of tubercle rapidly follows. It is now accepted as tolerably conclusive that the bacillus enters the system of the healthy animal which it infects, indirectly, and must have proceeded from the body of a diseased animal. A diseased cow, therefore, is not only dangerous to its neighbour but a centre of general infection, propagating as it does, in advanced cases, the terrible germ which it excretes from the lungs, the kidneys, the bowels, or the udder, in accordance with the position or seat of the disease. It has been shown that danger from infection is immensely increased when the environment of the animal is favourable to the increase of the bacillus and to the maintenance of its life when exposed to the air. Warm, badly ventilated stables from which the light is excluded are in many parts of this and other countries still believed to be conducive to the production of milk, but of all places they are to be dreaded the most. Much of the germ-laden matter which passes from a diseased animal dries and becomes dust, which, when suspended in the air, is inhaled both by man and beast. Where either one or the other is subjected to this vitiated atmosphere for any lengthened period the risk is considerable, and in a high percentage of cases, so far as cattle, about which more

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facts are known, are concerned, disease is the consequence. It is not suggested that infection follows upon mere contact, but that so far as cows are concerned it is the result of continuously inhaling the bacilli. It is for this reason that so much attention should be paid to ventilation, to the frequent and thorough use of cleansing materials, and to the admission of sunlight—for, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, the germs of this tuberculosis have no enemy so powerful and so completely destructive.

In 1895 the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis, which has been reappointed by the present Government, issued a report in which it was shown in evidence: (1) that as regards food-producing animals consumption is most commonly found in cattle and pigs, and much more frequently in cows which are confined in sheds; (2) that healthy animals can acquire the disease from tuberculous animals; (3) that consumption in man is probably acquired from animal food in an appreciable degree; (4) that milk containing tuberculous matter is responsible in a larger degree than the meat of a tuberculous animal for disease in man which is derived from the consumption of animal food; (5) that tubercle bacilli are extremely active in the case of animals fed upon the milk in which they are present; (6) that although the disease may be communicated to man by the consumption of insufficiently cooked meat in which tubercle is present, a large portion of the meat of diseased cattle may be consumed without risk if it is not contaminated by immediate contact with the diseased portion of the carcass, and if that portion is completely removed and destroyed; (7) that inasmuch as the consumption of unboiled or unsterilised milk is attended with some risk, all milk should be boiled, especially where it is consumed in large quantities.

At the Sanitary Congress of 1896 an important discussion took place upon the subject here discussed, with the result that suggestions were formulated and issued to the country; these suggestions were practically as follows:—

(1) That sanitary authorities should urge committees of hospitals, schools, asylums, workhouses, &c., to give preference to those farmers who supply milk from herds guaranteed free from tuberculosis by the tuberculin test.

(2) That the authorities should acquaint consumers through the medium of advertisements with the names of farmers who supply such milk.

(3) That the Government should test without charge the cattle of those farmers who are willing to dispose of the affected animals, and to buy others only after testing. All animals showing reaction to be branded, or slaughtered under the supervision of qualified inspectors.

(4) That public abattoirs be established in every district, and that their use be compulsory.

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(5) That butchers be compensated for condemned carcasses under certain conditions.

The Tuberculin Test

We are now in a position to ask whether it is not possible to adopt some means by which the disease, so far as it relates to cattle, may be reduced, if it is not possible to exterminate it altogether. Reference has been made to the tuberculin test; that test it is necessary to briefly describe, inasmuch as it affords the best known means of diagnosing the disease, and consequently of marking those animals which it is desirable to remove from contact with a herd and from which milk should not be drawn for sale. Tuberculin is a material which was first prepared and employed by Koch in his anti-tubercular treatment; he described it as a glycerine extract of pure cultivations of tubercle bacilli. In practice the lymph is injected into the system of a suspected animal; if tubercle is present reaction follows, the temperature subsequently falling.

Whole herds of cattle have been from time to time tested in this way with tuberculin, with the result that high percentages have been proclaimed diseased, although in many cases the animals were apparently healthy. In 1893 we were shown the herd at the experimental station of the University of Wisconsin; in some cases the animals were apparently in bad health. Later on consumption was suspected; they were consequently tested with tuberculin, and some twenty-eight out of thirty head were slaughtered, the bodies exhibiting on post-mortem the presence of tubercle. It has been urged by opponents of the system that the disease is communicated by the tuberculin; the injection is made, a rise of temperature follows, the animal is slaughtered, and behold! the bacillus is found—owing, of course, to the introduction of the lymph. Such is the argument, but it is not difficult to show that the injection of matter in which no bacilli are present cannot possibly communicate them to the beast. In its preparation tuberculin is subjected to sterilisation at a temperature of 230° F., and to subsequent evaporation at 205° F. for several hours.

Again, it has been insisted that an animal having once reacted does not react again upon subsequent inoculations. It has been shown by Roux and Nocard that, during their preparation of tuberculin, experiments were made upon a tuberculous cow, which was inoculated on forty occasions at intervals of a week, and that she reacted every time. Nocard himself made repeated injections in fifteen cases with intervals of from four to five days, and reaction invariably followed. The same authority tested the cattle in six herds during the years 1892 to 1895, and the cows living in the latter year reacted as they had done in the former.

Again, it has been claimed that reaction does not always follow the inoculation of diseased cattle; it is true that there is a small

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percentage of cases of this character in which subsequent investigation has shown that the lesions are insignificant and that the danger of infection is comparatively slight. Finally, it has been insisted that an injection of tuberculin gives the *coup de grâce* to a diseased cow. In reply to this Nocard—who is the chief veterinary authority in France, and who has perhaps had greater experience in this matter than any living man, Bang excepted—says that he has personally inoculated 3,500 animals, and that of these only three have died, and that in a few weeks, owing to the aggravation of their complaint; they were, however, in each case in an advanced state of disease, and the lymph, perhaps not unhappily, precipitated the final catastrophe. It is not necessary to conclude that because cattle which are under test react they will die; in the large majority of cases tubercle is present only in a minor degree, and few words are necessary to show that a knowledge of the existence of the danger must be of the greatest value to the owner as well as to the public, who, where official tests are made, are protected from being supplied with diseased meat or the milk of diseased cattle. When a herd is tested the animals which react are isolated, and in all but serious cases rapidly fed for the butcher; the milk they produce, with some exceptions, may be sterilised by boiling and employed for the purpose of feeding calves or swine. In the majority of cases it is possible that an official expert would permit of the use of the milk as food for human beings or for conversion into butter or cheese. The diseased animals having been removed, the stalls in which they have been fed are thoroughly disinfected, and every precaution taken to guard against the communication of the disease to the healthy beast; nevertheless these animals are tested at intervals of from three to six months until every sign of the disease has been removed. When fresh animals are introduced the tuberculin test is employed before they are admitted, and so it is that an owner can insure a herd free from consumption, and milk about which there need be no suspicion. At the present time the price paid to the farmer for milk is so low, especially in summer, when it realises only from 5*d.* to 6½*d.* a gallon net, that he is practically compelled to reduce his expenses for labour, with the result that less attention is paid to the cleanliness of the cattle, their houses, and the utensils employed for the manipulation of the milk than a matter of such momentous importance to the public health justifies. If the consuming public were in a position to see the conditions under which milking is performed on thousands of farms by men with unwashed hands, on dark winter mornings, just as the cattle rise with manure-soiled udders from their beds, in dark, close, and badly drained houses, they would exercise greater precaution in the selection of their milkmen. These conditions, which of themselves are sufficiently disgusting, are precisely those in which the germs of such diseases as consumption multiply with the greatest rapidity.

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American Practice

In the State of Massachusetts the deaths from consumption have fallen in the past ten years from 31·6 to 22·7 per thousand persons. In this State the Board of Agriculture have adopted a comprehensive scheme of purifying the herds of cattle owned by farmers by the adoption of the tuberculin test. In 1894, 39,000 animals were examined, while under a later order of that year 3,295 animals were tested in a month, with the result that 810, or about 24·58 per cent., were found to be tuberculous. In the State of New York 30,000 cattle had been tested up to the end of 1895. In New Jersey a law was passed to enforce inspection and provide for the payment of three-quarters of the value of condemned beasts. One of the earliest tests was at the State farm, where twenty-four animals out of forty-one were found to be tuberculous. In most of the American States in which the inspection and testing of cattle is required by law, farmers are paid in accordance with the regulations, which sometimes permit of the payment of full value. Professor Law, an Englishman holding the highest position as a veterinarian in the United States, has found a maximum of 98 per cent. and a minimum of 5 per cent. of the animals in New York State diseased.

How is the Milk Infected?

In connection with the infection of our milk supply, it has been laid down by several authorities that there is no danger of the communication of the tubercle bacilli to the milk of diseased cattle unless the udder is affected, but it is possible that the udder of a cow may be diseased although there may be no perceptible evidence of the fact. The following cases are quoted in connection with this point. A large, handsome, and apparently healthy cow, for which a high price had been refused, was condemned after having been tested with tuberculin; a post-mortem was made by two experts under the direct scrutiny of medical men from the Brooklyn Hospital and of an eminent veterinarian who was employed in the owner's interest. The only sign of disease was in the udder, where nothing had been suspected, and here, although the congestion of the tissues was not sufficient to enable an expert to detect the presence of the disease, there was an incipient formation about the size of an egg, the yellow serum from which mingled with the still warm milk which oozed from the udder as it was cut in halves. In another case, a cow which had recently calved was condemned by the Commissioners, although presenting a fine healthy appearance; the calf, which was fed upon her milk before her slaughter, developed a well-known form of diarrhœa, which was checked immediately its food was changed. The post-mortem showed a perfectly healthy body, but an udder which was described by a

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member of the Commission as being completely rotten; and that there might be no mistake as to the disease it was forwarded to Harvard University for examination.

Is it, however, a fact that milk from tuberculous cows, in which the udder is not affected, is perfectly free from danger? Professor Ernst, among other experiments, selected thirty-six cows for examination, and in the milk of twelve of these he discovered the tubercle bacillus. The whole of the animals being tuberculous, he conducted three series of experiments with their milk. In the first series he inoculated a number of guinea-pigs with the milk of fifteen of the cows; the disease was produced by the milk of six, twelve only of the guinea-pigs being infected. In the second series he inoculated ninety rabbits with the milk of nineteen cows, and of these six were infected with the milk of four cows. In the third series forty-eight rabbits were inoculated with the milk of five cows, and two were infected with the disease from the milk of one animal. There was no perceptible disease of the udder in any one case, but it is evident that the milk contained the bacilli, and that it was consequently unsafe to use for consumption. Professor Theobald Smith, of the United States Department of Agriculture, lays it down that milk is free from tubercle bacilli in the earlier stages of the disease if the udder is healthy, but he adds that in more advanced stages, even though the udder be normal, the milk may contain the germs, and if the disease has become generalised there are indications that at some time or other the bacilli passed into the milk, the passage being revealed by the post-mortem by disease of the glands of the udder; this passage, however, he believes to be temporary, perhaps lasting only a day before the bacilli are filtered out into the lymphatic system. Although tuberculous udders are rare, it has been stated on authority—that of Dr. Ridge—that cases are as high as 3 per cent. in Pennsylvania, while another authority, Dr. Burr, quotes twelve instances out of 300 cases of consumption in cattle. Whether consumers who acquire the disease from milk are infected through the medium of the udder is, perhaps, not of much moment to them; that it should be possible for milk produced by a diseased cow to be sold is in itself surprising, especially at a time when such great efforts are being made in other directions in the interest of the public health; but that it should be possible for the public to be supplied with milk from a diseased udder is a disgrace to our modern civilisation. That people are infected, children in particular, directly from the consumption of milk is no longer a matter of doubt. The Massachusetts Department of Agriculture publishes details of numerous instances which they have recorded, and Dr. Ernst, in relation to these cases, concludes in his report to the Department: 'First and emphatically that the milk from cows affected with tuberculosis in any part of the body may contain the virus of the disease. Second, that there is no

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ground for the assertion that there must be a lesion of the udder before the milk can contain the infection of tuberculosis. Third, that, on the contrary, the bacilli of tuberculosis are present, but with no discoverable udder lesions.' The United States Bureau of Animal Industry reports a case of the inoculation of three guinea-pigs with milk of six tuberculous cows where the udder was not visibly diseased, with the result that disease was communicated in two cases; and the New York State Board of Health remark in a recent report that the milk of tuberculous cattle, which are extensively distributed through the dairies, is bad, and in many cases, though not acting perniciously upon all who partake of it, is still sufficiently dangerous to warrant as earnest precautions and as effective prophylactic measures as in the case of small-pox, typhoid, and cholera.

Danish Precautions

The Danish Government have for some time adopted measures for the protection of the cattle of Danish farmers, and Dr. Bang, a veterinarian of the highest rank in Europe, has had charge of the work since its commencement in 1891. He declares that tuberculin is of great value as an aid to diagnosis, although it is not infallible, sometimes failing altogether and furnishing no guide as to the extent of the disease. Dr. Bang's work covers the testing of 54,000 animals, and he has found that when the tuberculin test is properly conducted it is not injurious unless to animals which are in an advanced stage of disease, but that it may have a curative effect in mild cases. He has found that the disease may be present in a cow and remain latent for years, exerting no influence either upon her health or her milk-producing powers; the tubercles may be so small as to escape observation, they may remain absolutely localised, or the animal may regain perfect health. He believes that the use of milk from affected udders is dangerous, and that if such milk is mixed in a butter factory or creamery with other milk, it may affect the whole and convey disease to calves which are fed on the skimmed milk. In order to carry on an effective crusade against the disease, Dr. Bang has applied the tuberculin test, subsequently separating the animals which react from those which do not. Sick animals are slaughtered, either immediately or after being rapidly fattened. Calves are reared, by his direction, only from cows which are healthy, or which, having reacted, are but slightly diseased. Care is taken that the calves are not fed with infected milk, that the cattle houses are thoroughly ventilated and the rays of the sun admitted, and the animals which have not reacted after inoculation are tested twice yearly. The number of cattle which have reacted out of the 54,000 tests made varied from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent., in accordance with the district, and averaged 39 per cent.; whereas out of 132,000 animals slaughtered in the public

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abattoirs of Copenhagen a little less than 18 per cent. were tuberculous.

We are told by Professor McFadyean, of the Royal Veterinary College, that if an attempt were made to carry into execution here a law similar to that proposed in France, the expense during the first year would certainly amount to 200,000*l.* A proposition of this kind would probably fail to receive the support of the Government, in spite of the fact that the losses to agriculture are enormously greater than this sum represents. Professor Wright, of Glasgow, has estimated that the annual loss to Scotch farmers from tuberculosis amounts to 440,000*l.* per annum. There is, however, no reason why the principle of the Danish system should not be adopted. In accordance with the law of 1893, the Danish Government supplies tuberculin gratuitously and pays the fees of veterinary surgeons employed in carrying out the test, upon certain conditions which must be observed by the owners of the cattle—these conditions having special relation to isolation, to infection, to the employment of the milk, and to the rearing of calves. Upon one Danish farm where Professor Bang has carried out the Danish regulations for three years, 131 animals were found to be diseased, against only 77 which were healthy. During this period all the calves born of the diseased cows, with two exceptions, have been reared in health, and, therefore, there is every reason to suppose that such a measure, carried out during a moderate period of time, would have the effect of placing the herds of English farmers in a healthy and satisfactory condition.

We have not only had the advantage of discussing this subject with Dr. Bang during the past summer, but of seeing how his system is carried out upon Danish farms. Upon one of these farms an extensive herd has been tested with tuberculin, the owner, Count Wedell, informing us that, in spite of the large number of cattle which reacted, and which were stalled in a separate house, he had no doubt about securing a clean bill of health, systematic and periodical inoculation of the animals which have not previously reacted being the one essential feature of the system. Dr. Bang, who has recently been interviewed by the members of the Royal Commission, who travelled to Denmark to inspect his work, is a modest, intellectual man, with the fullest confidence in tuberculin, a confidence which is warranted by the great results he has achieved by its aid. He is astounded at our British apathy in the presence of so deadly an enemy, and while admitting the cost and the time necessary to deal effectively with the disease, he thinks that it is unworthy of so great an agricultural people, looking at it fairly from this side of the question. It must be admitted that Great Britain is almost the only nation which has done nothing but appoint a Commission, a practice which often results in the indefinite postponing of legislation.

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Public Abattoirs Necessary

Apart from the question of milk, however, we have to consider the question of meat, and here, as we endeavoured to show in evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords, we might again follow the Danish system with advantage. In Copenhagen every animal is branded after slaughter upon various parts of the carcass, and the brand is exposed in the butchers' shops to the public, who, in consequence, recognise that the meat has been passed by the official inspectors as fit for human food. In England the task of replacing private slaughter houses by public abattoirs can only be carried out by degrees, but it is nevertheless important that they should be established. In France carcasses are seized when tuberculous lesions are present and accompanied by leanness, when tubercles exist in the muscles, or when there are lesions of importance upon the organs of the thorax or abdomen. Tuberculous lesions which are localised or but slight do not subject a carcass to seizure, although those portions which are directly in contact with the affected parts are removed and destroyed. In accordance with abattoir statistics, it has been shown that in Berlin 12 per cent. of the cattle slaughtered are tuberculous; in Dresden, 14·4 per cent.; in Upper Silesia, 9·5 per cent.; in Durham, 18·7 per cent.; and in Mid-Lothian, 20 per cent. It has also been estimated that 22 per cent. of the cattle slaughtered in New York and 25 per cent. of those slaughtered in London are diseased.

In no English city is better work done in the control of food than in Manchester; nevertheless in 1894 72 entire carcasses of cattle were condemned in consequence of their being badly affected with tuberculosis. In 1895 the number rose to 98, and in 1896 to 108. Where the disease was localised, portions only of each carcass were condemned, and these are not included in the figures. The whole of these animals were apparently healthy and purchased in the public market. The chief Veterinary Inspector of the city recently made a special examination of 398 animals, with the object of ascertaining, as far as possible, the relative percentage of affected cases in each sex. He found in all 111 tuberculous, of which 96 were cows and heifers. Of these 37 were affected in the organs of the abdomen only, and 29 in the organs of the thorax only, the remainder showing disease in both thorax and abdomen. Of the 398 animals examined 168 were cows; of these 56 came from local cow-sheds, while 112 were Welsh, Irish, and Scotch, purchased in local markets. Of the 56 cows no less than 69 *per cent. were diseased,* and of the 112 cows, 28 per cent. were diseased. Such are the cattle which supply the milk for our tables. At the request of a local farmer the Inspector examined a small herd of 18 cattle, and concluded that 17 were diseased. Thirteen of these were slaughtered, and the disease was found in 11 of the

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carcases, the udder being tuberculous in four. In one of these cases, twin calves having fed upon the milk, they were slaughtered at only five days old, and also found to be diseased. In one of the cows, in which no tubercular lesions were found, there was a diseased condition of the lungs of a parasitic character. In another instance two cows were examined by the request of the Medical Officer of Health, with the result that, reaction following inoculation with tuberculin, they were accordingly slaughtered, and in each case *tubercle was found in the udder.*

The Remedy

What form the next Report of the Royal Commission will take we must wait to see, but it will assuredly more than confirm the now general belief that tuberculosis is not only a terrible scourge to the farmer, but a growing danger to human life—a danger which published evidence alone shows to be real and deadly. What is the solution of the problem so far as cattle are concerned? There is:—

(1) Systematic inspection and slaughter of all diseased animals.

(2) Inoculation with tuberculin and slaughter, followed by payment of the appraised value of every animal slaughtered.

(3) Gratuitous inspection, inoculation, and advice, by Government officials, and general encouragement to isolate and periodically test the apparently healthy animals, fattening and selling off those which react until a herd is free.

To the first suggestion farmers would not submit. Slaughter, however, is an essential feature of any scheme, even though it be applied only to the worst cases, but it should be accompanied by compensation, especially at the hands of a Government which so justly recognises rights in property. A dairy farmer whose herd was condemned might be ruined under other conditions, losing his cattle and his custom at a blow. It should not, however, be possible for a farmer to regard compensation as a source of profit, and yet payment should be sufficiently liberal to secure his co-operation, without which no scheme could succeed. Under existing conditions the disease is concealed where it is known to exist, but were loss prevented by a well-considered law it would be disclosed, and united efforts made to eradicate it and to protect the public, who should be more willing to pay in such a cause than to add an additional ironclad to the navy. It is not improbable that more lives are annually lost through the consumption of tuberculous milk than would be occasioned by war with a first-class Power. We do not ignore the fact that compensation might induce the unscrupulous to take less care of their stock, and even to buy diseased animals for re-sale to the State; nor is it impossible that farmers might rely upon the belief that their cattle were practically insured by the Government. These objections are, however, trivial when contrasted with the enormous issues which

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are involved. The fact remains that in almost all herds which are examined the animals condemned are apparently in good health, and that in consequence no suspicion has been aroused. It is a stealthy foe which we have to encounter.

In conclusion, it may safely be asserted that while consumption is the most terrible and costly of the diseases to which humanity is heir, it is the most general and exacting of those maladies which affect the live stock of the farm. Remembering, therefore, the daily contact which exists between man and cattle, the fact that they provide him with a considerable portion of his daily food, and that the law responsible for the public health is, in relation to this disease, as impotent as if we were an uncivilised people, it must be admitted that there is a pressing and powerful case for the intervention of Parliament.

JAMES LONG.

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WANTED:

A ROWTON HOUSE FOR CLERKS

THE gratifying success which has attended the efforts of Lord Rowton and those associated with him to provide cheap and comfortable lodgings for single men of the working class, has once again directed attention to the great need which exists for a similar effort in the interests of a still more deserving section of the population of London, viz. the clerk class.

In this class must be included not only commercial clerks, but also town travellers, bank clerks, Post Office and Civil Service officials of the lower grades, students, and shop assistants who board out. There are no statistics obtainable which would show, even approximately, the number of such persons employed in the metropolis, but it is obvious that there must be enough of them to fill several institutions such as Rowton House.

According to the census of 1881 the number of commercial clerks in London was 58,278, and in 1891 this number had increased to 71,387, distributed as follows:—West London, 10,569; East, 6,684; North, 21,874; South, 28,922. This distribution indicates the locality of residence and not of employment. The fact that there are nearly 29,000 resident in South, and only 3,338 in Central London is explained by the difference between the two places in the cost of living. As the industrial, commercial, and financial enterprise of London expands the number of clerks must increase relatively. And such increase will always be greatest in the lower ranks, where remuneration is least.

In the clerk class are many men who receive large salaries; salaries, that is to say, which run from 200*l.* to 2,000*l.* per annum. But the number of these compared with the whole is only an insignificant fraction. If statistics were obtainable it would probably be found that of the great army of clerks some nineteen-twentieths receive salaries of two guineas weekly, and under. We may take as typical the young man who earns thirty shillings per week, and is without a home, or other resources, in London. And further, it must be understood that by 'clerk class' we mean all who have risen to,

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or who have not fallen below, the standard indicated by the orthodox black coat and clean collar.

Where and how do these men live?

They cannot go to institutions such as Rowton House. Members of the clerk class, however poor, will not associate with 'dossers,' nor is it reasonable to expect them to do so. It has been stated publicly that they do go. Emphatically they do not. The better paid among them find tolerably comfortable quarters in boarding houses in Bloomsbury, Kensington, or Bayswater. But as the charges in these places vary, speaking generally, from thirty to fifty shillings per week, they are quite beyond the means of the average clerk.

This unhappy individual, then, is obliged to do one of two things. Either he must go into a remote suburb or he must be content with a bedroom in some poverty-stricken neighbourhood. As a rule he decides in favour of the suburbs. His choice is determined by many considerations, but chiefly by the season and the locality in which his work lies. Rents are much lower in the suburbs, though what is gained in this way is usually lost in tram, rail, or bus fares. Sometimes he is fortunate enough to find a home with some private family. But luck of this kind is quite exceptional. Private families seldom take in a lodger unless prompted to do so under stress of pecuniary considerations. Then they are apt to take him in in the slang as well as in the literal sense of the words.

Hence the clerk, in almost every case, finds himself driven back upon the professional lodging-house keepers or letters of apartments. In general these persons are the incapables of every other calling, and they live in a condition of chronic impecuniosity. They embark in their business with little or no capital. They take some ramshackle old house the lease of which has nearly run out. From an accommodating broker they procure a few 'sticks' of furniture on the hire system. Then they put a card in the window with the announcement 'Comfortable apartments to let.' So the trap is baited.

In some such place stern necessity compels the clerk to 'hang out.' Singly, or in company with a friend, he hires a room. In the cheapest places the rent of a single room is about 5*s.* to 8*s.*; that of a double one 7*s.* to 10*s.* Meals, washing, boot-cleaning, fire and light are extras. Herein the landlady finds her opportunities. In drawing up the weekly account she gives the rein to her subtle ingenuity. She minutely analyses the bill, spreads it out into a large number of small items, and adroitly adds a profit of ten, twenty, or even fifty per cent. to each. One hundred per cent. on coal is a common form of extortion. For the nastiest food the highest prices are charged. Unsolicited 'cheek' is substituted for well-paid attendance. There is dirt everywhere. The dirtiness of the cheaper class of London lodging-houses, of those who keep them, and of their servants is appalling. The cumulative increase of the landlady's dirt is the only

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thing which equals the cumulative increase of her extortionate charges. Jeremiah must have been thinking of early years spent in lodgings when he declared that 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'

In such places the life of the clerk is as wretched as it can be. From the miseries of the cheap lodging-house he flies to the doubtful distractions of the public-house, the cheap play-house, or the night club. Thus many a promising career has been ruined.

Something should be done to meet the want here indicated. The clerk class has a first claim on the social reformer and the philanthropist. Its members are notoriously over-worked and under-paid. They are, admittedly, the worst paid section of the community. All the drudgery and but little of the rewards of commercial enterprise fall to their lot. Too peaceful to form unions and commit assaults; too orderly to assemble on Tower Hill and threaten riots; too sensitive and self-respecting to mouth out their grievances in Trafalgar Square or Hyde Park, the clerks of the metropolis have been driven by force of competition and the greed of many callous employers to the extremes of poverty. Though their pay is lower than that of the lowest class of artisans they are nevertheless expected to live well, to dress trimly, and generally to bear themselves as gentlemen.

Go into the cheap coffee-houses in the City and its environs and note the appearance of the young men who patronise them. The sort of life they are forced to live is proclaimed in the shiny black coat, the frayed collar, the shabby cuffs, and, above all, in the pale, haggard, 'washed-out' look on their faces. From the miseries of lodgings they sometimes seek relief in matrimony, only to find very frequently that their last state is worse than their first. The perpetual struggle to make ends meet and to reconcile gentility with poverty is heart-breaking. And it is the more bitter because it is concealed. In short, their privations are past finding out. The day labourer on fifteen shillings a week has more pleasure in existence than the clerk who gets thirty. Yet the clerks are, so to say, the machinery by which the industrial, commercial, and financial activity and progress of London are maintained. They have done, and they are doing, their full share of the work which has made it and keeps it the first city in the world.

Manifestly then the clerk has claims of great strength and of a high order on the general community, and especially on those whom it is the fashion to call our merchant princes.

Again and again the question as to the best means of providing residential clubs for young men of good education and limited means who are employed as clerks in London has been brought before the public. In 1883 a meeting was held at the Mansion House, and was presided over by the Lord Mayor, in order to discuss the subject. Later, a second meeting was held in the same place, and was addressed

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by the Duke of Westminster, who declared that the need for residential clubs was 'a crying one.' In other quarters the question has from time to time been mooted. But up to the present, barring a single effort, nothing has been done. Philanthropists have been held back by a fear that residential clubs could not be made self-supporting, and for some years the subject has been lost sight of. Quite recently the success which has attended the Rowton Houses has brought it to the front once more. And now that Lord Rowton has shown what can be accomplished by bold and wise expenditure, the way is clear for a great and beneficent experiment in this direction.

Recently a syndicate was formed for the purpose of carrying out some experiment of the kind. Negotiations were entered into for the acquisition of a site near Primrose Hill. But after a time these fell through, and for the present the design is suspended. This result is scarcely to be regretted because inquiry shows that the scheme was purely speculative, was of the residential hotel order, and on quite too small a scale to be of the slightest benefit to the clerk class. It was reported some time ago that certain gentlemen connected with the Y.M.C.A., Exeter Hall, were about to take the matter in hand. If so, one should earnestly hope that their scheme will be conceived in no narrow spirit, nor carried out on any other than a comprehensive plan.

The single effort to which reference has been made produced the Hampden House Residential Club, which is situated in Phœnix Street, just behind St. Pancras railway station. This institution was founded by the late Mr. Eccleston Gibb in 1884. It was at first very small, but from time to time additions have been made until at present it contains accommodation for 200 boarders. Viscount Hampden was its first president—hence the name. The manager says it is generally full all the year round, and it is understood that the income at present is sufficient to pay a dividend on the capital.

In its own way, and so far as its capacity goes, Hampden House has been very beneficial. But it has many drawbacks. The locality in which it stands is quite unsuitable. Having been put up piecemeal, the arrangement of the rooms is not by any means the best. There is no method of heating them except by fires, and the smaller ones, which are practically cubicles, have no fireplaces. But the chief fault lies in the fact that the house is far too small. Instead of 200 rooms it ought to contain 600. Owing to the paucity of numbers there is no profit, if, indeed, there is not actually a loss, in the catering department.

Every resident is a member of the club, and for this the fee is one guinea per annum. This fee entitles the member to the free use of all the public rooms—dining, drawing, and students' rooms—bath-room, asphalt tennis court, and gymnasium. Meals are served in the

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restaurant at all reasonable hours and at moderate charges—that is to say, charges which are a trifle lower than those of the average restaurant. Alcoholic beverages are supplied, but there is no bar, and drinking is discouraged. There is a Masonic Lodge in connection with the club, and the members form among themselves social organisations such as musical, literary, debating and athletic societies. The charge for a bedroom varies from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 13*s.* per week, according to size and style of furnishing. The cheaper rooms are small, without fireplaces, and are, as already stated, practically cubicles. The total inclusive cost of living in the club is about 30*s.* per week, but a severe economist might reduce this to 25*s.* The bath-rooms are free, rules are by no means stringent, and the whole building is lighted by electricity. The residents split up into sections, those consorting together who have tastes in common.

As may readily be gathered from the foregoing statements, the charges at Hampden House are beyond the means of the average clerk. The question therefore arises: Can the same comforts be provided for less money? Those who have carefully inquired into this question, and have studied the working of Rowton House, will have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative.

Hampden House, as we have said, is far too small. The secret of success in co-operation, as all know by this time, lies in numbers. It is in dealing with large numbers and large quantities that the nimble penny makes its omnipotence felt. Every one who has experience of boarding-houses knows that the best terms and accommodation are always obtainable at those houses which are largest and contain the greatest number of residents. Rowton House, with its 677 bedrooms, is a splendid success, while the L.C.C. lodging-house near Drury Lane is a comparative failure, owing to the small number of lodgers it can shelter.

Moreover, it appears on inquiry that in certain central districts of London, boarding-houses containing ten to fifteen rooms can be made self-supporting, and to return their proprietors a profit at a weekly charge per resident of 25*s.* to 30*s.* There are several in which the boarders are mainly ladies who only pay one guinea per week. For this charge they get a bedroom and full meals.

These houses are centrally situated, and they pay. Generally, however, the charge for a bedroom with full board in the three districts named—Kensington, Bloomsbury, and Bayswater—is thirty shillings per week to two guineas. But nine-tenths of these houses have at least one-third of their rooms vacant all the year round, taking one week with another. Yet they yield a profit to those who manage them. A few fail; but where is the business of which this may not be said?

Having regard to these facts, and after careful reflection on all the information obtainable which bears on the question, it appears quite certain that in the case of a properly equipped and well-managed

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institution, designed after the fashion of Rowton House, a young man could be supplied with a comfortable bedroom and full board at a sum varying, according to the position and size of the room, from one guinea to thirty-five shillings. Let us consider.

In Rowton House, situated at the junction of Calthorpe Street with King's Cross Road, there are 677 cubicles. The building was opened to residents early in February last, and in the course of some three weeks following every bed was occupied. The charge for a room is 6*d.* per night, or 3*s.* 6*d.* per week. There is no other source of income. Yet from this source alone a revenue is derived which shows a most gratifying return on the outlay. Already another great house is about to throw open its doors at Newington Butts. This last is designed to accommodate about 800 persons.

Rowton House has been several times described. But in order that readers may understand the suggestions to be made presently, it is necessary to indicate here its general features.

Including basement, there are eight floors. In the basement the principal rooms are—kitchen, bath room, store rooms, lavatory, washing and drying room, tailor's and bootmaker's rooms, a room for lockers for holding lodgers' goods, and a shaving and hair-cutting room. On the next or ground floor there are large dining, reading, and smoking rooms, superintendent's room, and shop where food may be purchased. The six succeeding stories are occupied by bedrooms. The building is rectangular, and occupies four sides of a square. The cubicles are in long rows right and left of a central passage running along the middle of each floor. Each cubicle or bedroom has a separate window, and contains a chair, a shelf, and pegs on which to hang clothes. The beds are of woven wire and horsehair mattresses, and have the usual allowance of linen and blankets. Sheets are changed once weekly free of charge, and an extra pair can be procured at any time on payment of 2*d.* A hot bath with soap and towels costs a penny; foot baths are provided without charge. Such, in a few words, is one of the most admirable, successful, and truly philanthropic enterprises of modern times.

For the clerk class something different from and much more homely and comfortable than Rowton House must be provided—that is, if any steps at all are taken in the matter. But the general idea should be followed, and the only question of importance is this: Will the larger sum which members of this class can afford to spend, as compared with the 'dossers,' be sufficient to pay a fair interest on the increased outlay? Again, a thoughtful consideration of all the factors in the problem suggests an affirmative answer.

Let us suppose that it is intended to erect such a building. The first question is as to site. No doubt in time we shall have Clerks' Homes springing up in several districts of London. But for the initial experiment a central site should be selected. Somewhere

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immediately north or south of Holborn and New Oxford Street, not farther west than Tottenham Court Road, nor farther east than Gray's Inn Road, a site should be procured. If approached by the right persons, his Grace the Duke of Bedford would undoubtedly be found willing to facilitate the acquisition of a site on favourable terms.

Assuming the site to have been obtained, what should be the arrangements and style of the building? First of all, it should contain at least 500 rooms; 600 would be better still. Allowing for the greater size of the rooms, such a building would be as large as, probably somewhat larger than, Rowton House. Beginning with the basement floor, this should contain a large kitchen where meals for all the residents could be cooked. In connection with this, there would have to be the usual adjuncts, such as pantry, &c. The space not taken up by these rooms might be devoted either to a series of bath rooms or a gymnasium—both, if possible; but bath rooms certainly. On the ground floor there should be provided a large restaurant or dining hall for residents, with a separate department open to the public. There should also be on this floor drawing room, reading room, smoking room, and a students' room for quiet study, provided with tables for writing, and lockers for students' books and papers. All these rooms should be furnished in a comfortable but plain and simple fashion. Passages and corridors should be laid with linoleum; the floors of the rooms should have carpets. Then, assuming there are six floors above the ground floor, and that 600 residents are to be accommodated, there might be on the first two floors eighty bedrooms, each built in the ordinary way, with fire-places, and furnished nicely. These would readily let at 12*s.* per week. On the next two floors there might be 100 bedrooms, each built in pretty much the same way, but smaller, and without fire-places; these to be let at, say, 8*s.* per week. On each of the last two stories there might be 120 rooms constructed on the cubicle system and let at, say, 5*s.* per week. The smallest of the rooms should be large enough to contain, besides bed, a chair, a trunk, a small plain deal wardrobe with two drawers in the bottom for linen, and a table, with movable mirror, which could be used alternately as writing table and dressing table. In one of the angles of each room near the window there should be a fixed metal enamelled washstand with tip basin and hot and cold water taps. This would render unnecessary the customary washstand, and it would be convenient and easily kept clean. It would save the drudgery of carrying water to the rooms, and also the loss arising from breakage of jugs and basins. If the floors were properly constructed of polished pitch pine or oak, carpets would be unnecessary. There is the difficulty of supplying meals at once to 600 persons. This is got over by serving breakfast at, say, from 8 o'clock to 10 o'clock, and dinner from 6 o'clock to 8.30. Thus a very large number would never be found dining at the same time, and frequently residents, except at breakfast, would have their

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meals outside. Rules as to hours and conduct should be carefully drawn up and then rigidly enforced. To this it may be objected that young fellows would not stand the discipline. Then let them go elsewhere. There are thousands of steady, respectable young men in London who would conform to any reasonable rules in order to be quit of the horrors of the lodging-house.

The question of management is the most vital and important one. But this point need not be dealt with here. No doubt the right man could be found.

As compared with Rowton House, the initial outlay and the cost of maintenance would be much greater, but so would the income. The clerk class could pay for everything a few pence more than the 'dosser' class. Take baths for instance. At Rowton House the residents have one bath each every fortnight on an average, and a bath costs a penny. The clerk could pay 6*d.*, and would probably have one at least every week. Thus 600 baths at 6*d.* every week would give a yearly revenue of 780*l.* Six hundred rooms at the prices we have mentioned would give an annual income of 12,272*l.*; or, taking these two items together, we get a revenue of 13,052*l.* Assuming that Rowton House is full every night in the year, the total income is only about 6,000*l.* per annum. It may be objected that the average clerk cannot pay 12*s.* a week for a room. This is true. But the men in receipt of good salaries could pay this sum. The average clerk could pay 8*s.* and 5*s.* In addition to the income here indicated there ought to be a small profit on the catering.

We contend that the time is ripe for such an experiment. If it be not made by the benevolent it will be made by speculators. London abounds in capital and philanthropy. The risk of loss of capital in such an institution is exceedingly slight. And there is more money lost in bubble companies and mining speculation every six months than would build a round dozen of such institutions. Our clerks are the humble instruments by which vast fortunes have been and are being amassed. They deserve well at the hands of our capitalists. Some effort should be made to deliver them from the fangs of the most voracious blood-suckers of this great parasitic city.

Having had the scheme here suggested laid before him, Lord Rowton said: 'I have little doubt that the thing can be done on a paying basis. It ought to be done. I have often sympathised with the poor clerks. The great point to bear in mind is the importance of providing for a number of lodgers sufficiently large to ensure that the scheme shall pay. It is to a deficiency in this respect that the comparative failure of the L.C.C. lodging-house in Parker Street is due. I cannot but wish success to the movement suggested, and if it is started, shall watch its career with interest. My hands are already full, and I cannot undertake initiative or responsibility in the matter.'

ROBERT WHITE.

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SPECIMENS OF ITALIAN FOLK-SONG

(*IN ENGLISH VERSIFICATION*)

FROM THE ABRUZZI

THE Rose is sweet, but has the prickly Thorn,
The Thorn can ne'er exist without the Rose.
I saw the Rose; neglected quite the Thorn
That hid itself beneath the sweetest Rose.
I plucked the Rose; then wounded me the Thorn,
That stood a faithful guardian to the Rose.
O Rose! I'm like to die from prick of Thorn!
The Thorn was thine! then heal me now, O Rose!

E'en serpents vile each other's love requite,
But my love ever thwarted must remain.
I sit and watch through all the long dark night,
And sleep comes not to ease my heart's sore pain.
My sheet so white begins to speak to me:
'Tis midnight; wilt thou never sleep again?'
My pillow spake: 'What use is care and pain?
Were Love beside thee, not sleepless thou'd remain!'

On Monday lovely hast thou been,
  But lovelier still on Tuesday, sure!
On Wednesday thou wert a queen;
  On Thursday a bright star so pure;
Friday a rose without a thorn;
On Saturday a goddess born!

Allegro! Here is a nosegay so fine!
  Pinks and violets fresh and fair.
I'll stick them into this hat of mine
  And whistle so merrily into the air!

July, you traitor! what mean you, if you please?
  My love went down to Puglia—place of pain!
I sent him thither white as new-pressed cheese,
  But black as coal you sent him back again!

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Here lives a matron with three lovely girls;
  When they walk out like lilies fair they seem.
When I the eldest met alone, her curls
  So golden bright, seemed like a sunny beam;
The second comes; her eyes shine like pearls,
  And bright as Dian's star she is, I ween;
Then, when the youngest I do see alone,
She seemeth like the moon and stars in one;
But when the daughters with the mother go,
The Sun himself is startled at the show!

Blest be the steps on which thy feet do rest,
And all the marble staircase, too, be blest!
Thy chamber fine, with all its dainty show,
Where thou, Nenella, walkest to and fro.
I bless the pillows and the snow-white bed,
Whereon at night thou lay'st thy lovely head.
I bless the palace, shining marble-white,
Raised by the master to such noble height.
A lily in thy hand so pure and fair
Thou hold'st; with flowers thy breast is dight;
And now, my loveliest one, a sweet good-night!

SONGS OF THE SEA

Gently, gently, through the water
  To the oar-stroke glides our boat;
Maiden, tell me; is it Heaven
  Or the sea whereon we float?
    Pull, oh pull, my sailor-brother,
    For the time to row is now.
    Spread the sail far out at sea
    Where the wind is blowing free!

See, the moonlight so resplendent
  Clothes our bark in silv'ry veil;
Stars are sparkling high in heaven;
  Oh! what joy it is to sail!
    Pull, oh pull, my sailor-brother,
    For the time to row is now;
    Spread the sail far out at sea,
    Where the wind is blowing free!

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THE CASTLE IN THE SEA

I would like to clothe me in roses,
  The rose is so dear to me,—
To build me a castle of roses
  Far out on the blue, blue sea.

The steps I would make of silver,
  The doors of crystal so fine;
The keys should be chased and golden,
  And all should glitter and shine!

And if there then passed near me
  The dearest maiden mine,
I would throw my net and catch her;
  Her and the bright sunshine! (Ischia.)

BORN BY THE SEA

I marvel not thou art so fair,
  For thou wert born beside the sea;
Its breath preserves thee fresh and fair;
  That like a rose thou seem'st to me!

Thy smiling mouth and thy small hands
  Are like the roses white and red;
With thee they bloom in winter-time
  When all their comrades sweet are dead. (Ischia.)

BETRAYED

Row! row! let us fly! my false love is married;
  No more is she mine, ah! mine no more!
Row swiftly, oh row! our straight course be hurried!
  I wish I were dead, my heart is so sore!
    She, when we parted,
    Cried, broken-hearted,
  'Return soon, my love, I wait and I weep!'

I could not return at the once-promised hour,
  For danger came nigh on the thundering sea;
No prayer did I breathe, I defied its wild power;
  I thought but of her who has since betrayed me.
    Would that wild ocean
    In its mad motion
  Had swept me to death in its fathomless deep!

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No hope for me! My brain's full of madness!
No more she is mine, I have lost her for ever!
A glance at her window once filled me with gladness;
One look now,—the last! for return will I never!
Bark, we will fly
Under the sky!
'Tis sweetest of all 'mid the wild waves to die! (Naples.)

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER

Holy Catherine, I beseech thee,
Let my man a fisher be!
When he cometh home at even,
He will smell so of the sea!

How salt the water of the sea!
But sweet the fish that in it move.
The olive-leaf, how bitter 'tis,
And full of jealousy my love! (Ischia.)

THE RING IN THE SEA

High up among the mountains
Where wild beasts make their lair
Dwelt, lonely, sweet, and loving,
Three sisters young and fair.

Cecilia, the youngest,
With sad, unquiet mind,
Came down unto the sea-shore
To seek what she might find.

'Thou young and handsome fisher,
Come here and fish for me,
And fish—for I have lost one—
A ring from out the sea.'

With sweet and flattering voice,
The fisher then said he,
'If I go fishing for thee,
What wilt thou give to me?'

'What has a poor maiden
Which she can give to thee?'
'A single glance from thy bright eyes
Sufficeth to pay me!' (Ischia.)

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IMPRISONED SUNSHINE

I hear the Sky a-weeping,
  For he has lost the Sun.
To all the stars, the small ones,
  He tells the mischief done.

My maiden holds the Sun-globe
  Within her little hand,
Tied to a golden threadlet,
  And to her service banned.

Imprisoned in a lantern
  Wrought all of silver bright
The Sun must for my maiden
  Shine now throughout the night.

And through the world so proudly
  I sing both loud and bold,
That mine own sweetest maiden
  The Sun itself doth hold! (Ischia.)

THE DREAM-SHIP

I built a little ship
  Out of my thoughts so fine,
And in it swiftly sped
  Cleaving the ocean brine.

Out of thy golden hair
  My nets all woven were;
And all my chosen crew
  Out of thy bright eyes grew.

There came a cruel storm
  And tore my white sails down!
Alas! unto the harbour
  I never can return! (Terra d'Otranto.)

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SONGS OF CALABRIA AND BASILICATA

ROSE AND ROSES

I should like to dress me in roses,
  In Rose I do so delight!
To build a cottage of roses,
  And a ladder of roses white.

Then up the ladder of roses
  I would climb to the Rose I love.
Alas! if I fell to the garden,
  How my Rose would weep above!

WISHES

I would I could draw off those sweet little shoes,
  And unclothe thy white feet so small;
From thy knee the ribbon of silk unloose;
  Of thy girdle the clasps and all.

I would I could steal the heart from thy breast,
  From that snow so white and pure;
From thy lips one word that would give me rest,
  One word that my pain would cure.

LIFE'S VANITY

The evening goes and morning comes again,
  The mid-day nears; they pass I know not how;
Like one condemned I wander full of care.
  Unhappy life! what value more hast thou?
The clock doth strike; ah, would that I were deaf!
O life! how poor thou art, and brief!

OUT AT SEA

So far am I thou canst not me behold!
  But make a window opening to the East;
The airs that enter are my sighs so bold,
  And all the heat is but my hot unrest.
See'st thou the waters all turned into gold?
  They are my tears that showers of jewels rain!
And fleeting visions see'st in clouds untold?
  They liken me, who call for thee in vain!

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ROSES IN THE GARDEN

By chance I passed a garden gay,
And unaware,
I know not why, the whole day long
I lingered there.

Stole to the gate a maiden fair;
'Come in,' she said;
'Come in and rest within my bower,
Be not afraid!'

She offered figs and cherries red
With virgin grace;
I could not eat, but only gazed
At her sweet face.

'If figs and cherries please thee not,
Be not afraid;
Two roses bloom upon my lips,
Take those!' she said.

BIRD MESSAGE

O swallow, swallow, flying over sea,
Stay but one moment! I would speak to thee.
Would pluck a feather from thy wing so bright,
Wherewith a letter to my love to write.
Then will I hide it under thy swift wing,
That thou it safely to my true love bring.
O swallow! when thou hoverest above her,
Tell her, 'This message is sent thee by thy lover!'

THE WAGER

Said the Turk, 'With our swift horses
Let us race, and end the strife!'
'Done!' the youth replied. 'The forfeit,
Thou a slave, or I a wife!'

When the young bride heard the wager,
Full she heaped her basket small;
Sad and tearfully she hastened
Where the steed stood in the stall.

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'O thou swift one! do not fail me
On the plain to-morrow morn!
I will with a silver girdle
And rich velvet thee adorn.

'O thou swift one! do not fail me!
In my casket there do lie
Precious stones to deck thy bridle!'
And the steed neighed in reply.

O'er the plain the morning after
Greek and Turk rode like the wind;
And the Greek outstripped the Moslem,
Leaving him a mile behind.

At the window stood the maiden
Watching till the sun had sped.
To the garden she descended,
Pluck'd the roses white and red.

Roses white, and red carnations
Laid she on the bridal bed;
Sat and wove two wreaths of flowers,
For the foot and for the head.

Hastened then to meet her bridegroom,
Proffered him a cup of mead;
And an up-heaped barley measure
Placed before the noble steed.

'Hail to thee, my lord and master!
Hail to thee, our noble horse!'
'See, my bride, what I have brought thee;
This the prize won by my course.

'A woman-slave, so strong and healthy.
What her fate, 'tis thine to say!'
'She shall nurse our son, whom next year
I will in the cradle lay.'

(Albanian colony in Calabria.)

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MY LOVE AT CHURCH

When thou, my fair one, passed into the church,
  The altar-lamps greatly increased their light;
And when thy hand the holy water touched
  The drops left on thy brow were jewels bright!
The chair before which thou didst kneel and pray,
  In a fair wonder-garden seemed to stand,
And when from out the portal thou didst go,
  An angel came to lead thee by the hand!

THE ONLY BEAUTY

He who will splendour, must to India go
And he to Spain, who will magnificence.
He to Catania, who noble will be named;
He who craves riches, to Peru far-famed.
For courtesy he must to Britain go;
And to the Sultan's realm for precious stone.
In all these lands for beauty seek in vain!
That can be found in my Love's face alone.

CATCHING THE MOON

I dreamed one night I pushed off in my boat
  To fish for all the stars in heaven set.
As through the clear air I did gently float,
  I caught the radiant Moon within my net.
Forth came the Sun, and loudly did lament:
  'How can the heavens miss the Moon divine?'
O Sun! despair not of night's ornament;
  'Stead of the Moon, my darling's face shall shine!

BIRD SONG

Two birds sat in the forest dark;
  One sang to the other so loud:
'Hast thou not seen what I have seen?
A Turk galloped past with armour sheen,
And held to his heart a maiden, I ween,
  As fair as he was proud.

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'The maiden she wept, the Turk he sang,
  And this was the song he sung:
"With my rich booty I ride apace,
I've won the maiden with milk-white face,
The maiden of rare Albanian race!"
  The maiden trembled and clung.

'"Oh, woe is me! oh, woe is me!
  On the heathen dog a curse!
He carries me off I know not where;
No Christian church shall I find there,
And I must weep in my despair,
  And meet with death or worse!"'

And the second bird sang in a mournful strain:
  'I sat on a palace roof,
And heard a mother her daughter teaze:
"Though the stranger woos thee on his knees,
And offers gifts, thou art hard to please,
  And holdest thyself aloof!"

'"Mother, O mother, I cannot leave—
  Not for silver and not for gold—
My native land in such sore stress,
When foreign foes upon her press,
And ever grow our brave ranks less!
  I will not be bought and sold."

'And while the mother and daughter strove,
The girl a figured banner wove,
But a tear lay in ev'ry flow'ret's eye,
And every stitch was a bitter sigh.'

LOVE AND SUICIDE

At midnight tolls the solemn bell;
  At morning pass the bearers all.
There is no rosary to tell,
  No hymning, and no velvet pall.
Unblessèd to my grave I'm borne,
  Unwept and unredeemed, alas!
Step to thy window, maiden, then,
  And boast: '*I* brought him to this pass!'

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THE NIGHT-BIRD

O ugly bird, who spread'st thy wing
  Only when night and silence reign;
Of death and sorrow dost thou sing
  To the dark night with sad refrain.

Teach me thy sorrows, woeful bird,
  Who of lament art so unsate,—
If they with mine may be compared,
  We two do share in evil fate.

In evil fate! Yet in one thing
  Thy lot from mine doth differ quite:
Ne'er save at night-time dost thou grieve,
  But I must sorrow day and night!

CRADLE SONG

Come, sweet Sleep, O Slumber, draw near!
May the Madonna send sleep without fear—
  Ninna,[1] my darling, oh, ninna.

Sleep, my little one, sleep and rest,
Over thy cradle red roses are prest—
  Ninna, my darling, oh, ninna.

Sleep, my babe, success thee attend,
Sure as the moon to her height doth bend—
  Ninna, my darling, oh, ninna.

Sleep, my babe, may thy race be well run,
Glorious and brave like the conquering sun—
  Ninna, my dear one, oh, ninna.

Lovelier than all is thy dear face,
As more than all grasses the corn hath grace—
  Ninna, my sweet one, oh, ninna.

Sweet smells my pet as a jasmine star,
Sweet from near, and sweet from afar—
  Ninna, my flower, oh, ninna.

Three rosy apples hang on the tree;
I soon should die if I had not thee—
  Ninna, my heart's love, oh, ninna.

[1] 'Ninna' signifies lullaby.

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Three pears hang on the pear-tree wild;
Mother would die if far from her child—
  Ninna, my beauty, oh, ninna.

Christ has created thee! Angels of rest
Held thee! And Mary did give thee the breast—
  Ninna, my little one, ninna.

The holy saints from Rome all came
To give to my boy his beautiful name—
  Ninna, my treasure, oh, ninna.

Thee to her breast Holy Mary will fold,
Nurse thee, and give thee an apple of gold—
  Ninna, my jewel, oh, ninna.

Sleep! come and bring sweet violets and roses,
Shed peace around while my boy reposes—
  Ninna, my flower, oh, ninna.

All my words with their sweet refrain,
May they be wound in a golden chain—
  Ninna, my darling, oh, ninna.

LILY WOLFFSOHN.

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THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS

It is now close upon thirty years since the first attempt was made to protect our wild birds by Act of Parliament. Prior to that, the only protection afforded by the law was to those various birds which come under the denomination of 'game.' But the number of species so protected was small; and the spirit in which our ancestors made the Game Laws was very different from the spirit which has impelled recent Parliaments to pass the various Wild Birds' Protection Acts. The following were the only birds legally protected before 1869, and are still the only ones which come within the legal definition of game in England and Scotland: the pheasant, partridge, grouse, black-game, ptarmigan, and bustard. In Ireland, in addition to these, certain protection is extended by the law to the landrail, woodcock, snipe, quail, wild-duck, widgeon, and teal. We have, no doubt, to thank the sporting spirit of our forefathers for preserving (at the cost of many human lives and much human bloodshed and suffering) several at least of these species from complete extermination. In the case of the bustard their efforts have been of no avail; and this bird, which at the end of last century bred on the South Downs of Sussex and ranged over Salisbury Plain, has become extinct since the year 1838, except as a rare straggler from the continent of Europe. The need of a legal close time is well illustrated by the history of the capercaillie in these islands. The capercaillie, which is to all intents and purposes a game bird, was not included among the birds protected by law, and was completely exterminated towards the end of the eighteenth century. It was re-introduced into Scotland by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton in the year 1837, and has now re-established itself in the pine forests of Perthshire and the adjoining districts.

There is one bird which enjoys the singular distinction of a special Act of Parliament for its protection. Pallas' sand-grouse, which has on several occasions left its Central Asian home and arrived on our shores in considerable numbers, is absolutely protected from destruction at all seasons by an Act passed in 1888. But the hope of its becoming established in Great Britain has not been fulfilled.

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The game birds are only some fifteen out of the 376 species which are recognised by the ornithological authorities as composing the British avifauna. The remainder might be ruthlessly slaughtered at all times, in all places, and for all purposes, even when they were nesting or rearing their young. It was evident that many species were in danger of complete extermination, and others were decreasing.

In 1869 an Act for the Preservation of Sea Birds was passed, which established a close time from the 1st of April to the 1st of August for the different species of sea birds therein mentioned, which included not only gulls, terns, puffins, guillemots and the like, but also the grebes and divers, the sheldrake and the Cornish chough. The sea birds have been exposed to peculiar danger from the easy target which they afford for a certain class of sportsman, who is no respecter of young birds or breeding seasons. He is content to shoot them down and leave them dead or wounded in the water; and he can reach them from a boat without having to trespass on any one's land.

This Act was followed in 1872 by an Act to Protect Wild Birds in the Breeding Season, which set up a close time for some seventy specially mentioned kinds of birds, ranging from the bittern to the blackcap, the cuckoo to the curlew, the redstart to the robin, the siskin to the spoonbill, and the wren to the wryneck. It does not seem that either of these Acts was successful in attaining its object, for they were shortly followed, in 1876, by an Act for the Preservation of Wild-fowl. This Act proceeded to impose increased fines, which is commonly the sign that legislation of this sort has been a failure. The word 'wild-fowl' was defined, and comprised ducks, wild geese, plovers, snipe, and others of the same family.

Such is the history of the matter down to the year 1880, when these three Acts were repealed and a fresh start was made.

The previous attempts had been valuable as experiments. It was seen to be useless to attempt merely to protect certain defined species. A malefactor almost always managed to escape by protesting that he was in pursuit of some kind of bird which was not mentioned in the Act.

The rural policeman, hearing a gun discharged as he was patrolling the cliffs, proceeded to the spot and discovered the malefactor reloading, whilst some mangled bird struggled in the waves or lay dead on an inaccessible ledge of rock. The malefactor, having given his name and address, was possibly summoned before the magistrates. He declared that the bird he had shot was, let us say, a black-winged stilt. The schedule of the Act was examined. No such name was found. Even if the prosecutor produced the corpse of the victim, there was often too much doubt to justify a conviction.

In 1880, for the first time, an attempt was made to afford some

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protection to all our wild birds without exception; that is to say, to all the 376 British species during their breeding season.

This was a step in the right direction, but it is needless to say that out of these 376 species many have only slight claims to the title of British birds. No legislation could succeed in saving their lives. Nor, on the whole, is it desirable to do so. Out of all the number of so-called British birds, 132 species spend the whole year with us. Some of these are abundant, such as the sparrow, the rook, and the blackbird, and are in no danger of being exterminated or even seriously diminished in numbers. Others are rare, in varying degrees of rarity; for who shall presume to define what is a rare bird? Such are the golden eagle, the Cornish chough, and the great skua, a member of the gull family, which only breeds in two of the Shetland Islands; these but for protection must inevitably soon become extinct in the United Kingdom. The summer migrants, which arrive regularly in the spring and leave in the autumn after breeding here, amount to fifty-two species; some again rare, as the oriole and the osprey; others common in all parts of England, as the swallow and the willow-wren. This makes 184 different sorts which nest in the United Kingdom, or attempt to do so; for their rarity or their gay plumage too often costs them their lives before they have had a chance of rearing a brood. To all these birds which breed here, a close time, which forbids their destruction during the nesting season, is of the utmost value, and could the law but be rigorously enforced there can be no doubt that many diminishing species would materially increase in numbers. Our regular winter visitors amount to thirty-seven; many of them are uncommon, but of these none of course breed here, and they consequently do not require or benefit by the close time.

This leaves more than 150 species which have only once or twice perhaps straggled to our shores from the most various parts of the globe; as examples, the Egyptian vulture, the flamingo, or the rustic bunting may be quoted. No Acts of Parliament and no penalties could ever succeed in naturalising these birds in Britain. Much foolish clamour and senseless abuse is often directed against ornithologists, whose greatest ambition is to add some new bird to the British list, for shooting the rarest birds as soon as they see them. The charge may be true, but the offence is, on the whole, excusable. If a vulture is foolish enough to perch on the rocks in Cork Harbour, as one did in 1843, it must expect to be shot and placed in a museum. It is far better, in the cause of science, that the three rustic buntings which landed on our shores should be captured and identified than that their lives should be spared. It is impossible to determine, with any degree of certainty, the species of such stragglers without shooting them, and the sacrifice of their lives adds to ornithological knowledge, and may possibly throw light on the mysterious laws of

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migration. Had the flamingoes been saved from death at the collectors' hands they must soon have perished from other causes, and no one have been the better.

There is, however, another class of rare birds, which includes all those who would breed here, whose slaughter is inexcusable; the golden oriole and the hoopoe are the best examples. Each spring, in their northern migration in search of nesting-places, a number of orioles land on our southern shores and set about building their nests. There is no reason why these birds should not be as firmly established in England as they are on the adjoining Continent; in several cases where they have been protected by intelligent persons these birds have reared their broods. But in the majority of cases (probably in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred) the one idea is to shoot them or take their nest. Collectors, no doubt, are as much to blame as gamekeepers, boys, and all the other enemies of the feathered world, which includes most owners of a gun. In such cases as these the penalties and fines imposed by law should be most rigorously inflicted. Few persons, however, are even aware that such things are punishable by law; fewer have any clear notion what the law on the subject is; and fewer still will be found willing to prosecute the offenders.

The laws for the protection of birds (excepting, of course, the game birds) are now wholly contained in four Acts of Parliament called the Wild Birds' Protection Acts of the years 1880, 1881, 1894, and 1896. They are complicated, and by no means lucid specimens of draftsmanship, each amending and explaining the other, and all intended to be read together. Their general effect may be conveniently summarised under two heads: first, as to the protection of the birds; secondly, as to the protection of their eggs.

First, then, for the protection of the birds themselves a general close time for all wild birds throughout the United Kingdom is established from the 1st of March to the 1st of August, with the object of giving all birds an opportunity of nesting and rearing their broods in safety.

The following offences are punishable by fines upon conviction before two justices of the peace:

(*a*) Between the 1st of March and the 1st of August knowingly and wilfully shooting or attempting to shoot any wild bird.

(*b*) Between those dates using any boat for the purpose of shooting or causing to be shot any wild bird.

(*c*) Between those dates using any lime, trap, snare, net or other instrument for the purpose of taking any wild bird.

This may at first sight appear an exceedingly comprehensive and severe code of offences. But the severity of the general enactment is tempered by exceptions and provisoes. In the first place a schedule is attached to the Act—in other words, a list containing

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some eighty names of birds.[1] These birds must be distinguished from their less favoured relatives in two ways. In the first place, a person who kills a bird not in the list can only be reprimanded for the first offence and can never be fined more than 5*s.* for each bird; whilst in cases of birds included in the list the maximum fine is 1*l.* In the second place, the owners of any land, or the occupiers, may at all seasons kill or catch birds on their own land, provided they confine themselves to such birds as are not mentioned in the schedule. They may also authorise other persons to do the same.

It is difficult to say upon what principles or with what intentions the list of specially protected birds in the schedule has been compiled. The eighty or ninety names it contains refer to about as many species; for while some are synonymous, others comprise several species under the generic name of gull, diver, or grebe. The marrot, murre, scout, tystey, and willock are the guillemot under local names. The coulterneb is the same as the sea-parrot or puffin; whilst oxbird, purre, plover's page, stint, and dunlin are the commonly used names for the same species. It is said that these local names are given that the bird may be recognised in various parts of the country. But if the night-jar is to be described as goat-sucker, fern-owl, and night-hawk, the equally common names of eve-jar and dor-hawk should be included. It is above all things important to lay down clearly what species are protected and what are not, and many of these strange appellations are applied to different species in different localities. Hardly any insect-eating birds are included, yet they, as friends of the agriculturist, it might be thought, had a special claim. The

[1] *The Schedule*

American quail	Grebe	Peewit	Skua
Auk	Greenshank	Petrel	Smew
Avocet	Guillemot	Phalarope	Snipe
Bee-eater	Gull (except Black-backed gull)	Plover	Solan goose
Bittern	Hoopoe	Plover's page	Spoonbill
Bonxie	Kingfisher	Pochard	Stint
Colin	Kittiwake	Puffin	Stone curlew
Cornish chough	Lapwing	Purre	Stonehatch
Coulterneb	Lark	Razor-bill	Summer snipe
Cuckoo	Loon	Redshank	Tarrock
Curlew	Mallard	Reeve or Ruff	Teal
Diver	Marrot	Roller	Tern
Dotterel	Merganser	Sanderling	Thicknee
Dun-bird	Murre	Sandpiper	Tystey
Dunlin	Night-hawk	Scout	Whaup
Eider duck	Nightingale	Sea-lark	Whimbrel
Fern-owl	Night-jar	Sea-mew	Widgeon
Fulmar	Oriole	Sea-parrot	Wild-duck
Gannet	Owl	Sea-swallow	Willock
Goat-sucker	Oxbird	Shearwater	Woodcock
Godwit	Oyster-catcher	Sheldrake	Woodpecker
Goldfinch		Shoveller	

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only songsters are the lark, the goldfinch, and the nightingale. Some birds which do not breed here, as the avocet, the bee-eater, and the roller, are included in the list, and for such it is useless to establish a close time during the breeding season. Again, the American quail or colin is not a British bird in the sense of having reached these shores in a wild state, though several attempts (so far unsuccessful) have been made to acclimatise it.

No one grudges these birds their place in the schedule; the only matter for consideration is whether a place there affords them any real additional protection.

There being now a close time for all wild birds, the privileges a bird acquires by being included are, first, that a greater fine avenges its death. But there is no reason why a maximum fine of 1*l.* should not be imposed for every wild bird killed in the close time, leaving the magistrates to exercise discretion, as they must do at present, in inflicting the full penalty. For example, the penalty for killing a goldfinch is 1*l.*, for killing a chaffinch only 5*s.* Yet a bird-catcher who caught a hundred goldfinches obviously could not be fined 100*l.*, and there seems little object in having power to do so. Neither could one who caught a hundred chaffinches probably pay 25*l.* if that penalty were imposed. In the case of a single bird, the difference of the fine to which the offender renders himself liable is not likely to deter him from shooting a goldfinch more than a chaffinch. Secondly, during the close time it is unlawful to kill the scheduled birds even on one's own land. It seems doubtful whether this is of any practical value as an additional protection. Take the case of the owls which are included in the schedule. Can it be supposed that this deters any gamekeeper from shooting every owl he comes across during the spring or summer months? That is the very season when he is most vigilant in destroying the vermin which he supposes menace the lives of his young pheasants. The night-jar also is commonly to be seen on the gibbets near the keepers' cottages. Under the name of night-hawk it is thought a most dangerous sort of vermin, which carries on its depredations under cover of the darkness.

The law cannot reach into the woods of the game preserver and punish the destruction of all those inoffensive species which rank as vermin. No prosecutions are possible, because no evidence of the offence is obtainable. Neither is it possible by law to stop the individual who shoots the hoopoe or the oriole when it appears on his lawn; nor the farmer who, in scaring sparrows and chaffinches from his seeds, shoots a pair of goldfinches. It is futile to enact that a man may all the year round kill some species in the privacy of his own garden and the seclusion of his own woods, but during some four months of the year shall not kill certain other species, which may perhaps be difficult even for an ornithologist to distinguish. If he is minded to do so he will kill the forbidden species also, and

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with perfect impunity, in spite of the law and the most severe penalties which can be imposed. So far as the gamekeeper is concerned, he is not only minded, but determined to do so; and his master, although often deploring the slaughter of harmless or rare birds, seems incapable of forbidding and preventing it.

The law as it stands is definite and severe enough; it remains for those who will do so to see that it is enforced.

But to return to the Acts of Parliament. There is next a proviso for the protection of poulterers and dealers. Two other offences are:

(*d*) Exposing or offering for sale after the 15th of March any wild bird recently killed or taken.

(*e*) Having in one's control or possession after the 15th of March any wild bird recently killed or taken. No person can be convicted of these two offences if he proves to the Court that the bird was lawfully killed. For example, a poulterer is charged with selling plovers after the 15th of March. If he proves that they were shot in Lincolnshire during the last week of February, that is a good defence. Secondly, he may prove that the birds in question were killed in some place to which the Act does not extend—*e.g.* that he imported them from Holland. This will, of course, be a good defence at all seasons, even though the birds were shot, imported, and exposed for sale during the month of May. These provisions are reasonable inasmuch as the Acts only aim at protecting the birds of the United Kingdom.

Considerable powers are entrusted to county councils of deciding what birds within their counties are deserving or in need of special protection. The Home Secretary, the Secretary for Scotland, and the Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland may, upon the application of any county council or grand jury in Ireland, make an order varying or extending the close times for any species of birds on whose behalf the application is made. For special reasons an order may be made absolutely forbidding the killing or taking of particular species during the whole year, or an order prohibiting the taking of all wild birds in particular places during the whole or any part of the year. A county council can also apply for an order adding any species they may think proper specially to protect to the list of scheduled birds; and if the necessary order be made, the higher fine before mentioned will avenge their deaths as if they had always been included in the favoured list, and a man will be liable to the fine if he kills them during the close time on his own fields.

The island of St. Kilda is exempted from the Act; and any county or part of a county may be exempted upon the application of its county council. For instance, in the Exe Fishery District in Devonshire, the cormorant and the shag have been deprived of a close time, and it is lawful to destroy these fish-devouring birds at all times of the year. The majority of county councils have been

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zealous in availing themselves of these powers, and a number of orders have been made and published in the *Gazette* extending the close time for various birds or adding them to the scheduled list.

The zeal of county councils has been sometimes excessive, though in the right direction. It is impossible not to smile when we read that the London County Council have resolved to apply to the Home Secretary for an order forbidding the killing in the county of London of such birds, among others, as the grouse, capercaillie, peregrine-falcon, raven, rock-dove, and black-headed bunting, whose claim to be considered a British bird rests on a solitary specimen said to have been shot near Brighton some thirty years ago. But this is better than apathy.

There is one proviso of the Acts which is of practical importance. Any person who sees, or thinks he sees, an offence against the law being committed may demand the name and address of the offender. If the offender refuse it, there is nothing to be done; but by following him to his home and prosecuting him he may be mulcted in an additional fine for refusing his name and place of abode.

We now come to the question of protecting eggs, which it is difficult to do by law. The love of bird's-nesting is deeply rooted in the heart of boys; it is one of the outlets which a taste for natural history takes; a taste which it is more desirable perhaps to foster than to check. Some years ago the question of protecting eggs by legislation was considered by a committee of the British Association, which arrived at the conclusion that bird's-nesting could not possibly be generally stopped; that public opinion would not sanction an Act of Parliament of the requisite severity, and the filling of our gaols with small boys which would follow.

Yet the danger which many rare species ran of being exterminated by the destruction of their eggs was imminent. It was useless to make a close time during the nesting season, if you allowed the destruction of the eggs and merely forbade the destruction of the parents. The rarest eggs were sought by professional collectors, who robbed every nest for the purpose of sale. The Oological Society of Birmingham got up an expedition to the Hebrides with the intention of collecting eggs wholesale. Whatever objection there might be to stopping boys' bird's-nesting in the country lanes, there could be none in attempting to put an end to this collecting by persons who made it a profitable trade, and whose business it was to visit the known nesting-places of rare birds.

In spite of the attendant difficulties, Parliament has attempted to protect eggs by the Act of 1894. It is almost too soon to judge of the success or failure of this attempt, but there seems no reason why it should not be successful.

Any county council may apply to the Home Secretary in England or the Secretary for Scotland in that country to make an order prohibiting

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(1) The taking or destroying of all wild birds' eggs in any place or any places within the county.

(2) The taking or destroying of the eggs of any specified kind of bird within the county or in any part or parts of the county.

When the Home Secretary makes an order it must be advertised in the local newspapers and placarded in conspicuous spots in the district. The maximum fine is 1*l.* for every egg taken or destroyed, and any person who incites another to break the order is equally liable.

It should be observed that no eggs are preserved unless they are named in the order, and that the Act only affects such counties as choose to adopt it. The law does not contemplate unlimited or indiscriminate protection of birds' eggs: its main object is to prevent the extinction or serious diminution of certain kinds of birds by the taking or destruction of their eggs, which object is sought to be obtained by prohibiting the taking of eggs either in certain defined breeding-places or of certain defined species of birds generally throughout the county.

Such is a summary of the laws for protecting our wild birds against their enemies. The three great enemies of the feathered world are the professional collectors, the bird-catchers, and the gamekeepers. They carry on wars equally destructive in their way against different sorts of birds. Rarity attracts the collector, and he shoots the hoopoe, the osprey, or the bittern. Singing powers attract the bird-catcher, and he catches goldfinches or nightingales in nets, without exaggeration, by hundreds and thousands; for one man has been known to catch as many as forty dozen goldfinches in a morning.

The gamekeepers are beyond the reach of the law. It can only be hoped that some day the game preservers, whose servants the keepers are, and whom they might be expected to obey, will take vigorous and effective measures to check the useless and indiscriminate trapping and shooting of feathered vermin, so-called. For it must be remembered that the vast majority of birds which the gamekeeper destroys as vermin are absolutely guiltless of destroying game birds, their young, or their eggs.

The professional collector and the bird-catcher are effectively dealt with by the present law if it is enforced. But according to the Judicial Statistics for England and Wales in the year 1895, only 121 persons were proceeded against under the Wild Birds' Protection Acts. Out of these the magistrates dismissed the charge in thirty-three cases, and only fifty-five persons were fined. It would be interesting and melancholy to know how many thousands of offences against the Acts went unprosecuted and unpunished.

HAROLD RUSSELL.

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PHILO-ZIONISTS AND ANTI-SEMITES

ZION has many friends, but the important thing for her at the present time is that she should be saved from most of them. Dr. Herzl, the imaginative author of 'The Jewish State,' is her friend; but so also is Dr. Emil Reich, the brilliant if caustic writer of 'Jew-Baiting on the Continent;'[1] and the Association of 'Lovers of Zion' is compelled to take a modest place in the background between these two opponents. While the Viennese litterateur is willing, in the name of 'Zion,' to found his Hebrew State either in Syria or South America, the *Nineteenth Century* reviewer would fain see 'Zionism' localised or carried into effect in Central Europe; and to the 'Lovers of Zion' alone is left the undivided attachment to the old ideal, of a real and physical Zion—*at Zion.*

It may be well to contrast these different objectives, and to make it clear who are the real Philo-Zionists.

I

In the interest of fair discussion Dr. Emil Reich's contribution to the subject—'ZIONISM'[2]—deserves first consideration; and it is impossible to withhold from the writer—mistaken as he may appear to us—the homage due as well to his perfect frankness, as to the moderation and critical acumen with which he has dealt, from the outside, with the complicated states of political feeling and religious sentiment, now stirring up all the varied elements of modern Jewry. Our gratitude is all the more lively towards Dr. Reich because in this essay we do not recognise the apologist of the Jew-baiters; and we perceive a distinct advance from the anti-Semitic feeling which has marked some of the Doctor's previous studies of the Jewish question. Or was it perhaps not the same Dr. Emil Reich who compared the Jews, indifferently, either to the fluctuating body of the gipsies, or to the cast-iron organisation of the Jesuits; who said that the German Jews more than merited their treatment at the hands of the anti-Semites 'for enduring without any *serious revolt* the shame of being refused

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, September 1896. [2] *Ibid.* August 1897.

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the rank of officer in the German army, although by law fully entitled to it;' who alleged against them the fanciful, yet dreadful, vice of having 'got their emancipation without fighting for it;' who, while admitting the untruth of the string of accusations levelled against the Jews as an excuse for persecutions, formulated against them the heavy and unanswerable indictment that they, especially the emancipated Jews, were 'profoundly immodest;' that they were 'the worst of upstarts;' that they 'perpetrated the specific crime of want of social tact;' and who concluded his summary of the position by expressing the opinion that 'if anti-Semitism has done nothing but bring the great question of nationality into still stronger relief, it has well deserved of Europe'?

Whether as the Zionist *Jekyll* or the anti-Semitic *Hyde*, Dr. Reich is above all things the conscientious historical student, and in his earlier paper he diagnosed 'the disgrace of the nineteenth century' accurately enough when he traced it to the political exigencies of parties in Germany—('exigencies which would keep alive the anti-Semitic party even if all the Jews had left Europe');—while he is no less outspoken in his latest contribution to the subject, where he dismisses the idea of its being a racial question as a 'childish delusion,' and seeks to explain the difference between Jew and Christian on quite other grounds.

It may be as well to dispose of these alleged grounds of difference, before proceeding to the other and more serious part of Dr. Emil Reich's article; because from these mistaken grounds the Doctor seeks to trace the causes of the Zionist movement, and he does so, therefore, on a broad basis of error. Dr. Reich writes:

> The Old Testament does not preach a belief in a future world, or, still more correctly, it does not dwell on the individual immortality of the believer's soul . . . . To the Jew therefore the belief in the restoration of the ancient Jewish State has much of the religious nature of the Christian belief in a future world . . . . The Jew claimed God's special blessing by virtue of his Jewish Citizenship . . . . between him and God stood as mediator and saviour, the people of Israel . . . . Forgiveness and pardon, atonement and salvation, could come to the individual only through the forgiveness and salvation bestowed by God upon the people as a whole. This is the fundamental belief, the one ineradicable creed that made, and makes, the distinctive feature of Judaism. He who believes in that mediatorship of the Jewish nation is a Jew; he who does not believe in it is no Jew, and (*sic*) if all his ancestors were Semites.

Let it be said at once: there is no such belief, no such creed. We do not recognise it, and it does not stir the impulses of a single Jewish Nationalist. The anti-Semites would deprive us only of the good things of this world, but Dr. Reich, in his characteristic desire to discover a new philosophy of history, a new *Weltausschauung* for the Jew, has taken away from us also the hope of a future existence. Was it *our* Psalmist who proclaimed:

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Yea! though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me,
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me?[3]

Was it *our* Prophet who held out the promise—'I will redeem them from death. O death, where are thy plagues? O grave, where is thy destruction?'[4]

Were they *our* Fathers who said: 'This world is compared to the vestibule to the future world; prepare thyself in the vestibule, that thou mayest enter the palace;'[5] or, again, "Not thine the labour to complete, and yet art thou not free to cease therefrom; for know the reward of the righteous is in the future state'?[6]

Was it *our* Rabbi who taught—

Life's earthly pleasures who pursues
The joys of heaven he shall lose,
Who earthly pleasures doth resign
Shall gain eternal bliss divine?[7]

Was it *our* Talmud which proclaimed him a heretic who exclaimed 'Woe unto you, ye sinners! who say the dead will live again; the living die, how then shall the dead live again;' and which extolled the wisdom of the sage, who responded, 'Woe unto you, ye sinners! those who did not previously exist are made alive; how much more then those who have already once been amongst the living!'[8]

No! The differences which separate us from Christians are *not* in the character of our mediators. The individual Jew knows no mediator between himself and God. All his life, all his history is a passionate resistance to the idea of mediation; and it is for this he has suffered throughout the ages.

Dr. Reich insists on just that dogmatic code of Christianity which is perishing; he exhibits in this little of the *Epieikeia*, the sweet reasonableness of temper, which, according to Matthew Arnold, was the great virtue of the Christian; and he does not recognise with that sound thinker and good man, that the differences between us are as nought compared with the great truth *Righteousness is salvation*, which, first committed to Israel, has been spread by Christianity—wherever its vital teachings are truly understood—to all corners of the earth. How ineffectively and incompletely this has been done was recognised by Arnold when he said, 'Poor Israel! poor ancient people! What punishment can have been to thee like the punishment of watching the performances of the Aryan genius upon the foundations which thou hadst given to it? Like the torture for a poet to hear people laying down the law about poetry who have not the sense of what poetry is—a sense with which *he* was born! Like

[3] *Psalm* xxiii. 4.
[4] *Hosea* xiii. 14.
[5] *Ethics of the Fathers*, iv. 21.
[6] *Ibid.* ii. 21.
[7] Isidore Myers, *Gems from the Talmud.*
[8] Talmud Treatise Synhedrin.

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the affliction to a man of science to hear people talk of things as *proved*, who do not even know what constitutes a fact!'[9]

The love of nation in the Jews has, therefore, nothing to do with the mystic causes discussed by Dr. Emil Reich. It has, apart from the special calls which are associated with it, very much the same basis as the sentiment which animates other peoples, who, feeling a communion of descent, a common heritage of traditions, desire an open field for the development of their special qualities, an unfettered opportunity to fulfil the aspirations of their fathers, a free activity in the attainment of their own ideals. As Mazzini said of the Italians—when the 'Italy' they craved was contemptuously described by the leading statesman in Europe as 'merely a geographical expression'—the Jews 'desire to live, to *live* with all the faculties of their being . . . to advance under the eye of God, their only Master, towards the accomplishment of their mission.'[10]

Anti-Semitism, if it has done nothing else good, has evoked, though it has not created, a consciousness of this national identity, this unity of destiny in Jewry; much in the same way as the Napoleonic scourge did this for the varied peoples of the European States. The mind, as well as the heart of Judah, has been stirred! Under the stagnancy of the Ghetto there has always lain painfully imprisoned 'some tendency which could become heroic;' and the flood of nationalistic feeling which was set moving by the world throb of the Revolution and of which anti-Semitism is, according to Dr. Reich, the latest wave, has not left the Jew untouched in its progress. Not that this was any new sentiment to him, for, as your reviewer truly says, 'When other people barely stammered the first spelling-book of nationality, the Jews were already reading its elaborate text-books.'

Dr. Reich thinks, however, that the existence of this feeling, and of these aspirations, is evidence of a want of patriotism in the Jews in the countries where they are now 'mere denizens and sojourners.' This contention has frequently been raised and as frequently disproved; and in England, at least, it was finally set at rest years ago in this Review by the series of articles, 'Can the Jew be a patriot?' in which Dr. H. Adler, now Chief Rabbi, took a prominent part.

But the best answer to the question, 'Can the Jew be a patriot?' is—He *is* a patriot; and that, too, not only in the victories of peace, where Jews have always taken a prominent and honoured part in all the lands of their dispersion—witness the host of literary giants, political leaders, and artistic workers which this people has produced even in the present generation; but in the struggles of war, even in the countries where he is now worst treated—witness the heroic records of the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish contests, and the

[9] *Literature and Dogma*, chap. xi.

[10] Professor Marriott in *The Makers of Modern Italy*, Lecture 1.

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125,000 Jewish soldiers at this present moment in the Russian army.

The reason for this is not far to seek—loyalty to the country of his adoption is a *matter of religion* to the Jew. 'Pray for the welfare of the State' say our Rabbis, and there is not a public service, even in the most confined of Ghettos, from which the prayer is absent. It is nó paradox, but sober truth, that the greater the Jew the greater the patriot; and no one will deny this who has studied the history of the people from Maimonides to Mendelssohn, and from Mendelssohn to Montefiore.

In his analysis of the present position of the Zionist movement, Dr. Emil Reich is a little more successful; but even here he makes some curious mistakes. He speaks about a threefold division of Zionists into (1) political, (2) religious, and (3) trading, but he tells us nothing about the third class; and this for the very good reason that it does not exist. He alleges that the adherents of religious Zionism—or the 'Lovers of Zion,' as he describes them elsewhere—are in many ways bitter enemies of the partisans of political Zionism, but he fails to show us in what way this antagonism has shown itself; for, in fact, it is only an assumption of the Doctor. Not to speak of smaller errors—such as the description of the 'Maccabæan' pilgrimage to Palestine as my 'expedition,' or the comparison of the notorious Dr. Lueger of Vienna to Ahasuerus, instead of Haman, who is obviously meant—he talks of the possibility, if the Jews went to Palestine, of their being 'assimilated by the extant population of the Holy Land in the very fashion in which all German or Irish emigrants are assimilated by the Yankees,' ignoring the fact that there is no 'extant population,' except the wandering Arabs or Fellahin, to make such assimilation, and that the real want of the country is a new population to cultivate and develop it. This is, however, as nothing compared to the further statement brought forward to prove the hopelessness of a national movement, 'that nearly all the modern Jews who have received a genteel education at colleges and universities are more inclined to anti-Semitism than Christians of the same social status.' Such a charge is best answered by Dr. Emil Reich's definition of what anti-Semitism really is, as set out in his earlier article: 'Anti-Semitism does mean something real. It is the persecution of the reformed Jew, of the emancipated Jew, of the Jew who is a doctor, a professor, a banker, a playwright, a journalist, a lawyer,—in one word, of the gentleman Jew.'[11] Verily, as Dr. Reich reminds himself, and the reader elsewhere, *omnis definitio periculosa.* Does the camel indeed eat its own head; or has the Doctor overshot the mark?

Putting aside, however, mere matters of prejudice, the substantial error of the reviewer is in his analysis of Jewish parties. The dis-

[11] *Nineteenth Century*, September 1896. 'Jew-baiting on the Continent.'

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tinction between political and religious Zionists is a false one. Every one who is a 'Zionist' is necessarily a Nationalist, for the national question is, as Dr. Reich himself recognises, inextricably mixed up with the religious one. It is true that those who advocate the return to Zion may do so either from purely racial or, let us say, historical motives, or from purely religious or philanthropic ones; or, what is more common, from a combination of the two; but these are mere subjective considerations, and the objective with all true Zionists is always the same—a real physical Zion. The magic *name* has indeed been adopted by another party who look forward to a 'spiritual' Zion, with all that is material carefully eliminated from it; but these are not Zionists at all, but Universalists, or, what Dr. Reich dislikes so much, Cosmopolites; and it is to be feared that Dr. Emil Reich, though no Jew, in the approval he expresses for 'Zionism indeed, but here in Europe,' is one of them himself. The principle of these Laodiceans—these philosophers who are neither hot nor cold—as it is understood by the vulgar, is *ubi bene ibi patria*, or, as it is expressed by Gideon in *Daniel Deronda*, 'my country is where I live well;' but they have a higher ideal themselves, and that has been admirably expressed by their principal exponent in this country—Mr. Israel Abrahams, the erudite author of *Jewish Life in the Middle Ages*—in the following terms:

> With neither land nor religious centre to narrow and trammel it, Judaism may one day reach and firmly rest on the heights, to which the Lawgiver, the Prophets, and the Rabbis soared in their rarest and noblest flights. With no religious government but God's, no country but the wide, wide world, the fulness whereof is the Lord's, and must be filled with the knowledge of him as the waters cover the sea—Judaism may aspire to the universalism of Isaiah. It cannot be ever again localised, in any one site, no matter how sacred the memories, how hallowed the past glory that the site may recall.[12]

But all this has been said before, and by philosophers not inferior to Mr. Abrahams or Dr. Reich; and we are now on the verge of the twentieth century and five-sixths of the Jews are still in captivity!

Are these seven millions of Pariahs, the victims of persecutions as widespread and as hideous as ever disgraced the Middle Ages, to be comforted with 'the Mission of Israel'? How can *they* perform this mission if they are separated to the ends of the earth without cohesion, or common modes of action, and bereft of the ordinary rights of man? The Philo-Zionists recognise the mission, but they recognise the *misery* as well; and they accept the lesson of history, that 'the only logical position of a Jew who desires that the long travail of the ages shall not end in the total disappearance of the race is the adoption of Mordecai's views of the redemption of the soil of the Holy Land by the holy people.'[13] The inspired Mordecai referred

[12] In the *Jewish Chronicle*, 23rd of July 1897.

[13] Joseph Jacobs in *Jewish Ideals and other Essays*.

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to did indeed faithfully express the views of the true Zionist when he proclaimed that the new birth of Judaism as an active religious force is indissolubly connected with the new birth of the Jewish nation, in the ringing words: 'The effect of our separateness will not be completed and have its highest transformation, unless our race takes again the character of a nationality. . . . Let the reason of Israel disclose itself in a great outward deed, and let there be another great migration, another choosing of Israel to be a nationality whose members may still stretch to the far ends of the earth, as the sons of England and Germany whom enterprise carries afar, but who still have a national hearth, and a tribunal of national opinion.'[14]

We see before us but three alternatives: (1) the maintenance of the *status quo*, with its dull round of persecutions and continued degradation of our people; (2) voluntary amalgamation with the surrounding peoples, involving the deeper disgrace of surrender of all that our fathers have bled and suffered for during the ages; or (3) the attempting the regeneration of our country and people in accordance with our 'historic consciousness.'

Dr. Emil Reich and all the Universalists cannot complain of us if we choose the third alternative; and this leads us to a consideration of Dr. Herzl and his movement.

II

There are, as it has been well said, two qualities essential to a statesman—the one is prudence, the other is imprudence; and Dr. Theodor Herzl, by the issue of his epoch-making work, *A Jewish State*, and by the subsequent conduct of his movement, has proved to the world that he possesses both these qualities.

What was the actual position of the Jews when, in the year of grace 1896, Dr. Herzl promulgated his scheme? In Russia, with its five millions (half of the total body), they were denied even necessary air and light, and were driven into a confined area, excluded, with small exceptions, from the schools, from the professions, from all but the most miserable callings, and degraded in every way, both mentally and physically. 'In all Europe,' wrote Leroy Beaulieu, 'there is no class so distressed, no body of men who find it so hard to earn a morsel of bread, as is the case with nine-tenths of the Russian Jews.'[15] In Galicia and Bulgaria, with nearly another million, the conditions, while legally different, were by a species of social ostracism practically the same; and the fanatical cry, 'No dealings with the Jews,' had become so persistent that three-fourths of them had been reduced to sheer beggary, and were dependent on the only less miserable remainder for relief. In Roumania a quarter of a

[14] George Eliot in *Daniel Deronda*.

[15] Leroy Beaulieu, *Israel among the Nations*.

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million more were submitted to degrading restrictions in all the relations of life; they were excluded from primary and technical schools, from all public offices, from professions and trades, even from the general hospitals; their condition was, in fact, approaching that of their Russian and Galician brethren. And yet the conscience of Christian Europe was not stirred!

Nay, on the contrary, in Western Austria and Germany, with their half-million each, in France, with its bare hundred thousand, and even in Switzerland, with its 8,000 odd only, the fell disease of anti-Semitism had shown itself, and a moral persecution had been organised, scarcely less degrading than the physical oppression which had been adopted in less externally civilised countries. Yet it was in these very countries that the Jews had most determinedly endeavoured to merge themselves in the surrounding peoples, preserving only the simple faith of their fathers; that they had outheroded Herod in the jingoism of their respective nationalities; that they had thrown off all separateness, and applied all their long-stored energies unrestrainedly to the development of the trade and commerce, the science and art, the general well-being of their native lands. In Turkey even—generally so tolerant to the proscribed people—the rush of despairing refugees had produced an edict of temporary exclusion; whilst in liberal England, and even more pronouncedly in democratic America, the 'restriction of alien immigration' had, from the same causes, threatened to become a burning question with rival political parties.

It was in this unhappy condition of affairs for the Jews that Dr. Herzl, the boulevardier of Paris, the writer of plays for Vienna, the *fin de siècle* man of the world, threw down his protest against 'the disgrace of the century' in the eyes of an astonished Europe, and of a Jewry only a little less bewildered. Dr. Herzl was not then a Zionist; he was a Universalist; one who believed that the Jewish mission—such as he conceived it—might be performed just as well 'here in Europe' (as Dr. Reich has it) as 'over there' in Syria—'if we could only be left in peace!' And it was because we could not be left in peace that Dr. Herzl proposed the formation of his Jewish State, either in Argentine or Palestine—anywhere so long as we were out of reach of the anti-Semite.

There was one thing wanting in the Doctor's diagnosis of the position—the recognition of the fact that, over and beyond Jewish misery, there was Jewish hope; that this and not a mere 'dumb and unreasoning patriotism' had stirred and kept alive the millions of the oppressed throughout the ages; that, as Dr. Reich truly avers, 'Religion is an historic factor of all national life, and with the Jews *the* factor of all the factors.'

Yet Herzl, with the true intuition of the statesman, saw that the Jewish Question had ceased to be a matter to be dealt with

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only by those who were strangers to the people's tendencies, if not actively hostile to their aspirations, and that the time had come when Jews might, and ought, themselves to take an active part in the furtherance of their own objects and ideals. As Carlyle in his forcible way said of his generation, they had sat long enough 'like apes round a fire in the woods knowing not how to feed it with fresh sticks;'[16] it was time for them to recognise that, without a country and without liberty, they might perchance produce here and there some prophets of civilisation—here a Spinoza and there a Ricardo, here a Crémieux and there a Disraeli, here a Jessel and there a Herschell, here a Mocatta and there a Rothschild, here an Auerbach and there a Zangwill—but they could not, as a body, become a civilising agency, they could not thus fulfil their natural destiny. Time and again they had risen to the front rank among the forces of progress—in Syria, in Spain, in Italy, in England, in France, in Germany, and even in Russia—and yet ever and anon the waves of reaction had risen against them, and torn them from their post of vantage. The lessons of history taught that they could not hope to permanently and continuously influence for good the development of mankind without 'a national hearth and a tribunal of national opinion.'

Dr. Herzl convened his Congress, and there, in the centre of Europe, was gathered for the first time since our dispersion a family council of the Jews to consider the internal and external conditions of the problem known as 'the Jewish Question,' and to devise a means for its solution.

The 200 delegates, and more, of the communities—spreading from New York and Baltimore in the West, to Jerusalem and Joppa in the East, and from St. Petersburg and Riga in the North, to Fiume and Constantine in the South—responding to Dr. Herzl's call, came together like brothers who had been long separated; and as, like their predecessors in Babylon 2,000 years ago, they raised their hands together in the solemn pledge, 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning!' there was exhibited, at the same time, the ever fresh vitality of Jewish feeling, and its identity in all the lands of the Diaspora.

This is Dr. Herzl's achievement; and all the objections to his original scheme fade into nothingness beside it. Rabbis, it is said, protested against the Basle Congress and all its works; but there are Rabbis and Rabbis, and those of Palestine and, even more significantly, the great Mohilewer and other leading lights of orthodoxy in Russia, proclaimed their sympathy with the movement. All the ecclesiastics in Jewry might have cogitated the Jewish Question for centuries, and not have produced such a practical revival of the ancient ideals, such a real step in advance towards their attainment, as followed from the scheme of this very *fin-de-siècle* and free-

[16] Carlyle, *Latter Day Pamphlets*, No. VIII.

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thinking journalist. Herzl himself was the first to recognise that his original conception of the Jewish position had not been complete, and to proclaim that '*Zionism is the return home to Judaism, even before the return to the land.*' He admitted here the predominance of the religious element; and after the discussions of the three memorable days over which the Congress extended, with the concurrence of Max Nordau, his co-worker, he definitively subordinated the political part of his programme in the formula unanimously agreed on by the delegates: '*The aim of Zionism is to create for the Jewish people a publicly legally assured Home in Palestine.*'

Well might the *Jewish Chronicle*, the leading organ of the anti-Zionists in this country, say after this, 'The opposition must translate itself into an active rousing of the Jewish conscience all the world over, so that Zionists and anti-Zionists will in the end be able to co-operate in the general cause of Judaism . . . If Zionism is merely to create for the Jewish people a "legally assured home" in Palestine, *then all Jews are at one with the Zionists.*' [17]

All the fanciful details—the Gestor Negotiorum Judæorum, the Socialist seven hours working day, the White-Spangled Banner, the great 'Truck System,' the Republic in South America—all had disappeared; and Dr. Herzl, adopting in its integrity the old Greek political proverb, 'The half is often better than the whole,' had joined the ranks of the Philo-Zionists.

III

Dr. Emil Reich has many kind words for the Philo-Zionists, the true 'Lovers of Zion,' and his sympathies are evidently with them, notwithstanding his mild witticism on their scheme of Colonisation of the Holy Land, that they may 'thus steal a march on the Messiah, whom they expect.' But your reviewer has done the party an injustice by confounding their views with the 'religious Zionism' of the section of German and American Rabbis whose manifestoes on this subject he quotes.

The manifestoes prove these gentlemen to be mere Universalists—either spiritual or material—and not Zionists at all; and Dr. Reich is perfectly right in saying that 'Judaism cannot divest its religious from its nationalist character—the Rabbis may go on denying, ignoring, or dissimulating that as much as they please.'

The programme of the Philo-Zionists as defined in their printed constitution is as follows:—

(*a*) To foster the national idea in Israel.

(*b*) To promote the colonisation of Palestine and neighbouring territories by Jews, by establishing new colonies and assisting those already established.

[17] *Jewish Chronicle*, Leading Notes, September 3, 1897.

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(c) To diffuse the knowledge of Hebrew as a living language.

(d) To further the moral, intellectual, and material status of Israel.

The English Association, known as the Chovevi Zion, is presided over by Colonel Albert Edward Goldsmid, Assistant Adjutant-General of Her Majesty's Forces; it has 35 established 'Tents' spread through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom (including one at Cambridge University); and public meetings in support of it have been presided over by the Chief Rabbi Dr. H. Adler, the late Sir Julian Goldsmid, Sir Samuel Montagu, Sir Joseph Sebag-Montefiore, Sir Edward Sassoon, the late Sir John Simon and his son Oswald J. Simon, Dr. M. Gaster, and in fact all the leaders of the Jews in this country, as well as by such distinguished experts and philanthropists in the general community as Sir Charles Wilson, Colonel Conder, R.E., Holman Hunt, Hall Caine, and Father Ignatius.

Similar associations have been established in America, Germany, France, Russia, Austria, Denmark, Switzerland, and other countries; and there is a central committee meeting at Paris, where the organisation of new colonies and development of existing ones in the Holy Land is systematically carried out. Even before these associations had been called into existence Baron Edmond de Rothschild of Paris, encouraged by the success of the agricultural schools at Jaffa, founded by the late Charles Netter, had devoted his vast influence and his open purse to the work; and there is a separate administration in Palestine charged with the control and management of what are known as 'the Baron's colonies.'

To-day we have in Palestine between twenty and thirty distinct colonies or communities spreading along the coast from Askalon in the south to Carmel in the north, and along the Jordan from the Waters of Meron to the Sea of Galilee in the east. The population of these colonies varies from 100 to 700 souls, and they may safely be estimated to number 10,000 souls in all, independently of the large number of Jewish day labourers from neighbouring towns and villages, to whom they give occasional employment. There are 50,000 more Jews—mostly refugees—in the various Holy Cities, and the immediate problem is to get these—or the better part of them—also on the land.

The current language of the colonists is the Hebrew of the Bible, although many of them have acquired the native Arabic, and also French, which is taught in their schools. They have their places of worship, their houses of study, their modest institutes, their public baths, and in fact the counterpart in small of all the features of the model European village; and they have, thanks to the Baron and the Philo-Zionists' Associations, the most modern appliances and complete installations for the prosecution of their agricultural works. How successful these have been let the reports of the British

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Consul-General and the official publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund and of the Chovevi Zion Association speak! Even in the cursory survey which the 'Maccabæan' pilgrims were able to make in their rapid progress through the land last Easter, it was impossible not to be impressed with the evidences of general progress and well-being which were everywhere apparent in these colonies; and as one looked at the stalwart human product of this free and natural life, removed only by half a generation from the serfdom of the Ghetto, one was tempted to exclaim, as the Russian Emperor is reported to have said to the English Montefiore when he went to Moscow to intercede on behalf of his oppressed brethren, 'Oh that all our Jews were like this!' *Why should they not be?* That is the question for the Philo-Zionists of to-day all the world over; and they are determined to solve it.

While in the Ghetto we contracted into a bourgeois people, but we were not always that. Give us our share of God's earth, His open sky and free air, and we will resume our ancient nobility, and place in the van of the East a community which shall be a sign and example to those of the West, rivalling in the purity and simplicity of its pastoral life, not less than in the intellectual height of its achievements, those ideal States of which philosophers have only dreamed, while we have had them in our minds and hearts, as the goal of the practical religion of our lives.

As Green, the historian of the English people, used to say, 'A *State* is accidental; it can be made or unmade and is no real thing to me. But a *Nation* is very real; that you can neither make nor unmake.' We have no ambition for the petty glories of a kingdom, it is immaterial to us whether we are under the suzerainty of the Sultan, or the joint guarantee of the Powers—our history has always been 'more a history of religion than of politics.'[18] What we desire—for the sake of our oppressed millions, not less than for that of their yet unchristianised oppressors; for the sake of our emancipated thousands, not less than for that of their noble emancipators—is a free field to perform our destiny as a nation; a vantage point to show how many institutions of universal importance we can give the world from our land as we gave in olden time the sacred Decalogue; an unfettered opportunity to assist, as a compact and living force, towards

> That one far-off Divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.[19]

These are our aspirations for our land, and our people. For Zion itself they have been voiced once for all in the 'Swan Song' of Jehuda Halevi, the poet of Toledo, who, loving his native land with a great poet's love, yet left it to die in Jerusalem, the city of his dreams:

[18] S. Schechter, *Studies in Judaism*, p. 76.
[19] Tennyson, *In Memoriam*.

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TO ZION

Thy God desires thee for his dwelling,
And happy is the man he has chosen
To be brought near to dwell in thy courts.
Happy is he that watches,
And, drawing near, sees the rising of thy lights,
And upon whom breaks forth thy dawn,
Who sees the welfare of thy chosen ones,
And exults in thy joy,
And thy return to the olden ways of thy youth.*

HERBERT BENTWICH.

* Jehuda Halevi in *The Zionide.*

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OUR CUSTOM HOUSE REGULATIONS

It was Sir Roger de Coverley, I think, who made an entry in his diary to the following effect: 'Returned from all the horrid noises of the country to my nice quiet lodging over the Blacksmith's at Charing Cross.'

There must be thousands of our countrymen who at this moment are coming back from the Continent—some of whom have enjoyed themselves, but many more worn and jaded in their search for amusement which they have not found—whose return home, otherwise so joyfully anticipated, is clouded by the thoughts of the inconveniences they will necessarily be subjected to in passing through the Custom House.

Their grievances are duly aired in the columns of the *Times* and then forgotten for another year. I once heard a comparison drawn between two prominent politicians who were both said invariably to object to every proposal that was ever made by their colleagues in the Cabinet. The one never suggested, while the other always did, an alternative scheme. I am anxious to emulate the example of the latter, and while taking exceptions to the existing Customs Regulations as antiquated, out of date, and unworthy of this country, the mother of Free Trade, to suggest an alternative. Hooker says, 'Laws have been made upon special occasions, which occasions ceasing, laws of that kind do abrogate themselves.' It is not so with the laws, which I shall endeavour to show so needlessly excite the wrath and complaints of the travelling public at the present day, which I should like to see, if not abrogated, materially improved. These laws were all very well at a time when probably a week was occupied in crossing the Channel, and the weary and wind-buffeted passengers were too glad to sleep at the port of their arrival, and pursue their journeys in easy stages by coach or post to the metropolis.

There was no hurry then. But in these days of rapid communication and frantic haste—when ladies even cross the Channel to try on a gown at Worth's and return within twenty-four hours—there is no room for the delays and interruptions which were so patiently endured by our ancestors. In the memory of men who are not yet

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old, before those two great financial reformers Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone had revised the British Customs Tariff, there were 1,046 articles charged with distinct rates of duty. As Sydney Smith wittily said in an article of the *Quarterly Review*—

> There were taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth or covers the back or is placed under the foot; taxes on everything on the earth and the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride.

In 1859 the number of dutiable articles was reduced to 397, and in 1875 to 53. But we have changed all that, for at the present moment the only articles liable to Customs duties at all worth mentioning are alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, and cocoa.

There is no longer any need for ambassadors to stuff the cushions of their carriages with contraband lace, contraband gloves, and contraband watches. The temptation to smuggle inferior tobacco, spirits, tea, or coffee in small quantities is very slight. To smuggle them in large quantities is next to impossible; for the difficulty in evading the Custom House officials, who would probably have received information of the smuggler, would be great, but not half so great as the difficulty of their disposal in this country. The only instance I have ever heard of smuggling by any one on a big scale was the case of a traveller who had brought from Cuba a large quantity of cigars for his own smoking. He was honest up to a certain point; for on being asked by the Customs officer if he had anything to declare, he pointed to his portmanteau, saying, 'That is full of cigars.' 'Oh, I dare say,' said the official, laughing, and writing his cabalistic hieroglyphics in chalk let him go free. I regret to say that the traveller's honesty was not proof against such a temptation to evade the proper duties.

Lord Granville once told me that on arriving at Dover he was anxious to get his luggage rapidly through the Custom House. So he gave the officer his name and told him that he was a member of a committee then sitting on the Customs establishment. The officer was equal to the occasion. He collected all the impedimenta, and examined every one of them with the utmost scrutiny, to show how scrupulously he performed his duties, and Lord Granville was foiled in his object.

I know I shall be believed if I say that I hate statistics with all the loathing that may reasonably be expected of a man who has passed seventeen years of his life in our great Revenue Department, and I will promise that I will avoid them as far as possible.

There are, as far as I can ascertain, about 350,000 passengers

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crossing the Channel and landing in this country yearly, not including those who come from America, Australasia, West Indies, and South Africa, and other distant countries. Yet out of this enormous number there were, in the year past, only an infinitesimal number of prosecutions for smuggling instituted, and the penalties were as nothing.

Now I am not likely to forget any axiom ever inculcated on me by my great master Mr. Gladstone, and one of them was when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, that in making any proposal of a change there should always be a balance in favour of the Revenue.

Bearing that instruction in mind, my proposal shortly amounts to this: that every passenger crossing the Channel should be furnished on embarkation with a declaration which might, by arrangement, be procured at the booking-office or on board the vessel. The form of it should be prepared by my very able friend the Solicitor to the Board of Customs.

On this document the passenger electing to make use of it should declare that his baggage contains, or does not contain, any dutiable article.

If it does it must be stated in a schedule, and he must pay the proper duty to the Customs.

If there exists no liability his luggage should be labelled and allowed to be landed without any examination. I am not so enamoured of my own scheme as to imagine that no objections can be made to it. Is there any scheme, or has there ever been any reform, to which some objections cannot be urged?

It may be said that the knowledge of luggage being liable to examination in transit or on arrival acts as a deterrent of smuggling.

I know well the inherent love which exists, particularly in the female mind, of evading any duty imposed by the Legislature; but I think that even the most careless would shrink from signing deliberately a false declaration, particularly when, if it shall be false or untrue in any material particular, the person wilfully making such false declaration shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour.

Should it be asked, How would it ever be ascertained that a declaration was false? I should say that the astuteness of the Solicitor to the Board of Customs would take very good care that full power should be reserved to them to open the baggage of any person suspected of having contraband goods in his possession.

The whole of the commercial transactions of the country and of the civilised world are conducted on the basis of mutual trust tempered by reasonable suspicion. Even Schedule D of the Income Tax and the much-abused Death Duties are charged, with due safeguards, on individual declarations, and I am at a loss to conceive why travellers should be considered as endowed with what Mr. Gladstone calls a double dose of original sin.

The idea, if entertained by any one, that explosives would be more

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easily imported under this new system than under the old one, may be readily dismissed now it is well known that enough can be carried on the person to blow up London Bridge. The matter is one of slight revenue importance, for the sums are so small. Yet I will bear in mind Mr. Gladstone's directions and suggest that every declaration should bear a stamp of the value of 1*s*. on it—a declaration would cover all the luggage of a family.

Assuming that a small proportion of passengers would take advantage of this concession, the Revenue would gain something in money; but what is of far more importance in a Chancellor of the Exchequer's view is that this scheme would be followed by a considerable reduction of Customs officers at the ports.

I am not vain enough to suppose that my humble and simple proposal will be adopted; but, if it be considered a reform, I am sure that for that reason alone it would be welcomed by the present Chairman of the Customs Board, and if it becomes the law of the land I think I should have not only the gratitude of the travelling public, but that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will gain a slight increase of revenue and a great amount of popularity.

ALGERNON WEST.

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THE PROMISED IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL

It is scarcely too much to assume, now that we are done with Royal visits to Ireland, at least for the year, that Ministers, and especially the Ministers particularly responsible for Irish affairs, are turning their thoughts to the task of framing the Irish Local Government Bill which has been promised for next session. The subject to be dealt with is a complex one; accordingly, to deal with it satisfactorily ample time and abundant knowledge are absolutely necessary; and thus it will not be too soon to begin even now the practical work of determining the main lines on which the expected measure should proceed, and of translating the result into the legal language of the draftsman. It may not, perhaps, be altogether unsafe to assume also that Ministers will so far depart from established practice on this occasion as to pay at least some attention to the views of Irishmen—of all Irishmen, without distinction of creed, class, or politics—on a matter which interests them so vitally. No doubt to take such a course would be to expose themselves to the risks of an experiment; but the policy of ignoring Irish opinion and acting in defiance of it has not been so brilliantly successful as to commend itself to any set of English politicians for perpetual adoption. Under these circumstances a few words of warning from one who has studied the subject for many years, and flatters himself that he knows the views of at least the popular party in Ireland about it, may be more or less seasonable and useful at this particular time.

To understand thoroughly the nature of the work which the Government has set before itself in the proposal to establish a new system of local government in Ireland, it is obviously necessary in the first place to know the nature of the existing system which it is desired to supplant, for it is only by knowing so much that it will become possible to avoid making fatal mistakes in the construction of a new scheme. The existing system was well described in general outline some years ago by a master-hand, which will now have a part in abolishing it and establishing in its place a system more in accord-

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ance with the needs of Ireland and the ideas of the age on such matters.

Palpable [says an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for July 1885, which has been generally attributed to Mr. Chamberlain] as are the evils arising from undue interference by the central authority with local government in England, we find them intensified when we come to deal with the question of local government in Scotland, and still more so in the case of Ireland. There the interference is not merely that of a superior or of an official; it is, moreover, the interference of an alien authority. A control which in any case would be borne with impatience becomes odious and intolerable when it is the badge of a foreign supremacy. The more critically [the article went on] the system of Irish administration is examined throughout all its branches, the more clearly will it be seen that it is an incarnation of the principle of government laid down with indiscreet candour by Bishop Horsley early in this century, when he declared that for his part he could not see what the mass of the people of any country had to do with the laws except to obey them. If the object of the Government were to paralyse local effort, to annihilate local responsibility, and daily to give emphasis to the fact that the whole country is under the domination of an alien race, no system could be devised more likely to secure its object than that now in force in Ireland.

In this vivid and emphatic characterisation Mr. Chamberlain no doubt included more than is understood in England or in Ireland under the name of local government. He was describing not only the grand juries, the boards of guardians, and other local bodies strictly so called, their constitution and the conditions under which they worked, but the central machinery of government in Dublin which goes by the comprehensive name of 'The Castle.' But what is true of the whole is equally true of each of its parts. Every local public body is objectionable from its being absolutely out of date. It is either non-elective, and therefore non-representative, or it is elected on so restricted a franchise that it is representative only in name; and in either case it is controlled, during every hour of its existence and in almost every step it takes, by an outside authority which is itself responsible not to Irish, but to English public opinion.

Take the grand juries. They are the chief local authorities in the Irish counties. They are altogether non-elective, and in practice they represent only the landlord class. They are constituted after a fashion that can only be justified either on Bishop Horsley's theory or on the assumption that the bulk of the Irish people cannot be safely entrusted with the administration of any of their own local affairs. The Lord-Lieutenant, who, as every one knows, is always himself a member of the Government of the day, selects the sheriffs, and the sheriffs select the grand juries, the only restriction on their freedom of choice being that they are supposed to provide for a 'representation' of each of the baronies into which the counties are divided, and to give a preference to those who possess the largest property qualifications—who, however, need not themselves be payers of the grand jury cess or tax at all, and never are, unless to the extent to which they keep their lands in their own hands. It is

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quite possible for the sheriff in every case to constitute a grand jury entirely of his own personal friends, and many a sheriff has done so in the past. To bodies thus brought into being; to bodies non-elective, non-representative, always composed in practice of persons who belong to one class in the community and who need not themselves, as has been said, contribute any part of the grand jury tax; to bodies 'without,' as Mr. Chamberlain would say, 'a shadow or a shade of representative authority,' is given a vast mass of important administrative work. The appointment of all county officials; the erection, construction, repair, and maintenance of all county works; the allotment, levying, and spending of the produce of an impost amounting to nearly a million and a half sterling per annum; the administration of various Acts of Parliament, such as those which provide for the establishment and maintenance of industrial and reformatory schools—all this, in addition to their share in the work of administering the criminal law, comes within the purview of the ordinary business of the grand juries. Their power extends indirectly further still. The irresponsible grand juries which are selected by one official, who is himself selected by another official, have actually the power of constituting other bodies, which, of course, in consequence, are equally irresponsible. Thus, under the provisions of an Act passed in the early years of the Queen's reign, they nominate the members of the boards which control the affairs of the four inland navigation districts of Ireland. The persons who contribute the funds of those boards have, as such, nothing to do with the matter. It is true that the initiation of ordinary county expenditure does not rest with the grand jury, but with a mixed body of magistrates and cesspayers. But this body is itself non-elective, and the portion of it which is supposed to represent the persons who pay the grand jury cess can never be anything but a minority except by the grace of the landlord element. One additional fact, which lends an aspect of ludicrousness to the whole grand jury system, remains to be mentioned. The grand juries have an extremely short-lived existence. They are called into being twice a year, and on each occasion live only for about two days! All the rest of the time the whole county business is managed by a few officials who may do what they like, in any way they like, in the intervals between the half-yearly two-day meetings of the grand jury! Even in the Polish districts of Russia infinitely more real self-government exists in local matters than Ireland is allowed under this grand jury system.

Take next the boards of poor-law guardians. In the case of these bodies there is some pretence at giving the ratepayers control. The boards of guardians do not belong quite so decidedly to the dark ages as do the Irish grand juries. But as devices for keeping power out of the hands of the majority they are quite as much a curiosity in their own way. In the first place, a full half, if I may

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use the expression, of every board of guardians in Ireland consists by express enactment of *ex-officio* members. The largest ratepayers in each union who happen to be magistrates become, to the required number, members of the board without any application on their part and without further inquiry as to their qualifications; and as all magistrates are appointed by the Government, the Government may thus be said in a sense to nominate half the boards of guardians all over the country. Thus, at one stroke, all possibility of the representative principle proving effective in the case of those bodies is absolutely prevented. But, as if that were not so, the next thing done is to take care that even where the representative principle is in form allowed to operate it shall have as little practical effect as possible. This trick is accomplished by means of the multiple or cumulative vote and the system of voting by proxy. Each ratepayer is allowed votes in proportion to the amount at which he is assessed for rating purposes, up to a certain maximum; the result being that in a conceivable case one person may have as many as thirty-six votes, and another—and this is the general case in the poorer districts—only one vote. The system of voting by proxy is also relied on in aid of the well-to-do minority; for it is obvious that it is only the party with money at its command which can organise and maintain the machinery for keeping the proxy system in working order. This system works in another way also in favour of the landlord minority. Votes by proxy are allowed in the case only of the owners of property, who may, therefore, be absent altogether from the country (as many of them habitually are) and yet exercise their franchise to the full, while the humble occupier must be anchored to the spot or lose all right to take part in an election. To the bodies thus constituted is handed over the administration not only of the poor-law, but of the public health code in rural districts, of the laws relating to the diseases of cattle, and of a number of other statutes which had not even been thought of when the poor-law boards were originally constituted. It has been said that the pretence is preserved of giving a measure of popular control over the administration of those Acts; but it is clear that nothing of the kind is given in reality; and if, as a matter of fact, the popular party is nevertheless throughout a great part of Ireland in a majority on the boards of guardians, that circumstance is due simply to the overwhelming preponderance of that party amongst the general population. To put it otherwise, popular control is secured in many cases in the sense that many boards contain a majority of men who would be elected if there were a popular franchise and a proper system of voting; but this result is attained despite the law, not because of it, and it is not going too far to assume that it was never contemplated by the authors of the poor-law system. It only remains to add that lest by any possibility the slight admission of the representative

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principle which is contained in the constitution of the poor-law boards might lead to any unexpected developments, everything those bodies do must be approved of by the Local Government Board in Dublin before it can take effect.

The same tale is to be told of the next most important set of local authorities in the counties of Ireland—the lunatic asylum boards. In the case of those institutions there is no pretence at all of anything in the nature of popular control, for the members of the boards with a few exceptions are appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant; and, as if that were not enough in the way of precaution against the people at large having any genuine authority, a Board of Control, wholly nominated by the Government, is placed at their head to see that they usurp no real power of any kind.

> What such sham authorities are kept for at all [says Mr. J. J. Clancy, M. P., in a pamphlet published some time since and descriptive of the 'Castle System'] it is difficult to discover; for not they but the Lord-Lieutenant appoints the medical officers of the asylums; two inspectors, also appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant, enforce the regulations drawn up by the Lord-Lieutenant for the administration of the asylums; the Board of Works, which is also the creation of the Lord-Lieutenant, supervises all expenditure in building and structural improvements; and then the superfluity is enacted of making the Lord-Lieutenant the ultimate authority in all those matters.

It would save a good deal of trouble and get rid of a vast amount of useless formalities, which do not now serve even the poor purpose of public deception, if the Lord-Lieutenant, or whoever in Dublin Castle acts in the name of the Lord-Lieutenant, dispensed with those boards altogether, and allowed the Board of Control—assuredly the most appropriately named of all the branches of the Castle—to issue its orders without the necessity of sending them through the local boards of governors, and see directly to their execution.

It is unnecessary to enter further into a description of the existing system of local government in Ireland. To do so would be simply to pile up proofs of what after all is now universally admitted—namely, that that system is a bureaucracy so much out of date that it is no longer possible to defend its existence or to deny that a sweeping and radical change is required. It is not necessary, with a view to such a change, to prove in addition that it has worked badly. I do not, indeed, know that it is now liable to the graver charges which were levelled, and levelled with truth, against it in the past. A generation ago, for instance, the grand juries were habitually denounced as nests of jobbery and corruption, and the denunciation was often well founded; but although here and there those bodies may still justify by their action or inaction the opprobrious epithets most of them once earned for themselves, their administration of the affairs committed to them, generally speaking, has not, so far as my knowledge goes, been marked of late years by any of the graver forms of mis-

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conduct. But however this may be, I repeat that it is not necessary for the purpose now in view to show that either the grand juries, or the boards of guardians, or any of the other local authorities in Ireland work badly or are corrupt. It is not necessary to show even what is true—namely, that county government in Ireland, without being inefficient or corrupt, is still used, so far as the emoluments connected with it are concerned, for the benefit of the single class in whose hands it is placed. It is essential only to show that the whole system is obsolete. Even if the results of its working were ideally perfect, it would still stand condemned by reason of the fact that it excludes the great bulk of the population, probably four-fifths of the whole, who do not reside in towns with a separate government of their own, from all share in the management of their local concerns, and consequently from all chance of acquiring a training in the art of ruling themselves. If there were no other objection to it, this one would be fatal. Fortunately, all this is now, as I have said, universally admitted, especially by the First Lord of the Treasury. But if it is true, and if it is admitted, most important consequences follow as to the nature of the reform which is required. The admission, in other words, involves the concession of a reform which will do what the existing system of local government fails to do—namely, confer on the mass of the Irish people, and not on one class only, the power of self-government in Irish local affairs, free from all degrading restrictions.

Two influences at least ought to be at work to prevent the Government from making a mistake on this point—that of the First Lord of the Treasury and that of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Balfour's experience as the author of a bill dealing with Irish local government ought, indeed, of itself to be decisive. In 1891 he introduced a measure which was scouted by all sections of the Irish popular party in Parliament, and may be said to have died stillborn, because it was halting in its attempt to remove admitted grievances, and because it was framed, as I said myself at the time, on the principle of coercion. He surely must know not only that a similar measure, if introduced now, would meet with the same fate, but that if it were passed into law it would be simply the starting-point for a fresh agitation. To present Ireland now with a make-believe instead of a reality; to seem to give with one hand and to take away with the other; to be halting and not thorough; to hesitate, in short, to accept the alternative to which I have just referred as resulting from his admissions of last session; such a policy would only excite laughter and contempt. As for Mr. Chamberlain, the difficulty he must have is how, in a measure dealing presumably only with local authorities, the franchises on which they are to be elected, their constitution, and their functions, to give full effect to his sweeping ideas of reform in Irish local government as expressed some years ago. Then it was not merely the grand juries, the boards of guardians,

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and the other local authorities which, in his opinion, required to be, not reformed, but swept away and supplanted by thoroughly popular bodies endowed not only with all the powers of the present grand juries and boards of guardians, but with jurisdiction in many other matters of importance, such as the granting of licences and the establishment of a peasant proprietary. His scheme of local government reform had a much wider range. It embraced not only local authorities properly so-called, but all the central boards in Dublin, such as the Local Government Board, the Board of Works, the Fishery Board, and the Education Boards; not one of which he would have allowed to continue to be what it is, and all of which he would have controlled by Irish, not by English, opinion and influence. Any bill that does not establish a 'National Council,' altogether independent of English Government influence, for the management of Irish local affairs, must appear to him, if his ideas are the same now as they were twelve years ago, jejune and truncated. At any rate it is to be presumed that he will not sanction a measure which would withhold from the new Irish local authorities powers given to similar local authorities in England or Scotland, or which would put on those bodies fetters from which English and Scotch bodies are free, or which would invent for the special behoof of those bodies, as the bill of 1891 proposed to do, special means for restraining them within the path of propriety and legality.

But whatever Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain may now do, what ought to be done by Parliament in this matter is clear. The description that has been given of the existing system of local government in Ireland shows that there is need of a reconstruction of that system from the very foundations. This is the first lesson taught by a study of the institutions of which it is composed, and which are fashioned on so obsolete a plan that to seek to make anything satisfactory out of them by patching them up would be simply fatuous. In the next place, it is clear that the most striking feature of the existing system being its non-representative character, that which is to take its place must be representative, and must therefore be elective throughout all its branches. Thirdly, the working of the new system must not be hampered either by restricting the sphere of its operations so as to exclude from its purview any business of a local character, or by instituting any special devices such as those contained in the ill-fated bill of 1891 for preventing illegality or, to use the term employed in that measure, 'oppression.' The meaning, of course, of all this is that the principle which lies at the base of the present system must be definitely abandoned and the very opposite one adopted. Hitherto, as even the brief description which I have given of the constitution of the grand juries, the boards of guardians, and the lunatic asylum boards shows, the feeling of the authors of that system

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was one of complete distrust of the people. This feeling was expressed no less in the elaborate contrivances resorted to in the case of the boards of guardians for keeping power in the hands of a class than in that of the nominated asylum boards or than in that of the grand juries which are constituted by one man possessing the confidence of the Castle. The very opposite principle is that on which legislation must now proceed; and here I must express my amazement at one at least of the reasons usually advanced for not giving full power over the local purse into the hands of men directly elected by the people. It is that if such a power were conferred upon such persons, there would be reckless expenditure. No one who entertains such an opinion can possibly have watched the action of representative public bodies in Ireland under ordinary circumstances. No opinion can well be more unfounded. Than the great majority of the Irish boards of guardians there are not to be found in the United Kingdom more jealous distributors of public money. Their policy in spending the funds entrusted to them has savoured rather of stinginess than of excessive liberality; and, personally, my only fear is that in the case of the proposed new bodies too strict an economy might be practised in many parts of the country. If this principle of trusting the people be frankly and unreservedly adopted, if the three essentials which I have mentioned be embodied in the forthcoming bill, not only will the reform be generally acceptable, but the work of the draftsman will be considerably lightened and simplified. It is when the object is not to do what a bill professes to do that the drafting of it becomes really difficult.

That there must be a clean sweep of existing institutions, but especially of the grand juries, I should hardly have thought it necessary to insist upon, were it not that in Mr. Balfour's scheme of 1891 it was actually proposed, while establishing new county authorities, to retain the grand juries for certain purposes, and that, as is well known, most of the Irish supporters of the Government are supporters of the grand jury system also. Under these circumstances, it may be advisable to say once for all that that system must be torn up by the roots before anything is put in its place. In the minds of some persons, perhaps, a difficulty in the way of taking this course may be found in the fact that one set of the functions of the grand juries is connected with the administration of the criminal law, and that another is judicial, it being assumed that neither of those sets of functions could properly be entrusted to a popularly elected body. But this is a difficulty easily surmounted. The sending of indictments to grand juries and the finding of 'true bills' by those bodies may once have served as a safeguard to accused persons. It is quite certain that those proceedings no longer serve such a purpose. Whatever reality there

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may have been in them once, they are now nothing but the merest formality, except, possibly, when the guilt of some high-placed or well-connected person, or one who appeals to the prejudices of the dominant minority, has to be screened. Therefore the functions of the grand juries in the administration of the criminal law ought to constitute no difficulty in the way of their abolition, for those functions ought themselves to be abolished as obsolete. But the grand juries also discharge judicial or quasi-judicial duties in deciding on claims for pecuniary compensation for malicious injuries to person and property. Here, again, the proper—certainly the best—solution of the difficulty supposed to be caused by this fact would be to repeal altogether the law under which such claims are allowed. It is one of the most unjust laws ever enacted in any country. Something like it prevailed in Anglo-Norman times in England, but nothing like it, it is needless to say, is known there now. The briefest statement of it is enough to condemn it. A crime is committed in a certain neighbourhood, and then, if it be proved to be a crime and not an accident, every ratepayer in the district, whether innocent or guilty of connection with it, is made to suffer in his pocket by contributing to a fine to be paid to the injured individual. The punishment of the offence of perhaps one man is visited on a whole community. It is no wonder that in times of excitement this survival of a barbarous past has been turned into an engine of cruelty and terror, and it is quite certain that it is the use made of it by the grand juries that has contributed almost more than anything else to make those bodies objects of popular detestation. It ought, I repeat, to be swept away. But if it is not to be swept away, and if the administration of this law is not to be handed over to the new local authorities, then another solution, which would not be entirely unsatisfactory, and which I ventured to suggest some years ago, lies ready to the hand. It is simply to amend a provision in the existing Grand Jury Acts under which, if any presentment for compensation be opposed by any ratepayer, that ratepayer may apply to the judge of assize for permission 'to enter a traverse,' and, if the permission be granted, a jury shall forthwith be empannelled to try the issue. If this right to traverse were turned into an enactment that all claims for compensation should be decided by a judge and jury, like all other questions brought into the common-law courts, a not wholly unsatisfactory result would, I repeat, be attained, and the last reason for keeping the grand juries in existence would have vanished.

On one point too great stress cannot be laid. I have said that the new system must be representative. Of course for a body to be really representative of the people not only must it be elective, but the electorate must be as wide as it can be made. In Mr. Balfour's bill of 1891 there was a provision for depriving of the franchise rate-

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payers who were unable to read. It is to be hoped for the sake of the bill itself that that proposal will not figure in the forthcoming measure, and that, in fact, it has been buried for ever. Illiteracy, no doubt, is a great disgrace and may possibly be a danger; but the day is past for arguing whether it should be made directly or indirectly a disqualification for exercising the first and most important of the rights of citizenship. For good or ill Parliament has not only conferred the parliamentary franchise upon illiterates, but has in their case provided special facilities for its exercise. That is a step which cannot be retraced. If there be a change in the future, it must be in the direction of a wider suffrage. The whole bent of modern thought, and of modern legislation also, has for some years been towards not merely manhood suffrage, but universal suffrage, for the purpose of all elections, whether parliamentary or other; and we can no more go back in this matter now than put back the clock of time. If, therefore, Ministers have any notion of repeating the proposal regarding illiterates which, unfortunately, found a place in the bill of 1891, they will at once abandon it if they do not desire to wreck their project. If there is not to be manhood suffrage or universal suffrage at local elections under the new scheme, the suffrage must at least be as wide as that which exists at present for parliamentary purposes. To have the same franchise for parliamentary and for local elections would be attended by at least one very considerable advantage. The annual revision of all the lists of voters could then take place at the same time. At present the multiplicity of voters' lists and the fact that there must be separate revisions of the parliamentary and municipal lists cause in cities and towns much unnecessary trouble and expense. All this used to be the case in England also before the recent Acts reforming the system of local government in that country, and one of the changes made by those enactments was, broadly speaking, to make the franchise the same for all elections, and to have all the lists revised together. Let me here suggest that the opportunity ought to be taken of dealing also in the forthcoming bill with the franchise of the cities and towns of Ireland as well as with that of the counties. This is a reform which is most urgently required. That it should be left unaccomplished up to the present time is a great scandal and discredit to Parliament. Ever since I entered Parliament an attempt has been made annually to put the Irish municipal franchise on a proper basis; but although the cities and towns of England and Scotland obtained their respective Municipal Reform Acts years ago, that attempt has been defeated as often as it has been made. The result has been that the law on this subject, so far as Ireland is concerned, is in a state of the greatest possible confusion; for, in despair of carrying a general bill, Irish members have availed themselves of private bills promoted by various Irish municipalities to tack on to them franchise clauses, and thus it

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has come to pass that one or two Irish cities possess for municipal purposes a household suffrage, some a 4*l.* rating franchise, some an 8*l.* franchise, and for some women suffrage has been established. It is truly ridiculous that there should be this variety of franchises within comparatively so small an area; and it would be perfectly intolerable if it continued to exist in the urban districts of Ireland while household suffrage existed in the rural. It may be objected that the question of the franchise in towns and the organisation of a local government for the counties cannot be dealt with in the same bill. But the answer is that the title and preamble of the bill can be so framed as to include both subjects within its scope. To return, however, to the point which I specially desired to emphasise in connection with the electorate for the new local authorities. It is essential that it should be at least as wide as it has been made in England and Scotland by the recent English and Scotch Local Government Acts, and it is also essential that three should be no step backward in the direction of disfranchisement.

The fear has been expressed that the Anti-Home Rule minority would not obtain, under a household or manhood suffrage, a representation on the new local bodies adequate to the material interests which that minority represents. Personally, I should regard it as a calamity if such a result should flow from the new state of things; and I do not believe that it would occur. It would, in my opinion, be most desirable that what are called 'the propertied classes' should be represented upon the new bodies even more fully than their number on the electoral roll would warrant; and I am persuaded that the same view will commend itself to many local leaders on the popular side when the time for expressing it with some hope of practical effect arises—that is to say, when the first set of elections takes place.

Another point on which almost equal stress is to be laid is that the reform now to be attempted of the system of local government in Ireland should be accomplished by one measure. If the same plan is pursued in this case as was pursued in that of England and Scotland —the plan, namely, of establishing by one measure county councils, and by another parish councils—I personally have the greatest distrust of the scheme being ever completed. Twelve years ago, Lord Randolph Churchill, speaking on behalf of the Unionist Government of the day, promised not only similarity with England in the treatment of this question, but simultaneity. England, however, obtained its county councils in 1888 and its parish councils in 1894, while Ireland is still denied both the one and the other. The Irish people have been obliged to wait so long for even an instalment of the debt admitted to be due to them, England itself was obliged to wait so long for the crowning of the edifice of local self-government by the establishment of parish councils, that it is more than probable that,

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if only a commencement is made now with the work of reconstruction in Ireland, the present generation will pass away without seeing its completion. Nor are two bills at all necessary. Complex though the existing system of Irish local government may be, it is not at all so complex as was that of England which was put an end to by the Acts of 1888 and 1894. There are not so many existing bodies to deal with; if the poor-law unions are to be rearranged with a view to amalgamation, it may not be necessary to create so many new bodies. The mention of the amalgamation of poor-law unions reminds me that it would be highly advisable to include in the forthcoming bill still another set of provisions—I mean such of the provisions as it would be desirable to retain of the measure introduced into the House of Commons last year by the Chief Secretary for the reform of workhouse management. Nothing, not even the grand jury system itself, calls out more loudly for reform in Ireland than the system of workhouse management. It is needlessly extravagant; the treatment accorded under it to the poor is demoralising on the one hand, and to some extent inhuman on the other; nearly every one is of the same opinion as to what ought to be done to remedy those evils; why should not the present occasion be availed of to give effect to the general view? The occasion is strictly appropriate, and I repeat that for my part I greatly fear that, if those minor but germane reforms are not carried out now in connection with the reconstruction of the system of local government in Ireland, many a long day will elapse before they become realities.

One word in conclusion. It will be observed that I have not dealt at all with the question of the reform of the various Government departments in Dublin which have so much to do in the way of supervision with the management of Irish local affairs, and which, it will be remembered, were the chief objects of Mr. Chamberlain's denunciations in 1885. I have left them alone for an obvious reason—namely, that the reform of the 'Castle' (as those departments are comprehensively called) would touch the question of national rather than local self-government. They are open to objection from many points of view and on many grounds, especially on the ground that their wholesale, perpetual, and to a great extent unnecessary interference with the working of the existing local bodies leaves these latter scarcely any real freedom of action. But to my mind they are chiefly objectionable because they are themselves controlled and influenced by what Mr. Chamberlain would call a foreign Power and not by Irish opinion; and personally I believe that the only way to reform them at all is to establish a National Parliament to which they would be responsible. This objection to them, and the fact that this is the only effective remedy for their defects, will be more obvious than at present when the new local authorities come into existence. If thoroughly representative bodies are set up in the

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place of the grand juries, the boards of guardians, the lunatic asylum boards, and the rest, and if the new creations are endowed with extended powers, as Mr. Chamberlain would apparently wish, it will be more of a scandal than ever, assuredly, if they as well as their predecessors should be, as he said in his famous speech at West Islington in June 1885, 'confronted, interfered with, controlled by, an English official appointed by a foreign Government and without a shadow or shade of representative authority,' and consequently it will be more urgently necessary than ever even in the interest of the new institutions, to put the matter no higher, that such a scandal should be prevented in the only way in which it can be avoided. But all this is saying, in other words, that Home Rule or national self-government will be the necessary complement of local self-government. And that is the simple truth. All roads, it is said, lead to Rome. Whatever is done in Irish affairs, or if nothing be done and stagnation be the order of the day, the Government of Ireland by means of a National Parliament and an Executive responsible to it becomes equally the inevitable solution of the Irish question.

J. E. REDMOND.

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ART AND THE DAILY PAPER

No one can fail to notice the change that has been coming over the newspaper—a change that has culminated with the Jubilee. I do not mean to call attention to the fact that the editorial 'we' no longer leads a gullible public; the veil that hid an unimportant personality has been torn away, and even the man in the street now knows that the editorial 'we' is frequently not of as much value as his 'I say so.' Nor yet would I refer to the disappearance of the descriptive reporter, who never could describe anything but his own sensations, which were always the same on all occasions and never worth recording; or of the war correspondent, who would inform you of the most secret thought and complex plan of his Commander-in-Chief when he barely had enough intelligence to know upon which side he was fighting; or of the critics, mainly appointed to their posts because they were friends or relations of those in authority and nothing better could be found for them to do. Interesting as it might be to point out how to-day statesmen contribute the politics, authors and artists the reviews, while scientific men are glad to describe their inventions, I am concerned rather with another phase of newspaper work, of which very little has been said or is even known outside the offices—the illustration of the daily paper. It has come about very gradually until lately. But the Jubilee seems to have completed the change, almost all the dailies at the time having published illustrations. Even the *Times* blossomed out in colour with a supplement—made in Germany.

The printing of drawings in newspapers is no new thing, as Mr. Mason Jackson has explained in his *History of the Illustrated Press.* Indeed, the daily paper would always have been illustrated had this been possible. It is only within the last twenty-five years, however, that some of the difficulties in the way have been practically surmounted. The first illustrated daily which lived for any length of time was, as far as I know, the *Daily Graphic* of New York, and it was illustrated chiefly by photo- or some other sort of lithography. The second was the *Daily Graphic* of London. The first came to an end years ago; the second had, and even still has, no rivals in London in its own sphere. But being issued from the office of the

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weekly *Graphic*, it only in the beginning roused the curiosity of the public as to the mechanical methods of its production. It is, in comparison with the other morning penny papers, small in size, and its illustrations are small too. It was not, therefore, until a little over two years ago, when the *Daily Chronicle*, one morning, suddenly appeared containing effective drawings of the size of those published in the weekly illustrated papers, that editors generally gave any thought at all to the subject; that is, to the present method of reproducing and printing drawings. Sixty years ago, and more, large wood-engravings of important events were issued with the dailies, but either not printed in them or else not by the methods now employed. In America also illustration has been used for years, and it has been customary to refer with pride to the Sunday paper as the greatest and most glorious outcome of that greatest and most glorious country. However, like many another of my country's productions, it is a *tour de force*—a folio magazine. It is not printed, as a rule, on the same press as the daily newspaper; but when it is, one must remember that the American Sunday journal usually sells for 2½*d.*, and not for a penny. Much, therefore, can be accomplished that is impossible here. The *Pall Mall Gazette* also, I believe, claims to be the pioneer of English daily illustrated journalism. But the claim cannot be maintained.

As I had the good fortune to see the greater part of the experiments that were made, it may be interesting if I describe the new movement from the start. It originated in the following fashion. I was asked to prepare for the *Chronicle* a series of drawings to illustrate the work of the County Council; a series of pictures of the parks, the gardens, the polytechnics, the fire and other departments which the Council had opened, built, or taken over. Though flattered by this offer, I felt at once that to accept it unreservedly was far beyond my powers; many of the subjects I should not have cared to draw, and at that time I had still everything to learn of the methods to be used for reproducing and printing the drawings. For I then knew nothing of the methods of producing the daily illustrated paper, save in theory. As the editor wished to keep his scheme to himself, it was not possible to consult the publishers of the *Graphic*, who, I have no doubt, would, from their vast practical experience, have furnished me much information, of which many people will say I am still in need. All these things considered, I realised that the selection of the illustrations, and the care of their mechanical reproduction, were almost as much as I could reasonably venture to undertake. The task was the easier for me, as I found in the proprietors, and all connected with the paper, the most valuable collaborators and the most enthusiastic experimenters.

Now, experimenting in newspaper printing is enormously expensive, very difficult, and extremely dangerous. A monthly magazine like

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the *Century*, a weekly paper like the *Graphic*, or a book, is printed either from what is known as a stop cylinder, or a flat press, usually the finest illustrations on one side of the paper only at a time, at the rate of from a few hundred to, at the most, a very few thousand copies an hour. In order to get out an edition of a weekly paper or a magazine at a given date, a large number of presses must therefore be employed. To increase the speed of production, the number of presses must be increased. Time and expense are not spared. The illustrated portions of the *Century* go to press three months before they are issued, its illustrated contents are made up a year in advance. A daily paper is printed on a cylinder press, a rotary, a web machine, usually at the rate of about 20,000 copies an hour, entirely by one operation. The paper is 'made up' between ten o'clock in the evening and, at the very latest, two o'clock in the morning. The printing is done in an hour or two, and often up to the very last moment the editor does not know that some change will not have to be made, owing to important news coming in. Yet the paper must be ready for delivery between four and five in the morning, in order to be distributed. When the *Chronicle* began to print illustrations there were but three available presses, made by Robert Hoe & Co., the great manufacturers, in the office. In an office like that of De Vinne, the printer of the *Century*, where there are many stop cylinder machines (in some offices they are counted by hundreds), one press and the two or three men who run it can easily be secured at any time for the making of experiments, and the printing is done mainly in the daytime. In the *Chronicle* office, to make a single experiment the entire machinery had to be set going, the printers, who only came at twelve o'clock at night, had to be kept on in the daytime, after their night's work was done, as they alone understood the presses. The proprietors, in trying these experiments, risked breaking the press and losing probably their edition the next day—for them the gravest sort of risk, as must be seen.

The first thing to do, it seemed to me, as they had decided to make the trial, was to enlist the services of distinguished artists. While many of the sixpenny magazines, both in this country and America, have done their best to cheapen art and literature, whether knowingly or not, and while the same cheap commonplaceness is bound to triumph blatantly in the newspaper, it was worth while, I thought, to start, at any rate, with the work of distinguished artists, thus showing what could be done, even if afterwards things must be allowed to take their course. The drawings were made in pen and ink, the one exception being the etching contributed by Mr. Whistler. Zinc line blocks were then produced from them in the ordinary way. But here a difficulty arose. The designs by Mr. Whistler and Sir Edward Burne-Jones were too small to be effective on the page, the former's too delicate to print. Therefore, instead of following the

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unalterable law of the photo-engraver, and reducing the illustrations, we enlarged them, and eventually both were printed several times the size that the artists drew them; a proof that work, which is good in itself, looks well no matter how much the reproduction varies in size from the original. These blocks and others were then stereotyped—that is, from the page of type containing the blocks a cast was made in ordinary stereotype metal. A stereotype is made for three reasons: first, to preserve the type; second, to get duplicates or casts of it in metal at once, so that it can be printed on several presses at the same time; and third, because the stereotype is shaped to fit the curved cylinder of the press, to which it is impossible to fasten the type itself. But when it came to printing the drawing from the stereotype, the result was disappointing. The grey lines, the fine lines, became huge black masses, and all the blacks in the original printed as greys. Experiment after experiment followed, but it was not until the stereotyper was in a rage, the printer in despair, not until the whole page had been reproduced by electrotyping in the fashion adopted for the finest magazines, that a satisfactory method was devised. The method finally adopted is this. The engraved block, or rather a blank plate of the same size, is placed in a page of type. A stereotype of this page is then made, and the original engraving, after the stereotype is bent to fit on the cylinder of the printing press, is fastened to the blank space. This bending constitutes the radical difference between rapid newspaper printing and the printing of fine books. A book is printed in sheets. The type and blocks from which it is printed, or the electrotypes, lie upon a flat bed, and the paper comes down flatly upon them, or is rolled over them, usually on one side only at a time, thus allowing greater care, and also permitting the ink to dry before the other side is printed. A newspaper is printed from one or more rolls of paper, each of enormous length. The paper is unwound by the machine from the roll, and passes at incredible speed over a series of cylinders the faces of which just touch each other. One cylinder carries the stereotype plate, and on the other the paper runs. Each cylinder contains two or more pages of each copy of the paper. When the sheet of paper has passed around all the cylinders, it is completely printed on both sides, and this is done in the fraction of a second. has only this: the paper is pasted together, and cut and folded and counted, and comes out perfect at the end; while a book or magazine has to be gathered, and then stitched up and bound—separate operations. Of course, by the *Chronicle* method, as many original engraved blocks have to be made as are wanted for the various presses. The difficulty was to bend them, and to attach them so that they would not come off when being printed at the rate of 20,000 an hour, for if they did, the press would be broken all to pieces. It is sufficient to say that the problem has been solved.

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Again, unless what are called 'overlays' are made—that is, unless the blacks of the picture are really modelled on the press in relief—the print will always be dull and grey and flat. This also has been accomplished.

There remains the problem of publishing drawings on the very day following the events they should illustrate—a problem that has scarcely been solved. A large 'newsy' drawing, a drawing depicting an event, must be made beforehand, when possible, if the drawing is to be printed the next morning. The artist of the daily may get everything right in advance, save the weather; the artist working for the weekly can put in the proper weather at the last moment, after the event has happened. Therefore the daily, in this respect also, is at a disadvantage. But on the *Chronicle* even the weather can be controlled. During the Jubilee, incredible as it may seem, artists were found capable of making drawings of the procession as it actually passed. Some of their drawings were not finished until seven o'clock that evening. They were then given to the photo-engraver, who reproduced them before eleven; the blocks were put upon the machine and printed the next morning. Possibly they were not works of the highest art. But they were well drawn, they were well engraved, they were printed as well as they could be, and they were interesting, and valuable as showing what will be done in the very near future. Giotto is not studied for correctness of drawing. These illustrations are not remarkable for perfection of printing; they are the comparative failures upon which the successes of the future will be built up. The old men did the best they could for the Church and the State in paint; we are doing it in printer's ink for the people. Ten years ago such illustrations could not have appeared. Twenty-five years ago we were amazed at the printing of the monthlies and the weeklies, and yet the daily has beaten it all to pieces. Of course, the magazine has continued to improve in the same proportion, and its printing is still far beyond that of the daily. But I know that in ten years, when the makers of printing presses have solved the new problems so suddenly presented to them, the daily papers of the world will contain illustrations as admirably drawn, engraved, and printed as those which now are only to be found in the best American magazines. Dürer revolutionised wood-cutting, Bewick invented wood-engraving, with the sole idea of producing popular art. Dürer was ridiculed for a while by his contemporaries. Many of the best men of to-day are told that they are wasting their time in drawing for newspapers. Under the present system it is probable that they are. But somehow there is a stimulating excitement in the work, an uncanny fascination about the huge, almost human monster which seizes a roll of blank paper and in a moment transforms it into a finished, vital, living, universally read, illustrated print. When I stood in the machine-room and saw

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Burne-Jones's drawing—the first published in the *Chronicle* series—coming off the press at the rate of over 20,000 copies an hour, I knew that I was assisting at a revolution in art which would be as wide reaching as that started by Dürer or by Bewick. But our difficulties are a thousand times greater than theirs. Their work was all done upon a hand-press. If mistakes were made in the drawing, the engraving, or the printing they could be remedied; there was time. If corrections were wanted, they could be added, defects could be taken away. But in the daily, once the block has left the hands of the engraver, nothing can be done to it. And until the first copies have come off the press nobody knows what the illustration really will look like, and then it is too late for corrections. It is all very well to say, 'Why don't you do this?' and 'Why don't you do that?' Experiments are only made really in the actual work. The marvel is, not that the results are so bad, but that they are so good. If one tries a new experiment every day, as was done recently in Paris by *Le Quotidien*, a daily which was printed in colour—and remarkably well printed too—the result may mean, as I fear it did in that case, ruin for the proprietors. For it must be remembered that newspapers are primarily not produced with any other object than to make a profit for their owners, at the price of one penny a copy. And the loss of the smallest fraction of a farthing on each means failure. But just as literature is taking the place of journalism, so will art find expression in the daily paper.

As it is impossible to make experiments on a daily, there are several things now needful if perfection is to be attained. First, most editors must be taught a little of the elementary principles of art to enable them to distinguish between good and bad work. In fact, an art editor is indispensable. Artists must be trained to draw for newspaper printing, though most painters may assert that this is a lowering of their art and a sinking of their dignity. Technically, although we have not yet found out what is actually required for an assured success, no more special study will be demanded than is necessary for the artist who would express himself by oil paint or by etching. But the illustrator, after he has learned to draw must be trained to put down his every line and touch in the manner that will print best; what that manner really is, no one has determined. In etching and lithography, for example, there are hard-and-fast rules that must be obeyed, and we know what these are. In illustrating newspapers, we know very little with absolute certainty. It is true that there are men whose drawings usually print very well at the great speed required; but even in their case there are heart-breaking exceptions. The photo-engraver, although he may be able to reproduce a drawing almost perfectly as a proof, or for slower printing, cannot be positive that he has hit upon the right method for newspaper purposes, while we cannot doubt that the printing

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press, wonderful and amazing as it is, is wholly unadapted to the new requirements. But it is upon this machine that one must for the present rely. Fortunately, there is the greatest sympathy between the artists who draw for the paper and their engravers. They work together, as craftsmen should. So also do the printers, who, with the greatest devotion and intelligence, endeavour to carry out the artist's idea. But when the huge, almost human monster of a press gets the drawing between its cylinders, it has absolute control of it. The master printers of the world have a pride in their art; the men who print newspapers are as proud of their pages as any other craftsman of his productions. But one has only to take up the best printed paper, and look at each page carefully, to see that here and there the colour varies. As the papers come off the press, the master printer seizes several copies and looks over the pages. If anything is wrong, he tries to correct it, and he can often do so without stopping the machine; unless the printing is absolutely illegible, he does not stop it. But while the printer alone will detect slight defects in a page filled with type—while he alone, and not the public, will be worried by them—when there is a drawing on the same page, even the public sees in it at once the imperfections that the printer was unable to remedy. The fault may be with the drawing, which was not properly made to print in a newspaper, or with the engraving, which had to be too hastily executed. But the great difficulty is in the printing press itself. In the first place, it never was built for the purpose; even presses designed for the finest illustrated work, and run at the rate of only a few hundred sheets an hour, are continually going wrong. Heat and cold affect them enormously. In a climate like this, unless special provisions are made—and they have not been made excepting by a very few of the best English printers—an edition will vary with the changes of the weather which may occur while it is being printed. On a newspaper the tiniest drop too much of ink makes a smudge; the least bit too little, and the blacks are quite grey. The colour may come off on another cylinder, and I have seen a picture beautifully printed on the blanket and shockingly produced on the page. In the larger presses many of these difficulties have been surmounted. The problem of making overlays and keeping them in their place has been solved, and it must be remembered that the slipping of one of these modelled pictures, that produce the blacks by extra pressure on the face of the block, might mean the breaking of the whole machine.

There are only one or two kinds of printing presses which will print illustrations, and half the daily papers do not as yet use them. No matter how well—and some of them are very well done—the drawings are made for the *Star* or the *Daily Mail*, they cannot be printed, it is simply impossible, on the machines employed. Again, though good work is done at times on the great Hoe presses, at other times it is

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perfectly frightful. What is wanted, then, if we are to improve our methods, is the active co-operation of printers and press-makers with artists and engravers. There are enough artists to-day capable of illustrating all the daily papers in the world, and more than enough. There are enough photo-engravers to engrave their drawings. But how these drawings should be drawn, and how engraved so as to print, nobody really knows with certainty. No newspaper proprietor is going to ruin himself making experiments; only artists and engravers are foolish enough, or wise enough, or reckless enough to do that. The master printer does his best, but the printing press does what it wants. One attempt, in a small but practical way, has been made by Mr. W. L. Thomas of the *Graphic*, who for years has been training in his office a number—necessarily a limited number—of young men who can draw, who learned to draw before they went to him, to work for rapid printing, and as a consequence the *Daily Graphic* is, on the whole, more uniformly successful in its work than any other daily illustrated paper. But the rules, the methods, and the requirements of the *Graphic* are not those of other journals, and a system which is a success there may be a failure on another paper. What is really wanted, therefore, is a training school for illustrated journalism, a training school in which not only illustration, but the entire art and craft of printing, may be learned. Such a school has been established in the City of Paris—L'Ecole du Livre—with what practical results I cannot say. Here, the County Council has organised schools for lithographers and process-block makers and letterpress printers, at Bolt Court and St. Bride's Institute, and I believe there is another at the Polytechnic in Regent Street, and a third maintained by the City and Guilds. Almost all the art schools give lessons in or lectures on what is known as 'Illustration.' I, even, have been guilty of lecturing on the subject at the Slade School. The County Council schools, however, are intended primarily for apprentices to the different crafts, and the crafts which are taught in those schools are mostly mechanical. There, and also at the various art schools, either the people who teach know nothing practically about the subject they are teaching, or, if they do, have no means of putting their knowledge into practice and really instructing the students; that is, there are no newspaper presses, no practical machinery for turning out a paper and seeing what the work is like. South Kensington, of course, has as yet attempted nothing in the matter.

A few years ago it was a popular fallacy that anybody could learn decorative art, which was supposed to be, as illustration now is thought to be, a splendid opening for unsuccessful painters. The fact remains, however, that the great decorative artists in this country, to which all other countries are now looking for a standard of decoration, can be counted on the fingers of both hands; despite the fact that examined and certified pupils are turned out of the

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Government schools in hundreds, if not in thousands, annually. The Slade Professors and the Royal Academy teach the theory and practice of the fine arts. But they cannot manufacture artists. Nevertheless, there are in England at the present moment a sufficient number of men and women with the ability to perfect the art of illustration, if only they knew how to illustrate. The purely mechanical crafts taught by the County Council can be better learned in a shop by anyone with the intelligence to learn them at all. But there is no place in England where a trained artist, who wishes to become an illustrator, may go, make a drawing—and he must be taught absolutely how to make it—engrave it himself, prepare it for the printing press, print it with his own hands, and, if it is to appear in a book, bind up the book. If such a school could be started, either as a separate organisation or in connection with one of the great art schools of the Universities, not for apprentices nor for art students, but for artists, the result would be that England in illustration would hold the same position that she does in decoration. But nothing ever is done any more, anywhere, for the deserving; all money goes to aid the worthless pauper, the idiot, the imbecile, the incurable. The technical and mechanical part of all decorative work is carried out by the decorator and his assistants, or by the workman who can easily master the technical requirements without passing through the Technical or County Council school which proposes to train him. An illustrator can for himself learn all that it is necessary he should know about etching, lithography, and wood-engraving, and practise these arts in his own studio. But he can learn little of photo-engraving unless he goes into a photo-engraver's shop, where he is not wanted; nothing at all of printing, for there is no room for him in a printing office. Even if he learns photo-engraving, it is almost impossible at the same time that he can be given any insight into printing; and yet the two crafts are inseparable. But if he does not know something of these vitally important branches of his work he can never be a good illustrator, and, outside the offices of the *Daily Graphic*, he has to-day no chance to study.

What I think, therefore, is an imperative necessity in this country at the present time is a technical school for artists who wish to become illustrators, engravers, or printers—not for students. Such a school cannot be started by any one artist, no matter how much he knows. For it would have to be equipped with, not only the ordinary appliances of an art school, but complete engraving outfits of all sorts, with presses for lithography, for etching and for letter-press printing, as well as three at least of the huge printing machines: one for fine magazine work, one for a daily paper, and a third for colour printing. Besides this, there should be stereotype and electrotype and type foundries, and a bookbindery. At the head of each department, not a theorist or a lecturer, but a man of wide prac-

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tical and successful experience should be placed, and the student should be able not only to make his drawing, but to engrave it and print it, and do everything but distribute it to the public. By this means we should become not merely better illustrators, but better engravers, better printers, better trade bookbinders—we might even develop better publishers. And the whole art and craft would be dignified. Many artists would discover that they were better printers than painters; some engravers might find their true vocation in bookbinding; and some publishers might even learn to appreciate what an artist does for his money. The installation of the school would be, I admit, a costly affair; the selection of properly qualified instructors a very difficult matter. But if a fraction of the money that was squandered by a single parish in London on the so-called decorations for the Jubilee had been devoted to such an object, well —we should have had something to show for it.

In the past two or three years we have accomplished enough, however, to silence those critics who maintained that works of art had no place in a daily paper. I am not so sure that in the next sixty years the daily will not have superseded and surpassed the weekly and the monthly.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

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BRITISH SUZERAINTY IN THE TRANSVAAL

On the morrow of our defeat at Majuba Hill the British Government, under Mr. Gladstone's premiership, concluded an armistice with the Boers. The conclusion of this armistice was approved by Sir Evelyn Wood, then in command of the British forces in South Africa. But, if I am correctly informed, this approval was given under the belief that, while the armistice would enable us to recruit our forces, it must inevitably be followed by an early resumption of hostilities, as no British Government could possibly conclude a peace upon the terms which the Boers would be prepared to accept after their victorious campaign. This belief, if it was seriously entertained, proved a delusion. Within a few weeks of the rout at Majuba Mr. Gladstone's Government made peace with the Transvaal, restoring to the Boers the independence they had enjoyed before our annexation of their country, subject to the condition that Great Britain was to remain the Suzerain of the Transvaal.

On the 24th of March, 1881, when the conclusion of peace had become certain, the political secretary of the High Commissioner telegraphed from Durban to Cape Town that under the proposed treaty 'The Transvaal is to be a self-governing Republic, which is to have a British Resident and to be under a British Protectorate.' This statement was borne out by the wording of the treaty at the period of its conclusion. In the Treaty of Pretoria, bearing date the 5th of April, 1881, it is stated that Great Britain guarantees 'complete self-government, *subject to the Suzerainty of Her Majesty*, to the inhabitants of the Transvaal.' The italics used in this and in other quotations are, I may state here, my own. I would also call attention to the fact that, in the Treaty of Pretoria, Article 15 declares that 'the Resident will report to the High Commissioner, as representative of the Suzerain, as to the working and observance of the provisions of this Convention.' I hold, therefore, there can be no reasonable doubt that, by the original treaty concluded at the close of the war, the Transvaal was formally placed under the Suzerainty of Great Britain. In support of this contention I would refer to the speeches delivered

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by Lord Kimberley and Mr. Gladstone in Parliament shortly after our relinquishment of the Transvaal. On the 31st of March, 1881, Lord Kimberley, who was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, used these words in the House of Lords with reference to the terms of the Convention, upon which the Treaty of Pretoria was afterwards based:

> I believe the word Suzerainty expresses very correctly the relation which we intend to exist between this country and the Transvaal. Our intention is that the Transvaal shall have independent power as regards its internal government; and we shall only reserve certain powers to be exercised by the Queen. . . . With respect to our control over the relations of the Transvaal with foreign Powers, . . . it is quite clear *there ought to be, as regards foreign relations, only one Government in South Africa; that there ought to be no communication with foreign Powers upon any subject except through the representatives of the Queen.*

On the 25th of June, 1881, Mr. Gladstone, while defending in the House of Commons an assertion he had made during the Midlothian Campaign about the *blood-guiltiness* of the war with the Transvaal, referred to our Suzerainty in the following words:

> I apprehend that the term which has been adopted, the Suzerainty of the Queen, is intended to signify that certain portions of Sovereignty are reserved. . . . What are these portions of Sovereignty? The portions of Sovereignty we desire to reserve are, first, the relations between the Transvaal community and foreign governments, the whole care of the foreign relations of the Boers. The whole of these relations will remain in the hands of the Queen.

From these quotations it is obvious that when we agreed to restore the independence of the Transvaal, the British public were led to believe, both by the then Premier and the then Colonial Minister, that this restoration left the control of all relations between the Transvaal and foreign Powers absolutely and entirely in the hands of Her Majesty's Government, in exactly the same way as the control of the foreign relations between the Government of Tunis and foreign Powers is left in the hands of the Government of France. In other and simpler words, the Transvaal, though independent in its internal administration, remained under the Suzerainty of England. Our Suzerainty was therefore affirmed in 1881, in language which could not possibly be misunderstood either in Europe or in the Transvaal.

In the absence of any such official declaration it would have been extremely difficult to define what was meant by Suzerainty, as affirmed in the Treaty of Pretoria. The term Suzerainty is, I take it, of feudal origin, and expresses the relations between a paramount and a subordinate chief, under which the latter agrees to recognise the supremacy of the former by paying tribute in the form either of military or pecuniary assistance in the event of war. Since feudalism died out Suzerainty has come to mean little more than a nominal supremacy, the nature of which depends entirely upon the degree to which it is enforced by the superior power or resisted by the inferior power. I

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think even the most ardent admirers of Mr. Gladstone's surrender of the Transvaal will hardly dispute my assertion that the retention of British Suzerainty by the Treaty of Pretoria was intended, if I may use the phrase, for home consumption. The evacuation of the Transvaal, following as it did upon a disastrous and ignominious defeat, could not but be unpalatable to British pride, inconsistent as it was with all the traditions of British policy. In order, therefore, to reconcile the British public to the acceptance of the Treaty of Pretoria, it was desirable to uphold the contention that Great Britain still remained the Suzerain of the Transvaal. Suzerainty, to put the matter plainly, was the sugar required to sweeten the bitter pill which the British public was asked to swallow.

It is possible, or even probable, that at the time the Treaty of Pretoria was concluded, Mr. Gladstone, or at any rate several of his colleagues, imagined that our Suzerainty would really be made effective. But, when once the treaty had been signed and sealed, and the South African Republic had been granted absolute internal independence, it became evident that our Suzerainty could only be rendered efficacious, as against the sullen resistance of the Boers, by the exercise of force—that is, by the threat of war in the event of Boer non-compliance with the demands of the Suzerain Power. In justice to the Gladstone Administration of that day it should be borne in mind that the Transvaal, previous to the discovery of the Randt goldfields, was regarded as a *damnosa hereditas*, and that not only the British Ministry, but the British public were sick of the very name of the Transvaal. It is hardly, therefore, matter for surprise if our Government, having asserted our retention of Suzerainty in theory, should have shrunk from vindicating our Suzerainty in practice whenever it was ignored by the South African Republic, and should have been content to sacrifice the substance of Suzerainty on condition of their not being called upon directly to sacrifice its shadow.

For the first two years which succeeded our surrender the Boers were too much occupied in the reorganisation of the Republic to trouble themselves greatly about their relations to the Suzerain Power. The limits of space preclude my entering into the details of the various disputes which arose from time to time between the British Government and the South African Republic. It is enough to say that these disputes were mainly connected with the treatment of the native chiefs, residing either within, or on the borders of, the territory of the Republic, who asserted, with or without reason, that they were the objects of Boer hostility on account of the support they had given to the British authorities during the period of British rule.

In May 1883 Mr. Gladstone stated in Parliament, in answer to certain protests about the proceedings of the Boers, that the British Government had decided to send a Commissioner to the Transvaal to investigate the working of the Convention concluded at Pretoria in

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1881. This intention, however, was not carried out owing to the opposition of the South African Republic. In lieu of the despatch of a British Commissioner to the Transvaal, it was suggested at Pretoria that a Boer deputation should be sent to London. The suggestion, as usual, was accepted; and thereupon the Africander Bond in the Cape Colony forwarded a petition to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to entertain favourably the proposals of the Boer delegates for the modification of the Treaty of Pretoria. The deputation, consisting of President Kruger and Messieurs Du Toit and Smit, arrived in London in October, and submitted to the late Lord Derby, who had succeeded Lord Kimberley as Minister for the Colonies, a statement of the modifications they were instructed to demand. The memorandum in question distinctly declared that the alleged impracticability of the Treaty of Pretoria related, amongst other matters,

> to the extent of the Suzerain rights reserved to Her Majesty by Articles 2 and 18 of the Treaty of Pretoria, and to the vague and indefinite terms in which the powers reserved to Her Majesty's Government by the Convention are indicated.

To this memorandum Lord Derby replied, on the 20th of November, 1883, admitting that the

> Expediency of substituting a new agreement for that of 1881 might be matter for discussion, but asking for information, in what sense it is wished that in such new agreement some connection with England should be maintained, and, if it is the desire of the Transvaal people that their State should hereafter stand in any special relation to this country, what is the form of connection which is proposed?

In reply to this request the Boer delegates answered as follows in the somewhat evasive fashion:

> In the new agreement any connection by which we are now bound to England should not be broken; but that the relation of a dependency *publici juris* in which our country now stands to the British Crown be replaced by that of two contractive Powers.

The above documents were submitted to the Governor of Cape Colony, the then Sir Hercules Robinson. Characteristically enough, Sir Hercules recommended the surrender of our Suzerainty on the ground that

> The Transvaal burghers obviously do not intend to observe any condition in it (the Convention of 1881) distasteful to themselves, which Her Majesty's Government are not prepared to insist on, if necessary, by the employment of force. Her Majesty's Government, I understand, do not feel justified in proceeding to this extremity; and no provision, therefore, of the Convention which is not agreeable to the Transvaal will be carried out.

A few days later the delegates submitted a draft treaty, in which the following clause stands first:

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It is agreed that Her Britannic Majesty recognises and guarantees by this treaty the full independence of the South African Republic, with the right to manage its own affairs according to its own laws, without any interference on the part of the British Government; it being understood that this system of non-interference is binding on both parties.

To the letter enclosing this draft treaty Lord Derby replied that the proposed treaty was 'neither in form nor in substance such as Her Majesty's Government could adopt.' Meanwhile the discussion between the British Government and the Boer delegates seems to have turned mainly upon the extension of the territories of the Transvaal and the relations between the Republic and the native chiefs, subjects which had only an indirect bearing on the question of Suzerainty. It was only on the 25th of January, 1884, that the Colonial Office wrote to the delegates stating that if a certain compromise with regard to the frontier line were accepted, the British Government would be prepared

to proceed at once with the consideration of the other proposals for the modification of the Treaty of Pretoria.

The delegates replied on the next day virtually accepting the proposed frontier compromise, and requested the British Government to proceed at once with the substitution of a new Convention, as proposed in their letter of the 14th of November, and accepted, as they alleged, in paragraph No. 4 of Lord Derby's letter of the 20th of November, 1883.

The draft treaty was signed on the 27th of February, 1884; but, oddly enough, the text of the treaty is not contained in the Transvaal Blue Book presented to Parliament in May of that year. The only references to its purport published in the Blue Book are to be found in a telegram from Downing Street to our representative at Pretoria, stating

Same internal independence in the Transvaal as in Orange Free State. Conduct and control diplomatic intercourse foreign Governments conceded.

Again, in answer to a petition presented by the British residents at Potchefstroom, the petitioners are assured by the Colonial Office

that in the Convention lately concluded care has been taken to retain the provisions of the Convention of Pretoria securing the interests of British subjects residing in the South African Republic.

It is worthy, too, of note that in a despatch sent by the delegates to the Executive of the Transvaal, after they had left England, reciting the main provisions of the new Convention, no allusion is made to the Suzerainty of England having been abandoned.

As a matter of fact, the Convention of London did not repeat the preamble of the original Convention in which the words 'subject to the Suzerainty of Her Majesty' are to be found. Nor is the word Suzerainty mentioned in the Convention of 1884, which declares that the articles contained therein, if endorsed by the Volksraad, 'shall be substituted for those of the Convention of 1881.' No formal

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withdrawal, however, of the Queen's Suzerainty is to be found in the Convention of 1884. On the contrary, it is distinctly affirmed in Article 4 of the modified Convention that 'the South African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or nation, other than the Orange Free State, until the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen.' In the face of these facts it seems to me impossible to contend, as President Kruger has recently contended, that the Suzerainty of Great Britain over the Transvaal was formally abandoned by the Convention of London in 1884.

Shortly after the conclusion of the new Convention a question was raised by the Belgian Government as to whether, under this Convention, a Commercial Treaty concluded between the Transvaal State and Belgium, previous to the British annexation of the Transvaal, would again become binding as between the contracting parties. The reply of the Foreign Office left the question open pending fuller information, but declared that as soon as the Convention has been formally ratified by the Volksraad on the one hand, and by the Queen on the other,

> the South African Republic would be at liberty under Article 4 to enter into treaties with foreign Powers *subject to the approval of Her Majesty.*

The Convention was ratified by the Volksraad in August 1884. In September of that year the Cape Ministry deemed it necessary to write to the Colonial Office, urging upon them the imperative importance of upholding the terms of the Convention. On the occasion of the ratification of the Convention the Volksraad passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Gladstone and Lord Derby 'for the great goodwill with which its delegates were received on their arrival in England.' This vote of thanks was coupled with an expression of their gratitude to Dr. Clark, M.P., 'that unwearied champion of truth and justice, that record knight without fear or blemish.' In the course of the debate, President Kruger declared, as the result of his own experience in London, that the British Government in general, and Mr. Gladstone in particular,

> were influenced by the opinions of the English people to which they must give account. . . . He had himself seen that the British people stood in the way of the British Government, and that the Government must account to it.

I think the above quotations will confirm my own opinion that the Suzerainty of England was retained in the Convention of 1884 for much the same reasons which caused its introduction into the Convention of 1881. To repeat the phrase I have already employed, the claim of Suzerainty was intended for home consumption. President Kruger was shrewd enough to see that the British Government of the day would have been prepared to concede almost any demand made by the Boers, if it had not been for the fear of giving umbrage to public opinion at home. In order, however, to reconcile popular sentiment in England to

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their policy in respect of the Transvaal, it was of the utmost importance to the Ministry to be able to declare that Great Britain had not surrendered her Suzerainty over the Transvaal; and on this point they displayed an amount of determination which they did not evince on issues of equal, or even graver, importance.

Shortly after the Convention of London had been signed, a banquet was given to the then Sir Hercules Robinson on the eve of his return to the Cape Colony. At this banquet the late Lord Derby was present. In the course of the speeches delivered on this occasion Sir Hercules expressed himself with somewhat unusual frankness as to the one-sided character of the Convention. To quote his words as reported in the *Times* of the 1st of April, 1884, he declared that the Convention 'surrenders to the Transvaal Government the conduct and control of diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers.' Upon this, according to the report, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies interrupted the speaker and called out 'With a veto.' If I am correctly informed, this interruption was made in a more emphatic form than that given in the *Times* report. Lord Derby himself, when questioned in the House of Lords about the incident, stated 'that he could not recall the exact words used, and that no reporters were present on the occasion.' In the course of a debate in the House of Lords on this subject on the 17th of March, 1884, his lordship re-stated his views even more distinctly on the subject of Suzerainty in the following terms:

> The word Suzerainty is a very vague word, and I do not think it capable of any precise legal definition. . . . I apprehend whether you call it recognition, or whether you call it the paramount power of Suzerainty, the fact that a certain controlling power exists when the State which exercises the Suzerainty has a right to veto any negotiations into which the dependent State may enter with foreign Powers. Whatever Suzerainty meant, the condition of things which it implied still remains, though the word is not distinctly employed.

It is curious to note how little attention the conclusion of the London Convention seems to have excited at home. In Palmer's admirable index to the *Times*, I find no allusion to the Convention during the months of April, May, and June, succeeding the acceptance of the Treaty and the return of the delegates to Pretoria. Nations in general, and the English nation in particular, dislike dwelling upon incidents of their history which are associated with discredit and defeat; and the chapter recording our relations with the Transvaal is not one on which any Englishman can dwell with any satisfaction. I think, however, there can be no reasonable doubt that the Treaty of London did not modify the Treaty of Pretoria in as far as our Suzerainty is concerned. If there were any international court to which Great Britain could submit her claim to Suzerainty over the Transvaal, with any prospect of obtaining a fair hearing and a just verdict, I think she might feel confident of her contention being

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sustained that her Suzerainty as established by the Treaty of Pretoria in 1881 was not surrendered by the Convention of London in 1884.

I think, however, the opponents of England's claim to Suzerainty would base their case, not so much on any formal renunciation of Suzerainty on her part, as on the plea that her claim had been forfeited by her own neglect. Having asserted the abstract principle that Great Britain was still the Suzerain of the Transvaal, the British Government not only took no practical steps to vindicate our Suzerainty, but allowed it to be violated time after time with impunity. The title of Resident was tacitly dropped in order to gratify Boer susceptibilities. Our representative was officially described as a British agent, entitled to exercise similar functions to those of a consul-general. He was not allowed to communicate directly with the Home Government, but was instructed to communicate through the medium of the High Commissioner at Cape Town. His salary was cut down; officials of no great public or personal influence were appointed to the post; and our representation at the capital of the Transvaal State, which had been allowed by us to assume the title of the South African Republic, became little more than a farce. In their relations with foreign Powers, in their dealings with the native chiefs, in their treatment of the British residents in the Transvaal, the Boer authorities repeatedly perpetrated acts which, in fact if not in name, constituted overt violations of our Suzerainty. Yet the British Government under Mr. Gladstone took no notice of these violations, or at the utmost contented itself with a formal protest which was never followed up by action.

It may be said with a certain amount of truth that, when the Conservatives came into power in 1886, our Government pursued much the same policy of non-intervention in the affairs of the Transvaal as that initiated by their predecessors. It should however be pleaded in excuse that the mischief was already done; that Mr. Gladstone's policy had impressed the Boers with an unalterable conviction that nothing could ever induce this country to undertake a fresh war with the Transvaal; that the threat of war had thus become a *brutum fulmen*; and that in the days of the Home Rule contest, when the very existence of the United Kingdom was at stake, no British Government could prudently have run the risk of having to undertake an unpopular war for the sake of vindicating our claim to be the paramount Power in South Africa.

The discovery of the Randt goldfields opened the eyes of the British public to the magnitude of the folly we had committed by our surrender of the Transvaal. This discovery not only brought home to us the extent of our loss, but it also accentuated the difficulties which stood in the way of any retrieval of our lost supremacy. The *auri sacra fames*, the most potent emigration agency which the

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world has ever known, filled the Transvaal rapidly with swarms of Uitlanders, the great majority of whom were of British nationality. The magical growth and development of Johannesburg made it manifest even to the stolid Boer intelligence that at no distant date the British element must become numerically the predominant force in the Transvaal. In order to avert the natural consequences of this new order of things, the policy of the South African Republic, as regards the British inhabitants, changed from one of sullen illwill to one of active hostility. The Transvaal Government made overtures to Continental Powers with the view of obtaining their support and thus strengthening its own position as against England. These overtures, which would have met with no response while the Transvaal was a remote, unimportant, and poverty-stricken community, met with a not unfavourable reception when the Transvaal had been converted by British energy and British capital into one of the great gold-producing States of the world. In consequence the policy of the Government of Pretoria was persistently devoted to undermining the tenure of our Suzerainty; and this policy was unintentionally facilitated by the reluctance of the British Government, whatever party might be in power, to take active measures in order to enforce our Suzerainty.

Even if space permitted it would be foreign to my purpose to discuss the policy whereby Mr. Cecil Rhodes was led to undertake a duty which successive British Governments had failed to perform, that of vindicating the right of England to be acknowledged as the paramount Power in South Africa. It is enough to say that, whatever may have been the other consequences of the Johannesburg insurrection and the Jameson raid, they opened the eyes of England to the fact that our position as the paramount Power in South Africa was seriously endangered by the pretensions of the Transvaal. These pretensions, of which President Kruger is the most prominent advocate, assumed their latest and fullest development when the chief magistrate of the Republic publicly declared in the Volksraad that British Suzerainty had ceased to exist, though he professed his willingness to abide by the terms of the Convention under which, according to his assertion, our Suzerainty was abandoned. The Convention, however, it should be remembered, was formally ratified by the vote of the Volksraad, and could be rescinded by a vote of the same body. Our right of Suzerainty, on the other hand, was one of the fundamental conditions of the treaty by which peace was concluded between Great Britain and the Transvaal, and is no way dependent upon the action of the Volksraad.

I have therefore thought it desirable to recapitulate the salient facts concerning the conclusion of the Treaty of Pretoria and its modification by the Convention of London. These facts prove, in my judgment, that our Suzerainty was definitely established by the

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former document and not rescinded by the latter. Under these circumstances the contention of the South African Republic that Great Britain is no longer the Suzerain of the Transvaal must be met by a distinct denial, and by a formal assertion that England is still, and intends to remain, the paramount Power throughout South Africa. The duty of asserting British Suzerainty over the Transvaal cannot, I am convinced, be left in better hands than those of Mr. Chamberlain.

EDWARD DICEY.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

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THE DUAL AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

THE Czar of All the Russias and President Faure, at a moment of intoxicating excitement, have made known to the world the alliance of the Russian Empire with the Republic. The news surprised nobody, because for several years past it had been manifest that the two Governments were in agreement as to the solution of international questions.

It is waste of time now to discuss—as many of the Parisian journals have done—the date of this alliance. The alliance is actually existing: peoples and princes know it: and it is for both the States an unnatural union—for France a *diminutio capitis*, a renunciation of its military hegemony; for Europe a danger.

Czar and Republic are two terms which cancel each other; the one is the negation of the other; they are irreconcilable both in their tendencies and in their aims.

The Republic is an impersonal entity, a *jus universum*: it is liberty without a thought of coercion: it is temporary as to form, but in substance there are no bounds to its powers of progress.

The Czar is more than a *person*: he is an autocrat, immutable in his essence, without an equal among those who surround him: his actions may not be, nor will he allow them to be, discussed.

The terms of the alliance are not known to the public; but, whatever conjectures of their nature may be formed, it is impossible to admit that the alliance aims at the triumph of a political principle. It would be easier for France to return to Monarchy than for the Russian Empire to become a Republic. Still less is it possible to

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believe that the two allies are assuming the holy mission of the redemption of nationalities: such a supposition would imply that the Empire is going to start on the path of its own subversion. What the Czar's opinion in that direction is, is evidenced by his bearing towards the peoples of the Balkan provinces; by the continuance of the massacres of the Armenians in Turkey; and as to Greece, by the treaty just made, by which Greece is deprived of benefits granted her by the Congress of Berlin.

From the days of our youth we have ever been accustomed to regard France as the redeemer of the peoples, the standard-bearer of liberty. It is logical, therefore, that we should deem it quite natural that such a nation should have entered into alliance with England and Italy. *That* is a union which would at once dispel, and not arouse, distrust.

In 1869 an attempt was made to form an alliance between Austria, France, and Italy, and if this had been accomplished there was a probability that in time England would have joined the union. Beust, who was the promoter of the project, laid down as an essential condition the restitution of Rome to Italy: as the Empress Eugénie strongly objected to this, the negotiations were broken off, and Napoleon the Third suffered therefor. Everybody will remember the *mot* of the Empress: she said that she would rather see the Prussians in Paris than the Italians in Rome. And she had later to endure both occupations, besides the fall of the Empire.

What will be the consequences of the Franco-Russian alliance in the event of its being put in action?

Beyond a doubt if the secret engagements of the Czar and M. Faure did not regard ambitious designs, the two Governments would have made the terms of the treaty public in order to set the minds of the other Governments of Europe at rest. When there began to be signs of distrust of Germany and Austria, the Governments of those countries published, on the 3rd of February 1888, simultaneously in Vienna and in Berlin, the Treaty of the 7th of October 1879.

Since the formation of the French Republic, after the ruinous disasters of 1870, France has followed a policy of spite, and not one of principle. The sole Republic in Europe, surrounded by powerful Monarchies, France, instead of striving to improve the popular form of government, and by good example to promote its extension among other nations, has been feeding on hatred and devoting its attention to preparations for revenge. Ever mindful of the humiliation of 1870, she is ever longing for the happy day when she shall recover her lost provinces. The people of Paris, putting their own interpretation upon the treaty which M. Faure brought back from St. Petersburg, made festival on his return, with the cry 'À Berlin! à Berlin!'—the very same cry which accompanied Napoleon the Third when he set out for the frontier.

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On what ground of right does France base her claim to recover Alsace and Lorraine?

Is it on behalf of the right of nationality that she urges this claim? Is it because the peoples of the Rhenish provinces desire the change?

Alsace is German; Lorraine is of uncertain nationality.

On this subject it will not be amiss to make a brief excursus into history.

France obtained possession of Alsace in 1697, partly through intrigues and partly through success in war; but Louis the Fourteenth very soon after formed the opinion that this province was not necessary to his kingdom, and was ready to restore it to Germany after Malplaquet. He kept it, however, and expelled from French territory the Pretender to the English throne. By this ignoble act the *Grand Monarque* procured the friendship and favour of Queen Anne, who in the treaty that was soon afterwards concluded proposed terms of peace that were less disastrous to her neighbour across the Channel than those that would otherwise have been offered.

The conquest of Lorraine is of more recent date. It was conceded to France in 1766; and to Duke Francis the Third, who had claims upon the territory, Tuscany was granted by way of compensation. This was at a period when Italy, divided up into twelve States, and weak withal, served as a place of refuge for dispossessed princes. It was the Treaty of Vienna of 1738 (the precursor of the treaty which was still more injurious for us—that of 1815) which thus disposed of the throne of the Medici.

This chopping and changing of dominions was wrought at the will of princes and rulers, and without regard being had to any idea of nationality or to the wishes of the inhabitants. In 1738, just as in 1871, it was solely the 'right of the conqueror' that was the principle of the treaty: and at the present day also nothing is known to have been done which points to a need of the modification of existing treaties.

Alsace and Lorraine have now for twenty-seven years formed an integral part of the German Empire; and during this long period the inhabitants of those provinces have shown no sign of being dissatisfied with their position. At Paris the people are continually giving expression to their feelings by clamours and demonstrations, or by placing garlands on the statue of Strasbourg; but at Strasbourg and at Metz the Emperor William is cheered by the citizens whenever he visits those cities.

We Italians have other records to boast of, and we have given to the world examples of how we bear ourselves in the face of foreign occupations of our country. In 1815 the Powers assembled at Vienna put our peninsula under the sway of Austria, handing over to that Power the direct rule of a portion of Italy, while

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other parts were to be governed by princes who were merely lieutenants of Austria. Very speedily did the people utter their protest, by an insurrection against the hated tyranny of Austria, and peace was only restored when the Austrian departed from our country.

The comparison between the Italy of not long ago and the Alsace and Lorraine of to-day will show in the clearest manner the reason for the old unrest of the former and for the tranquil condition of the latter. We see, on the one hand, the inhabitants of the Rhenish provinces, who by the fortunes of war in 1871 were placed again in the fatherland that was theirs of old, show no signs of a disposition to change; on the other, a Government at Paris which wants to get back these provinces, and which, not being itself strong enough to attain this end, has found an ally to help it.

In consenting to this alliance the Czar has undoubtedly not acted without receiving the promise of a *quid pro quo.*

The treaty which we are discussing is the second Franco-Russian treaty of the century that is now drawing to a close. The times, however, are changed, the conditions of Europe are very different to-day from those which existed ninety years ago; very different too, are the men who rule over it.

The Continent in those days, from the Pyrenees to the Vistula, from Naples to Warsaw, was under the sway of Napoleon. France had only two enemies, England and Austria; and the great Emperor was in a position to propose to the Czar Alexander the division of Europe into two.

Now, however, the parts are inverted on the Continent: France is isolated, and for that reason she has had to seek after the alliance of Russia by sacrificing the principles which ought to inspire the Government of the Republic. Would that this might be the limit of the mischief! But it is natural to presume that the stipulations in favour of Russia in the treaty contain a possible future danger for the liberties of the peoples of Europe.

At Tilsit Napoleon flatly vetoed the possession of Constantinople, and in the treaty of the 12th of October 1808, signed at Erfurt, conceded only the dominion of Moldavia and Wallachia. To-day such a concession would not be possible.

Moldavia and Wallachia no longer belong to Turkey; blended into one independent kingdom under the guarantee of the Great Powers, and wisely governed by King Charles, they offer no pretext for destroying their autonomy.

From these data the conclusion must follow that the Dual Alliance, which has its origin in unsatisfied ambitions, will bring on war.

The same cannot be said of the *Triple* Alliance.

The Triple Alliance has been a pledge of peace in Europe. In the fifteen years that it has existed it has not been the cause of any action tending to irritate other nations. The reason of this is quite

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manifest: not one of the three allied monarchies has any ulterior object to pursue: their interests are limited to the conservation of what they possess, and consequently to the refraining from putting their possessions in any jeopardy. And this they could do in no other way save by keeping the peace.

The Dual Alliance affords us no feeling of security, and it is no haphazard judgment of it that we express when we maintain that Europe has a right to be suspicious.

France wants the provinces which she lost in 1871; Russia, in return for her co-operation, demands dominion over Constantinople. We must not forget that in 1888 it was not Russia's fault that the peace was not broken in consequence of the election of Prince Ferdinand to the throne of Bulgaria. And we may feel proud to be able to say that in that year the initiative in the amicable compromise came from Italy.

Only oneho pe can arise in our mind, which is that the present alliance between the Czar and the French Republic may have the same end as that of 1808 between the two Emperors. The alliance arranged at Erfurt was never put into execution. Through various exigencies of government, disputes speedily sprang up, and in less than three years Napoleon and Alexander became enemies again. It is not inopportune to call to mind that the apple of discord between the two was the reconstitution of Poland.

But in politics men do not live on hope:

Caveant consules.

F. CRISPI.

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THE MONETARY CHAOS

REPORTS a few weeks ago as to the nature and objects of the American bimetallic mission to this country, and the probability of the Government here agreeing to their proposals as the Bank of England had already been arranged with, revived once more the endless bimetallic discussion and brought into relief some of the uglier features of the bimetallic agitation itself. There was a revolt in the City in consequence, as there is certain to be always when bimetallism is pressed home; and the Indian Government had to object very strenuously to re-opening its currency question, in the midst of the formidable difficulties with which it is surrounded, at the bidding and for the convenience of foreign Governments. The crisis is believed to be at an end with the recent meeting of the Cabinet, and the official correspondence since published is superficially to that effect. The proposals of the American Commissioners are already set aside temporarily, and it may be hoped they are set aside for good. But there is a good deal in the official correspondence that is not at all reassuring. The proposals were much worse than the City had any notion of, and they were dealt with in a dilatory fashion instead of being summarily dismissed. That British ministers should listen gravely to proposals that they should not only reopen the Indian mints to the coinage of silver, but should arrange for the Bank of England to keep a fifth of its reserve in silver, should withdraw half-sovereigns from circulation and issue small notes instead, and should purchase 10,000,000*l.* of silver annually in order to rehabilitate silver, is not pleasant to read of in a country which has a monetary history like that of England. The occasion seems a good one, therefore, to read the lesson of the bimetallic agitation itself, to discuss the features of the monetary chaos which has resulted, and to insist on the principles which ought to guide this country through the difficulties which have been created, and which foreign nations also must follow if agitation and unrest are to come to an end.

The monetary chaos of the present time, to sum up the situation in a sentence, results entirely from the determination of one or two Governments—the United States and India—to depart from elemen-

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tary principles in establishing their standard money. These principles are, that the standard which is to be the sole measure of value and unlimited legal tender in a country should consist of one metal only, because there cannot and ought not to be two or more; that the coinage of this metal should be automatic—that is, at the pleasure of those who bring it to the mint, Government meddling no further with the business than by stamping the metal so as to indicate its weight and fineness; and that Governments should refrain from any measures directly intended to alter or affect the value of the standard, or to make money abundant or the reverse, or to attain a stable par of exchange with other moneys, or between gold and silver themselves, because this is to embark on a course where there is no goal, and which will create an endless monetary discussion, and so produce discredit and unrest. Let us see what has happened.

To begin with the United States, nothing could have been simpler there than the position in 1873–78, on the eve of the resumption of specie payments. The country had just emerged from a great panic which was partly the result of the inconvertible paper itself, and the Government were in a position to resume specie payments on the basis of a single gold standard which had been in existence *practically* for many years before the Civil War led to the issue of inconvertible paper, and had also been in existence *theoretically* from 1873, when preparations began to be made for the resumption. The United States had only to let well alone to be in the same position after 1878 as England has been since 1816. With an automatic gold standard they would have had a perfect money for the ordinary transactions of life, and many agitations and panics would have been spared them. No further great demand for gold would have been needed beyond what was accumulated before 1878, for the paper was sufficiently protected by that time, and a good deal more paper could have been protected by the same stock. Some improvement in the banking system would have been expedient, but even without that improvement the United States could have got on. But the 'soft money' party in the States wrecked everything. Failing to obtain the establishment of bimetallism which they first went for, the silverites of the United States managed in 1878 to pass the famous Bland Act decreeing the purchase and coinage as full legal tender of so much silver annually. Ever since there has been an incessant battle either for free coinage of silver or for larger and larger coinage, till the assurance of a certain gold standard has been lost, and the United States Government has invested 100,000,000*l.* in wholly unsaleable and totally useless silver—silver which might just as well be used in making silver coffins, to use the phrase of a humorous correspondent, and in so restoring it to the earth from which the miners have taken it. Bad as the loss of money is, the effect of what has been done in the United States in impairing the gold standard is worse. In all the history of money there has been no such period of discredit as

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has prevailed in the United States for the last ten years. The credit of the Government, which ought to stand highest, or as high as any, in the world, has been shaken. A community which has occasion to borrow abroad largely for its necessary development has had the wells of foreign capital dried up. Business has been stopped because people withdrew deposits from the banks, fearing to be paid in an inferior metal, and because they were afraid for a similar reason to give credit in daily affairs. That the United States commercial community has survived without a more complete collapse, and that business of late has begun to pick up again, is only one more proof of the extraordinary natural resources and vitality of the people. But the losses have been enormous, and the full tale can never be told of the social distress and misery through which the people have passed because of the doubt about their standard money.

To make things worse, monetary questions—questions of the most subtle and complicated kind—have been made the battle-ground of party politics. Wherever there is Parliamentary government there will probably be currency faddists to the fore, but it has been reserved for the United States in recent years to see the faddist a great power in the land, and the whole subject of money discussed by the illiterate and partly educated, without knowledge of the facts as to the production or use of gold and silver, and equally without knowledge of the principles of money. The bimetallic agitators in the United States are responsible for thus flinging monetary questions into the gutter and exciting the passions of the populace about money—a crime of great turpitude, and which can only be excused on the score of their own ignorance. I am not sure but that our own bimetallists in England are nearly as guilty. If their success had equalled their will, we might have been as badly off at home.

To take next the case of India. In India, since 1876, there has always been agitation about money in consequence of the special effect of the fall in silver in lowering the exchange value of Indian money compared with gold, and so injuring the official class in India, which had to make gold remittances home and also causing inconvenience to the Government, which received its revenue in silver and had large remittances to make in gold. Four years ago, in 1893, after more than one unsuccessful attempt to tamper with Indian money, the agitators had their way. The Government of India departed from sound monetary principles. After much pressure on the Home Government, and with great misgivings, to do them justice, among those who advised the measure, the Secretary of State assented to the proposal of the Calcutta Government to deprive their subjects of a good automatic money and to give them instead one of the worst possible forms of money—a restricted coinage which already passes at a nominal value greatly above that of its metallic contents. As a consequence, the money of India has been unsettled, so that there can be no rest until something else is done. The measure, as I have

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stated elsewhere, might have been defensible theoretically as part of a well-considered plan to arrange for the passage over to an automatic gold standard. Times of transition are always difficult, and much may be excused if the final object is sound and the transition period is shortened as much as possible. But the coinage of silver was restricted in India without any real plan of a gold standard being settled. This is only too clearly shown by the recent despatch of the Indian Government, published in the present correspondence, intimating that a plan has yet to be made. The intention to establish a gold standard is indeed strongly enough affirmed, though that was not the intention of all who had a hand in the work; but there is no plan. How bad the result is I fear to discuss, while some of the worst effects are probably not yet apparent. In effect, the Indian ryot is made to pay 50 per cent. more rent than he would have had to pay if the coinage had not been tampered with—a breach of contract with him of the most flagrant description. His petty hoards of silver have also become less available in his eyes because they are no longer exchangeable weight for weight for rupees. The commercial community of India is visited at the same time with an unexampled scarcity of money in the money-market sense, which also places the Indian peasant more and more securely than before in the hands of the money-lender. All this because the Indian Government listened to its own official class, whose interests were concerned, and looked to its own special difficulties as a Government, and did not look at all at the question of money as it concerned the unnumbered millions of poor people who had no audible voice. I am inclined to think that the error of the Indian Government was worse than that of the United States, in so far as the sin was against light. Some of those who advised would not have thought for a moment of giving similar bad money to the people of the United Kingdom, though one or two, I fear, whom the public would not have suspected, would not have shrunk from even that mischief.

The financial difficulties of the Indian Government are the excuse on public grounds for the change. On this head I must speak with all respect for those who have had the problem of Indian finance on their hands; but, having studied the subject a good deal at different times, I venture to express the strongest opinion that the financial difficulties in India were not such as to justify the Indian Government in tampering with its money. It is an inconvenience to receive revenue in one money and pay in another. But at bottom it is not, and cannot be, more than an inconvenience. As any one can see when the point is stated, the real burden of a gold debt and of gold annuities can be no greater for a country with a silver money than for one with a gold money. So much gold has to be found in either case, and that gold will be found if the country has produce to pay for it, whether its money is gold or silver. If it has not the produce, *cadit quæstio*. For Indian financiers to say

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that they cannot make the necessary financial arrangements without committing the worst offences of sovereigns who have raised the denomination of their money, is surely to suggest the most unnecessary doubts of their own ability and capacity, which none but themselves would call in question.

Hence, then, the monetary chaos of the present time. The United States and India are each so important in the economics of the modern world, that any perturbation or disquiet in their finance must affect the rest. The prosperity of Lancashire depends very largely on India. London as a monetary centre feels any mischief in India at once. It is much the same with the United States, which is not specially connected with Lancashire as India is, but which is an important customer of the United Kingdom as a whole, and has even a more intimate and extensive financial connection with London and with the investors of the United Kingdom than India has. Commotion in two such centres cannot but affect the rest of the world. Tranquillity in the common money market so essential to quiet and progressive industry must always be impaired while there is so much disturbance.

Apart from this necessary effect of monetary disturbance in the United States and India, a special and even worse effect has been caused by the propagandism of currency nostrums associated with that unrest. Neither the United States nor the Indian Government have confined their money troubles to themselves. In association with bimetallists in other countries, they have engaged in a colossal propaganda, having the unsettlement of opinion in other countries as well as in the United States and India for their object; and though they have failed in obtaining the bimetallism they desired as the issue, the unsettlement of policy remains. They have been assisted all along by the complaints of the agricultural classes in Germany, France, and England, who ascribe their distresses not to foreign competition, which is the real cause, but to a monetary change which could not possibly have caused it. Lately they have been unexpectedly assisted by political developments in France. M. Meline having proposed to his countrymen the quack remedy of protection for their agricultural and industrial distress—a remedy which has failed of course—has fallen back on the quack remedy of bimetallism, and has assisted the United States in forcing it on this country. At home also the Indian experiment itself weakens the hands of our Government for dealing with the agitation. Having begun to tamper with the currency in a great dependency, through a mistaken apprehension of the extent and nature of the evils of a fall in silver, our Government is less able than it ought to be to stand on the true conservative basis of the principles of the English monetary system. The bimetallic agitation at home, though it has not gone so far as in the United States, has also gone a good way to become an electoral and party question, with all the mischiefs attendant upon such a question being made one about which popular passions are excited. For many

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years in England there has been no similar chaos of opinion about money in high political quarters, and there is real danger of panic and confusion through the consideration given by the Government to the wildest absurdities. The danger of an international arrangement on the basis of bimetallism, and involving the acceptance of bimetallic shibboleths, has happily been averted for the moment; but after what we have seen of the skill and persistency of the bimetallists as political intriguers, we must not be too sure. There is money as well as fanaticism behind them.

But unsettlement of opinion having taken place, and much confusion prevailing in money throughout the world, what is the practical course to be followed by a country like England, and which the adherents of the English monetary system should promote? This has become an unavoidable subject for practical discussion until the unrest is finally allayed.

The most important point, preliminary to everything else, is, I believe, that our public men should give some little time to the study of the English monetary system itself. Much of the present confusion, including especially the difficulty on the side of India, has arisen from the non-recognition by our public men of the solid and uncompromising character of our English monetary system, which by their attitude they have 'given away.' They have treated bimetallism as a competing theory with monometallism; whereas the English monetary system, with all its merits, is based on the negation of the opposite theory; and they cannot play with bimetallism without entailing the destruction of the English system itself. The official correspondence just published is in this view most painful reading. The whole brunt of throwing over proposals which should not have had a moment's quarter is thrown upon the Indian Government, which in turn rejects them, not because they are essentially bad, but because they are too late! The Government even intimate that they are prepared to discuss other proposals apart from the opening of the Indian mints to the coinage of silver. This may be, as it is said, diplomatic politeness only, but politeness would have taken a different form if the Government had been true to the English system of money. The recent protest of the City should help to clear the minds of our public men on the subject, and show the necessity of cordially adopting the English theory of money if they are to maintain the English system itself.

A few words to recall the history may be useful. Early in the century England was in much the same condition as regards its money as America was the other day, after the Civil war. The currency was inconvertible paper; a distinct monometallic standard was not recognised in the coinage; the silver coinage was in an intolerable condition of debasement; and there was no suitable copper coinage. The confusion was very great indeed. But the

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leading public men and bankers set their wits to work, and the result was the report of the Bullion Committee of 1810, affirming the mischiefs of inconvertible paper, and the necessity for a single gold standard, followed by the famous Coinage Act of 1816, establishing clearly and definitely on grounds of principle the single gold standard, reforming the silver coinage and making it a token coinage only, and carrying out the necessary minor reforms, all of these measures being followed a little later by the necessary steps for resuming specie payments. These proceedings were continued and strengthened by the famous banking legislation of 1844, which was intended among other things to place the security of the metallic basis of our monetary system—gold, and gold only—beyond all question. The final result has been a security and certainty and unchangeableness in the English monetary system such as the world had never seen before, which has had the incidental advantage of gaining and keeping for London, as a monetary centre, the most perfect credit and a financial supremacy throughout the world which is as yet untouched. All this was due to the acceptance of right principles by our public men early in the century, and their firm adherence to them in the midst of great difficulties. Of all the services rendered to the country by its great Conservative leader, Sir Robert Peel, none was greater than his steady adherence for many years (after a little wavering at first) to sound principles of money, of which the adoption of a single standard was the foundation.

The very least, then, that can now be asked of our public men when they are besieged by faddists and by representatives of foreign Governments who suffer from diseases in their money, and want us to unite with them in trying quack remedies for diseases which our own system is free from, is that they should really consider what the English monetary system is, and on what principles it is founded, and that they should think twice and thrice before throwing discredit upon it and listening to the monetary vagaries of public men in other countries, where they have not had the advantage of a good and settled system, and are still seeking to establish an unchanging ratio between gold and silver—the philosopher's stone in monetary science. Much trouble would have been spared ourselves, and much discredit avoided, if our public men had declared in 1878, when they were first asked to a bimetallic conference, that our system of money was based, in their opinion, on absolutely sound principles which they could not and would not suffer to be questioned, believing as they did that other nations had to learn from us, and not we from them. By taking a lower line, they have suffered public opinion throughout the world to be misled, and have encouraged an unseemly agitation at home, which, but for their apathy, would never have had any 'show.'

The next point is a corollary from the first. There must be no playing with bimetallism in our communications with foreign nations, and there must be an end therefore, as far as we are

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concerned, to the futile international conferences on money such as have taken place these past twenty years. We have joined these conferences from time to time on the footing of our delegates being spectators only, and with no power even to take part in discussions; at others we have had representatives holding diverse and even opposite views—one party representing India and the other the Home Government, as if the same power could blow hot and cold at once; at others there was some attempt at negotiation, as in the 1881 conference. But all have necessarily failed. Conferences between Powers which differ *toto cœlo* as to what money is, and whose aims and ideas are altogether contradictory, were bound to fail, as they have in fact failed. How could sober Englishmen, with their belief that the monetary unit is a certain weight of the metal chosen for the standard, even discuss money with those who believe that money is the creation of law, and that some miracle takes place at the mint by which a commodity is converted into 'money' instead of being the same in substance and fact after the miracle as before? The whole proceedings of these conferences have been pure farce, and it is our duty, as having a fixed monetary system, to tell foreign Governments which approach us that we can have nothing to say to any proposal which requires for the assurance of its success a belief in the theory of bimetallism. The same with negotiations stopping short of conferences. There is nothing to negotiate about. If other countries become frankly monometallic in theory and in practice, there would be common ground for discussion, but now there is nothing in common between them and us.

If we continue dallying with foreign Governments out of courtesy, or for any other reason, Nemesis will surely overtake us. We have had a sufficient lesson. Our courtesies are interpreted as business, and foreign Governments may even have cause to complain already that we tempted them to come and negotiate when we were not prepared to deal.

The next point is that every effort must be made without delay to give India a good money. Until we succeed in this problem, we are not safe in our attitude abroad. Foreigners know that we are leaving a dangerous problem unsettled, and can have little faith, so long as that is the case, in the superiority of our principles and methods. The reproach of giving a dependency bad money must be wiped away before other countries can listen to us with respect.

How is this to be done? The Indian despatch speaks bravely of the next step consisting of measures to establish the gold standard which has nearly been reached; but the better City opinion is undoubtedly that this is far too sanguine a view, and that the gold standard is by no means in sight. The evils of restricting the coinage are indeed only beginning. The City in its memorial to the Chancellor of

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the Exchequer has pointed out the right way of dealing with the subject up to a point. There must be one more inquiry in order to study what are the facts of the last unsettlement, what is the present position and attitude of the Indian people as regards their money, whether India should have a gold or a silver standard, and in what way one or the other is to be established. But after the inquiry there must be action, and each possible alternative—*i.e.* among the alternatives possible according to sound monetary principles—is beset with difficulties. These alternatives are: (1) the restoration of the old standard of silver; (2) the creation of a new silver standard with the silver contents of the rupee worth a shade less than 1*s.* 4*d.*, the value at which the rupee now passes current; and (3) the adoption of a gold standard at the equivalent of the present gold value of the rupee—*i.e.* 1*s.* 4*d.*, or thereabouts. But all are beset with serious difficulties, and there are serious difficulties of principle as regards the second and third, economic opinion in the past having always favoured the continuance of a well-established standard, in spite of temporary interruptions in its use, which would limit any possible action to the restoration of the old silver standard. There are hardly any questions in the sphere of money and finance of greater difficulty. My own prepossessions are in favour of returning to the old standard in India if that be possible. With tact and patience I believe this could be managed, though some shock would hardly be avoidable. But the problem is of so serious a kind, and the pitfalls are so many in consequence of the closing of the mints, that opinion may be in suspense for a time until the inquiry suggested by the City is made. It is for those who are responsible to declare the alternative they choose, after the fullest inquiry.

To prevent misconception, however, I may be permitted to add that nothing has happened to silver in recent years which makes it unfit to be standard money. There has been great variation from the old ratio between gold and silver in the last twenty-five years—silver has fallen measured by gold, and gold has risen measured by silver; and there have been at times great fluctuations, attended by corresponding fluctuations in the exchanges between silver- and gold-using countries. But both silver and gold have remained good standards, each in its own sphere. In the daily transactions of life, the changes in each from week to week and month to month, and even from year to year, have hardly been noticeable, as far as their performance of the monetary function, each in its own sphere, is concerned. The change at the end of a quarter of a century seems enormous when we measure gold and silver by each other; but it is not enormous considering that it is spread over so many years, and that all the time both gold and silver have practically changed little over short periods. Again, as far as changes over long periods are concerned, we find that at home, though gold has 'appreciated' measured by the average of leading wholesale commodities, it has not appreciated

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measured by nominal money incomes and wages, which have hardly changed; and in this way, in spite of the fall of prices, gold has been a good standard for a progressive country like England, even for a long period. If incomes as well as the value of commodities had also declined nominally, the appreciation would have been more serious, but the actual gravity of the appreciation has not been great—it has not gone beyond the limits which are tolerable in a standard, and which may be looked for in any standard that may be selected. And the position as regards silver in India for a long period is even more satisfactory. India is not a progressive community, and there has been no advance, I believe, in real wages and incomes in India corresponding to the advance in England in the last twenty-five years. At the same time, at least for many years after the fall in silver measured by gold began, there was no advance either in money wages and incomes or in the prices of commodities in India. Thus the silver standard answered its purpose even more perfectly in India than the gold standard did in England, because in India there was no fall in prices as there was in England, although money wages and incomes were also stationary as they were in England. If India had had the gold standard, there is no doubt that a fall in prices would have been accompanied by a fall in wages and incomes, which we have escaped in England because of the progress of the community here, but which India could not have escaped, being unprogressive by comparison. As a matter of fact, therefore, the divergence between gold and silver, though it looks formidable, is still consistent with the fact that gold and silver have, each in its own sphere, gold in England and silver in India and the East, proved good standards—good for short periods, essential for a standard money, and each better for long periods in its own sphere than a common standard either of gold or silver, or even a mixed standard, would have been. Accident has done better for both gold and silver countries than the most laboured preparation beforehand could have done. Of late years it is asserted that prices and wages have begun to go up in India—*i.e.* that the standard has depreciated—an assertion which is most probably true. I have not had time or opportunity to investigate the assertion, and I express no opinion. But if true, the depreciation over a long period is quite consistent with the money being excellent for the primary purpose of a measure of value over short periods—that is, from day to day, week to week, month to month, and even year to year. The depreciation is no greater than what has often happened in similar periods, and what happened in this country and in India itself in the fifties and the early sixties.

Those who are interested in silver-using countries, therefore, including India, should protest with all their strength against the notion that silver does not remain a good standard for money as well as gold, in spite of divergence from the former ratio between these two metals when they are exchanged against each other, and the

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corresponding variations in the exchange between gold- and silver-using countries. As to the occasional rapid fluctuations in the exchange, of which so much has been made, they are hardly to be considered, whatever they are, in a question of the proper standard money for a particular country. The suitability of the money for internal exchanges is here the point; the foreign exchanges will take care of themselves. Such fluctuations are essential even to the existence of great merchants and exchange dealers who are most competent to take care of themselves, and the business of the ordinary trader is hardly concerned. Too much must not be made of exchange difficulties when we look at the enormous foreign business done by the United States during the Civil War with rapidly and violently fluctuating inconvertible paper, and at the business done in our own time by countries like Russia and the Argentine Republic with inconvertible paper. The fluctuations in exchange between gold- and silver-using countries are not to be spoken of by comparison.

It is impossible to anticipate that the monetary commotion will be quieted all at once in the way described. The waters have been disturbed too deeply to subside in a day. But our own record will be clear, and foreign agitations will affect us less.

As to what foreign countries may do, it would be useless to speculate very much. But a survey of the facts in the leading countries of the world would seem to show that as agitation diminishes a tolerable situation will arise. Europe has practically become monometallic on a gold basis. Germany has long been in that category, though not quite so ready, it is said, to let gold be paid out of the Bank of Germany, as strict theory requires. France is also in that category, though cumbered by an inheritance of useless silver from the time when it was bimetallic and lately by the heresy of its leading public men. Austria-Hungary and Italy, and last of all Russia, have committed themselves to the same principle, while the northern countries of Europe and other minor places where inconvertible paper does not reign, are monometallic on a gold basis also. If well is let alone, something like monetary stability over a wide region is thus being established. It may be doubtful whether the gold standard can be successfully established in all the countries trying it, but the experiment involves no departure from sound principle, and leaves the way open when it fails for a monometallic standard of silver. The same may be said of other less important countries like Japan, and, if it definitely adopts a gold standard, of India itself. So long as there is a monometallic standard, whether of gold or silver, there is no departure from sound principle, and failure to establish the one should lead to the establishment of the other by the consent of all concerned. The United States is a greater difficulty, on account of the party passions involved and the amount of money that seems to be available for what is called the 'rehabilitation' of

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silver. But, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, I have no little faith in the actual wisdom of the United States public in the last resort, in matters of money. If this belief is justified, the gold standard in the United States will be preserved from any new attack, and the 'soft money' agitation, which has been persisted in notwithstanding its failures for quite thirty years—it dates back as far as that—will subside. At the worst, in the United States they can but go over to a silver standard; and although the shock will be great at first, a silver standard steadily adhered to, provided all proper obligations contracted in gold are met in gold, would not be a bad thing.

In any case, whatever is done in foreign countries, our own action in adhering to a single standard and to the sound principles of the monetary system of which that is the foundation, will have a steadying effect. Agitation will be discredited when it is seen that the best thing as regards a good metallic money, when once established, is to let it alone, and if a nation has not got it, to get it as soon as possible and stick to it. Agitators, by the necessity of their agitation, exaggerate altogether the sphere and influence of money, and seek to accomplish by means of changes in money what these changes cannot effect, which necessarily produce disturbance and unrest that are altogether mischievous.

A final remark I would make is that the utility of gold and silver as the money metals must not be judged of by the facts in a time of transition. On general grounds, notwithstanding all the change of the last twenty-five years, gold and silver remain good money metals, silver as well as gold, and even a greater change might take place without that fact being altered. Very great changes, although not so great a change, have happened before—for instance, in the first half of the seventeenth century; and there is no reason in the nature of things why they should not happen at times. But it still remains true that gold and silver do not change so much as other things, in short periods, the quality which fits them for money, and while that is the case we must not expect the rapid fluctuations of the last twenty-five years to be perpetual; certainly not, if Governments learn wisdom and avoid incessant operations in one metal or the other. Even in the last twenty-five years, as I have frequently pointed out, there have been lengthened intervals of steadiness between gold and silver. When the revolutionary period is over, though no one can predict the future, the metals should fall again into a more normal condition. Meanwhile the alarms which have been felt and the calls for interference and action, though natural enough, have really been unjustified, and in forgetfulness of the wisdom of *laissez-faire*, which is especially commendable in affairs where it is impossible to forecast the ultimate effects of interference and where mistakes as to the first effects are only too readily made.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

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CREEDS IN THE PRIMARY SCHOOLS

QUESTIONS affecting the right organisation of our primary school system, and especially those which concern the relation that ought to subsist between the various bodies—religious, philanthropic, municipal and imperial—engaged in the administration of that system, are always with us. The aspects of the problem vary from year to year, but its final solution has not yet been reached. In particular, there are some proposals now awaiting the judgment of the London electors which are of far higher than local interest, and the treatment of which cannot fail to have an important bearing on the public opinion and the educational policy of the whole country.

It will be remembered that one result of the memorable general election of 1895 was to send to Parliament a large majority of men favourable to the voluntary principle, and pledged to vote in support of additional public aid to denominational schools. The Government, in these circumstances, was bound to act in accordance with the mandate of the constituencies. In 1896 they brought forward a measure which, while it offered sensible relief to the managers of such schools, took a larger and more ambitious scope, and dealt *inter alia* with the organisation of secondary and technical education, with the transfer of much of the responsibility for the efficiency of teaching from the central Government to local bodies, and with the introduction of special religious teachers of various denominations into all elementary schools alike. This measure was felt by many, even of the habitual supporters of the Government, to be crude and ill considered, and it was ultimately withdrawn. The legislation of this year has been more modest in its scope and purpose. It has had for its main object to relieve the religious bodies of what some of them described as an 'intolerable strain' in the form of voluntary subscriptions, and to make it easier for those bodies to maintain their schools as integral parts of the provision for national education, side by side with the schools provided by Boards. How effectual this relief has proved may be seen on looking at a few figures. Last year the voluntary contributions of the supporters of Church of England schools amounted to 643,386*l.*, those of the Wesleyans to 21,593*l.*, and those of the Roman Catholic community to

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97,448*l.*, while those of British and other undenominational schools reached the sum of 88,541*l.* The total of the voluntary effort is thus represented by about 850,000*l.*, and the Act of last April provided a new grant of five shillings per child for all voluntary schools, and at the same time released the managers from the obligation to pay local rates. In advocating this liberal addition to the resources of the denominations, a wish was expressed by the Vice-President that the new grant of 650,000*l.* should be devoted to the improvement of the school equipment, to the increase of the staff and to the better payment of the teachers; and it cannot be doubted that the Education Department under its present heads, and in accordance with its best traditions, may be relied on to secure these objects as far as possible. But there is nothing in the Act which makes such application of the additional funds imperative; and it is certain that a large part of this fund will be devoted to lightening the burden of the voluntary subscribers, and that the amount contributed by religious bodies, which at present scarcely amounts to one-twelfth of the whole cost of primary education in the country, will materially and steadily decrease. Even in 1894, there were nearly 5,000 denominational schools maintained either without voluntary support at all or with contributions not exceeding five shillings per scholar. Now all these schools and probably many others will remain under the exclusive management of self-constituted committees, who will appoint the teachers, determine the character of the religious instruction, and secure for their several denominations such sectarian advantages as a school can hardly fail to give, but who neither subscribe a shilling to the funds nor represent any body of subscribers. Such schools have now by the grace of Parliament been liberally assisted; they have escaped for the present the much dreaded co-operation of the ratepayer in the local management; and they have secured a renewed lease of life and activity for the voluntary principle.

The supporters of that principle are not, however, content with the very substantial concessions thus gained. They have been encouraged to suppose that the public opinion which has already enabled the Government to confer one advantage will also help them to go a step farther, and by impressing the Board Schools also with something of a denominational character, to overturn the settlement made by Mr. Forster in the Education Act of 1870. The 'Moderate' electors are publicly invited to take the opportunity of 'improving their position as Churchmen.' It is constantly urged upon them that what is wanted is more 'definite' Christian teaching than is provided in Board Schools under the existing law. This means, of course, that in their view the Bible is not definite enough, and that the teaching of our Lord and His apostles is of little value unless it is supplemented by the interpretation put upon it by some religious body or other. In other words, 'definite' teaching means denomina-

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tional teaching, and by this is nearly always implied the distinctive theology of the Established Church. An active body of Churchmen, whose spokesmen are the Dean of St. Paul's and Mr. Evelyn Cecil, put forth proposals in view of the coming election in London, designed to secure in the schools of the Board (*a*) the teaching of the Apostles' Creed, and (*b*) the allocation of separate class-rooms in which the ministers of various religious bodies shall be at liberty to teach the distinctive doctrines of their several Churches to the children of such parents as desire it. It is to be observed that this demand comes from those who speak in the interests of the Church of England and from no one else. But it is also true that the party which is commonly styled 'Moderate' has not unanimously adopted this programme, and that some of its members have arrived tardily and with evident reluctance at the conclusion that it would be a tactical mistake to insist for the present upon the adoption of both proposals. Many, however, retain faith in both, while others, who think the first hopeless, are anxious to secure the second. It seems, therefore, desirable that the London electors should reconsider the nature of these proposals, and should try to forecast the probable consequences of their general adoption.

'The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments.' This seems at first sight to be a very simple programme of religious instruction. But the second and third of these are already in the Bible, the one being a compendium of duties of universal obligation, and the other a formulary of devotion dictated by our Lord himself. Both are of course included in the scheme of instruction adopted by the Board, and require no new rule to sanction them. But the Apostles' Creed stands on a wholly different footing. Not only is it not in the Bible, but nothing analogous to it is to be found set forth for the acceptance of Christian converts either by the Saviour or by His apostles. It is a purely human document, the outcome of early controversies, venerable for its antiquity, and valuable to the adult Christian as a concise statement of those articles of faith which have been presumably taught to him in the Church. No question is here raised as to the truth or authority of the Apostles' Creed. The point of importance is its fitness or unfitness for the instruction of young children. For either the several propositions it contains—*e.g.* the miraculous incarnation, the communion of saints, the Holy Catholic Church, and the descent into hell—are to be explained to such scholars or they are not. If they are not explained, they become a mere rote lesson, appealing to the verbal memory only and not to the understanding or the conscience; and if they *are* explained there is a boundless opening for teaching of a highly contentious character in connection with each of them. This would soon become evident in practice. A necessary corollary to the enforcement of the Creed would be the issue of some authoritative rules for interpreting it and

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for confining the discretion of its exponents within certain limits. Who that remembers the abortive discussions of two years ago, and the attempt of Mr. Riley and Mr. Diggle to formulate anew the essentials of the Christian faith, can contemplate without alarm the revival of that attempt, and the barren, needless, and irritating controversy which would again inevitably arise out of it?

Mr. Athelstan Riley in declining to come forward at the next election has publicly congratulated his friends on the success of his campaign, and stated that he regarded his mission for the present as accomplished. Herein he shows himself to be the subject of a very remarkable delusion. His famous circular has proved a signal failure. It has never been enforced by the Board and it is wholly disregarded by the teachers. It is not even embodied in the Board's own Code of regulations. No copy of it is now placed in the hands of newly appointed teachers, and it is in every sense a dead letter. The religious teaching in the Board Schools is, as appears plainly from the most recent reports of the examiners in religious knowledge, not a whit more dogmatic or definite than it was before the crusade began. Yet it cannot be said that the crusade has been without results. It has introduced in an acute form the *odium theologicum* into educational politics. It has alienated many of the teachers and made their relations to their employers less harmonious and satisfactory. It has seriously hindered the proper educational work of the Board. It has set the example of trying to 'exploit' the municipal schools for the furtherance of sectarian interests. It has sought to discredit the valuable Scriptural instruction which has been given by the Board during a quarter of a century. It has done something to make the co-operation of Christian people of various classes in the work of public instruction more difficult than before; and it has brought us a step nearer to the time when the English people, tired of the vain attempt to satisfy the claims of rival Churches, will, as in France and in the United States, deliberately refuse to make further concessions, or to recognise the teaching of religion in the common schools on any terms at all.

It is often urged that the proposal to adopt the Apostles' Creed would serve as an olive branch, and would enlist in its support Christian people of all creeds. This is a grave mistake. Roman Catholics teach the Creed no doubt in their own schools and with the help of the interpretation of their own priests. But they have never asked to have it introduced into the unsectarian schools. As to the Wesleyans, the Creed is recited at the morning service in a small but diminishing number of chapels in large towns, but it forms no part of the religious exercises in Methodist chapels as a rule, and is wholly absent from the teaching in Wesleyan day schools. Among Congregationalists and Baptists the Creed is entirely unknown both in their chapels and in their schools. From British and other voluntary Protestant

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schools, all formularies and catechisms have ever since the time of Joseph Lancaster been habitually excluded. The proposal to introduce the Apostles' Creed into the schools does not even come from the authorised heads of the English Church, but only from a small section of High Anglican clergy and laymen. Hence it is essentially a sectarian proposal, and as such it manifestly contravenes the spirit of Section 14 of the Act of 1870. Whether it is also in a technical and legal sense a violation of the letter of that Act is a point sometimes disputed; but hitherto I know of no authoritative opinion of any judge or responsible law officer to justify the use of the Creed in Board Schools. Nothing short of an Act of the Legislature amending or interpreting Clause 14 can set the question at rest, and it is most unlikely that this or any other Parliament would assent to such a proposal if it were made. Meanwhile it is not within the province of members of any local School Board to anticipate the settlement of an important question of public policy. Their duties are sufficiently important and are clearly defined by Act of Parliament, and the first of those duties is to administer and obey the law, and not to agitate for its repeal or amendment.

The question has often been asked before and needs to be repeated—Who asks for the introduction of creeds into the rate-aided schools? Certainly not the parents of the scholars. They have the strongest interest in the right 'nurture and admonition' of the children. Yet we do not find any of them joining 'Voluntary school defence' or 'Church defence' associations, the English Church Union or the Primrose League. Those societies are almost exclusively composed of persons who do not use the public elementary schools for themselves, but whose children are probably to be found in the great public schools such as St. Paul's or Dulwich, the City of London School, or the Girls' Public Day Schools. Now it may safely be said that in scarcely one of those schools does the Creed form part of the scheme of instruction. This is not because of the existence of any legal restriction such as the Cowper-Temple Clause. It is within the discretion of the governing bodies of such schools to teach creeds and catechisms if they like and if the parents wish for it. But they do not like, and the parents express no wish for it. In the schools frequented by the upper and middle classes, such religious instruction as is given is generally of the same Scriptural and undenominational character as that of the Board Schools, differing only in being rather less thorough and systematic. This may be seen plainly by referring to the papers set at the University Local examinations in 'divinity.' Except the questions in the Greek Testament which are given in classical schools, the only religious examination to which the scholars in higher schools are subject is one which a fairly instructed boy in a Board School would easily pass. The best evidence of sincerity on the part of those who urge upon the

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public the indispensable importance of creeds and dogmatic teaching in the religious instruction of young children, would be an agitation among the parents in the upper and middle ranks of society for the enforcement of the Creed in Secondary schools. But of such agitation there is no sign. All the solicitude of the 'Moderate' and 'Church defence' parties seems to be expended on the poorer class of parents. And we find ourselves confronted with this singular anomaly, that the imposition of distinctive theological teaching is not asked for or approved by the section of the community most nearly interested, but is advocated solely by their social superiors, who seek to enforce upon other people's children doctrines and formularies which they do not want and probably would not accept for their own.

On the moral and practical value of the simple and undogmatic Biblical instruction now given in the Board Schools, it is needless here to dwell. Twenty-six years' experience has shown it to be highly acceptable to the parents of the children in the schools, and the cases of withdrawal from the teaching or of complaint of its insufficiency are exceedingly rare. Here is the testimony of a well-known dignitary of the Church, who has had singular opportunities of studying the educational problem from the point of view both of teacher and school manager, and whose identity is only thinly veiled under the signature of 'A Northern Archdeacon':—

All that the law forbids is the use of any formulary distinctive of any religious denomination. It does not limit the religious instruction to what Mr. Trench calls the historical teaching of the Bible. It allows the teaching of the whole Bible not only in the historical letter, but in the most religious spirit. And experience proves that in the majority of Board Schools it is the spirit of the Bible which the teachers teach quite as successfully as its letter. In one large town with which I am familiar, there is an annual examination in Holy Scripture common to the children in Board and Church Schools, and for several years the invariable result has been that nearly all the prizes have been won by the Board Schools. Many of our Bishops have testified to the reality and excellence of the religious instruction in our Board Schools. Those who have attended the opening services and instruction in these schools can bear witness that the earnestness and reverence are not a whit behind Church Schools. Numbers of clergymen have told me that they find candidates for confirmation coming from Board schools at least equally equipped religiously with those from Church Schools. My experience covers a quarter of a century from hundreds of Board Schools. (*Times*, September 21.)

And Mr. Sydney Gedge, whose churchmanship will be generally admitted to be unimpeachable, sends to the same paper (7th of October) with an expression of his own sympathy a significant letter from a High Church missioner in connection with Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and settled in Camberwell. The letter contains the following passages:—

We have in this district no Church Schools, all our children are taught under the London School Board. We have a large school exactly opposite the church, and after ten years' experience I am intensely thankful for the good work which is being done there. . . . The religious instruction is excellent as far as it

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goes: of course the children do not receive all the teaching which we as Churchmen could wish, but the foundation is good, and such as we can build upon. I have never had to unteach anything. . . . They are taught the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, lessons from the Holy Gospels, from the Old Testament, and learn by heart some of the Psalms and passages from the Epistles as well as simple hymns. It is a great privilege to be present at morning prayers at one of our large Board Schools, where they have a large hall and a piano (bought by themselves by means of entertainments), to see the whole school with teachers *en masse* begin the day's work with a hymn and prayer. We at the mission owe a great debt of gratitude to our schools for their co-operation and help.

But if it is plain that the success of the 'Moderate' party in their project for introducing and enforcing the Apostles' Creed would disturb the existing arrangement, and impart a new element of controversy and difficulty into the work of the Board Schools, it is, if possible, plainer still that the second proposal put forth in the name of that party—that which contemplates the appropriation of separate class-rooms for the sectarian teaching of different creeds during the school hours—is yet more mischievous, and is more completely at variance with Sec. 14 of the Act of 1870. Candidates for membership of the Board who pledge themselves to support this policy will find themselves in a false and rather absurd position; for they will have no power to give effect to their pledges. If elected they will take office subject to the existing law; they will have no greater power than any of their constituents to procure a change in that law; and until Parliament makes such a change, the proposal cannot take effect. The history of the 27th Clause in the abandoned Bill of 1896 is very instructive, and will certainly not encourage any Government to revive that proposal.

Meanwhile it may not be unfitting to restate briefly the very weighty objections to this project, the last remaining 'plank' in the platform of those who still think that something may be done to make the Board Schools more 'distinctive'—that is to say, more sectarian than they have hitherto been.

The introduction of separate teachers representing separate sects would in the first place substitute for the regular staff, who are, as is well known, for the most part trained and skilled in the art of teaching young children, a number of clergy and specialists, who are as a rule unskilled in that art, and who being *ex hypothesi* chosen as teachers of denominational tenets, would be under an implied obligation to give special prominence to those tenets, these being precisely the elements in Christian teaching which are of the least value and suitableness to young children. The effect of setting aside the responsible teacher of the school in regard to the religious instruction would be not only to weaken his moral authority, but also to convey to the children the fatal impression that there was a gulf fixed between the religious and the secular life, and that religion, instead of forming

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an organic part of the school curriculum, with its influence duly pervading the whole business of education, was an 'extra,' like drawing or cookery, to be taught only by professional experts from outside.

A necessary sequel to the adoption of this proposal, either in the form of the 'Orpington Scheme' or otherwise, would be an inquiry into the religious beliefs and preferences of the parents and the preparation of a 'Creed Register' with a view to the classification of the scholars for separate religious teaching. Now we have already some experience of a 'Creed Register.' The children in Reformatory and Poor Law Schools are classed in a very simple way. Perhaps some five or six per cent. are declared by their parents or discovered by the vigilance of the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church to have had some association with that Church; these are registered as Catholics, and the Local Government Board and the guardians make careful provision for the separate worship and training of such children. Here and there a child is set down as one whose father is a Wesleyan or a Presbyterian; but the Creed Register, though open to the inspection of all comers, is seldom or never consulted by the ministers of those communions; and all the rest of the scholars, numbering generally at least nine-tenths of the whole and including a large proportion respecting whom no information can be obtained, are simply registered as 'Church of England,' and treated as such. There is no legitimate reason to complain of this practice. The State stands *in loco parentis* towards these unfortunate children. It is entrusted not only with their education, but with the control of their leisure, and with the whole of their domestic and moral discipline. It is reasonable, therefore, that in the absence of any knowledge respecting the religion or irreligion of the parents, they should be brought up in the principles of the Established Church. But the fact that 90 per cent. of these waifs and strays are described as 'Church of England' children has no statistical value or any bearing whatever on the classification of day scholars, who are living with their parents.

Much is said on platforms and in newspapers respecting the right of 'Church children' to be educated in the religion of their fathers—that is to say, the right of the parents to claim that the distinctive doctrines of their Church shall be taught at the public expense in the day schools. Waiving for the moment the question whether law or custom or reason recognises any such right or not, it is worth while to ask, 'Who and what are "Church children," how are they to be identified, and by whom are they so designated if not by their parents?' Hitherto no attempt has been made to recognise the distinction between such children and others; but such an attempt would become absolutely necessary if the views lately put forth by the 'Moderates' are to prevail. If and when it were made, however, some formidable difficulties will be sure to arise. A very large number of the parents will refuse to let their children be registered as belonging to any

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denomination at all. Many others will be found who, though nominally describable as members of the Church of England, will hesitate to let themselves be so entered in the Creed Register when they learn that the effect will be to withdraw their children from the ordinary teaching of the schoolmaster, and to hand them over to a High Anglican curate. In short, a plan of classifying the scholars according to the religious persuasion of the parents is foredoomed to failure. Such a measure would not be tolerated by the parents of scholars in secondary and endowed schools; and to enforce it in the public elementary schools would be found impracticable.

This, however, would not be the greatest of the difficulties to be confronted by the new Board, if they determined to adopt any one of the schemes for giving separate denominational instruction by persons other than the regular teachers. The 'Orpington' plan, which assumes that the historical part of Bible-teaching may be left to the schoolmaster, but that the clergyman shall be called in to teach doctrine, is *prima facie* absurd and unworkable. For it would throw upon the Board the duty of determining what part of Bible-teaching is historical and what is doctrinal—a task which might perhaps be undertaken by a Council of Trent or a Pan-Anglican Synod, but which is wholly beyond the competence of the London School Board. Grant, however, that this difficulty were overcome. A more formidable one remains. A London Board School, let us say, stands within easy reach of three parish churches, of which one is served by an extreme Ritualist, another by a pronounced Evangelical vicar, and the third by a Liberal churchman, whose own teaching would probably correspond very nearly to that already prescribed in the Board's syllabus. Each of these three clergymen differs as much from the other two, as any one of them differs from the neighbouring Congregational minister. Now let it be supposed that in this district, twenty parents have been induced to register themselves as 'Church of England,' Is the Board to provide three class-rooms, or to select one of these clergymen and declare him to be the true exponent of 'Church teaching for Church children'? The responsibility of arriving at a decision must rest upon the Board; yet it is manifest that the decision is one which its members are not qualified to make; and that if they attempt to make it, however conscientiously, they will find themselves in the midst of grave embarrassments.

Another necessary consequence of any proposed plan for making the Board Schools denominational, would be some inquiry into the religious beliefs of the teachers. To Mr. Riley and his friends this has always seemed indispensable, and they have said much as to the need of excluding 'unbelievers' from the school staff. But the problem is not nearly so easy as it appears at first sight. We are all unbelievers in many things, and the question, What do you believe and what do you not believe? is a complex and difficult one,

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and, especially in the case of any thoughful Christian man, one not to be satisfactorily answered in a formula or by filling up a schedule. And one may well inquire wherein lies the special competence of the members of a School Board as such either to formulate the details of a schedule of inquiry, or to estimate the worth of the answers when given. They have not been subjected to any such test for themselves. What they *can* do, is to say to any candidate whose character and general teaching power have been properly attested, 'Here is our programme of studies: are you prepared to teach it?' It may be that an honest candidate will now and then reply in regard to the religious syllabus, as he would in the case of French or mathematics, 'I do not feel myself competent to give such instruction, and if I am elected, I must beg you to excuse me from it.' It will then become the duty of the school managers, to consider in what way by some adjustment of duty among the other members of the staff they can relieve a teacher who is otherwise well qualified, and make adequate provision for the instruction he is unable or unwilling to give. To this extent the Board is justified in making preliminary inquiries, but no farther. An investigation into the personal beliefs and religious convictions of the candidate is beyond its province. No such inquiry is instituted even in the case of teachers in Church Schools. It is certainly not made by the governing bodies of our great public schools, or secondary schools, and if it were it would be very properly resented as an impertinence. This is only one of the difficulties which must be encountered if the Board is so ill advised as to enter upon a discussion of the orthodoxy of the teachers before allocating to them their several duties.

But the most serious objection to either of the two proposals now put forth by members of what is called the Church party is founded on educational considerations and on a true perception of the nature and needs of childhood. All who have studied the growth of faculty and the development of intellectual and spiritual power in the young know well that for the purpose of elementary instruction in any subject a skilled teacher does not begin by insisting on the acceptance of large general or abstract propositions. If he teaches arithmetic, he begins by employing the senses and by using concrete objects. He appeals to the scholar's own experience, and he tries by degrees and by the working out of examples to lead him up to the discovery of rules for himself rather than to impose upon him rules to be learned by heart. The principles of Algebra, the Binomial Theorem, and the doctrine of Proportion are all necessary to a complete knowledge of the science of Arithmetic; but a sensible teacher does not regard his elementary lessons as incomplete because they include no reference to these things. He gives such instruction and training as he finds to be suitable to the children at an early stage of intellectual development, and as will help to put them into a better

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position for approaching the higher truth and understanding it at a future day. So in teaching a language he determines not to follow the pedantic and outworn practice of bringing together all the technicalities of grammar and requiring them to be accepted at the outset; but he proceeds by way of example, deals with one difficulty at a time, explains a new grammatical distinction when he wants it and not before, and reserves all the broader scientific generalisations until the time when the intelligence of the scholar has been so far trained as to enable him to receive them. Whether he teaches history or geography or natural science, he pursues a like course. He takes into account that the imagination, the observant faculty, the power to admire what is beautiful in the outward world or noble in human character, can easily be awakened in early life, but that the power to reason, to form opinions, and to accept formal intellectual propositions, is a later acquisition. To enforce the acceptance of such propositions on a boy, to ask him to declare his belief in what he does not understand, is to defeat the purpose in view, to take an unfair advantage of his youth and his ignorance, and possibly to lead to an intellectual revolt in the days to come. Why should not teachers who have learned from Comenius, from Pestalozzi, from Arnold or from Thring the best ways of finding access to the intelligence and the sympathy of a child, be free to apply this knowledge to the mode of treating the highest of all subjects? Why, for example, should the method of teaching by creeds and catechisms, a method which is universally discredited and would not be employed by a well-trained teacher in communicating any secular knowledge, be supposed to be valid for imparting religious knowledge? One may confidently appeal to the experience of Christian parents who have their own children about them, and who know something of the perils which have to be encountered in life. Is it, after all, doctrinal orthodoxy, the intellectual assent to theological propositions, which such parents rely on as the safeguard against these perils, and as the best basis for Christian life and character? But they would generally rejoice to see their children interested in the Bible, touched and inspired by the Gospel story, by the glowing visions of Isaiah and St. John, or by the fervent zeal and self-devotion of St. Paul. And if in this way a father recognises in the young learner some of the fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom, some love of truth and goodness, and some reverence for God and His Word, he is well content to postpone for the present the formation of right 'views' about the Incarnation, the Trinity, the meaning of the Sacraments, or the claims of the Church. Herein he will find his own parental experience very helpful to him when he is asked to provide 'denominational' teaching for poorer children and to protect them from heresy.

There is another practical reason why we should acquiesce in the continuance of the present arrangement, which gives Biblical and

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unsectarian instruction in the Board School. And this is because, for the present at least, it is the best arrangement we can get. Some good people feel it to be unsatisfying, and long to supplement it by the addition of human formularies which the Bible itself does not supply. But to all complaints that it is incomplete the practical answer is that at least it is well adapted to the age and capacity of children; and that if it awakens the desire for further knowledge and prepares the way for larger and more definite convictions hereafter—and in the hands of trained teachers who know their business it can do this—it needs no other vindication. Those who demand more than this in our civic and rate-aided schools are incurring the risk of losing what we have. Divided as the English people are and are likely to be in matters of theological belief, and large as is the number of those who attach themselves to no denomination at all, there yet remains deep down in the popular mind a belief that the Bible is the Word of God and that it ought to be held in reverence. This sentiment is perhaps a survival from Puritan times, it is somewhat vague in its expression, and it does not always rest on any reasoned basis. But the sentiment is there; it is much too good a thing to be lost, and I think it is the duty of Christian men to recognise its existence, to be thankful for it, and to make the most of it. It is in the Board Schools no less than in the National Schools that this sentiment is kept alive, and the Biblical instruction given in them both has been well described as 'the one elevating and inspiring element in the scanty instruction of our primary schools.' It is astonishing and a little saddening to observe the way in which some good Churchmen are accustomed to speak contemptuously of the Bible as a factor in school education, unless the *Aberglaube*—the extra-scriptural teaching of the Church—can be added to it. Considering what England owes to the Bible, our one great English classic, what a wealth of material it contains, not alone 'for reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness,' but also for the culture of the imagination, and for the enrichment of the understanding, it is certain that we could not part with it without lowering the tone of our schools and of our national life.

There are many problems of the deepest interest and importance which await the serious study and deliberations of the new School Board, and with which both parties—Moderates and Progressives—have a common concern. There are the steady improvement of the teaching, more efficient support to the teachers, better training for the pupil teachers, the right adjustment of the claims of manual and of intellectual instruction, the co-operation of the Board with the London County Council in their efforts to make technical instruction more effective, the best way of discovering and helping promising scholars who need access to places of higher instruction, and the establishment and organisation of higher grade schools. In the

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prospect of such legislation for secondary instruction as is foreshadowed by the Duke of Devonshire in his admirable speech at Darlington on the 8th of October, the members of the School Board will do well to study the Report of the Royal Commission on that subject, and to qualify themselves to co-operate with the Government in establishing a right *rapport* between the primary and the secondary schools. And in regard to religious instruction—the one subject for which no Government examinations are held, and no Government grants can be obtained—it is the duty of all who value such instruction, to whatever party they belong, to exercise due vigilance, and to take care that it shall be vital and efficient within the limits—and they are very wide limits—prescribed by the existing law. These are duties of the highest national concern, and will suffice to absorb the best energies of the Board. Every member of that body who enters on his work with other aims, and who promises to support either the teaching of the Creed as part of the ordinary course, or by means of the 'Orpington' or other device to secure the introduction of the clergy and sectarian teachers into the schools, will in the first place be raising expectations which he will find himself powerless to fulfil, and in the second will be doing something to make the present compromise less easy to maintain, and so to bring nearer the adoption of an absolutely secular system. If he and his allies succeed, the future historian will be able to say: 'These English people once had a system of popular education which, it is true, did not appear to be very logical or symmetrical, but which was generous, was comprehensive and conciliatory, was well adapted to the needs of a divided but in the main a religious people, and gave more encouragement to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures than any other State system in the world. But they have it no longer.' And when he comes to inquire who are responsible for this grievous loss, the answer will be: Not the secularists, for they were few in number and never objected in any practical fashion to the compromise of 1870. Not the Roman Catholics, for they had every reason to be content with the liberal aid afforded to their own schools. Not the Nonconformists, for they not only accepted but thankfully welcomed the unsectarian religious teaching in the schools provided by the Board. But the loss was due solely to the intemperate zeal of those persons who, attaching more importance to Churchmanship than to Christianity, grasped at the shadow and lost the substance, and who for the sake of achieving a temporary sectarian triumph were willing to impoverish the teaching of the schools, and ultimately to deprive the children of their share in our best national heritage—the English Bible.

J. G. Fitch.

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MODERN EDUCATION

(AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE MASON COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM)

[*Prefatory Note.*—In the face of adverse criticisms upon brief summaries of this address published in the daily press when it was delivered (the 30th of September), I think it due to myself to print the full text, suppressing only a sentence or two of merely local or provincial interest. Those who will take the pains to compare what I did say with what I was supposed to have said, will need no further vindication from me. I have added a very few notes where an additional word seemed desirable. In general, I may say that I have received from professional educators nothing but approval; not so from the politicians who tamper with education. To the latter I should willingly dedicate this address.]

EDUCATION is now so vast a subject, it has so enormous a literature, so many widely separated branches, so many distinct lines, that a man who ventures an address upon such a subject feels like the traveller facing the great tangle of a tropical forest. There is an immense mass of vegetation, an enormous number of trees, but many are choked by the competition of their neighbours, many by the giant parasites which clamber round them, many sicken in the damp and gloomy shade produced by the spreading summits of those that have reached the sun. And probably the first thing that strikes him after the wealth of nature, is the waste of nature.

So I feel when facing the jungle of modern education. We have not only old seats of learning, pursuing a well-seasoned system, but all manner of new establishments which profess to improve on this; we have, moreover, Ministers of Education, and a whole department of clerks, who legislate upon the schooling of the people; we have Boards and Councils managing, or attempting to manage, new foundations, and these Boards mainly consist not of educators, but of amateurs appointed because they are rich, or because they are Lords, or, worse still, because they are Members of Parliament. And then we have vast systems of examination, pretending to replace teaching, and pretending to tell us that people who know the insides of a list of books, more or less imperfectly, are well educated, and fit to teach others, or to lead armies, or to direct other important human affairs. We are living in an age which professes to educate the poor and fit them for a higher life, and open to them the prizes

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once confined to the richer classes; and yet we find that the race for distinctions is after all practically confined to the rich, and that the poor have been gulled out of their expected privileges. All this uncertainty, this confusion, this interfering of amateurs with professionals, of politicians with pedagogues, of impostors with genuine men, makes it exceedingly difficult, but for that reason exceedingly important, to attempt some general survey of our position, to see whether we are indeed progressing with great strides, as some say, or not progressing at all, as others say, or oscillating between progress and regress, and, if so, with what general result.

Let us look out into the English world and see what the effects of the reforms of the last generation—so many and so various—have been upon the people at large. The most signal results ought to be found among the masses—among the poor, who have been brought within the reach of education by the provisions of recent laws. Are the poor, then, of England happier than they were thirty years ago? I don't think any careful inquirer would assert that. If there is less misery and squalor in the homes of the poor who have attended the Board Schools, there is surely more discontent. The successes of the Socialist, the mutterings of the thunder or the earthquake which may shatter our society, arise from the large number of malcontents in the land who have learned to feel new wants. They have eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; their eyes are opened, and they know that they are naked. I may be told that this, though to us an unpleasant symptom, is no sign of decay, but of progress in the masses. Discontent with the present is the first condition of improvement in the future. The present discord between the masses and the classes may be like the tuning of an orchestra, which is in itself harsh and disagreeable, but yet the cause of the great harmonies which are to follow. Look, you will tell me, at a far better index—not the amount of discontent, but of crime. Since the School Boards have been established, the convictions in the various criminal courts throughout the land have sensibly, nay enormously, diminished. This being so, I have heard intelligent English Radicals argue that, with the increase of enlightenment, crime will so diminish that we may look forward to another Golden Age, not of innocence, but of security against vice from the clear knowledge of its consequences.

All this optimism seems to me based upon a profoundly mistaken view of human nature. It is only to rare and exceptional men and women that knowledge is virtue, and vice ignorance. Even the ancient theorists who sketched ideal societies never imagined that these could reach such perfection as to secure them from decay.

> It is the little rift within the lute
> That by and by will make the music mute,
> And ever widening slowly silence all.

And when we look carefully at this vaunted diminution of convictions

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in the courts of law, and consider whether it indeed means a corresponding diminution of vice, also whether the improvement is caused by schooling, we shall come more and more to doubt both inferences. Education will teach one hundred men how to evade the consequences of vice for one whom it will persuade to abandon vice. And if it does make crimes of violence appear disgusting, and so discourage them, it may make crimes of subtlety even more attractive than they were. The highwayman may pursue his calling without education; the swindler hardly can do so. Among the many hundreds of pupils [over 5,000] who have passed through Trinity College during the thirty years that I have laboured there, I have known a few who became, in after life, remarkable criminals.[1] Each one of these was exceptional for his ability, and for the high level of his intellectual education. If we compare the classes who have had means and leisure for generations, and therefore careful schooling, with those who have had nothing, I do not know that there is a corresponding contrast in their morals. Either, therefore, education has far less influence than we imagine in making people good and happy, or else our systems of education are at fault, and are producing no effects commensurate with the efforts we employ; or else both alternatives are to be accepted, and that upon the whole is my opinion.

Let me cite but one other, much larger, field of evidence, which points in the same direction. What effect has the last thirty years' educating of the English people produced in disseminating higher and purer literary taste among us? Not very long ago one of the leading magazines gave us the evidence of the booksellers—evidence perfectly clear and unsuspicious—regarding the sale of books to the English reader. The exact figures I have lost, but I am quite certain of the general result. There was, together with a great increase in the quantity of reading, a distinct decline in the reading of the English classics—a decline in the *quality* of our reading. The great masters, poets, philosophers, historians, even novelists, are set aside for the trivial, the sensational, the affected, the ephemeral. Is it indeed a progress in culture that our reading masses discard Scott for Stevenson, Miss Austen for Marie Corelli, the *Quarterly* for the *Strand Magazine*, the *Times* for the *Telegraph*? Is it better to worship a man whose matter is so great that we are

[1] I had originally written '*some* who became' &c., and proceeded: '*every* one of them.' This statement I had corrected into *a very few*, but from my manuscript I was reported as above. The Duke of Devonshire (*Times*, October 9) paraphrased it as follows: '[Mr. Mahaffy] said that he himself had been acquainted with a *considerable number* of students [of Trinity College, Dublin] who had since *turned out to be* remarkable criminals.' When such a critic wholly missed my meaning, my words must have been open to misconstruction, so I have modified them. But the sense is the same. I could have said it of Oxford or Cambridge, or any other institution which trains hundreds of pupils. No education will prevent a certain percentage of failures, and these failures will lead to crime, especially with intellectual and ambitious men. Nor will any education eradicate all criminal tendencies.

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careless of his style, than to worship a man whose style is so perfect that we are careless of his matter? Is a writer who has very little to say to be lauded to the skies because he says it exceedingly well?

I can anticipate the rejoinders which have started up already in the minds of many of you. First, you may urge for the general public that the *wide diffusion* of reading is a great and growing happiness for the masses; and, secondly, that the education of the classes has been wonderfully reformed by the improvement of text-books, the multiplication of subjects, and the introduction of examination tests to give rewards to real merit.

As regards the diffusion of reading, a very few words will suffice. I am quite ready to allow that the diffusion of reading tends to increase the happiness of the masses. But I am not at all sure that it is the sort of happiness which makes them permanently contented, or which makes them morally better or sounder. It may be asserted that the ploughboy who, when he comes home from his work, has the *Police News* to amuse him, is happier for that moment than he who cannot read. The same may be said of the servant girl who carries off her mistress's copy of the *Sorrows of Satan*, to read at night in bed when her work is over. But is this enjoyment a proper sort of happiness? Is there any good in multiplying reading clubs through the country unless we have some guarantee that the *quality* of what the masses read is not likely to poison their minds? Is it not a common experience that at such clubs the good and solid books are neglected for the shilling romance of horrid crimes or the lowest specimens of our not only free but licentious press? It may well be doubted, for example, whether the antipathy which a large body of Irishmen feel towards England could live and last were it not for the continual and malicious falsehoods which are served up to them in the papers which they read. This is likewise the case with the American outbursts of apparent hatred towards this country. In France, too, the same feeling is created by a lying press, which threatens to be an active cause of war in the future history of Europe. Are not these grave limitations to the doctrine that we are certain to raise and improve the masses by the mere diffusion of the habit of reading? I may compare it to the theory of many pious Protestants, that, provided you can make any unbeliever, any sinner, any savage read the Bible, he is safe to extract from it the religion which these Protestants profess.

I now come to the systems of education which endeavour to do more than diffuse mere reading, which seek to train up the youth of the country in knowledge of serious things, so that their reading may not be the mere pastime of an empty mind. And this brings us to the most important question which I can possibly raise on this occasion. Is it true that all our higher education has been

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vastly improved by modern text-books, modern methods, and by the principle of competitive examinations which test the acquirements of every student? Is it true that higher knowledge and higher culture are more easily obtained, and therefore not only more widespread, but larger and better than they were in bygone generations? On this point we must not take the opinion of any but experts; we must not be content with the complacent self-laudation which marks the utterances of certain popular educators. Let us hear the evidence of the old teachers in the Universities, who have spent their lives seeking to promote general culture in the higher classes. Let us hear the evidence of those who have studied most thoroughly the technical or special education of the masses, and who watch the progress of the country in this respect.

As regards the first class, I can speak as a specialist, having now for over thirty years examined crowds of boys for Matriculation, who come from all the higher schools of Ireland, many also from the public schools of England. It is my deliberate and carefully formed opinion that although a great modern system of Intermediate Examinations has been established in Ireland, and thousands of pounds are yearly spent in prizes, exhibitions, result fees, &c., the average preparation of boys in Ireland is much inferior to what it was when our schoolmasters were free to teach according to their lights, and this modern system of pressure and competition did not exist. In this opinion the great majority of my colleagues agree, and I hear from Oxford and Cambridge friends, and I can judge from the English schoolboys who come to Dublin that these also, if they have not lost, have gained nothing by the more recent school system in England. We can tell perfectly well why this is so. The whole of a proper university course in its earlier stages is based upon a competent knowledge of Latin, Greek, and of pure Mathematics. So long as this was accepted and nothing else taught, boys came up in such a state of preparation that the rest of an university education could be readily acquired. But now that they spend an occasional hour in the week at French, at German, at Drawing, at Physical Geography, at Chemistry, at Geology, at English Literature, they fail to acquire the fundamental things, and they can hardly acquire any decent knowledge of the rest. I shall be told that it is highly necessary for boys to learn something else than Latin, Greek, and Mathematics; nay, that it is scandalous that a boy calling himself educated should not be able to read French, and know Geography, and English Literature, and some practical science. If it be so, let him in due time learn all these things, but they are no part of a strictly university course, which is only to make him master what is difficult and what perhaps he hates, in order that he may acquire the principles of reasoning, and have before him the highest models of literary excellence. All these modern theories seem to me

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to assume that a boy will do nothing for himself, that we must spoon-feed him with all his knowledge. Surely this is absurd. What we have to do is to make him capable to think and judge, and set him fairly on the high road to complete his education for himself. We are not bound to force him to read Shakspere, but to enable him to appreciate Shakspere if he chooses to read him.

This then is what I mean when I say that university educators will not admit that the classes which seek that sort of education are better taught, or more wisely directed, than they were formerly.

Look now at the other kind of education, the technical, which ought to fit men for special employments, from the oldest and noblest —agriculture—to the newest, which is probably the working of electrical machines. I ask you what has the legislation of the last twenty years done in this land of Free Trade to fit our workers in technical skill for the great and growing competition with foreign producers? In the case of agriculture, I think the answer most melancholy. In the Board Schools throughout the country villages one would imagine that next after the three R's, every child whose life must be spent in working the fields should be taught at least the elements of modern agriculture; he should be taught that the old traditional blundering along without theory, and without any effort at improvement, will no longer suffice. He should be taught what the French very soon learned in the case of wheat, that a fall in price may be neutralised by an economy in the cost of production. It requires no deep knowledge of farming for any man who compares the cultivation of Northern France, or of Saxony, or of the Lothians, with that of an average English or Irish county, to see that the land is worked by deplorably ignorant and incompetent farmers, and that a great part of the outcry about the distresses of farmers arises from their own complete helplessness to meet any modern difficulty. Our school education seems hardly to have touched this great branch of technical knowledge.

Turning to the mechanical or industrial side, I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but may cite with confidence the verdict of many eminent persons who have complained and are complaining publicly that England is losing her supremacy in manufactures for the want of better technical instruction. We are told daily, and I have no reason to question it, that the Germans in particular are as much better trained than we are in technical matters, as the French are in agricultural, and that this is the main reason why German industries and manufactures are making such enormous strides all over the world.

I was indeed deeply gratified to read in a report of the Commission on Technical Education for Ireland, issued after the foregoing complaint had been written, that Birmingham at least may repudiate any blame in this matter, for that here a sound system of practical

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education has been devised and sanctioned by the State, and is already producing excellent results. But it is no false compliment to say that Birmingham, in many things a model to the rest of England, is not the rule, but the exception. Apart, then, from some brilliant exceptions, from whatever side we look at the boasted progress of English education, calmly and dispassionately, we find the prospect disappointing. I am not speaking as a mere pessimist. There is no cheaper, or indeed more dishonest, form of criticism than to attribute the inherent weaknesses of all human efforts to the special incompetence of any special age or generation. A vast number of able and honest teachers cannot work under any system in vain. A host of clever boys and girls cannot possibly fail to show, and must develop, their talents under any system, however poor and blundering. But it is, indeed, a melancholy consideration that they often develop in spite of the system, and not because of it. In any case, if we consider the huge outlay of time and money lavished upon the higher education of this country, the investment has hitherto proved very unproductive. We have taught an immense number of growing boys Greek and Latin, and our scholars, if a little more numerous, are not so pre-eminent as they were. We have flooded the country with lectures and examinations in English, and yet I cannot see that either our prose or our poetry is higher in quality. Nay, I even make bold to say that one of our older students well trained in the Greek of Æschylus could appreciate *Hamlet* more deeply and more intelligently than the modern boy who has read half-a-dozen handbooks of English Literature, and passed half-a-dozen examinations in that famous play. And so it is in almost any of the branches of knowledge upon which I can venture to offer an opinion.

Most critics will say to me, What is the use of all this complaining? Is it likely that you or any one else will alter the course of things, reverse a great national policy, mistaken though it be, and turn men back to the old ways with which their fathers who trod them were not content, and for which we have adopted newer systems?

Indeed I am not so vain as to entertain any such hopes; my intention is rather to point out the defects and the mistakes which have been made, and, by dwelling upon the causes of them, help to form such a stream in public opinion as may at least modify and improve the present system, and so gradually lead to the substitution of something better. The only legitimate way to promote reform is by persuasion, and every serious thinker is within his rights if he endeavours to persuade.

It therefore remains for me to consider the more important causes of the failure, which is not, I think, to be denied; and to show how far, beginning with modest changes, we may ultimately arrive at the acceptance of heroic remedies. And, as I cannot

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possibly discuss all, I may at once lay aside those obvious and confessed mistakes which every sound educator has railed against from the beginning. There is no need, for example, to parley with the advocates for the competitive examination system as the means of recruiting for our public services, or with the supporters of any mere Examining Board set up with the title and pretensions of a university. The evils of both have been so frequently and conclusively exposed that it were mere waste of time to exhibit them again. The former may perhaps be supported by the rich, in whose interest it works; it may be defended by those very able men who have accepted it as necessary, and have made both fame and gold by training the sons of the rich, by taxing the sons of the poor to the utmost limit, to succeed in these competitions. The false accusation, or rather the irrelevant accusation, against the public schools and universities, that they teach useless things, is surely to be retorted with tenfold force against the system which crams boys with an examination knowledge of many subjects, to be laid aside and forgotten the day after the competition is over.[2]

But I turn from examinations and mere examining bodies, with whom, as not being real educators, we have little concern here, to consider the causes why the honest teaching bodies in this country are not producing greater results. Let us first consider the education of those who have means and leisure to take the best and most complete training we can give them—that is to say, the education of our great public schools and universities.

In the olden days boys used to leave our public schools perfectly trained in the essentials already mentioned, and yet ignorant of many things which they could afterwards easily acquire. For what had been done for them, was to teach them how to acquire, how to set their minds to new problems, not to present them with the solutions of all these problems in a compendious form. But then there arose a cry that too much time was spent on classics and mathematics; that boys lived years without learning anything practical, and to this cry, which was raised in the interests of quite another class of boys, who were seeking to earn their bread as soon as possible, schoolmasters gave way; and according as they were told that it was shameful that a boy should not know this or that, they thrust into their school-programme hours in English, hours in French, hours in Chemistry, so as to astound and silence the parents with an encyclo-

[2] The remedy for these evils is not far to seek. The teaching bodies of the country are perfectly competent to nominate, in due proportion to the number of their pupils, for places in the public services, and the candidates so selected should without further preliminary be put into training for their special business in the services. If any teaching body sent up worthless nominees, who failed in their training, such bodies should lose nominations at their next turn. Thus we should obtain candidates not crammed to satisfy a strange examiner, but watched and tested during a long course of study by competent teachers.

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pædia of subjects, and confound the children with a kaleidoscope of lessons. In the Intermediate Examinations in Ireland, wretched children who take the highest places are known to compete in as many as twelve subjects—God help them! And this multiplication of subjects has not only seriously impaired the education of our best boys; it has also made education far more costly, for it requires a staff of masters for all these outlying and educationally worthless subjects who are maintained by raising the school fees, so that we all pay more, and get less real value for it.

But no sooner does the boy come up, with his smattering of many subjects, to the Universities, than quite a new cry assails his ears. We hear no longer of teaching him all he ought to know, but we call upon him to specialise and choose what subject he prefers, and bribe him to do so by allowing him to drop all the training in the other subjects, which used to be thought, and rightly, the essence of a university education. We are in fact coming to a state of things when the only men at Oxford and Cambridge who get a real university education are the pass men, for these, because they show no special aptitude for one subject, are trained in several.[3]

I believe that nothing can contradict more flatly the very idea of an university education, which means a general education, than this permitting of students to specialise their studies throughout their course. And one weighty reason why I think so is not the particular stress I lay on each or any of the great subjects we teach, but because I hold it essential to any proper mental training that a lad should master not only what he likes, but what he does *not* like. In the midst of this perhaps too speculative address, let me insist upon this practical warning to such of you as are students of Mason College—you whose life is still before you. The course of this world seldom runs along the lines which each of you chooses for himself. You will have hereafter to do many things which you will account distasteful drudgery. The properly educated man is he who can face such things and do them efficiently with the least trouble to others and friction to himself. Therefore I warn you, till you have learned to set your teeth, and master what you dislike, you have not attained to a general education. Hence, in our old Universities, the classical boy was taught mathematics, the mathematical classics, not from perversity, or a desire to annoy him, but because these are certain great fields of knowledge which every cultivated man should be able to approach in some sort, and this result can only be obtained by teaching him to surmount mental obstacles.

We may well, therefore, wonder how an idea so subversive of all real university training should have become fashionable in our oldest

[3] We have not followed this downward course by any means so far in the ancient University of Dublin, chiefly owing to the extreme age and wisdom of the governing body, whose traditions and habits are those of fifty years ago.

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and once most conservative seats of learning. It arises from this, that while the class which has leisure to pursue abstract knowledge and pure mental training is growing smaller, those who desire money value for their outlay of time is increasing. Technical instruction—a thing wholly different in origin and purpose—is becoming more and more important; for with the present great increase in the complexity and variety of handicrafts, of scientific appliances, or machinery for the saving of manual labour, the training for these practical fields must also become longer and more complex. And there is a widespread opinion that in this matter of special and technical instruction we are still far behind our neighbours.

It is in the view of this gradual and yet rapid change that I am disposed to abandon the principles which I held in former years, and declare myself the advocate of another theory. We used to believe that it was not only possible, but far better, to combine general education with special training—to insist that the professional student should qualify in arts, the artisan in general subjects. Early in this century such a combination was certainly a good thing; but now this effort at combining arts' degrees with special training seems to me to lead to the deterioration of both. There is growing up at our Universities a large body of professional students who are coaxed to remain arts' students by all sorts of indulgences and remissions, so that what remains is no real general education, while at the same time their special training is seriously hampered. What we want is a system of great technical colleges, as well as technical schools, where we shall honestly undertake to teach boys their special business, and not pretend to give them an education in arts, or puff them up with sham titles of B.A. or M.A. I have now come to believe in the separation of subjects according to the wants of our pupils; and as I think that, in the primary schools, agricultural teaching should be the main thing in country Board Schools, industrial teaching in the towns, so I think that while we must always have for the classes of wealth and leisure a high education in literature, in philosophy, and in mathematics, we should have for those who cannot afford this luxury equally good special training, which shall not be mixed up and confused with the other, with the false and vulgar notion that by so doing we shall make it either more dignified or more efficient.

Yet as there is now a strong tendency to turn our Universities into technical Colleges, so there is a corresponding tendency to turn such technical Colleges as we have into Universities. In looking into the history, for example, of the foundation of this great College, I perceive that Sir Josiah Mason, led by the sound instincts of a practical man who had long experience of the obstacles and difficulties caused by the want of proper technical training in Birmingham, desired originally to found a great school of practical

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scientific instruction, with the very proper addition of French and German—indispensable tools in many departments of trade which deal with the Continent of Europe.[4] On this basis the College might have become a very great and unique school of technical training; and I saw with regret that by subsequent modifications of his original and sound intention, the Trustees were empowered to embrace a Faculty of Arts, and also a School of Medicine. Most of you will think it perhaps fortunate that I was not an influential adviser of your Founder. I should have said to him when these extensions were proposed, 'Sir, do nothing of the kind. Your proposed Faculty of Arts cannot enter into competition with the older and greater Faculties in England. Your Technical College may easily become the best of them all; confine yourself therefore to an Engineering Faculty.' This was not the policy of the Trustees, who naturally followed the ordinary trend of public opinion. Accordingly there has since been acquired a Medical School. I see as yet no Faculty of Law. And yet even if that be obtained, still you will have no proper University, so long as, by the express will of the Founder, you cannot have a Faculty of Theology, for without that any University is miserably incomplete. If you merely profess to give technical training, the omission of Theology is perfectly reasonable, and that no doubt was Sir Josiah's opinion. But if you once undertake to give a general education, and to prepare young men for the learned professions, the exclusion of Theology becomes absurd. I know very well that such a Faculty must have a definite creed, and that there may be in the College many dissenters from that creed. But that is no insuperable objection. I suppose none of you will gainsay the great principle, now frequently forgotten or ignored in our theories of education, that we should strive to make the rising generation not only abler thinkers and workers, but better men. Surely the old Universities had sound views upon this matter, when they not only set before the youth Theology as one of the loftiest studies of any educated man, but also that religion as well as learning should be an important factor in the everyday life of the student.

I return to my contention that we should subdivide our education into separate and distinct kinds, and seek to give to each class or grade of our population that which is likely to improve its efficiency, and so its happiness, in opposition to the prevailing notion that education should be the same for all, only differing in degree. Political men who give effect to educational theories seem to have a notion of one vast ascending scale, beginning with the lowest infant

[4] I took this statement from the printed Preface to the Mason College Calendar. But Mr. Lawson Tait, in an interesting letter to the *Post* of October 2, denies that Sir Josiah had any fixed plan, and that he knew a Medical Faculty must soon be added to his foundation. If we regard Medical Education as purely technical—and this I shall presently discuss—the addition was quite logical. But that will not produce a University, or even promote it, in the strict sense.

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school, and leading up by regular steps through primary and secondary schools to the highest university education—a sort of Jacob's ladder, ascending from earth to heaven. I think this not only visionary, but wrong, and that our education should work along several distinct lines, each ending in a distinct earthly terminus. The wrong view seems to me fostered by a very misleading phrase—how often are people led by phrases—that the object of education is to *raise* our poorer population. I know perfectly well how this phrase is understood in Ireland, and many English people are no doubt silly enough to fall into the same trap. It is supposed to mean that modern education will raise our poorer people out of the station in which they are born, and put them into some other station which they consider higher and more lucrative.

What blunder can be more fatal? Instead of considering every walk in life which pursues honest toil as honourable; instead of using education as a means to make each and every one of them better; to secure, *e.g.*, that the ploughboy shall do his work as well as possible, without therefore ceasing to be a ploughboy; this misunderstanding makes men believe that, instead of raising men *in* their respective walks in life, it will raise them *out* of one walk into another, for which they have probably no aptitude. Thus the ploughboy, if he is above the average, is to be thrust in among clerks; the clerk among professional students, and so on, each class losing its best members in order that they may become inferior and discontented members of a class foreign to their traditions.

This error is not confined to our country, where, as you know, the so-called learned professions are being crowded with needy and half-trained aspirants. Even in France, an essentially agricultural country, the latest returns show us that to the colleges for scientific agriculture only 800 students can be induced to go, while the colleges for the professions number 24,000 students. Thus the most permanent and important source of wealth in that country falls into inferior hands, and the talents which would have been of inestimable use in farming are being taken from it and applied to law or journalism, where they are superfluous, if not mischievous. How vastly might we gain in England if it were the habit among the landed gentry to educate one of their sons as an agriculturist, so that in times of depression, when farms are not easily let, he might take up and work on more intelligent principles the vacant land, and show how profit can be made by superior skill, when the ordinary methods are found wanting.

Rejecting, then, utterly the notion that education should be the same, or of the same kind, for all, or that its intention is to raise the poor and the struggling classes from one rank of life into another, I will say a word, in conclusion, on the function of those institutions which have been, and are bound to be, the places of training for

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those that are rich, or have leisure to pursue a long and thorough general education.

It is perfectly absurd to protest against such institutions on democratic grounds. Provided the poor are well supplied with the education which is suited to them, it would be suicidal for any nation to abolish, or to strive to abolish, the privileges which wealth gives to those that possess it. That a small class should have leisure to pursue science and literature at their ease is not only fair and right, but of great use to the majority who are unable to do so. Our greatest men of science are often from the wealthy classes, and owe their greatness to early advantages of good teaching and of leisure. How poor, for example, would the English nation be without Charles Darwin or John Ruskin, the two foremost names in the great roll of English men of science and of letters in this century! Each of these men came from parents who were able to provide him with a long and expensive training.

The first function, then (at least, in order of time), is to afford a complete and thorough training, especially in those great subjects called useless by the vulgar, but which are the real salt of any higher culture. And next, these universities should provide the most suitable home for the prosecution of Research, where men who have completed their training can live in the midst of books and laboratories and observatories, prosecuting those studies which enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. As regards the policy to be pursued in these two directions, it seems quite plain that in the former they can hardly be too conservative, in the latter too progressive. The best subjects and the best methods of training the mind being well ascertained, and not disputed by any experienced educator, this training should be in no way relaxed to meet the cry of the idle, the impatient, and the vulgar. Though results are in the long run the only convincing test of success in a system, immediate results, if demanded, may spoil everything. On the other hand, as homes for investigation, as the hot-house for the fostering of new ideas, the old Universities have ample means and apparatus in the way of Fellowships, to which temporary Professorships might well be added, which should induce original thinkers to stay there and make them their home.

And yet when I ask what the policy of the Universities has been during the last generation it appears that their wisdom runs directly counter to mine. Every sort of difficulty has been placed in the way of endowment for Research, which has been met by every sort of hostile argument (including ridicule), and shackled in every way. He whose whole time is not engaged in teaching is supposed to be idling, and is treated accordingly, and yet the same people complain that the Universities are slow and scarce in producing original thinkers! On the other hand, in the department of instruc-

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tion to students, every kind of innovation seems to be tolerated. Not only are young people, who are wholly unfit to judge, allowed omissions and selections of the subjects they will study, but under the so-called University Extension, the benefits of Oxford and Cambridge training are being administered in homœopathic or in sugared doses by popular lecturers, and ignorant people who visit the University for a few days in the vacation are invited to believe that they participate in Oxford and in Cambridge culture. Thus not only does the Oxford man go down to teach in the country, which is highly useful and desirable, but the boys who hear him are told that they are practically Oxford men, which is absurd. When I inquired into these things at the University I was told by men who saw well the idle pretence of the thing that it was done to ensure the popularity of the old University, which might any day be swept away by Radical reformers if it were not in touch with the people.

This was the very policy adopted by the decaying Roman Empire, when foreign races were clamouring around its frontiers, and threatening to assail its territory. It was thought a safe and even astute device to invite a portion of the outlying barbarians to settle within the frontier, and to act as protectors of the Empire against those that remained without. Everybody knows the sequel. No sooner were they admitted to part of the Roman privileges, than they clamoured for more, and presently invited the remoter and therefore purer barbarians to join them in looting the Empire. And so came about the horror and confusion of the Dark Ages, from which modern Europe only emerged after centuries of intellectual eclipse.

I have said nothing as yet concerning the professional students at our Universities who do, who must, specialise at some part of their course, unless we banish them altogether from the University. To do this would indeed be a violent measure, and might be fatal to the prosperity of most universities. But I am here speaking merely as a theorist, and without regard to £ *s. d.*, which latter should not be allowed to dominate higher considerations. Regarding then the four great professions, Divinity, Law, Medicine, and Engineering, the two first are plainly more akin, and more suitable to university studies than the latter. Such studies are necessary to any proper qualification in the former, and as there is no hurry about entering either of these professions, there seems no difficulty in having Professional Schools of Divinity and Law, conducting the post-graduate studies of arts' students, who have already received an honest education in general subjects. The case is widely different with Medicine and Engineering, which require a long and early special education. Nay more, the Medical Council has so needlessly burdened the official course with useless subjects, and with additional time,[5] that this policy

[5] On this point see the instructive protest to the Medical Council published last year by Mr. Teale of Leeds.

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almost forces the medical student to abandon arts and become from an early age a technical student. In such professions—I may add the Army as another—I see no corresponding benefit gained by the sacrifice of time and labour required to obtain an honest arts degree.

But I shall be told that I am protesting against specialisation at the University on the one hand, and advocating it on the other. Why should not the Universities meet the practical difficulty by doing what they now do, and permitting professional students to take a shorter and simpler arts' course. Is it not better that medical and engineering students should be after all in some sense university students rather than the members of a mere technical college? Such a compromise seems in the present day inevitable. But if so, let it be an honest compromise; let us not confuse things which ought to be distinct; let us not deceive the public by giving the same stamp to all our students, whether they have studied arts honestly and completely, or only partially and superficially. Let us be ready to give certificates not only for professional studies, but for those partial educations which are carefully to be distinguished from true and complete university education. Above all, let us endeavour to get rid of the false notion which exists in the minds of many parents, that the sham part of such an education—the pretended arts—is the more dignified and important, while the real part occupies an inferior place in their social estimate.

When we exhibit and weigh all these serious defects in theory, all these evidences of want of clear insight in our legislators, all these efforts to confuse and confound methods and aims which should be distinct—the wonder is not that our National Education is so bad, but rather that it is not worse. The fact is that the English are a practical nation, accustomed to compromises, not afraid of logical inconsistencies so long as men are permitted to do their best, and to some extent free to carry out their convictions. Thus I found, while I was writing this address, that by the device of Higher Grade Schools, apparently not supplied in the State programme, various stirring towns in England were providing for themselves that higher technical training which I have pointed out as a great need for our industrial population. And happily the State system is elastic enough to admit of these modifications. Provided then we are in earnest and do out best, there may be great teachers and brilliant pupils in a very poor and defective system. You have, moreover, in England, escaped from the plague that still haunts education in Ireland, where every new scheme, every reform is in the first instance a political move, intended to make political capital under the guise of education.[6]

[6] I since learn that this is too optimistic a view, and that even in England political conveniences determine educational theories. I heard this in connection with the view I have proposed below for a Birmingham University. This is very melancholy, especially as the more ignorant a politician is, the more difficult it is to persuade him that he is blundering on this difficult and complicated question.

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And this is so even where the ostensible problem is that most difficult, and yet unsettled one, regarding the relations of religion to secular education—a great question I have touched but incidentally, nor had I room in this address to do more. But, standing in a great modern foundation from which, by the will of the Founder, religious teaching, as being highly contentious, is put upon the level of political controversy, and therefore formally excluded, I cannot but urge one very grave consideration. Those nations in modern Europe which have gone furthest in recent years towards dissociating religion from secular instruction, those who have thought that intellectual enlightenment was in itself, if widely diffused, sufficient to secure a nation's well-being—I may cite as instances France, Italy, Greece—have shown, by the rapid deterioration of their public morality, that even, as in the individual, talent without character is little worth, so in the nation, it is the moral standard, rather than the intellectual, which will determine its progress or decay. The words of the Hebrew sage are not yet antiquated: 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'

As I am, like old Cadmus, sowing dragons' teeth, I may as well cast one more into this rich and fruitful soil. If you will turn this great foundation into a University College, and seek a charter to give university degrees, do not make the fatal mistake first made in Ireland—the home of mistakes—then in the North of England, and recently in Wales—of lumping colleges, widely separated in position, in traditions, in associations, under a Common Examination Board, and imagining that under the title of Midland University you will indeed increase or improve the education of this city. You will do nothing of the kind, and your degree will soon lose the only value which a degree can have to thinking people—evidence of a distinct course of training, under well-known teachers, with a distinct flavour and associations. Oxford I know, and Cambridge I know, but who are ye? If on the contrary you choose to unite all the colleges and institutes of this great city into one system, requiring residence and training here, conducting your examinations by your own men on your own methods, then the future University of Birmingham may well come into fair competition with any or all of the oldest and most genuine seats of learning in the British Empire.

J. P. Mahaffy.

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THE ITALIAN NOVELS OF MARION CRAWFORD

I BELIEVE that the novels of Mr. Crawford of which the scene and the characters are Italian are not among those of his works which are the most generally popular. This fact, if it be a fact, must be due to the general inability of his English and American public to appreciate their accuracy of observation and delineation. Nearly all of them have qualities which cannot be gauged by those to whom the nationality of his personages in these works is unknown. In my own works, of which the scene is in Italy, I have dealt almost exclusively with the Italian peasantry. Mr. Crawford has devoted his attention to the middle and the higher classes. I do not think his portraiture of the Italian aristocracy always redolent of the soil, but that of the lower and middle classes is faithful to a wonderful degree. That side of Italian life which is given in *Marzio's Crucifix*, for instance, is drawn with an accuracy not to be surpassed. The whole of this story indeed is admirable in its construction and execution. There is not a page one would wish cancelled, and nothing could be added which would increase its excellence. It is to my taste the *capo d' opera* of all which he has hitherto done.

I think in his studies of the Italian aristocracy he has given them less charm and more backbone than they possess. He has drawn their passions more visible and furious than they are, and their wills less mutable and less feeble than they are in general. He seems to have mistaken their obstinacy for strength, while, if he have perceived it, he has not rendered that captivating courtesy and graceful animation which are so lovable in them, and which render so many of their men and women so irresistibly seductive. According to him they are a savage set of *berserkers*, always cutting each other's throats, and he does not in any way render that extreme politeness which so effectually conceals the real thoughts of the Italian gentleman, and which never deserts him except in rare moments of irresistible fury. No one remembers so constantly as the Italian of all classes that language is given us to conceal our thoughts, and no one lives so completely as the Italian does from the cradle to

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the grave in strict concealment of his thoughts even from his nearest and his dearest.

But in his Italian *genre* pictures, and in portraiture of the people whom we meet every day in society, Mr. Crawford has a delightful pencil; little side studies also of more humble persons, which many writers would neglect, are charming in his treatment; take, for instance, the old priest of Aquila in *Saracinesca*; with how few touches he is made to live for us. We only see him once, but he will always remain in our memory; in his whitewashed room with its sweet smell from the pot of pinks, and his touching regret that he has never seen Rome, and at his age cannot hope to do so.

His priests, by the way, are always excellently drawn, from the humble village vicar to the learned and imposing cardinal. He has penetrated alike their interiors and their characters with that skill which is only born of sympathy, and it is therefore perhaps only natural that he has not the faintest conception of the motives and views of the socialist and republican whom he dreads and hates.

All these charming little details, like the pot of pinks, can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who know intimately Italian character and habits; but they abound, and show so much of fine observation and delicate discernment in the author that one cannot forgive him for ever beating the big drum of florid sensation.

Let me not be understood to mean that crime, or the impulse of crime, is not a perfectly legitimate subject for the novelist; both can be made so, but they are only so when treated as Mr. Crawford himself treats them in *Marzio's Crucifix*. When treated as he treats them in *To Leeward* and *Grieffenstein* and *Casa Braccio* they are merely coarse and inartistic. He has a leaning towards melodrama which is chiefly to be regretted because it mars and strains the style most natural to him, and does not accord with his way of looking at life, which is not either poetic or passionate, but slightly sad, and slightly humorous, modern and instinctively superficial; superficial in that sense in which modern society itself is so.

In *Marzio's Crucifix* he is perfectly natural, and one cannot but wish that he had never left that manner of treatment. Every motive therein is natural, every character consistent with itself. This naturalness in his characters is Mr. Crawford's greatest attraction, and when he departs from it, as he does in such detestable melodramas as the *Witch of Prague* and *Grieffenstein*, he is no longer himself. It is hard to understand that the same author can create the most delicate of aquarelles and the most glaring of posters, or why one who can draw so well and finely in silver-point can descend to daub with brooms in such gross distemper. If this be the price of versatility, it were best not to be versatile. But it is not versatility, because true versatility consists in possessing a many-sided power which flashes like a jewel of which all the facets are equally well

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cut. True versatility, moreover, does not consist in the mere change of subject, but in the change of style, of treatment of thought, in fact, the mutation of the entire mind of an author, such as brings it into entire harmony with its fresh field and its new atmosphere. There is no such change in these novels. Mr. Crawford is Mr. Crawford always. As he never loses himself in his creations, so he is always present in them to the reader; and his style never varies, whether he treats of horrible psychological mysteries in Prague or of pleasant carnival seasons in Rome.

He is not strong or forcible in tragedy. When it is incidental in his stories like the murder of Montevarchi, or the attempted assassination of Ser Tommaso, it is admirably sketched in; but when it forms the structure and essence of a romance he fails entirely to give it sublimity; it becomes in his hands a mere scarecrow, which makes us only smile as its wooden hands beat the empty air. One feels that it is not his natural element, that he does not like it or feel at home in it, and has merely lent himself to it from some wrong impression that the public requires it; due, perhaps, to the suggestion of some unwise publisher or friend. The coarse melodrama with which *To Leeward* ends is not in unison with the characters or the scope of the work. It is quite true that, as murder is, in some circumstances, justified in actual life, so in some circumstances it may be used as a *dénouement* in fiction with perfect accuracy; yet it is always a violent ending which fully accords with romance of wild life or peasant life, but always jars, unless introduced with the most perfect skill, in stories of men and women of the world; because the evil passions of this latter class of persons are of a different quality, and find different modes of relief, from the primitive and barbarous satisfaction of killing enemies or rivals. All the influences and habits of society make it almost impossible for men and women of society to become assassins.

Now Mr. Crawford can draw men and women of the world so well that it is a pity he so often goes out of his way to spoil his portraits of them with the bowl and dagger taken from a different phase of life from that in which they move.

He is always a gentleman, and he is at his best when writing of gentlemen in the society which he knows so well. Duels are quite natural in good society everywhere, except in England, and no one since Charles Lever ever described them so well as Mr. Crawford; but murders are not general in the world of well-bred people, indeed are not very often heard of out of the lowest strata of plebeian life.

In *Casa Braccio* a fine motive, that of the peasant of Subiaco's long-cherished vengeance, with its final satisfaction, both based on a mistake, is wasted, because no one can care in the least for the man who is slain, and the original sin committed by this victim (marriage with a nun), although it seems so great to Mr.

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Crawford, appears to us no sin at all; so that his tragic end neither moves us nor satisfies in us any sense of justice. What are admirably rendered and true to life in *Casa Braccio* are not Griggs and Gloria, or Angus Dalrymple and Maria Addorata, but the peasants of Subiaco, Stefanone, with his long-cherished vendetta, and his wife, Sora Nanna, who wears her lost daughter's shoes because it would have been a sin to waste them. One regrets that two persons so perfectly natural and well drawn should be set on a pyre of flaring melodrama which obscures their portraits in its smoke and flame. Why could he not give us a story of Subiaco, passionate but natural, in which the action would have passed entirely in that interesting and little-known part of the Sabine mountains? When I use the term melodrama, I mean by it that which mimics the tragic, but falls short of it; the tragic, imitated but so environed, that it loses dignity and has something of the inflated and grotesque. The melodrama in *Pietro Ghisleri*, in *Taquisara*, and in *The Children of the King* is this kind of melodrama; it does not move us for a moment; we are, on the contrary, impatient of it in a modern period and history, with neither of which it has any harmony. In the latter story the conception of Rughero, though by no means new, is fine; but the frame in which this mariner is set lacks all fitness for such a figure; and the man whom he murders is not sinner enough, nor serious enough in his actions, for the reader to be moved to pardon the act as the author himself pardons it. If violent delights have violent endings, violent endings need strong provocation and clear explanation; they should appear to the reader to be inevitable, the offspring of an unavoidable result. To the reader such a crime as this should appear to be the inexorable justice of an inevitable retribution. But in the violent *dénouement* of *The Children of the King* the cause is trivial, the act under the circumstances improbable, and the rude shock of it is not in accordance with any of the other characters and with the light careless modernity of the setting of this story.

This defect of consistency, which is grave in literature, would be ruinous on the stage where action is so much quicker, and where the idiosyncracies of each personage are so visible to the audience; and such a fault is the more vexatious because it shows that the author was never really absorbed in his own creations, was never so possessed with them that they dominated him and made him do what they chose, as Bulwer Lytton has said that the characters of every true novelist must do, because a character once conceived is like a child, being once begotten, it becomes what it must, we cannot control the subsequent shape it takes.

Another defect of Mr. Crawford's works is usually that their interest flags towards the close, that this close is too abrupt, and that it gives the reader the impression of the narrative being brought to an untimely end because the writer no longer cared about narrating

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it. This defect may be noticed in nearly all his stories, beginning with *Mr. Isaacs*, in which it is conspicuous; and is startlingly and irritatingly visible in one of his latest, *Adam Johnstone's Son*; indeed, in the last named story the conclusion is obviously totally different from what it was intended to be in the opening chapters. Now, a well-constructed novel may please you or not, may be attractive or offensive, but it will always be accurately conceived and harmoniously balanced; and nothing animate or intimate will be introduced into it which has not some bearing direct or indirect upon the plot. Nothing can be more incorrect than to excite the expectations of the reader by indications which result in nothing, signposts on a road which do but lead to a blank wall. A grave violation of this rule is frequently to be found in the Crawford stories, no worse one than that in this story of Adam Johnstone's son, where a long chapter is occupied by an incident with a brutal Neapolitan carter on the Sorrento road. The man is knocked down by the hero, and endeavours in return to stab him; carabineers arrive and arrest the carter and not the Englishman (as in real life they unquestionably would have done). The whole incident, related with much spirit, is obviously only in its place, only pardonable as an episode, if the carter be destined to appear again and sate his thirst for vengeance on the hero. But he disappears from the scene for ever as the carabineers handcuff him. We neither see nor hear any more of him, nor does the Englishman hear any more of the matter, which in actual life certainly would have caused him much annoyance at the local tribunal. The appetite of the reader should not be tempted by dishes, which become a mere Barmecide's feast, in this manner. Some intention must have been in the author's mind when he created this scene. Why did he not carry out his intention?

In this manner many combinations and situations of the most interesting and uncommon kind are deliberately thrown away unused. He frequently introduces personages about whom he excites our liveliest interest, and whom he then forsakes or dismisses with an indifference which the reader does not share. It is as though a painter painted into his canvas numerous figures which he has never finished though he sends out his picture as a finished work. The only novels of his which are entirely free from this defect are the *Cigarette Maker*, the *Three Fates*, and *Marzio's Crucifix*, and here I cannot resist (though it is not within the scope of this article, since its venue is America) pointing out how delicate, subtle, and clever is that story entitled the *Three Fates*. There is little movement in it, no incident of any note, its interest lies entirely in the development of character and in the evolution of feeling, but these are so treated that they suffice to hold the reader's charmed attention, and the study of the man whose hesitations and tergiversations make the subject of it is one which may be caviare to the general, but which may be read again and

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again with sympathy and curiosity by those who can appreciate psychological problems. The persons in it are such as we may have known to-day or may know to-morrow; and the working of their minds and inclinations is traced with a masterly skill, and is as correct as a physiologist's diagram of the nervous system.

What to me is especially attractive in Mr. Crawford's novels is the atmosphere of good breeding which one breathes in them. One feels in the company of a well-bred man. Their philosophy, their experiences, their views, are all those of a man of the world; and there is in them a tolerance and a total absence of prejudice (except in religious and political matters) which are refreshing, and which are a fair approach to, if not an actual attainment of, unbiassed liberality. There is in them no enthusiasm for anything, no altruism, no deep emotion. They are unfortunately entirely lacking in any perception of those myriads of other lives not human, but as sentient as the human, such as vibrates in every line of Pierre Loti's works. We have never in his novels any profound tenderness like that with which the Frères Rosny speak of the semi-humanity of inanimate things, or show us the dog gambolling on the wayside turf in all the simple joy of its youth and its pleasure in existence. To Mr. Crawford as to Peter Bell, a primrose by the river's side is a primrose, and it is nothing more, and the thrush or the linnet which sings in the hawthorn above the primrose roots for him has no existence. He has the American's indifference to all created things which are not human. There are no animals in his books except two poor terriers (who have their necks broken by the odious lover in *To Leeward*), and the unhappy cat, introduced only to be poisoned in *Taquisara*. There is nothing which indicates that he cares for nature in any of its phases, and he calls the cicala a locust.

In Italy he lives only for the people around him as he would live in Pall Mall, or Broadway, or the Champs Elysées. That passion with which Italy has inspired Shelley, Byron, George Sand, De Musset, Owen Meredith, even the calm analytic mind of Taine, has never touched him. He has never felt the ecstasy which is embodied in that single phrase of Taine's, 'On nage dans la lumière.' One would say that the moonlight shining on the waters of Tiber, under the bridge of St. Angelo, is no more to him than a flash-light illumining a grain-elevator on the Hudson. All which is still Italy, of colour, of perfume, of light, of legend, of rapture, of emotion, has wholly escaped him; he has never felt its *hysterica passio*; he has never known its eternal youth, he has never seen its lost gods rise and walk through its blossoming grass as the star rays shine in the white cups of the narcissus of its fields. But of the people who pass him in the Corso and on the Chiaja, who shake hands with him at Montecitorio and on the Lung' Arno, who lounge and talk with him at the cafés, and the legations, and the public gardens, he is an

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admirable student, and an admirable photographer. One of the most admirable of his portraits is that of the young Don Orsino, the hero of the novel of that name. Sant' Ilario, like his gallant old father, might be a North German, an Hungarian, or a Scottish noble, his temperament is, indeed, much more northern than southern; but Don Orsino,[1] his son, is exactly that which he is represented to be, a youthful Italian of high rank, with all the vanity, and egotism, and *sécheresse de cœur* of modern youth in him. The type of the modern youngster of rank was never so well drawn as in this story of his *début* in speculation and his failure in it. His character is one very difficult to draw, that coldness, that self-reliance, that self-sufficiency, which are something at once harder and less contemptible than conceit, the qualities which will make him successful later on but will never make him lovable or tender; the instincts of race which hold him back from meanness but are not strong enough to raise him to nobility, attenuated as they have been by modern education, all these are rendered with the utmost skill till the boy, in his sterile and self-satisfied modernity, lives before us, and vain and selfish though he be, we are loth to part from him, and curious to know what his future will become. In his history that one supreme charm of Mr. Crawford's, of which I have previously spoken, his naturalness, is conspicuous; nothing can be more natural than the relations of Don Orsino with his mother and father and those who surround him, and the crafty *affaristi* who get him into their meshes of speculation.

What is not natural in this story is the character of Madame d' Aranjuez. She comes before us instinct with all which goes to make up an unscrupulous adventuress. She is that, or she is nothing. She does her uttermost to fascinate and capture the son of Saracinesca. She succeeds; and lo! with one of those *volte-face* which are so frequent and so irritating in Mr. Crawford's works, she gives up the game when she has won it, does nothing that we expect her to do, and marries the speculator who has beggared Don Orsino on condition that this gentleman shall restore to Don Orsino all he has lost. Nothing more improbable or inconsistent, given the character of the woman, could possibly be conceived; nor is it more probable that the haughty and irascible young man would endure to be served by her mediation, however it might be veiled. Everything surrounding this lady promises us passion, intrigue, perhaps tragedy, certainly peril, but we are balked by it all. The mysteries concerning her turn out to be very tame ones indeed, she appears a wholly innocent and harmless person, and even a very large paper-knife shaped like a dagger, which always lies beside her and which has no *raison d'être*, unless it is to

[1] A novel called *Carleone* reproduces Don Orsino, but is published after these pages have been printed.

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be ultimately used in killing or defending somebody, does nothing whatever and disappears from the story, leaving us in tantalising ignorance of why we were ever introduced to it.

Now no French writer of any degree would have created that remarkable paper-knife and kept it lying beside the heroine, and laid stress on its unusual size and splendour, unless he intended to turn it to account as a *deus ex machina*. To draw the reader's attention to a conspicuous object, and then to cheat the expectations raised concerning it, is a great fault in art; but it is one of which English and American writers are continually guilty. It is true we are told casually towards the end that her husband had hit her with this paper-knife, and that for this blow the famous fencer Spicca had killed him; but this is mentioned incidentally, and does not sufficiently account for the interest we have been excited to take in this weapon. Spicca is, on the contrary, admirably drawn, and the regard we feel for the merciless old duellist is roused in us with true art. We have that sense of Spicca having really lived, and really been that which he is described, which can only be aroused in a reader by life-like accurate and sympathetic portraiture.

There are many pathetic touches in this portrait of Spicca and little incidents entirely true to the life of an Italian gentleman of aristocratic race and straitened means, as when in his distress of mind his servant persuades him to eat 'a little mixed fry' with a fresh salad, 'the salad is very good to-day;' and Spicca, touched and refreshed, examines his meagre purse and takes out a ten franc note which he gives to the man, remarking that it will buy him a pair of boots, and this ten franc note is, when his purse lies on the table at night, slipped back into it by the servant who knows that his master 'never counts.'

I think the most exquisitely drawn of all Mr. Crawford's many characters is this Count Spicca; because the character of a noted duellist who invariably kills, and kills how and in what way he chooses, with profound indifference and unerring accuracy, is one very hard to make sympathetic to the general reader, and especially to the English reader, by whom duelling is abhorred. But Spicca is so perfect a gentleman, so sad and simple and calm, so natural and unassuming despite his deadly power, that no one can regard him without interest and even affection, and see him without sorrow ill-treated by a woman so extremely unpleasant as Consuelo Aranjuez, for whom he has done and suffered so much.

The fencing of Mr. Crawford is always very accurate, and we hold our breath when Leone Saracinesca acts as his son's second. All this is quite true to life in Italy where duels with the sabre or rapier are still of daily occurrence, and are resorted to after any insult and after a mere difference of opinion or trivial impoliteness.

It is wonderful that these stories have not been appropriated for

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the stage by those unscrupulous thieves the London dramatists, for they are full of dramatic situations and of duologues in which the give and take is brilliant. Some have indeed the dramatic defect of inconsistency of which I have spoken, but all are full of fine suggestions for the theatre. *Saracinesca*, or *Sant' Ilario*, for instance, would be transferable to the stage with scarcely any alteration. It is full of incidents which would be most effective on the stage; and the strong emotions and sensational scenes which it offers would most certainly thrill and charm an audience.

One wonders also that their author himself does not write for the stage, for his command of incident and of intricacies of circumstance would raise him high above many playwrights of the London theatre. There are scenes in nearly all his works which might be put upon the boards with scarcely any alteration, such as the duel between Don Giovanni and Del Ferice in *Saracinesca* and the death scene of the librarian Meschini in *Sant' Ilario*, while the whole story of *The Children of the King* would furnish matter for a romantic drama were the causes for the crime in it made more credible.

Here let me note a small but irritating fault in these works, *i.e.* the childish habit (common to writers of the last century) of naming characters after their calling, or after some moral characteristic. Meschini is the plural of the Italian adjective mean, cowardly, or contemptible, and is given to a man with these defects; while a very interesting person, a French artist famous in portraiture, is unfortunately burdened with the ridiculous and impossible name of Gouache. He is indeed frequently infelicitous in names. In *Casa Braccio*, the American lover of Gloria, a stagey sort of person, but one whom we are invited to regard with admiration and sympathy, is weighted with the shocking name of Griggs. Mr. Crawford does not see that were Othello or Hamlet called Griggs, either would try to move the souls of men in vain. If a name does not matter to a rose, it does matter immensely to a character in a book; and there are so many euphonious names in use in the world that it is wholly unpardonable to select a ludicrous or ugly one. The poor little natural child of Gloria in this same novel is also burdened at its birth by the name of Walter Crowdie, which, for a baby, has such a comical effect that the very pathetic position of this poor infant is rendered ridiculous by it. It is perhaps under the idea of being realistic that these droll names are selected to jar on tragic circumstances, but then Mr. Crawford's stories are not realistic, and cannot be made so by this one expedient.

He has also another fault which is visible in nearly all his works, and is a grave one. He forgets at times the attributes which he has given to his chief characters. Thus Giovanni Saracinesca is described as a man of strong, noble, and reticent nature, and of intellect so superior that his wife tells him he will be very great some

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day; and he resembles, indeed, precisely, one of those men who become great leaders of other men. But in the sequel (where he is called Sant' Ilario) all this changes, and he behaves like an idiot, and of his great qualities we hear no more and certainly see nothing. And where we still farther follow his fortunes in the subsequent sequel of *Don Orsino*, he has sunk into complete self-effacement, so complete that he allows his son to be the associate and the debtor of that very Del Ferice whose utter baseness and vileness he knows so well, and who tried in the famous duel to murder him by foul play. Sequels are always ill-advised trials of the author's consistency and the reader's memory, and it would have been unquestionably better to have made Don Orsino stand alone in his history and not figure as the son of Giovanni Saracinesca and of Corona d' Astrardente. When a reader has followed with interest and sympathy the fortune of an impassioned lover it is trying to see him standing in St. Peter's 'a middle-aged man,' talking to a son taller than himself. Great art is required to make a character 'grow' quite consistently. The continuation of histories thus greatly pleased Anthony Trollope and Thackeray, but I cannot consider it a desirable thing in fiction.

Mr. Crawford misses many opportunities of developing the capacity for analysis and deduction which he undoubtedly possesses. He is very observant but he is content to note a fact, he does not trouble himself to seek its origin or the influences which have made it the fact it is. When the two young people who wish to marry in *Marzio's Crucifix* discuss what their house shall be like, and colour the walls and furniture, their biographer adds, 'Italians have lost all sense of colour.' Now this is true, but it is one of the most amazing, grievous, and extraordinary truths that exist; it is one for which I search in vain and in perplexity for an explanation. But Mr. Crawford does not seek for any explanation, he states the fact and passes to another subject. Again, in this sentence he begins well: 'It is of no use to deny the enormous influence of brandy and games of chance on the men of the present day. Something might be gained indeed if we could trace the causes which have made gambling especially the vice of our generation. But I do not believe this is possible.' That is to say, he does not care to be at the trouble of such an investigation, even though he adds the acute sentence that most of the men and women of the world of pleasure in our times exhibit 'the peculiar and unmistakable signs of physical exhaustion, chief of which is cerebral anæmia. They are overtrained and overworked, in the language of training they are "stale."' He says in another place 'Italians have no imagination.' This is but partially true—I am not sure that it is true at all. Their modern poetry is beautiful, more beautiful than that of any other nation. Their popular songs are poetic and impassioned as those of no other nation are, and one may hear among their peasantry expressions of singular beauty of

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sentiment and phrase. A woman of middle age, a contadina, said to me once, 'So long as one's mother lives, one's youth is never quite gone, for there is always somebody for whom one is young.' A rough rude man, a day labourer, who knew not a letter and spent all his life bent over his spade or plough, said to me once, one lovely night in spring, as he looked up at the full moon, 'How beautiful she is! But she has no heart. She sees us toiling and groaning and suffering down here, and she is always fair and calm and never weeps!' Another said once, when a tree was hard to fell, 'He is sorry to come away, it has been his field so long.' And when a flock of solan geese flew over our lands, going from the marshes to the mountains on their homeward way, and descended to rest, the peasants did not touch them: 'They are tired, poor souls,' said one of the women; 'one must not grudge them the soil for their lodging.'

And what can he possibly mean by no poets? Has he never read a line of Carducci? Much as we may mourn and resent Carducci's turncoat and reactionary politics, no one can deny that he is a poet of the purest kind. Has he never heard the ringing stanzas of Cavallotti which sound like a clarion through the land? Has he never studied the exquisite if too erotic odes of D' Annunzio, or the touching verse of Stecchetti? There are others besides these who are true and fine poets also; and even in the ordinary verses written for newspapers (which in other countries are so poor and tawdry) there is frequently in Italy a true and delicate feeling and an exquisite lyrical harmony which make one mourn to see things so fair wasted on so ephemeral a life.

It is through their imagination still more than by their vanity that Italians are led by unscrupulous political flattery and cajoled into disastrous political enterprises. They will believe anything if it be sufficiently captivating to their self-admiration and their fancy, and will dance blindfold on the brink of a bottomless pit. It is only an imaginative people which loves so wildly and kills itself so madly for affection's sake as the Italian people does. The other day, because a young soldier was sent to Africa, his brother killed himself in despair, and the father of the two youths then killed himself also. It is an inflammable imagination which makes the nation so easily led away by the promises and the phantasmagoria of glory with which unscrupulous statesmen have enticed it to the brink of ruin. It was its imagination which made it so credulous that when told by its victors that the disgraceful surrender of Makale was a victory, it believed and rejoiced, illuminated and hung out flags, and never saw what a dupe it was being made until cruelly awakened from its delusions by the *déroute* of Adowa.

Mr. Crawford has lived chiefly in cities, and in the cities, even in Rome, the Italian is much debased by contact with foreigners; the influence of foreigners on Italians is excessively bad, especially American

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and English influence; and in the cities also the preponderance of Jews is great. Innumerable persons who call themselves by Italian names and speak of Italy as their country are Jews and nothing else. A Finnish Jew known to me buys an Italian estate, and with the estate a title, which, by the payment of a large sum to a complaisant Government, he is allowed to adopt; he is decorated by the king for his munificent 'charities' in the land of his adoption; he marries an English woman, and their children masquerade as Italian nobility with not a single drop of Italian blood in their veins. Such 'Italian nobles' are numerous, unhappily, in modern Italy, and do immeasurable discredit to the nationality which they assume. In a generation or two their origin will be forgotten, and they will be taken by society in general to be what they pretend to be. Thus, unhappily, are great nations caricatured, old titles prostituted, and Italy accredited with sons not her own, with pretended offspring who are not even her bastards; persons who impudently affect her name and boast of her blood, when not one single hair of their head or fibre of their flesh has any affiliation to her.

What stifles Italian imagination and kills the Italian soul is the passion for money; pure acquisitiveness, or avarice, for the desire is to get, little or no pleasure is taken in spending. It is often alleged that this passion is due to their poverty; but poverty is not necessarily accompanied by avarice; the Irish people are very poor, but they are extremely generous; the Spanish people are so also. A comical instance of this stinginess occurred the other day at Milan: a rich tradesman had built himself a fine set of new premises, and opened his new establishment with much feasting; he sent fifteen francs to the municipality to be divided among the poor, and every one applauded his liberality! This love of money, acquisitiveness, niggardliness, or whatever we call it, is too general not to be injurious to the Italian character; and it enters into all daily life and personal acts, and is frequently the chief motor power of marriage, of career, of education. And then added to this injurious power there is another which is more deleterious still, which weakens, debases, and falsifies the character from infancy: it is the direful influence of the Church. But to treat of this matter would occupy too much space, and would lead too far away from the stories of Mr. Crawford, in which there is an unfortunate tendency towards approval of what he calls hierarchical government, although a tendency not strongly enough insisted on by him for it to demand minute examination. The powers of Mr. Crawford, however, are limited by the narrowness of what is called religion, and the inability to see the higher side of these subversive opinions which he dreads, and which he has done his best to turn into ridicule by putting them into the mouth of the half-mad artist Marzio.

Indeed, his bigotry on religious subjects is very droll to see in these

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days; and he speaks of 'unbelievers' in a tone worthy of Puritans in the days of the *Mayflower* pilgrims. It does not agree with the tone of his books, which is invariably the tone of a man of the world; as such he should possess that liberality of thought which is the chief, perhaps the only, virtue of his generation; and if he had possessed it he would undoubtedly have reached a much higher level, a much finer ideal, than he has actually done. It would seem as if he distrusted and checked the larger intelligence in him, as an over-cautious rider distrusts and checks a horse which only asks to be given a free rein to go at speed over a wide pasture; it would seem as if some extraneous 'influence' were always at his elbow to keep his reason cabined, cribbed, and confined.

His religious prejudices have contributed to arrest his intellectual development, for they are puritanical and antiquated in a singular and lamentable degree. He speaks of *liberi pensatori* as the Church elders of Maine or Massachusetts might have done in the days of witch-torturing and atheist-burning. He thinks that the future great war will be between what he calls believers and unbelievers; and he looks forward with joy to the coming conflict when men shall again fly at each other's throats for the glory of God. This kind of mental cecity has its inevitable results: it makes him step lamely where he would otherwise walk with manly alacrity, and it makes him afraid to face the light of facts which his truer instincts tell him are existing and incontrovertible. Is this the result of early education, of hereditary inclinations, of female or ecclesiastical influence? I do not know; but come whence it may, this taint of bigotry obscures his intelligence and stops his progress, and is matter of profound regret to those who see what he would have been without it.

Many passages in his works show that he has perceived and grasped the universal dominance of that corruption which so fatally exists in all Italian life, and one could wish that he would make a more complete exposure of it. Take this account of how the banker, Del Ferice, obtained the decoration for a syndic who was one of his political supporters:

Del Ferice, left to himself, returned to the question of the mayor's decoration. If he failed to get the man what he wanted, the fellow would doubtless apply to some one of the opposite party, would receive the coveted honour, and would take the whole voting population with him at the next general election to the total discomfiture of Del Ferice.

It was necessary to find some valid reason for proposing him for the distinction. He could not decide what to do just then, but he ultimately hit upon a successful plan. He advised his correspondent to write a pamphlet upon the rapid improvement of agricultural interests in his district under the existing Ministry, and he even went so far as to compose and send some notes on the subject. These notes proved to be so voluminous and complete, that when the mayor had copied them he could not find a pretext for adding a single word or correction. They were printed upon excellent paper with ornamental margins under the title of *Onward,*

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Parthenope! The mayor got his decoration and Del Ferice was re-elected, but no one has ever inquired into the truth of the statements contained in the pamphlet.

These passages and others similar give one the conviction that Mr. Crawford, if he had 'let himself go,' might have been a satirist of no slight force. He has preferred to write charming stories, ingenious in construction, but slight in development, to amuse his generation; yet there is, I think, abundant evidence that he might have done stronger things, perhaps may do them still. He has preferred to lead a seagull's life, skimming the surface of the deep and shunning its storms. But he might have led the petrel's. Probably all the influences of an agreeable social existence have tended to make him indolent and unwilling to raise tempests in it. Few resist the pressure of a social atmosphere. His book called *With the Immortals*, marred as it is by the incongruity and impossibility of its setting, shows that he can reflect if he likes, and can express his reflections. If this work had been cast in such a form as Mr. Mallock's *New Republic*, or Sir Arthur Helps' *Friends in Council*, or Christopher North's *Noctes Ambrosianæ* it would have been remarkable for the arguments and dialogues contained in it. But the ghost-element, the supernatural scenic effects, kill its excellence. Dr. Johnson, Heine, Pascal, Bayard, François de Valois and Cæsar are too ill-assorted for us to accept them in each other's company, and the idea of these dead men being all able to converse in English, and all doomed to wear through ages the clothes they wore in life, is so comical that it destroys all interest and illusion which their conversation otherwise might excite. There is a regrettable inability in Mr. Crawford to perceive the ridiculous. He lacks humour, and the perception of the incongruous is not alive in him; nor is there needed poetic feeling in his way of regarding life. He is essentially a citizen of the world as the world exists in this last quarter of the fast-fading century; and the Sirens sing not for him.

Let him appreciate more thoroughly his own very admirable powers, and confine himself to painting the men and women of his time and class, with all that cosmopolitan knowledge of them which he possesses. I should like to see from him an Italian novel of modern political life. He has, I make no doubt, had ample opportunities of studying its machinery and its intrigues. He can dissect with so much subtlety and correctness the brain and the temper of such a man as Del Ferice, that there can be no doubt a political novel from him would have alike accuracy and interest and irony. But he must clear his mind of some of its cobwebs, and he must realise that the 'unbelievers' and revolutionists, who at present horrify him, constitute the keenest intellectual element in Italy, indeed, the only healthy one, and contain the only hope there is, if

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this be but a feeble one, of any attainment by the nation in the future to any true liberty and cleanliness in political aims.

I cannot conclude these few remarks upon his Italian stories without a word of thanks to him for the pleasant hours he has often given me, and the gallery of interesting portraits with which he has enriched the memory of all those who read his novels.

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THE FUR-PULLERS OF SOUTH LONDON

AMONG the 'dangerous trades' dealt with in the recently issued report of the Royal Commission is included one, of the very nature of which the vast majority of the public are totally ignorant. The fur-pullers of South London are the subject of the following article. The facts here related were obtained by personal investigation—forming a part of a general inquiry into the conditions of women's 'home-work' in South London; and truly, if it is well that light should be thrown on the dark places of the earth, there is no spot to be found where such light is more needed.

The employment of fur-pulling finds its slaves—there is no other word—only among those whose conception of life is strictly limited to keeping body and soul together; to whom a wage of ten shillings a week is wealth unattainable; to whom an eight-hour day is unimaginable. They belong one and all to that most pitiful, most helpless, most hopeless class which is produced by modern industrial conditions—those who acquiesce in starvation of body and soul as the state of life in which they were born, out of which they can never rise, in which they are doomed to die. To them, want and filth and disease are the normal inevitable conditions of existence, against which they lack the will as well as the power to rebel. Mr. Booth has said that they are the despair of those who work among them, 'not so much because they are bad as because their standard is hopelessly low.' They are 'not to be roused to better things, or else the right way to rouse them has not yet been found.'

Of the fur-pullers working in factories we shall have something to say in the latter part of this paper; it is with the home workers, however, that we shall have chiefly to deal.

The area within which our investigation was carried on is a small one: from Union Street on the north to the New Kent Road on the south; from Blackfriars Road on the west to Long Lane on the east. This district is the last refuge of the casual worker. Among the inhabitants, the few who have regular employment find it chiefly in that mysterious El Dorado which is always spoken of as 'the other side of the water;' but for the vast mass of the people on that grey south side, the broad sweeping bend of the river forms a

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moral no less than a physical barrier, shutting them off from every hope and every aspiration beyond the unending struggle somehow to keep alive.

This perpetually shifting population is as perpetually recruited from the larger pitiful army of the helpless and inefficient. The flotsam and jetsam from other quarters and other classes who come to merge their individual failure in the general failure of the invertebrate mass where room seems somehow to be made for all who drift into it. Hopelessly excluded by their own incompetence from a secure position in the labour market, with a natural abhorrence and incapacity for the discipline of regular employment, the men, for the most part, pick up odds and ends of jobs at the riverside or in the streets; working two or three days a week and loafing for the remaining four or five. Under these circumstances it is the women who must, perforce, become the staple breadwinners, and accordingly we find them working with far greater regularity than the men, rising in the early dawn, toiling through the long weary day, and snatching a few brief hours of sleep as the exigencies of their trade allow.

A few find employment in factories and workshops; others—and it is with these that we are dealing—take work given out at the factories to be done in their own homes. This work is, to an exceptional extent, fluctuating and casual; it demands little specialised skill or intelligence, and offers the maximum of long hours with the minimum of pay. There are, among these women, isolated cases of flower makers, tailoresses, machinists, sack makers, paper-bag makers, &c.; but a close investigation shows the main industries to be three, *i.e.* fur-pulling, box-making, and brush-drawing. Whole streets are given up to these, and in almost every room of some of the wretched tenement dwellings are inert, exhausted women plying one or other of these trades, and using up life and strength in a hard, unavailing struggle to keep the wolf from the door.

The inquirer who turns aside out of that historic street from which one April day there started long ago a famous and jocund company of pilgrims—where to-day a sadder stream of humanity ceaselessly ebbs and flows—and who plunges under one of the narrow archways on its western side, will find himself at once face to face with the lowest depths to which the toil of women can be dragged. Here, in an endless network of pestilential courts and alleys, into which can penetrate no pure, purging breath of heaven, where the plants languish and die in the heavy air, and the very flies seem to lose the power of flight and creep and crawl in sickly, loathsome adhesion to mouldering walls and ceilings—here, without one glimpse of the beauty of God's fair world, or of the worth and dignity of that human nature made after the image of the Divine, we find the miserable poverty-stricken rooms of the fur-pullers.

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To apply the word 'homes' to dens such as these is cruel mockery. There are no 'kindred points' between them and heaven.

Of all these home-workers the fur-pullers are the hardest to find. Whether it is from some strange sense of the degradation of their work, some faint glimmer of the divine spark of self-respect, which makes them seek to hide from prying eyes; or whether it is merely from a vague terror lest discovery by the mysterious higher powers should deprive them of their last means of buying a crust of bread, the fact remains that they hide themselves away with a curious persistence. If you want to find them, the surest and quickest method is to inquire of the swarms of neglected unwashed children who are always to be found playing on the greasy pavements 'where the lady lives who does fur-pulling.' A dozen names will be instantly shouted out, with graphic descriptions of the owners and their abodes. Changes of residence are too much an affair of every day for either parents or children in these parts to burden themselves with remembering the numbers even of the houses in which they themselves are lodged for the time being.

It is the business of the fur-puller, broadly speaking, to remove the long coarse hairs from rabbit skins; the skins and the collected hairs having each their further uses. Accordingly, as we approach the first of those tenement dwellings to which the inquiry is directed, the countless miscellaneous odours of the alley are absorbed in one which overpowers the rest—the sickly unmistakable smell of uncleaned skins. On entering the house the air becomes thick with the millions of almost impalpable hairs which float in it. They force their way through every chink and crevice, clinging to everything they touch, and lying piled in layers of horrible dust on the dilapidated and dirty staircase.

Groping your way upwards, avoiding as carefully as possible all contact with the walls and low ceilings, and guided by the ever-increasing density of the 'fluff,' you enter a back attic in which two of the fur-pullers are at work.

The room is barely eight feet square, even less, because of its accumulation of dirt; and it has to serve for day and night alike. Pushed into one corner is the bed, a dirty pallet tied together with string, upon which is piled a black heap of bedclothes. On one half of the table are the remains of breakfast—a crust of bread, a piece of butter, and a cracked cup, all thickly coated with the all-pervading hairs. The other half is covered with pulled skins, waiting to be taken into 'shop.' The window is tightly closed, because such air as can find its way in from the stifling court below would force the hairs into the noses and eyes and lungs of the workers, and make life more intolerable for them than it is already. To the visitor, indeed, the choking sensation caused by the passage of the

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hairs into the throat, and the nausea from the smell of the skins, is at first almost too overpowering for speech.

The two prematurely aged women—whose unkempt matted hair is almost hidden under a thick covering of fluff, and whose clothing is of the scantiest, seeming to consist of bits of sacking fashioned into some semblance of garments—are sitting on low stools before a roughly made deal trough, into which they throw the long upper hairs of the skin, reducing them to the fine, silky down growing next to the skin itself, which is afterwards to be manufactured into felt hats. The heaps of skins by their side are dried, but uncleaned, and still covered with congealed blood.

At first the women are suspicious. They imagine that you are an emissary of the London County Council—in their eyes, the embodiment of unlimited and tyrannical power. The County Council and the law are their standing dread; for, if these take it upon them to interfere and deprive the fur-puller of her employment, there is nothing left but starvation. The idea of interference for the fur puller's benefit has never presented itself. But once they are satisfied that you have nothing to do with the law or the County Council, they become friendly and communicative, ready to tell you all about themselves and their work.

'Yes, it stuffs your chest up,' they admit—they can hardly deny it while you stand choking before them, and a tearing cough is racking them as they talk—'but you gets used to it when you've been at it all your life.' Even so, according to the proverb, eels get used to skinning.

What do they get for it? They say each of them can pull 'a turn and a half,' working twelve hours. A 'turn' means sixty skins; and the rate of pay is 11*d.* per turn—1*s.* 4½*d.* for the twelve hours. That is when they are supplied with 'English' skins. 'Furriners'—*i.e.* Australian and New Zealand skins—take longer; but the rate per turn is 1*s.* 1*d.* or 1*s.* 2*d.* From the point of view of wages, the English skins are preferred; but 'furriners' have one great point of superiority, due to the necessities of packing. They are properly cleaned, and the skins as white as parchment, a marked contrast to the repulsive state in which the English skins are given out to the workers.

The women provide their own plucking knives and the shields for their hands. The knives cost 8*d.* and last some time; but the shields, which cost 3*d.*, wear out quickly. Another 2*d.* a week usually goes in knife-grinding. The pulled-out hair is carefully collected, and weighed at the shop, a turn being supposed to yield two pounds. If the return is deficient in quantity, the value is, at some factories, deducted from the price of the work. These arbitrary deductions are, in the hands of tyrannous foremen, often made a means of grievous oppression to the half-starved creatures, who are only too well aware that if they

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resist there are plenty of others ready enough to step into their shoes, and to take the work at any price that is offered for it.

In another room of the same house was an elderly woman, almost breathless from asthma, but working doggedly on to finish her 'turn' before closing time at the factory. Her hand was strained and swollen from the perpetual grasping of the knife, and she said that her skins, which were 'furriners,' were tough and hard to pull. She was paid 1*s.* 1*d.* a turn, but could make more in a day at English skins at a lower rate of pay. Sometimes her daughter pulled too, and then they made 2*s.* 2*d.* between them, working till eight o'clock or thereabouts. She had been left an orphan at ten years old, and had done the pulling ever since. Her husband was a waterside labourer, never in regular work, and his earnings did no more than pay the rent. Out of a family of eight she had 'buried' five, but did not apparently see any connection between this and the pulling, though it was 'dreadful unhealthy work.' When her son lived at home, they were able to have another room for the pulling; but it spoilt his clothes, and when 'a suit of black he bought for his grandfather' got spoilt with the dust he moved to pleasanter quarters elsewhere, leaving the old folks to do the best they could. 'And that's bad enough,' she added; 'for now I can't hardly do a turn a day, and that's the truth.'

In a small landing-room of the next house, choked up with fluff, and intolerable from the smell, was one of the many deserted wives with whom the poorer quarters of London abound. Doubtless she was better off without the husband, who never did a good day's work in his life. At any rate, it did not occur to her to attempt to find him, though she had heard of him no farther off than the Minories.

She kept herself and her child, a stunted, half-starved girl of nine, making, as it appeared from her wage book, an average of 7*s.* 6*d.* a week, working all day. The foreman had often promised her a place 'inside,' and the realisation of this was the height to which her ambition was able to soar; 'for the shop was a beautiful place, more like the 'orspital than a shop.' The child went to and fro with the work, wrangled with the costermongers of every description who supply the scanty needs of the street, did such intermittent cleaning as seemed good in her eyes, prepared the poor food hastily snatched in the intervals of work, and evaded the School Board officer with all the ingenuity of the true slum child. The mother had not left the house for weeks. When the day's work was over, she threw herself on the bed, too tired even to get 'a bit of victuals.'

In a kitchen of this house were three women, one lying ill in the bed, and two others working at the trough in front of the tightly closed window. One of these was old and garrulous, the other still young, as age is reckoned by years, and with traces of what had once been great beauty. In marked contrast to the apathetic endurance of the other workers, her worn, defiant face was arresting, as the

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central figure in Walker's picture of 'The Vagrants,' in its expression of fierce, unavailing protest against the cruelty of fate. Not even the dusty coating of fur could wholly conceal the beauty of the dark hair lying softly on the low, wide forehead, nor the symmetry of the large bowed figure in its coarse repulsive rags. She scarcely even glanced round as the door opened, and the harsh voices of the other women did not seem to reach her ears; but there was no submission in her utter immobility; every feature of her face told its story of fierce rebellion, not yet crushed into despair. She pulled on in the same oppressive silence until farewells were being exchanged. Then, lifting her great sombre eyes for an instant from her work, she said, with a tragic simplicity, '*Miss, I wish I had your life.*'

Further down the court was a woman snipping the hair from the tails and ears and corners of the skins which cannot be passed through the shearing machines at the fitting factories. Her hands were cut in several places by the shears she was using, and she mentioned, as an incident of little or no importance, that the acid in the fur made the wounds sore. Compared with the pulling, her work made little dust, and she looked clean and tidy. She had two rooms, using the kitchen for her work. She was paid 1*s.* a pound for corners, and 6*d.* for tails, and made about 8*s.* a week. 'Some can do pretty well at it; but if you want to make 10*s.* a week you can't mind the house as well.'

Her next-door neighbour, a paper-bag maker, was working long hours to complete an order for bags for hot cross buns. It may be incidentally mentioned that the rate of pay for these bags is ¾*d.* per gross. The woman—a widow—and her four children, who all helped out of school hours—and in them too when there was pressure of work—earned an average of 2*s.* 4*d.* a day, 'much less than could be earned in the shop.' The guv'nor employed eighty inside hands. She was sure he didn't even know the addresses of his out-workers, much less keep a register.

Next came an attic belonging to a fur-puller, a woman with six children, whose work was done in the one indescribably dirty bedroom, the boards black with grease from the skins. The factory at which she was employed had no inside pulling-rooms. All the work was given out.

And so on, through one close little street after another. Everywhere the same dead level of squalor, of joyless days and months and years passed in ceaseless and repulsive toil, with the reward of starvation wages, almost invariably supplemented by Poor Law relief. Everywhere these 'homes' in which leisure is unknown, or if it comes as the rarest of visitors, it comes as a curse. In them, these mothers with no time to rejoice in their motherhood, to give or receive love and sympathy and care from those for whom they are responsible; and children, who, from the time they are first launched into their troubled

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sea of life, must be a law unto themselves, who are born and nurtured in life's darkest places, 'like plants in mines that never see the sun.' Everywhere the cry of the city going up to heaven, not in the 'still sad music of humanity,' but in a sadder discord of sorrow, in a babel of oaths and curses and foul jests, and in the horrible hoarse laughter more piteous far than tears.

This life of the 'home' workers is sufficiently ghastly, though no words can adequately present its utter sickening repulsiveness. It must be seen and breathed in to be realised. Yet any attempt at remedying it by direct means involves enormous difficulties. Within the factory, however, the Government inspector can make his presence felt. Nevertheless, here too there is a general reluctance to admit visitors, an apparent fear of 'revelations,' a defensive attitude in speaking of the women and the work, which points to a lively dread of the possible effects of publicity, and a lively consciousness that improvement may be demanded.

To show that in fact little, very little, has been done to remove even the worst elements of the work, we may take the case of one workshop, said to be the best of its kind in South London, and employing large numbers both of in- and out-workers.

The process of treatment commences in a room where the smell of the skins is peculiarly overpowering. Here stands a large tank in which they are steamed and softened before being 'opened.' This opening is considered by the women to be the lowest work they can take. Those engaged on it, many of whom are only girls, will not take it up unless driven to do so by desperate straits. After the opening comes the drying process, done in large racks heated by stoves on the floor beneath. When dried the skins are brushed on the hairy side, with a solution of nitric acid, by machinery, tied up in 'turns' for 'pulling,' and given out. After the pulling (*i.e.* the removal of the longer and coarser hairs) the skins are again dried, put through an hydraulic press, and packed in bales, to be despatched to the great felt-manufacturing centres of Stockport and Macclesfield, or to America, where the felting process is largely carried on. There the soft fur is converted into felt, the actual skin being boiled down for fine glue and size. Skins of tame rabbits which are less valuable for felt, are made up into cheap muffs and linings for cloaks, and into the article of wearing apparel known as 'electric sealskin.'

The 'fluff' plucked by the fur pullers is collected and sold for cheap bedding, largely used by miners in the north of England. It may here be remarked that the report above mentioned is emphatic in condemning the foul condition of rags and other materials used for a similar purpose. It is all bought by weight, and it is no unusual thing for 40 per cent. of the weight to be lost in the process of washing. 'It is therefore obvious,' says the report, 'that an upholsterer

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who is content to use the lowest sample of flock can purchase enough to stuff two beds for about the same money as another upholsterer, willing to use only the best flock, has to pay for sufficient to stuff one bed, even apart from the cost of washing.' Any one who has seen the conditions under which the fur-pullers' 'fluff' is collected will probably judge that the percentage of foul matter accompanying it is particularly high.

Within our workshop every available inch of space, from the large tunnelled cellars to the storage rooms of the roof, is filled with rabbi skins. They are stacked in racks reaching to the ceiling; lying in heaps about the rooms; tied up in 'turns' ready for the home workers, or in great bales of 5,000 for sending away. The stench arising from them is noisome; yet, except in the manager's rooms, where disinfectants are freely used, no attempt is made to minimise it. Moreover, though the atmosphere of the whole building is absolutely befogged with hair; yet, while the managers and foremen are careful to wear linen overalls, not only are the women unprovided with anything of the sort, but their outdoor garments are actually allowed to remain all day long hung up *in* one of the pulling-rooms. Of course the effect is that the women carry with them into their homes the sickly smell with which these clothes have become saturated, and the abominable fluff which sticks to them with the pertinacity of an Old Man of the Sea.

Worse still, in total disregard of all factory regulations, the women actually cook and eat food in the pulling-room *at the same time* as others are at work at a table not three yards distant.

Although fur-pulling is not yet included in the list of 'dangerous' trades, it is evident from the chronic bronchial catarrh from which so large a percentage of the workers suffer, the attacks of fever to which young unseasoned workers are liable, and the enormously high rate of infant mortality among the home-workers, that it is a trade which stands in urgent need of further regulation.

The report of the Royal Commission (to which allusion has already been made) in connection with those diseases to which workers in hair of every form are peculiarly liable, contains recommendations which, if they were strictly enforced, would do much to lessen the sufferings of this class of workers in the factories. It is suggested (1) that the ventilation should be so arranged as to carry the fluff away from the worker by means of powerful extracting fans with a down-draught, such as are already in use in rag mills and other factories where the material carried away is of value in manufacturing processes; (2) that the wearing of overalls and caps made to exclude dust should be compulsory; (3) that a prohibition to take meals in workrooms or other places to which noxious dust may penetrate should be strictly enforced.

Within the factories and workshops the strict application of these

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rules would have a beneficial effect. But hitherto the new factory regulations as to air and space have had one result which was by no means desired: they have tended to drive a large quantity of the work from the factories to the home-workers. Now if the condition of things in the factories is bad, in the rooms of the home-workers it is many degrees worse; and it is exceedingly difficult to see how legislation is to interfere effectively in such places.

The report, having remarked that 'any old dilapidated buildings are considered good enough for the accommodation of the fur-pullers,' proceeds with suggestions—viz. that the Secretary of State should license every building in which the trade is carried on, that health registers should be kept, and periodical visits be paid by the certifying surgeons. But this would apply only to the factories. With the host of isolated workers, constantly changing and moving, the difficulty of efficient registration seems almost insuperable. To extend the rule effectively to home-workers, power would have to be given to factory inspectors to enforce sanitary regulations of a similar character and standard to those required in the factory; a licence being granted only after the house had been visited and certified as a place where the work could be done without injury to those working there. Whereas, as the law now stands, the factory inspector, though empowered to demand from the employer a list of his out-workers and to visit them in their homes, has no authority to remedy any of the evils he may find there; and the sanitary authorities, who alone have power to act, can only do so in cases where complaints are made of a public nuisance. Moreover, every home-worker who can plead irregularity of employment—and *all* home-work is irregular—can thereby claim exemption from all the provisions of the Act.

It does not, in short, seem practicable to make the worker responsible. To prohibit home-work altogether is equally impracticable. But what does seem practicable is to throw the responsibility on to the employer. It is not beyond his power to ensure that the 'homes' to which work is given out answer to the necessary conditions. Moreover, the adoption of this principle would have one very marked advantage. In order to avoid the trouble of attending to the condition of the home-workers, the employer would find a strong inducement to get as much work as possible done in the factory or workshop proper. A tendency would set in, working towards the gradual extinction of home-work; and the effect of that would be infinitely more satisfactory than any system of registration, inspection, or regulation of actual home-work that can be devised.

The evils of both subcontracting and home-work in all departments have become so thoroughly realised in the United States that a Bill was last year introduced by Mr. Sulzer which certainly had the effect of annihilating home-work entirely. It provides that, when a wholesaler gives out work to be done not by his own employés

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but by a contractor, the wholesaler must prepay a tax of 300 dollars. If the contractor in turn sublets a part of his contract, he also must pay the same tax for each subcontractor. And if the subcontractor divides his work among home-workers and others not in his own direct employment, he must pay the same tax for each one of those home-workers. It is tolerably obvious that if the employer has to pay a tax of 60*l.* per head for every home-worker, he will give up employing home-workers.

For the legislative extinction of home-work by such drastic measures, neither the public nor the workers are probably at present prepared. The public, unaware of the conditions under which home-work—at least in such trades as these—must be carried on; deluded also to some extent by a vague idea that family ties, parental influence, and family affection are preserved by it; are either indifferent or adverse to any such measures. The workers would see in them not the opportunity of work under healthier conditions, but the loss of employment. But a system which gradually and automatically turned home-work into factory work would excite no serious opposition; the end accomplished would have the approval of every competent observer who knows what such home-work means.

An important conference on the subject of home-work, called by the Women's Industrial Council, will meet in November in London, under the presidency of Mrs. Creighton. The condition of the fur-pullers will be under discussion. It is earnestly to be desired that the problems in connection with the subject will have received full and careful consideration, and that practical suggestions duly weighed and thought out may be laid before the conference, for giving effect to the recommendations of the report, and for appreciably ameliorating the lot of the fur-pullers. Heaven knows, they need it!

EDITH F. HOGG.

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SOME FIRST IMPRESSIONS

THE irrepressible globe-trotter, who believes that a sojourn of forty-eight hours in any country entitles him to pronounce an authoritative judgment upon its social and political characteristics, is hardly an admirable character. But that there is something in first impressions—even the first impressions of the merest outsider—is undeniable; and occasionally the fresh view of things familiar to others which is taken by such a person may have a certain measure of interest. Thus it was my fortune, the other day, to pay a flying visit to four European capitals which I had never seen before; and though my glimpse of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Stockholm, and Copenhagen was nothing more than that of the mere tourist, it taught me some things which I had not learned from my visits to all the other capitals of Europe. The Baltic and the countries which border it are becoming as familiar to the English holiday-maker as the Mediterranean was twenty years ago. Every year two or three yachts, conducted on the co-operative system, visit the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, and give their passengers an opportunity of seeing more of Northern Europe than could be seen by any, save a few adventurous travellers, even so recently as thirty years since.

My co-operative yacht was the *Garonne*, a fine vessel of about 4,000 tons burden, in which I steamed out of the Thames on the 25th of August last, 'bound for the Baltic Sea.' The company on board consisted of about ninety men and women, and one charming little boy. We belonged to different sections of society, and included the representatives of all professions save that of the Church—a rare omission, I am told, in these voyages. For a whole month we remained together in the close confinement of a ship, and for that space of time we constituted a little cosmos of our own—one which loomed so largely before our eyes for the moment, that the outside world seemed to be practically banished, and the small events of our daily life on board assumed proportions of historical importance. It is not a bad thing for the toil-worn man or woman thus to escape from the environment of everyday life, and to find a new and peculiar environment, which, though for the moment as engrossing as any other, is dropped as easily as an old shoe when the cruise is over

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and the tourist steps ashore once more. That there were degrees of congeniality among the members composing our little company need hardly be said; but like gathered to like as the voyage proceeded, so that there was social as well as physical recreation in the brief holiday. One further remark must be made before I dismiss the subject of the *Garonne*. Nothing could well have exceeded the attention paid to the comfort of the passengers by those responsible for the management of the cruise. If each of us had been a millionnaire travelling in his own private yacht he could hardly, in some respects, have enjoyed greater attention and comfort. The food, too, was so excellent that even the attractions of the best restaurants of St. Petersburg and Stockholm were readily put aside in favour of dinner on board ship. I need say nothing of the convenience of carrying one's own home, one's own little bed-room, from place to place, and of thus being spared the usual disagreeable attendants upon foreign travel—the packing and unpacking, the change of beds, and change of servants. Every yachtsman knows the luxury which this implies.

The Baltic Canal was the first novel sight presented to the passengers on board the *Garonne*. It was one which exceeded the anticipations of most of us, and especially of those who are acquainted with the more famous canal of Suez. The magnitude of this engineering work is, indeed, hardly realised by those who have not seen it for themselves. It is some fifty miles in length, has a breadth of 197 feet at the water level, and of more than seventy feet at the bottom, whilst its depth is twenty-nine feet and a half. It is thus capable of accommodating even the largest German man-of-war. There are several bays on the route where ships of this class can pass each other, but the canal itself is wide enough to permit two mail steamers of ordinary dimensions to pass without difficulty. The only locks are those at the entrance to the canal from the North Sea, and the exit at Haltenau in the Bay of Kiel. Four lines of railway cross the canal, and two of these do so on viaducts 138 feet above the level of the water. The scenery on either bank is varied and picturesque, thus presenting a marked contrast to the monotony of the desert through which the Suez Canal wends its dreary way. Indeed, there are portions of the route where woods and trees, handsome villas with sloping lawns, and picturesque villages remind one strongly of the Upper Thames, so that we had the sensation of steaming on a 4,000-ton vessel past Taplow and Henley. No ten hours of our trip were passed more agreeably than those which were occupied in traversing this remarkable water-way, the commercial prosperity of which is not, I am sorry to say, equal to its undoubted strategical value.

Three days after leaving the canal we cast anchor in the Roads off Kronstadt, seventeen miles below St. Petersburg. No one was allowed to land here, but it was possible from the deck of the vessel

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to form some idea of the immense strength of the forts which guard this portal of the Russian Empire, and render it impregnable to any ordinary attack by sea. At Kronstadt many hours were spent whilst the Russian police officials were engaged in the idle task of examining the passports of our party. Four gentlemen in uniform came aboard the *Garonne*, took possession of one of the saloons, and devoted themselves to the work of examining our papers. They brought with them certain huge books like ledgers, presumably containing the names of all those persons whose presence in Holy Russia is not desired. To these they referred constantly, but they did not make the slightest attempt to satisfy themselves that the passports they examined really belonged to the passengers. Their interest apparently lay solely in the papers themselves, and a dozen Nihilists, provided they had succeeded in obtaining possession of passports belonging to other persons, might have ventured into Russia with impunity. The absurdity of the passport system needed no better illustration than this. The examination concluded, the *Garonne* steamed slowly through the dangerous and inconvenient ship canal, and, entering the Neva, cast anchor almost in the heart of the city, opposite the Admiralty Pier. I know of hardly any city in Europe which can be approached so closely by an ocean-going steamer as St. Petersburg. It was as though our vessel, sailing up the Thames, had come to anchor immediately below Westminster Bridge.

Of the ordinary sights of the Russian capital it would be idle to speak. That which impresses the visitor at first sight is the stately breadth of the long streets and the sombre dignity of the palaces and public buildings which abound on every hand. The great gilded domes of the churches naturally attract attention; more, however, by their novelty than by their beauty. Architecturally St. Petersburg may fairly bear comparison with any of the great Continental capitals. Its aspect is more substantial than that of Paris; it is more uniformly dignified than Vienna; it is in most respects incomparably superior to Berlin. The Nevski Prospekt, in its summer aspect, was somewhat disappointing. One must see it in its winter dress, when a thousand sledges are gliding over the hardened snow, in order to understand why it has been so loudly praised. In September it is merely a crowded street, where tramcars, droskis, and private carriages, are incessantly passing to and fro. The shops are excellent, almost as good as those of Piccadilly or Bond Street; but they contain nothing distinctively Russian. Shopping in St. Petersburg is, indeed, a delusion and a snare. September in the Russian capital is very much what September is in London. The palaces are closed, and the fashionable people are out of town. But even this hardly accounted for the fact that not a single well-dressed man or woman was to be met in an afternoon's walk in the whole length of the Nevski Prospekt. The absence of well-dressed women, both here

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and in Moscow, was, indeed, remarkable. On the other hand, there were no signs of extreme poverty. One saw no rags or wretchedness, like that which meets the eye so frequently in London, and the only sign of the existence of that rigorous despotism of which we have heard so much was to be found in the law forbidding women to travel outside the tramcars.

St. Petersburg has so short a history that its points of historical interest are few in number. By far the most interesting buildings in the city are the hut of Peter the Great and the old fort of Peter and Paul with its adjacent cathedral. In the little wooden house in which the great Emperor lived whilst the foundations of St. Petersburg were being laid, religious service is carried on by relays of priests day and night from year's end to year's end; and what is remarkable is the fact that devout worshippers are never wanting at these services. When I visited the place, in the early afternoon, the Emperor's bedroom, which is now used as a chapel, was crammed with kneeling worshippers, belonging chiefly to the poorer classes, whilst a crowd waited outside for admission. But I am told that even at the deadest hour of the night and in the most severe season of the year, worshippers will always be found here, praying for the repose of the Emperor's soul. The house itself is singularly small and modest, but Peter's sitting-room contains some fine pieces of furniture, as well as the chair, made by himself, in which he sat and worked. The evil fame of the great fort of Peter and Paul has gone forth through all the world. Everybody has heard of the tortures endured by untried political prisoners in its damp and pestiferous dungeons. It was a relief to learn that at the time of my visit it did not contain a single prisoner of any kind. It would be an impertinence for a mere outsider to draw any conclusions from a hurried visit as to the political condition of the empire, but the fact I have mentioned deserves to be noted. The cathedral, which stands within the gates of the fort, is the burial-place of all the Czars, with one exception, from Peter the Great downwards. Within and without it is guarded by soldiers, and always there is a crowd of reverential sight-seers passing among the tombs, and kneeling and crossing themselves before them. What is specially noticeable in this great mausoleum is that the tombs of the Czars are all exactly alike in appearance, and that all are of the plainest and simplest description, a mere rectangular sarcophagus of stone, with a brass plate bearing the name of the ruler who sleeps beneath. Many of them were covered with wreaths of flowers, some of which had been freshly placed there. The tomb of the last Czar was almost hidden beneath the floral tributes which President Faure had brought from grateful France a few days before I visited the place.

Perhaps the most interesting spots in St. Petersburg to the traveller of to-day are those connected with the grim tragedy in

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which the life of Alexander the Second came to so sudden a termination. I saw the palace, in a side-street off the Neva, which he built for the Princess ——, and which he quitted on that fatal Sunday afternoon in order to transact business at the Winter Palace only a few minutes before he was struck down. On the spot where the assassination occurred a great church is being built, and is now approaching completion. Among the unequalled collection of gorgeous state carriages, dating from the time of Catharine downwards, the simple brougham in which he was riding when the bombs were thrown is still to be seen with its shattered woodwork and torn cushions, and beside it is the small sledge on which his mangled body was carried to the Palace. The Russians speak of the tragedy in the most natural way, with unaffected horror and pity, and to the passing stranger they make light of the danger of any recurrence of crime of this sort. That is as it may be. All I can vouch for is the fact that the present Emperor not infrequently walks unattended in the streets of St. Petersburg.

It is seldom that the confirmed globe-trotter meets with anything that surprises him. Moscow, however, was to me a real and great surprise. I had thought of it, as I imagine most of us do, as the decaying capital of that older Russia which is passing into the stage of tradition—a sleepy old-world city where ancient customs and national usages still survived, and little beside was to be met with. I found it a huge city, numbering nearly a million inhabitants, where, side by side with the traditional usages of old Russia, and, above all, its external devoutness of carriage and demeanour, is to be found the most marvellous development of industrial and commercial enterprise and activity. The streets were as crowded, and as full of bustle and life, as those of London or Manchester; the groves of tall factory chimneys enveloping the suburbs reminded me of Birmingham. The markets were filled to overflowing, both with merchandise and men. The shops were certainly not inferior to those of St. Petersburg, and everywhere there was the bustle, the unending activity which bespeaks the existence of a great community engaged in the full work of life. It was only slowly that what I saw enabled me to realise the truth about Moscow—the truth that it is no city of the dead, no relic of medieval times, but the living capital and centre of a mighty nation, which, though it may wall itself in against Western ideas and manners, has an overflowing life of its own, and an energy which it is expending freely in a thousand different directions. Those who seek to realise what Russia really is, and what enormous potentialities of growth and development she possesses within herself, must go to Moscow. Here, on what we regard as the extreme confines of Europe and of European life, is to be found a vast mart and emporium, little, if at all, inferior to any commercial centre of the West. Even granting that Russian industrial and commercial

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enterprise is brought to a focus here, and that we cannot judge the whole country by this one city, it furnishes abundant evidence of the fact that the Russian people are still in their prime, if not in their youth, and that no man can yet fix a limit to their future development in power, civilisation, and wealth.

Of the ordinary 'sights' of the place I need say nothing. The Kremlin has long been regarded as one of the wonders of the world, and those who are most familiar with other lands will be the least likely to dispute its claim to this distinction. Its towers, churches, palace, and public offices form a group absolutely unique in picturesqueness and splendour. The vivid colouring which under another sky and amid different surroundings would seem barbaric in taste, only appears to add to the peculiar beauty of the scene; and even towers and spires of brilliant green or deepest blue do not jar upon the eye of the spectator. It is curious, in these days of a Franco-Russian alliance, to enter the Kremlin between a thousand French guns, the trophies of the great war, now ranged in long lines against the ramparts. But the Russians are justly proud of 1812, and there is nothing which they like better to exhibit to the stranger than the quaint bed-room in the oldest portion of the palace where Napoleon slept on the night when Moscow was devoted to the flames, and the narrow staircase up which he climbed in order to see with his own eyes the destruction of the city and of his own empire. If the story be true that after looking upon that terrible sight he dropped his portfolio, containing important papers, as he descended the staircase, it would seem that even his nerves were shaken by the spectacle of awful ruin. The wealth of the churches in the Kremlin is notorious; but they must be seen in order that a right impression of that wealth can be formed. It is staggering, for example, to find that the walls of the Cathedral of the Assumption, where the Czars are crowned, are lined from top to bottom with graven silver, whilst more than one of the Icons are loaded with jewels of fabulous value. There is nothing, indeed, that impresses the tourist in a first glimpse of Russia, more than the enormous wealth which is lavished in the churches. Nowhere else in the world is to be found a similar display of silver, gold, and precious stones. If only the Russian were not the most devout of civilised men, he would have in the treasures of his churches a 'war chest' that would equip him fully for a great campaign.

It is not in the older churches only that this display of riches beyond the dreams of avarice is to be met with. The modern Temple of the Saviour in Moscow is probably the most costly religious edifice that has been raised in any part of the world during the present century. Its actual cost in hard cash is estimated at two millions sterling, and the whole of this enormous sum has been raised by voluntary subscriptions. The paintings which cover the walls and

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ceiling of the sanctuary, and which are scattered over the whole building, are by the greatest Russian artists of our time, and some of them are of most striking merit and beauty. Here also, as in the older buildings, silver and precious stones are employed with a lavishness that suggests the possession of unbounded wealth. I attended the Sunday morning service at this church and watched the gorgeous and dramatic ritual—far more impressive and spectacular than anything to be seen in the Roman churches. The vast building was literally filled to the doors by a most devout congregation composed almost exclusively of men, of whom few seemed to belong to any other than the working class. They stood patiently for hours whilst the service proceeded, and whatever one might think of their intelligence, it was impossible to doubt the reverence with which they followed the words and gestures of the officiating priests.

This brings me to one of the most noticeable of the outward aspects of Russian life as it is seen in Moscow—I mean the apparent devotion of the people to their religious duties. There are many hundreds of churches in Moscow, and there are thousands of Icons publicly exposed, some in little chapels of their own, others simply affixed to the walls of houses or towers. No real Russian—or at any rate no one belonging to the masses—will pass one of these holy emblems without uncovering his head and crossing himself after the fashion of the Greek Church on his forehead and breast. It seems as though half the time of even the busiest persons in the city must be spent in these external acts of devotion. I began one day to count the number of times my driver uncovered his head, crossed himself and murmured a prayer, but gave it up when he had done so ten times in a quarter of an hour. When being driven by this man, I stopped at a shop to make some inquiries. No sooner had we halted than he leapt from his seat, ran across the Square in which we had paused, and prostrating himself before an Icon began to pray fervently, his bare forehead resting upon the stones of the pavement. Imagine a London cabman thus engaged! From morning till night, and even from night till morning, these public acts of worship were being performed on every side, in every street, at every corner, by rich and poor, young and old alike. I have seen Turks at their worship in the streets of Stamboul and Smyrna, and Arabs, regardless of passers-by, gravely prostrating themselves on the pavements of Tunis and Tangier; but nowhere have I seen anything to approach the universality of this public demonstration of religious fervour. Doubtless those who have lived long in Russia have become used to it and no longer regard it as remarkable; but to the man who sees it for the first time it is astounding and bewildering. And it is by the side of these fervent acts of worship that one has that roar and rattle of commerce and business which remind one of Manchester or Liverpool when passing through the streets of Moscow. Truly there are

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some aspects in which Russia, at first sight, presents an appearance that is unique.

The civility of the people of all classes to the stranger within their gates cannot be surpassed. And yet along with their constant desire to oblige, their meek docility and their good temper, there is a settled melancholy on their faces which produces a most depressing effect upon the visitor. Nobody smiles, laughter is never heard—prayers and business seem to engage the attention of all. I went through the Great Foundling Hospital, where on an average 2,000 women are confined every year in secret wards, and where 15,000 infants who have been abandoned or surrendered by their parents are annually received. Despite the care and the kindness lavished both upon mothers and infants, the universal cleanliness, and the really liberal scale of management, this great hospital furnishes a painful spectacle. One cannot walk through the wards, filled with these wailing infants, born to shame and poverty, without asking oneself whether this is after all the highest development of rational philanthropy, this preservation every year of thousands of lives to swell the great army of want and suffering. Yet it must be acknowledged that the Russians go almost to an extreme in their desire to mitigate the miseries of illegitimate child-bearing. A mother, if she desires it, can be engaged as nurse to her own child in the hospital, and is actually paid for suckling it. Poor feeble, stunted, prematurely aged mothers! With their toil-worn faces, and humble downcast demeanour, they presented even a more painful sight than the innumerable babies did.

It is a far cry from Moscow, with its pathetic contrasts and strange significance, to Stockholm. We seem to have come back to the real world of to-day again when we step ashore on one of the beautiful islands on which the capital of Sweden stands, and enter the bustling streets, where music and laughter and song and dance seem to accompany every hour. Stockholm unfortunately has been spoiled, for the present at all events, for the traveller. It is no longer the simple inexpensive place that it was of old. A great national exhibition has been held there this year, and the natural results have happened. Prices have gone up everywhere, it has been difficult to procure accommodation, and all the noise and confusion of exhibition time have pervaded the place. But nothing can really destroy the brightness and the beauty of the gay capital of the North. Here there is none of the apathetic docility, the subdued melancholy which are the prevailing notes of Russian life when seen from the outside. We are among free men, conscious of their rights; the drill-master is unknown, and everybody lives his or her own life as seems good. Theatres, shops, restaurants, parks, and even the exhibition itself, were all delightful, whilst the laughing good-temper was universal. A royal bride was brought home to the Palace of Stockholm during my visit—a daughter

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of the Crown Prince of Denmark just wedded to Prince Carl of Sweden. She was received with a demonstration of loyalty that would have done credit to London in our week of Jubilee. Bride and bridegroom came out, after their arrival at the palace, upon the balcony above the great entrance, and 20,000 men and women saluted them with enthusiasm, though their cheers were not as the cheers of Englishmen. All the 20,000 waved their pocket-handkerchiefs with tremendous energy; the Prince and Princess waved theirs in response with no less vigour; the bands played, and the Life Guardsmen in their neat uniforms made their horses prance and curvet nobly, whilst the sun shone down upon one of the fairest landscapes in the world. It was like a scene from an opera, and gave one the cheeriest impression of the good temper and kindly relations of rulers and ruled in Sweden. A jubilee fever had possession of the Swedes, as of ourselves in the beginning of June. Good King Oscar, kindliest and simplest of monarchs, whose favourite utterance is said to be, 'I know I am a King, but I am also a man,' was about to celebrate his twenty-fifth year of reign, and everywhere throughout Sweden and Norway preparations were being made for the event.

The chief charm of Stockholm lies not in the city itself, but in the delightful excursions by water which may be made in all directions among the fiords in the midst of which the capital is situated. One perfect day's excursion of this kind will long linger in my memory. I noted one thing in the course of this excursion that deserves to be mentioned. Our little steamer carried the mails, and when it reached a landing-stage one of the men went ashore with the letters. These he placed in a little box on the pier. The passers-by opened this box, which was not locked, turned over the letters it contained, and selected their own. A more informal post-office it would be impossible to imagine. Happy the country where such absolute confidence can be reposed in the honesty of the people! It will interest English readers to hear of one institution that flourishes at Stockholm. This is the English Society—an association or club ninety per cent. of whose members are Swedish ladies and gentlemen, who admire and wish to study the literature and history of this country. The Society has its own rooms, and one of the rules is that nothing but English is to be spoken within them. It has a supply of English newspapers, books, and magazines, and holds periodical meetings at which discussions of English questions take place. I was invited to visit this interesting institution during my stay in Stockholm. I wonder if in all London there is a corresponding society devoted to the study of Swedish books and institutions. I doubt it. One other note must be made before I say good-bye to Stockholm. The cabs of the town are now provided with a most ingenious mechanical apparatus which tells the passenger, not only how long he has been riding and how far he has travelled, but the exact amount

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of the fare he has to pay to the driver. There are consequently no disputes between drivers and their fares in the Swedish capital.

The island of Gothland at which the *Garonne* touched after leaving Stockholm is historically interesting because of its capital, Wisby, one of the great centres of the Hanseatic League. The walls and towers which enclosed Wisby at a time when it was the chief commercial emporium in Northern Europe still stand almost intact. Within them the town itself has withered away, dwindling in size with the loss of its trade and commercial importance. Of the many splendid churches it once possessed, only one remains in perfect preservation, though the ruins of the others are full of interest. Grass now grows in the streets, and the mulberry trees flourish where once the merchant adventurers of Europe held their own against Norse pirates and mediæval tyrants. But the place is eminently deserving of being visited by those who take an interest in the history of Europe, and to a nation of shopkeepers like ourselves, this city, which was the foster-mother of the world's commerce in the North, as Venice was in the South, has a special claim to respect.

Copenhagen is still, of all the European capitals within easy reach of London, that which receives the fewest visitors from England. It is difficult to say why this should be so. No doubt as a capital it is dull—devoid equally of the grandeur of St. Petersburg, the teeming business life of Moscow, and the gaiety of Stockholm. When one wanders through its homely streets and empty squares, it is easy to understand why to princes and princesses accustomed to a fuller and more brilliant life, Copenhagen should be somewhat distasteful. But it has special charms of its own that ought to attract the traveller. He can buy many things here more cheaply than anywhere else in Europe—more cheaply even than in London. He will find excellent restaurants and fairly good hotels. The Tivoli Gardens form an institution which could only flourish in a community which has not yet been spoiled by the growth of luxurious living and the development of the love for display. They reminded me of the Cremorne of my youth—but a Cremorne free from dissipation, where high and low, old and young, enjoy themselves in mirthful innocence. The Thorwaldsen Museum is one of the great attractions of Copenhagen, and now there has been added to those attractions the remarkable new gallery of modern pictures presented to the city by a private benefactor. Altogether a week may be spent very pleasantly in the Danish capital. Perhaps the most interesting feature of such a sojourn is the light which it throws upon the peculiar position of the Royal Family of Denmark and their relations with the people. When I was at Copenhagen, the Imperial Russian yachts, and the English Royal yacht, bore witness to the fact that the King and Queen were entertaining the Dowager Empress of Russia and the Prince and Princess of Wales. But a Royal visit to Denmark does not appear to entail the

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pomp and the consequent expenditure accompanying Royal visits in other countries. The members of the Royal Family, including those who are dear to all in this country, moved about freely, unattended, unmolested, unaccompanied either by the trappings or the fetters of their illustrious station. The palaces where they lived were like simple country houses, and even when in full occupation, strangers were permitted to wander through the parks and gardens attached to them. It would be difficult to imagine anything more simple and homely than this Royal life at Copenhagen. The eyes of some of the passengers on the *Garonne* were gladdened one day by the sight of the Crown Prince talking, literally 'over the garden wall' of his country villa, to a passer-by in the road. And yet with all this happy simplicity of life, it was clear that the dignity and importance of the family which has played so great a part in the recent history of Europe, were fully appreciated, and that no outward symbols of their position were needed to secure for them the respect of the nation. It was a curious fact that one felt that it was in Copenhagen rather than in autocratic St. Petersburg that the personal influence of the Monarchy was greatest.

A brief peep at Christiania—where of course it rained in torrents—and two days of an equinoctial gale in the North Sea, which tried even the most seasoned sailors on board, brought the *Garonne* back to Tilbury with such punctuality that, as the special train bearing its passengers steamed into St. Pancras, the clock showed the exact minute at which the official programme issued weeks before had stated that the tour would end. There the friends of a month's pleasant intercourse parted, with minds stored with new impressions, and in some cases with lives enriched by new friendships.

WEMYSS REID.

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THE GENEALOGY OF NELSON

VERY much has been written, especially of late, about Nelson's life, character, and achievements; but little has been written—possibly because little is generally known—about his origin and family. That his father was a Norfolk clergyman, that one of his maternal uncles was a post-captain and Controller of the Navy, and that the hero was related, on his mother's side, to the Walpoles—these are facts which find a place in every biography of the marvellous seaman and in every peerage. Neither biographies nor peerages, however, deal very deeply with Nelson's ancestry. The fashionable genealogist likes to cultivate the fiction that the forbears of nearly all peers were personages who, if only their wealth, merits, and standing had been duly recognised, would have been peers also; and many a family tree which has not naturally grown in such a manner as to consistently illustrate this agreeable theory has had its branches ruthlessly lopped, covered up, or distorted, with a view to suppressing such harmless truths as that peers and ploughboys are occasionally first cousins, and that King Cophetua's father-in-law was not demonstrably of royal descent.

The biographer usually accepts his family trees from the fashionable genealogist, who has modified much and omitted still more. This is a pity. If there be anything in the doctrines of evolution and heredity, the story of the origin of every really great man is much too important to be tampered with at the bidding of mere vanity. And the story of the origin of Nelson especially deserves to be preserved, so far as may be, intact, seeing that one of the most able of critics expressly regards Nelson's naval career as the history in little of the sea power of Great Britain, and seeing that the same writer, by implication, treats Nelson's self as the completest type of that Englishman who, though made up of littlenesses as well as greatnesses, and of weakness as well as strength, has played withal the biggest part in the modern world, and is likely to play at least an equally big part in it for many generations to come.

After reading Mahan's *Life*, one becomes anxious to know something more than Mahan tells us of the 'whence' and 'how' of this ripest incarnation of the English spirit. One becomes scientifically

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inquisitive as to the strains which blended to make so splendid a hero. Was it mainly blue blood that told? Or was the man more particularly the product of that 'great middle body' in which Bacon reposed so much confidence? Had some of the qualities which shone in him, already betrayed themselves in others of his line? Did he obviously inherit his individuality from persons and from their surroundings? Or was he an inexplicable 'sport,' without traceable heredity—a 'freak' as startling and unaccountable as the five-legged calf or the Irish giant?

These are hard questions, and few of them can be conclusively answered by the light of any information in my possession. Yet in the genealogical history of Nelson there are many points which, as possibly bearing upon his character and qualities, are exceedingly suggestive; and, since I happen to have come upon numerous facts which hitherto, I believe, have escaped publication, I purpose to endeavour to trace the history, so far as it seems likely to be of value towards the elucidation of a personality which, with all its faults, is still one of the most impressive the world has ever seen.

Ex parte paterna, Horatio Nelson was a son of [1] * Edmund (II), who was a son of * Edmund (I), who was the son of * William Nelson, who was a son of a man alleged to have been a * Norwich manufacturer. I will deal with each of these in order of time, and with their families.

The * Norwich manufacturer, whose Christian name I cannot discover, was probably born early in the first half of the seventeenth century, and seems to have lived, possibly after his retirement from business, at Scarning, near Dunham, Norfolk. He had several sons, some of whom established themselves at Dereham, and some at Scarning or Matishall. They were all farmers or tradesmen in fairly prosperous circumstances. One of them, * William, was born at Scarning, and, dying in 1713, was buried either at Dunham, or at Sporle in the immediate neighbourhood.

This *William Nelson, great-grandfather of the Admiral, cultivated a large farm at Dunham Parva, possessed some fortune, and may be best described as a yeoman. He married *Mary Sheen, also of Dunham Parva, one of whose sisters was the wife of Hammond of Wendling, and another married into the family of Pigg. *Sheens, Hammonds, and Piggs were all at that time of the yeoman or tradesman class. By his wife *William Nelson had three sons, and several daughters, one of whom married a Fisher. All these children were born at Dunham Parva. The sons were named Thomas, William, and *Edmund (I) respectively. Thomas farmed at Sporle, the rectorial tithes of which he held, as his father before him had held them,

[1] To avoid confusion, I shall through this paper affix this sign (*) to the names of all persons, Nelsons or others, who were Horatio Nelson's direct ancestors.

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under a lease from Eton College. He married twice,[2] first a Prettyman of Sporle, and next an Overman of Burnham Depedale; and had by the latter two daughters and five sons. The daughters did not marry. Of the sons—to whom the Admiral was first cousin once removed—one, John, died an infant; another, Thomas, was an attorney, and died unmarried in 1749; a third, Bartholomew, was an unsuccessful tradesman or small merchant, first at Stoke and then at Lynn, and had a son, Bartholomew, who seems to have been drowned,[3] Commander of H.M.S. *Pheasant*, in 1761; a fourth, Edmund, who, taking orders and making a good marriage, was presented by his wife to the rectory of Cougham. The remaining son, William, was educated at Eton,[4] but, to quote the family register, 'proving irregular, was sent to sea under Admiral Geary, and died.' William, second son of *William Nelson, became, in succession to his father, tenant of the farm at Dunham Parva, and did well with it. He purchased, in addition to other land, Curds or Crudes Hall at Farnsham, whither he retired. In his old age he built a small house at Dunham, and there he died. He married twice. By his first wife, a Lathbury of Suffolk, he had, in addition to three daughters, a son, William, who took orders and became rector of Hillington, near Castle Riseing, and Helgay in the Fens on the borders of Cambridgeshire. He also inherited the Crudes Hall property. *William Nelson died at Hilborough in his eighty-fourth year.

*William Nelson's youngest son, *Edmund (I), grandfather of the Admiral, was born in 1693 or 1694, and after a preliminary education at Eton, was admitted a pensioner of Emanuel College, Cambridge, about the year 1713. Having obtained his bachelor's degree and taken holy orders, he married *Mary, daughter of *John and *Thomazin Bland.[5] He seems to have been at that time rector of East Bradenham, Norfolk, and to have been soon afterwards presented by the Provost and Fellows of Eton to the vicarage of Sporle, which he held together with his other cure, residing, however, at East Bradenham. *John Bland, father-in-law of this *Edmund Nelson (I), was of Lancashire origin, and began his career with very little, but, having taken up his abode at Cambridge, he established there a flourishing baker's business, and gradually acquired so much fortune that he was able to purchase a considerable amount of landed property. One of his sons, John, became domestic chaplain to the Duke

[2] Thomas's third wife was Dinah Willis, of Burnham Overy. He died at a great age, and is buried at Sporle. She died about the year 1754.

[3] There is some doubt of this, as I cannot make certain of the Christian name of the *Pheasant's* commander.

[4] The Provost of Eton informs me that this William was elected to college on the 1st of August, 1737, being then fourteen years of age, but that the register is silent concerning his subsequent career.

[5] She died about the year 1744, and was buried in St. Andrew's, Cambridge.

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of Ancaster, and lies buried at Grimthorpe. One of his daughters, Martha, married one Chapman, an apothecary, first of Mildenhall and subsequently of London. Among *John Bland's numerous investments were the next presentation to, and perpetual advowson of, the living of Hilborough, Norfolk.[6] When the living fell vacant, *Bland presented to it his son-in-law, *Edmund (I), who thereupon resigned East Bradenham, and removed to Hilborough, where he died in 1747. *Edmund (I) and *Mary Nelson had eight children, four only of whom lived to the age of discretion. These were *Edmund (II), father of the Admiral, Alice, Thomazin, and John. Of *Edmund (II) anon. I will first say a few words of the Admiral's aunts and uncle.

Alice Nelson married the Rev. Robert Rolfe, son of the Rev. Walter Rolfe by a Miss Shuldham, who was collaterally but distantly related to Molyneux Shuldham (Admiral Lord Shuldham). Robert Rolfe was presented by his mother-in-law, *Mary Nelson, to the rectory of Hilborough, upon the resignation of it by her son *Edmund (II); and by his wife had several children, two at least of whose descendants are now in the navy. Thomazin, the Admiral's other aunt, married one John Goulty, who, although towards the end of his life in fairly comfortable circumstances, was by trade a shoemaker. She also had issue. John Nelson, the Admiral's uncle, like the William of an earlier generation, proved 'irregular,' and after some misconduct enlisted as a soldier. Having embarked for foreign service about the year 1760, he was never again heard of by his family. Years ago I met an old frontier hunter and scout whose home was on the then dangerous and uncivilised border of Nebraska and Wyoming. His name was Nelson—John, if I be not mistaken—and he told me in the course of conversation that his father had been a first cousin to Lord Nelson. I did not at the time realise that this might indeed be true, and I paid little attention to the old man. I am sorry now that I did not make further inquiries, for it may well be that the trapper's father was a son of the Admiral's irregular uncle John. Assuming that John to have been about thirty when he disappeared (he was the youngest of his family), and assuming my informant to have been about sixty-five when I saw him in 1882, there is nothing wildly improbable in the theory. I mention it only, however, for what it may be worth. It would probably be impossible now to obtain conclusive evidence, even if the old hunter be still living, for he was an ignorant though brave and in many respects worthy fellow.

*Edmund Nelson (II), father of Lord Nelson, was the third child and second son of his father, *Edmund (I), and was born at East Bradenham on the 19th of March, 1722. He describes him-

[6] *John Bland, before his death, made over the advowson of Hilborough to his daughter, *Mary Nelson, to whom he bequeathed by will a good legacy.

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self as having been always of a weak and sickly constitution. After having been partially educated at a school in Norfolk, he was entered in 1743 at Caius College, Cambridge. Dr. Gooch was then master, and *Edmund Nelson's tutor was one Dr. Eglington. Taking his bachelor's degree in due course, *Edmund was ordained and became curate to the Rev. Thomas Page, Rector of Beccles in Suffolk, close to the Norfolk border. There he remained until October 1747, when, his father dying, he succeeded to the livings of Hilborough and Sporle. *Edmund (I) had died in debt. *Edmund (II) therefore devoted all the income from Hilborough to getting rid of the liabilities, and then to the maintenance of his mother and her family; and contented himself with the meagre income, about 80*l.* a year, from Sporle. So long, however, as he remained single, he lived with his mother at Hilborough. On the 11th of May, 1749, being then twenty-seven, he married *Catherine,[7] daughter of the Rev. *Maurice Suckling, then dead, who had been Prebendary of Westminster and Rector of Barsham and Wooten, Suffolk. The young couple lived for a time at Swaffham, but at Michaelmas, 1753, moved to a hired house at Sporle: and in November, 1755, upon the death of the Rev. Thomas Smithson, *Edmund Nelson (II) was presented by his wife's relative Horatio Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole of Wolterton, to the rectories of Burnham Thorpe and Burnham St. Albert, Norfolk.

So much for Nelson's paternal ancestry. It was an ancestry of yeomen, tradesmen, and country parsons, a respectable ancestry, yet only what may be called a lower middle class one. Nor can it be said that any member of it had earned the slightest degree of public distinction, or had, even temporarily, raised the family far above its original station. Some years ago, a discussion upon this subject arose in the newspapers, and a relative of the present Earl Nelson was so rash as to assert in the course of it not only that the Nelsons had been Norfolk gentry for several generations, but also that they had borne arms. These foolish and baseless pretensions were, at the time, conclusively disproved, I believe, by Professor J. K. Laughton, R.N.

The great Admiral's maternal ancestry ranked somewhat higher in the social scale, consisting as it did of squires and 'squarsons,' descended from that *Sir John Suckling who was once Controller of the Household of Charles the First. *Catherine Suckling, wife of *Edmund Nelson, and mother of Horatio Nelson, was, as has been said, a daughter of the Rev. *Maurice Suckling, D.D., Prebendary of Westminster, and Rector of Barsham and Wooten; and Dr. *Maurice Suckling was a son of *Robert Suckling, who had estates at Wooten, near Bungay, and who seems to have been of some small consequence in his county.

[7] *Catherine Nelson died on the 26th of December, 1767, aged forty-two, and lies buried at Burnham Thorpe.

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Most of the male Sucklings, in fact, were either country squires or officers in the army, and the family was connected by intermarriage with such reputable stocks as the Sheltons, Berneys, Felloweses, Neals, Fowkes, Hamonds, Hostes and Walpoles. Yet, like the Nelsons, the Sucklings were, for a long time, undistinguished, and it is possible that both families might have remained so, had not *Dr. Suckling taken as his wife *Ann, a daughter of Sir * Charles Turner, Bart., of Warham. The Turners were then little more distinguished than the Sucklings and the Nelsons. They had been merely successful merchants at Lynn. But Sir *Charles Turner had married a woman belonging to a remarkable stock, *Mary, daughter of *Robert Walpole of Houghton, and sister of Robert Walpole,[8] first Earl of Orford, of Horatio Walpole, Lord Walpole of Wolterton, and of Captain Galfridus Walpole, R.N. Into the history and exploits of the Walpole family in general it is unnecessary to enter here. They are sufficiently well known. It may, nevertheless, be worth while to establish the less notorious fact that this great family of statesmen and diplomatists produced also scions who were excellent naval officers. Of these was Captain Galfridus Walpole aforesaid, who was great grand-uncle of Horatio Nelson.

Galfridus Walpole entered the Navy at about the end of the seventeenth century, and attained the rank of captain in 1705, when he was appointed to the *Solebay*. In January 1710 he assumed command of the *Lion*, 60, and in her behaved with great gallantry in the Mediterranean, in the spring of the following year. The main fleet under Sir John Norris was lying in the Bay of Vado, when, on the 22nd of March, three British ships, the *Lion*, 60, *Severn*, 50, and *Lyme*, 32, which were cruising in the offing, sighted four French vessels. Captain Humphrey Pudner, of the *Severn*, who was the senior officer, signalled news of the discovery to Norris, who ordered the enemy to be chased, and despatched the *Nassau* and *Exeter* from the fleet to support the detached cruisers. But long before the reinforcement arrived, the three British ships were in hot action with the four French, which are said to have carried sixty guns apiece. In course of time, the *Severn* was so disabled that she had to put back to Vado, convoyed by the *Lyme*. Walpole, however, in the *Lion*, manfully continued the chase and the engagement single-handed, until, having lost his right arm and more than forty of his

[8] The Provost of Eton has kindly called my attention to the fact that one Henry Nelson of Chadworth, Berks, entered Eton in 1708, being then only ten years old, and in 1714 was elected to a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge. According to Harwood's *Alumni Etonenses*, this Henry Nelson became 'domestic secretary to Sir Robert Walpole, by whom he was preferred to place under Government. He died in London in 1727, and Nicholas Hardinge, of the year 1718, wrote an elegant epitaph to his memory.' But I cannot discover that this Nelson was related to the Nelsons of Dunham and Sporle, nor is Henry a name that figures in the known pedigree of the family.

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men killed and wounded, and the *Lion* being as disabled as the *Severn*, he also was obliged to withdraw.[9]

Another of the family, the Hon. William Walpole, a contemporary of Nelson, showed a similarly determined spirit. In 1803, the British frigate *Minerve*, 38, Captain Jahleel Brenton, grounded in a fog under the batteries near Cherbourg, and a heavy fire from numerous heavy guns was at once opened upon her. Brenton decided to carry out a bower anchor in order to assist him in warping off his frigate: but, as he had no boat suitable for transporting such a great weight, he directed such boats as he had to be manned and armed, and to go inshore to cut out some small vessel suitable for the purpose in view. The *Minerve's* yawl, commanded by Lieutenant Walpole, was the first boat in the water. Walpole, without waiting for the help of the other boats, went in under a very hot fire, cut out a lugger of fifty tons, laden with stone, towed her off to the ship, unloaded her, always under fire, and brought her under the *Minerve's* port cathead to receive the anchor. During these operations the lugger was so often struck that a carpenter had to be kept continually employed in stopping the shot-holes. It is sad to have to add that, in spite of the exhibition of so much cool gallantry, the *Minerve* was finally obliged to surrender, as, after having been once moved, she again grounded in a worse position than ever.[10]

The Walpole strain, transmitted through *Ann Turner to her son, Maurice Suckling, Horatio Nelson's uncle, contributed to produce another good naval officer. Maurice was born in or about 1726, and became a lieutenant in 1745 and a post-captain in 1755. He behaved with equal seamanship and intrepidity in Captain Forrest's action off Cape François with the superior force of M. de Kersaint, on the 21st of October, 1757, when he commanded the *Dreadnought*, 60; but he rendered, perhaps, even better service as Controller of the Navy from 1775 to his death in 1778. He married his cousin, Mary Walpole, eldest daughter of the first Lord Walpole of Wolterton, but by her left no issue. This Maurice Suckling was Horatio Nelson's early naval patron, friend, and counsellor.

We have seen that *Edmund Nelson (II) and *Catherine Suckling were married at Beccles on the 11th of May, 1749. During their married life of about eighteen years they had eleven children, *Catherine dying little more than nine months after the birth of the youngest. I will deal with these in their order.

Edmund, the eldest, was born at Swaffham on the 5th of April, 1750, died on the 7th of August, in the same year, and was buried at Hilborough.

Horatio, the second, was born at Swaffham on the 28th of July,

[9] *Gazette*, No. 4837.

[10] Brenton, iii. 213. James, iii. 189.

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1751, died on the 15th of November in the same year, and was also buried at Hilborough.

Maurice, the third child, and the eldest who lived to manhood, was born at Swaffham on the 24th of May, 1753, and, going to London in 1768, obtained a clerkship in the office of the Auditor of Excise. When his uncle and godparent, Captain Suckling, became Controller of the Navy, Maurice Nelson was given a clerkship in the Navy Office. There he remained until 1801, when he died, leaving no issue.

Susanna, the fourth child and eldest daughter, was born at Sporle on the 12th of June, 1755. 'Susanna,' says her father, 'had a good school education; but, as I would not give her a fortune equal to an independency, I thought it most for her advantage to be placed out to some female trade. Accordingly, at the age of eighteen, she was bound as an apprentice for three years to Messrs. Watsons, reputable milliners at Bath, where she acquitted herself with much credit and propriety. At the expiration of that term she went assistant into a shop at Bath. In the year 1777 she had a legacy of 500*l.* left by —— Morris, Esq., of Witton (our good, faithful, and generous friend).' Her uncle, Captain Suckling, dying in 1778, left her 1,000*l.*, and Susanna then relinquished the idea of following her trade. In August 1780, being then five-and-twenty, she was married to Mr. Thomas Bolton,[11] a corn, malt, and coal merchant of Wells, in Norfolk. Mr. Bolton went in 1781 to Ostend for convenience of trade, and became a free burgher of that town. He was there, within a few months, joined by his wife, and the pair remained at Ostend until February 1783. In January 1784 Mr. Bolton settled at Norwich as a merchant. The children of the Boltons were numerous. Those who survived their infancy were the twin sisters Jemima Susanna and Catherine, born on the 20th of November, 1781; Thomas, born on the 7th of July, 1786; Elizabeth Ann, and Ann. Jemima Susanna appears to have died unmarried. Catherine became the wife of Captain Sir William Bolton, R.N. Thomas became in 1835 second Earl Nelson; Elizabeth Ann married the Rev. Henry Girdlestone; and Ann died unmarried in 1830.

William, the fifth child, was born at Burnham Thorpe on the 20th of April, 1757, and having been partially educated at the grammar schools of Norwich and North Walsham, was, in 1774, admitted a pensioner at Christ's College, Cambridge. He took his B.A. in 1777, was ordained deacon in 1779, and was ordained priest and took his M.A. in 1781. In 1783 he was presented to the rectory of Little Brandon; from May to November 1784 he served as chaplain in the *Boreas*, under the command of his brother Horatio; in May 1785 he succeeded the Rev. Robert Rolfe as Rector of Hilborough, and he sub-

[11] Mrs. Bolton died on the 16th of July, 1813.

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sequently became a prebendary of Canterbury. In 1786 he married Sarah Yonge, by whom he had a son, Horatio, who died Viscount Trafalgar in 1828, having never married; and a daughter, Charlotte Mary, who married in 1810 Samuel, second Lord Bridport. In 1805, upon the death at Trafalgar of Lord Nelson, William Nelson succeeded as second viscount and was created first Earl Nelson. He lost his first wife in 1828, and within a year took as his second, Hilare, widow of her cousin, Captain George Ulric Barlow, and third daughter of Admiral Sir Robert Barlow; but the earl died in 1835 without having had further issue.

Horatio, sixth child of *Edmund (II) and *Catherine Nelson, was born at Burnham Thorpe on the 29th of September, 1758, and was given the name which had been that of his dead brother, the second of the family. His sponsors were Horatio, second Lord Walpole of Wolterton, Dr. Hamond, a relative by marriage on his mother's side, and Mrs. Joyce Pyll.

Ann, the seventh child, was born at Burnham Thorpe on the 20th of September, 1760. From the time when she left school until she was nineteen, she lived, apparently as an apprentice, in a lace warehouse in Ludgate Street, London. Her father records that he had paid 100*l.* premium on her account, and that after the death of her uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, a premium was paid for her release, and she returned to live at Burnham Thorpe. 'She is, as I apprehend,' wrote *Edmund Nelson in 1781, 'a free woman of the City of London, as her indentures are inrolled in the Chamberlain's Office.' Upon coming of age she became possessed of 2,000*l.* stock in the Three per Cents, the result in part of her uncle Suckling's legacy. She died unmarried at Bath on the 15th of November, 1783.

Edmund, the eighth child, who received the name which had been originally given to the eldest son of the family, was born at Burnham Thorpe on the 4th of June, 1762. After having left school, he was apprenticed to Nicholas Havers, a tradesman of Burnham, for seven years, at a premium of 70*l.* About 1782 he went to Ostend as an assistant in the counting house of his brother-in-law Bolton, with whom he returned to England in 1783. In 1784 he was part owner with Bolton in a share in a trading vessel. After that time his health seems to have declined, and, developing consumption, he died at Burnham Thorpe on the 12th of December, 1789, leaving all his property to Thomas and Susanna Bolton for life, and then to their twin daughters. There is some evidence that the fate of this brother deeply impressed Lord Nelson, and frequently rendered him anxious concerning the condition of his own lungs. As a matter of fact, the Admiral's lungs were always perfectly sound; yet at one period Nelson fully believed himself to be 'in a decline,' and at another, if we may judge from his correspondence, he supposed that

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the disease had made so much progress that he had but a few months to live.

Suckling, the ninth child, was born at Burnham Thorpe on the 5th of January, 1764, and upon leaving school was bound apprentice to Mr. Blowers, a linendraper of Beccles, until the attainment of the age of twenty-one. For his indentures his father paid 100 guineas. Captain Suckling left him and each of *Edmund Nelson's other surviving sons 500*l.* apiece. Suckling was also assisted by his other maternal uncle, William Suckling; and when, after coming of age and spending a year as a journeyman in London, he decided to set up for himself, he was able to purchase a house and stock-in-trade at Wilton at a cost of 1,125*l.* There he kept a shop as a grocer, draper, &c.; but he does not seem to have long survived.

George, the tenth child, born at Burnham Thorpe on the 13th of September, 1765, lived but a few months, and was buried at Burnham on the 21st of March, 1766.

Catherine, the eleventh and youngest child, who was born at Burnham Thorpe on the 19th of March, 1767, married in 1787 Mr. George Matcham, of Ashfold Lodge, Sussex. He died in 1833 and she in 1842, having had issue three sons and five daughters.

From this brief survey of the origin and history of the Nelson family down to the time when Horatio, *Edmund (II) and Catherine Nelson's sixth child and fifth son, carved out for himself a name and a nobility, it must, I think, appear that the popular conception as to the social level from which the Admiral sprang is altogether mistaken. The popular conception undoubtedly is that Nelson came of a good family, though not an opulent one, and that when *Edmund Nelson (II) allied himself with a lady who had in her veins the blood of the Walpoles, he married little if at all out of his own class. The truth is that even in marrying a Suckling he was marrying distinctly above him. His father had been a parson, and his sister had married a parson; but in those days the ordinary country parson, like the ordinary country lawyer and the ordinary country doctor, was a person of very small social consideration, and was, as often as not, a mere son of the soil, a trifle better educated perhaps than most of his brothers. Such was certainly the case with the parsons of the Nelson stock. *Edmund (I) was the son of a farmer, and the brother of farmers, and married a baker's daughter; and, though some of his nephews became parsons or attorneys, others remained tradesmen and farmers. *Edmund (II) had among his brothers-in-law a shoemaker as well as a parson; and although he married a Suckling, and had one son a parson and another a naval officer, his eldest daughter was first a milliner and then the wife of a corn and coal merchant, his second daughter was an assistant in a lace shop, and his sixth and seventh sons were apprenticed to small tradesmen, one of them ultimately becoming a

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ıntry grocer. I say this not to the disparagement of *Edmund), who was an honourable and hardworking clergyman, and who, h very exiguous resources, pinched himself repeatedly and severely order to start his children in life, but chiefly to accentuate the t that Horatio Nelson, the great sea captain, had a much harder k before him than is usually imagined. So long as his uncle ckling lived, he had, of course, some naval interest at his back. t Maurice Suckling died in 1778, when Nelson, not yet twenty, s still a lieutenant; and with Maurice Suckling, the young cer's only naval patron who had family reasons for helping him, appeared. Thenceforward Nelson had merely his own merits to push a onwards. Nor is this all. Few naval officers, even among those good family and breeding, had at that day much education. The who, besides being of good birth and breeding, had received a better ıcation than the large majority of their fellows, were placed in a ıation of great advantage, and, if men of any character and ability, lom failed to get rapid promotion and to attain to important com- nds. But Horatio Nelson, besides being of modest family and of y scanty education, was, according to the testimony of many who w him best and respected him most, far from being what was n known as a man of breeding. The letter written to Colling- d by the Duke of Clarence upon the occasion of the death of the o of Trafalgar is good evidence upon this point, although it may , perhaps, have been dictated by the best taste. Nelson's own respondence, and at times his behaviour, afford other testimony. is true, however, that we should avoid attaching too much ıificance to certain casual outbursts in letters which were iously never intended to see the light.

But all these considerations only magnify the greatness and y of the man who rose from almost nothing, and who, with fewer ble initial advantages than most of the distinguished officers of age, won his way to a position far ahead of all, by the force of ability, his independence of character, and his steady devotion to y.

W. Laird Clowes.

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LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN AFRICA

THE accession to office of a government whose Foreign and Colonial Secretaries were known to hold strong opinions on the subject of the liquor traffic with the native races of Africa, gave hope to those interested in the question that the time had at last come when effective steps would be taken to deal with this evil. For it had been chiefly owing to Lord Salisbury's efforts that the liquor clauses of the Brussels (Slave Trade) Act were agreed to by the signatory Powers: clauses which henceforward linked that traffic in the eyes of the world with its sister evil the slave trade. He had also obtained from Portugal the agreement of the 11th of June, 1891 by which the importation of ardent spirits was prohibited to either bank of the Zambezi and Shiré; and he has frequently during the last ten years received, with sympathy and encouragement, the deputations of the Anti-Liquor Traffic Committee advising them to press 'in season and out of season,' upon whatever government might be in power, the reforms which they advocate. Mr. Chamberlain showed no less an interest, and almost his first act at the Colonial Office was to institute inquiries on the subject, while his plain and emphatic condemnation of the traffic in more than one public speech and his guarantees to Khama (during the visit of that chief) indicated to Europe in unmistakable terms the views of the British Government.

On the 2nd of April, 1898 six years will have expired since the notification of the Brussels Act, and it will then be obligatory on the Powers to revise the scale of liquor duties, &c., imposed by the Act.[1] The urgency of the question, however, arises not merely from the proximity of this date for revision, nor yet solely from the magnitude of the existing evil—whether moral or commercial—which is daily being countenanced. It arises rather in a special degree from the great impetus given of late to railway extension in all of our West African Colonies by the energetic and progressive policy of the present Secretary of State. This railway extension, together with the cessation of intertribal wars, the abolition of the heavy tolls, formerly

[1] An *optional* opportunity for revision was offered after three years from the date of ratification, but this was not utilised.

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levied by various tribes, on goods in transit through their respective territories, and other recent facilities for the transport of goods, will vastly increase the area of distribution of the liquor, and will bring these spirits to countries in which we stand pledged by the Brussels Act to prevent their distribution. At such a moment it may not be inopportune to review such evidence on either side as has been made accessible to the public; and to discuss, as briefly as may be, the arguments used by the advocates of restriction or prohibition of this traffic, and the position of those who defend it.

Among the latter may be named the Liverpool merchants who are engaged in the trade. The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, in accordance with Mr. Chamberlain's request for information, appointed a committee to inquire into the subject. Their report, dated the 31st of October, 1895, may be regarded as the Brief for the Defence wherein are marshalled the witnesses in favour of the traffic; the report ends, however, with many excellent and useful suggestions. Sir G. Carter in a letter to the *Times* (6th of June, 1895) appeared on the same side, while extracts from the official reports of Sir B. Griffiths (late Governor of the Gold Coast) and Sir C. Macdonald (late Administrator of the Niger Coast Protectorate) have been quoted *usque ad nauseam* in support of the traffic; more recently the distinguished traveller, Miss Mary Kingsley, in a witty and amusing article in the *National Review* (March 1896), added the weight of her evidence and advocacy to the pro-liquor cause.

With these exceptions, African administrators, missionaries, and travellers seem to be practically unanimous in the condemnation of this traffic; and many of the names which I shall quote are those of men of very great African experience, whose opinions are entitled to great weight. The evidence of these experts has created a strong public opinion on the subject in England, to which a definite direction has been given by 'the Committee for the Prevention of the Demoralisation of the Native Races by the Liquor Traffic' (whom I will call in brief 'the Anti-Liquor Traffic Committee'), whose president is the Duke of Westminster, and whose secretary is the Rev. Grant Mills. And this public opinion has found expression in the press—more especially in the *Times*.

I. Demoralisation of the Native Races

The majority of African administrators and travellers—as will presently be seen—base their condemnation of the liquor traffic on its debasing influence upon the natives. The various missions have also urged this point of view with ceaseless pertinacity. Miss Kingsley retorts that 'the missionary party have gravely exaggerated both the evil and the extent of it, in order, I believe, to account for their own want of success,' while she endorses Sir G. Carter's assertion

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that 'Christianity and drink usually go together,' and infers that some of the statements in a letter from the Bishop of Equatorial Africa (Rev. H. Tugwell) to the *Times* are simply untrue. Sir B. Griffiths (late Governor Gold Coast),[2] quoting one of his staff (Mr. Hodgson), elaborates figures to prove that the average annual consumption of liquor in that colony is six-sevenths gallon per head, and argues that this contrasts favourably with the consumption in the United Kingdom, and that there is vastly more drunkenness here than in West Africa. Sir C. Macdonald[3] (late administrator Niger Coast Protectorate) again quotes Mr. Hodgson, and adds that he has seen more drunkenness in one day in Glasgow than during thirteen years in East, West, and North Africa.[4] Sir Claude sums up his argument as follows: 'It is the liquor traffic that supplies a revenue which enables the administration to deal with many crying evils. To make head against all of them, a strong and independent administration is requisite; to maintain that administration a revenue is necessary; could the liquor traffic be entirely and immediately done away with, and a sufficient revenue obtained from other sources, I for one would be very glad.'[3]

Are we then to admit that a territory for which Great Britain has voluntarily made herself responsible is to be conducted on the principle here laid down, a principle once attributed to the Jesuits, viz. that evil is lawful if good seems likely to come of it? and that its officials shall remain as collectors of customs on liquor at the coast, while its densely populated hinterland remains wholly unadministered, nor even explored?[5] 'It is,' says the *Times*, 'a scandal in the eyes of civilisation when the administration of a British colony has become almost wholly dependent for revenue upon the proceeds of the sale of intoxicating drink.' Mr. Hesketh Bell (Senior Assistant Treasurer Gold Coast) is the next witness, with the same calculations of the number of gallons imported, and the proportion they bear to the total population, deducing once more the same infinitesimal amount consumed per head. He also again works out very effectively the contrast between these figures and the con-

[2] C.O., No. 88, p. 22, and No. 136, p. 18.

[3] Africa, No. 1 of 1895, and No. 9 of 1895, p. 13. Also *Proceedings Royal Colonial Institute*, vol. xxvii. p. 31.

[4] This statement appears somewhat disingenuous in view of the fact that by far the greater part of this thirteen years had been spent in countries quite unaffected by the liquor traffic. Moreover, he quotes the sobriety of his police force as a case in proof of the falsity of the statements regarding drunkenness on the coast, whereas they were Yoruba Mahommedans, and Sir G. Carter bears witness to the fact that these men (who come from his colony) abstain on religious grounds. (Africa, No. 9, 1895, p. 5.)

[5] *Vide* Sir John Kirk's report. The 'Opobo trader,' quoted by the Liverpool Chamber (p. 24), says: 'Bende, probably 100 to 120 miles inland, appears to be the great metropolis of this part of the coast, . . . but it is too little known to speak of with any degree of certainty.'

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sumption in England, and winds up as usual with the greater frequency of the spectacle of drunkenness at home. The last witness quoted by the Liverpool Chamber ('an Opobo trader') goes through the same performance once again. Lastly, Miss Kingsley, in the article referred to, informs us afresh that you may see more drunkenness in a couple of hours on Saturday night in the Vauxhall Road than in the whole of West Africa in a week. Miss Kingsley, in combating the diametrically opposite statements made by the bishop and missionaries, remarks, 'I do not say that every missionary who makes untrue statements on the subject is an original liar; he is usually following his leaders and repeating their observations, without going into the evidence around him.' The curious coincidence that every single witness on the other side takes an identical line, suggests a similar suspicion that the following a lead and repetition of statements made by others is not confined to the missionaries.

With regard to the general argument: supposing it to be granted that drunkenness is out of all proportion more prevalent in certain low quarters of some of our large towns on 'Saturday nights' or 'Fast-days,' does the fact offer any reason why we should continue to import intoxicating liquors to the Africans? It must be remembered that the traffic is one which is increasing with extraordinary rapidity.[6] Are we only to pause when the standard reached by some of the worst localities in our large towns on exceptional occasions has been attained? I, and those who think as I do, maintain that the import should be restricted before the taste for alcohol has been implanted in the mass of the people. When once it has taken root their fate will be that of the American Indians, of the Maories and Tasmanians, and of the Hottentots; the dealings of civilised with inferior races afford us object-lessons in plenty!

It is worthy of remark that the comparison instituted between the streets of London or Glasgow and West Africa is most misleading. Drunken persons in England who perambulate the same streets as sober citizens, or make night hideous with their noisy uproar in the public-houses, are exceptionally *en évidence*. The West African village, hidden away in the mangrove swamps, offers no such opportunities for observation, while even in the large but rambling coast towns the European quarter is separated from the places where the natives most do congregate, and it is rare for Europeans (especially traders and officials) to walk about in the

[6] 'The trade in spirits,' says Mr. Hesketh Bell, the official already quoted, 'has increased more rapidly than that of any other article of import, and in six years has almost doubled itself.' This statement is made in respect of the Gold Coast, but the rate of increase both of Lagos and of the Niger Coast Protectorate is proportionally much greater. A correspondent of the *Times* (August 27, 1895) quotes figures to show that the annual import was more than trebled in the Gold Coast in a dozen years, while in the Niger Coast Protectorate it had nearly doubled in less than three years.

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heart of a native town, least of all by night. The huts and smaller villages scattered over the vast cultivated area which surrounds the large towns are altogether removed from European observation. The report of the Liverpool Chamber states that 'consumption of spirits by the ordinary native is restricted by the price of the article . . . in the interior the price becomes greatly enhanced by the cost and method of transport. Mr. Bell's statement that rum and gin are only used to any great extent by men of wealth and position is endorsed by the Governor of Lagos, and by traders of long experience on the coast.' These classes would not be seen perambulating the streets in a drunken state, nor would their private dwellings be accessible to Europeans, which may perhaps partly account for the absence of public drunkenness alleged by these witnesses.

As regards the amount of liquor consumed per head of the population. If it be true, as alleged, that in West Africa the liquor is consumed by the more wealthy only, what becomes of the elaborate argument, reiterated by all these gentlemen, which is based on a division of the number of imported gallons into the *total* population, including the poorest and those most distant from the coast? It is obvious that the number divisible must be limited (by their own showing) to the 'chiefs and wealthy nations,' and therefore that the number of gallons consumed will prove to be phenomenally large, instead of being an infinitesimal quantity. Surely it is much more to be regretted that men of wealth and position should be demoralised by this liquor than that the lowest classes (as so largely in England) should be the ones most affected? As trade increases and the country is opened up imports are cheapened, because the produce which buys them is more easily brought to market, and improved methods have increased its volume. Are we then to conclude that *pari passu* with the development of our colonies, gin and rum, at present the luxury of the comparatively rich, will be placed more and more within the reach of the masses? and that the area of distribution will be simultaneously increased? Such seems to me the logical conclusion from the premisses advanced in support of the traffic.

As between those who contend that drunkenness does not at present exist to any exceptional extent on the West Coast of Africa, and the missionaries and others who maintain that it does, I am unable myself to give a verdict from personal observation, for my experience in West Africa was chiefly in the interior, and my residence on the coast was not of sufficient duration to enable me to dogmatise on the subject. In the far interior of Yoruba it is undoubtedly true that the chiefs and better class are alone able to buy spirits in any great quantities. One of the finest natives I have met during a fairly large experience in many parts of Africa was the chief of Saki in Yoruba. The disinterested generosity he displayed in lending me succour at a critical time, even at a grave risk to himself, I am not

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likely easily to forget. It would have remained wholly unknown to me that this chief—of magnificent physique and in the prime of life—was a complete wreck from Lagos drink, and doomed to a premature death, had he not asked medical advice, and the fact been revealed after medical examination by Dr. Mottram. Yet this was in the very far interior on the frontier of Borgu.

I have discussed the views of those half-dozen apologists who deny the deleterious effects of imported spirits on the African races. Let us turn to the evidence on the other side. This includes the emphatic testimony of African administrators of great experience, such as Sir A. Mahony (late Governor of Lagos),[7] Sir Charles Warren,[8] Sir Sidney Shippard (late Administrator of Bechuanaland),[9] Colonel J. M. Clarke (Resident Commissioner, Basutoland), Mr. Rhodes,[10] Dr. Jameson,[11] and others; of notable travellers, including Sir Richard Burton,[12] Commander Cameron,[13] and Mr. J. Thomson;[14] of native clergymen and of missionaries, both in West and South Africa, who, so far as I know, are unanimous in their evidence;[15] of traders and others who have lived

[7] 'This uncontrolled sale has, it is too visible, a very degrading and degenerate effect on the aborigines' (C. 5563 of November 1888).

[8] 'There are many thousands of natives who have been reduced to the lowest depths of poverty and an early death by the drink traffic.'

[9] 'There has been an almost total absence of serious crime throughout British Bechuanaland. . . . This is partly due to strict enforcement of the salutary laws prohibiting the supply of liquor to natives' (C.O. Annual Report, 163, p. 4). *Vide* also p. 12 for emphatic endorsement by Crown Prosecutor.

[10] 'Even apart from humane considerations, I would from a commercial point of view oppose the liquor traffic amongst the natives of Africa. . . . It would be a bad policy to demoralise our workers by drink' (Mr. Rhodes to deputation in December 1894). He reminded them 'that all his legislation had been in the direction of absolute prohibition for the natives.'

[11] Dr. Jameson, writing of Gazaland, says: 'On approaching from Gungunyana's present residence, and coming amongst the kraals of the Gazas, extending over an area of ten miles, what one is impressed with more than anything else is the utter demoralisation from drink of the natives—men, women, and children' (to Imperial Society. Africa, No. 7, 1891).

[12] 'It is my sincere belief that if the slave trade were revived with all its horrors, and Africa could get rid of the white man with the gunpowder and rum which he has introduced, Africa would be a gainer by the exchange.'

[13] 'An African is addicted to getting drunk whenever he has the chance, and some of the chiefs are able to be constantly drunk. . . . This gin is not only spirit, but absolute poison.'

[14] 'In the notorious gin trade, however, lies a still greater evil. . . . We are ever ready to supply the victims to the utmost, driving them deeper and deeper into the slough of depravity, ruining them body and soul (Manchester Royal Geographical Society, January 27, 1886).

[15] The pages of the Anti-Liquor Traffic Committee's pamphlets—from which I have taken many of these extracts—teem with quotations from reports and letters of missionaries, colonial bishops, and native clergymen. Of late Bishop Tugwell (of Equatorial Africa) has written several letters to the *Times*, emphatically asserting the degradation of the natives from liquor. From these voluminous missionary writings I have no space here to quote. Miss Kingsley gives her reason for discrediting them; I name them merely as one among several different classes of witnesses whose motives are by no means identical.

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many years in Africa; and last, but not least, of native chiefs and of the people themselves, as shown by the recent memorials sent home to England signed by thousands of West African natives. Of this last class we may quote Khama,[16] Maliki of Nupé,[17] and Gungunyana of Gazaland,[18] each of them chief of a vast territory. Surely these men are more credible witnesses than even Miss Kingsley, wholly disinterested and palpably sincere though she be, or those two or three West Coast governors and officials who have entered the lists to support the backbone of the system they maintain? The list of those who without personal and local experience support the demand for the restriction of the liquor traffic in Africa comprises a vast number of the names which stand foremost in the British Empire. Suffice it to quote the words spoken by Her Majesty the Queen to Khama: 'I confirm the settlement of the case which my minister has made, I approve of the provision excluding strong drink from your country. I feel strongly in this matter, and am glad to see that the chiefs have determined to keep so great a curse from the people.' Memorials have been sent to Lord Salisbury from New South Wales and from Victoria, urging that steps should be taken in this matter. 'As citizens of the British Empire, though in so distant a part' (they write), 'we feel that the honour of our race is touched by the present conditions.' Nay, even the very men who have been quoted as apologists of the traffic are inconsistent in their evidence. The Chairman of the Committee which drew up the Liverpool Chamber's report is stated (in the *Times*) to have said, 'To my mind the West African liquor traffic is a great evil. . . . Every unbiassed mind must admit that the importation into West Africa of alcohol in large quantities is calculated to have a most deteriorating influence on the natives.' Sir C. Macdonald, then not engaged in defending it, alludes to it as a 'pernicious import,' and Mr. Hodgson, whose oft-quoted apology for the traffic forms the very text of the defence, says in a letter to the *Times* (December 31), 'We sell him' (the African native)

[16] *Vide* Khama's appeal to Sir S. Shippard in 1888 against the attempt 'to flood my country with drink after all the long struggle I have made against it, withstanding my people at the risk of my life, and just when they themselves have come to see how great a salvation my drink laws have proved to be. It were better for me that I should lose my country than that it should be flooded with drink. But to fight against drink is to fight against demons, and not against men. I dread the white man's drink more than all the assegais of the Matabele, which kill men's bodies and it is quickly over, but drink puts devils into men, and destroys both their souls and their bodies for ever. Its wounds never heal.'

[17] Maliki, the *Mahommedan* Emir of Nupé on the Niger, wrote to Bishop Crowther in 1884 as follows: 'Rum has ruined my country; it has ruined my people. It has made them become mad.' He urged him to 'beg the English Queen to prevent the bringing of rum into this land . . . to spoil our country.'

[18] In June 1891 Gungunyana sent envoys to England. Huluhulu stated that imported 'liquor brought up by the Inkotuanzi River west of Delagoa Bay degraded and destroyed whole tribes along its banks.' The chief in reply to a letter from the Anti-Liquor Traffic Committee wrote in the same sense.

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'semi-poisonous compounds under the name of gin.' It were easy to multiply this evidence almost indefinitely, but enough I think has been adduced to prove that the liquor traffic is debasing to the natives.

It is also important to ascertain the truth regarding the quality of the liquor imported. Sir G. Carter says, 'It is not a poisonous, unwholesome compound, but a safe and palatable stimulant if properly diluted.' No other of the witnesses quoted by the Liverpool Chamber can be found, apparently, to endorse this statement. On the contrary, I have already quoted Mr. Hodgson's description of it, while Mr. Bell frankly admits that 'it is to be feared that the quality of the French and German rum is of the worst description.' Dr. Easmon, chief medical officer, Gold Coast, writing to the *Times*, is still more emphatic.[19] Of the liquor imported into South Africa and the Transvaal since the opening of the Delagoa Bay Railway, and generally known as the 'nigger-killer,' the *Times* (September 9, 1895) speaks as follows: 'It acts in some cases as a direct poison, and one night of hard drinking will, we are informed, suffice to kill the stoutest of Zulus.' Miss Kingsley gives the analysis of a bottle of trade gin made by an expert analyst. 'The present sample,' he said, 'differs in no material particulars from, and was neither more nor less deleterious to health than, the gins purchased in different parts of London.' The Liverpool Chamber report speaks of the 'higher classes' and the 'lower classes' of alcoholic liquors imported. If there is a difference in the quality of the imports, we must suppose that Miss Kingsley's specimen bottle was of the better sort. Sir R. Watson, a Glasgow merchant, at one time engaged in the transport of this liquor, told me that he had made careful inquiries regarding the nature of the spirit, and he found that its cost per dozen case, including bottles, corks, packing-cases, &c., was under 2*s*. So poisonous did he consider the liquor to be that he abandoned all connection with such a traffic. Nor was he singular in this action, for Mr. Imrie of Birkenhead adopted the same course from the same motives.

It is urged by those who defend the liquor traffic that if the natives had not the opportunity of buying imported European spirits they would merely manufacture a native spirit from grain, or the sap of various palms, &c. The principle on which this argument is based is, in fact, that an immoral but lucrative traffic is defensible because if we do not assist in the evil that evil will nevertheless take place. Public opinion will, I think, rather maintain that drunkenness due to locally manufactured liquors is an evil (like the many great evils with which a civilised administration has to contend in Africa) it will be our

[19] 'What is true of the Gold Coast, however, and equally true of other parts of Africa, is the vile quality of the spirits sold to the natives. I desire especially to emphasise this point, for herein lies the only practical solution of the problem (*Times*, August 18, 1895).

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duty to cope with and to restrain. Miss Kingsley makes much of this argument, and contends that the drunkenness caused by native-made spirit is worse in its effect than that produced by European liquor, and gives rise to renal disease.

It is common ground with all the apologists I have quoted that the African native is not, naturally, greatly addicted to intemperance. Sir Charles Warren states that 'it is an absolute fact that by our laws we force the drink on their territories which was disallowed under their own laws.' In the interior of East Africa many tribes in the banana countries of Uganda, Usoja, &c., brew a pleasant cider from the fruit, and this (especially when mixed with grain) can be made very intoxicating. It is, however, generally, I think, preferred in its milder form, nor have I seen any great amount of drunkenness in those countries. Miss Kingsley, while describing the native liquor of the West Coast as worse, in her opinion, than the imported liquor, yet admits that an enormous quantity must be consumed to produce intoxication. Native beer (Pombé or Merissa) is made from millet and other grain, and is usually a thick and not unwholesome gruel, with no very great intoxicating effects. It is, as Gungunyana's envoy said, 'as much a food as drink,' and throughout the greater part of Africa is the only native-made liquor. The Sudanese from Emin's province, whom I brought to Uganda, distilled whisky, an art taught them by Sir S. Baker, as related in his works. The fiery liquors made from the 'madafu' (or young cocoanut) in East Africa (and elsewhere from the sap of the date and Elias palm) are very pernicious in their effects. The former is brewed surreptitiously by slaves in the cocoanut plantations of the coast Arabs. In this part of Africa the Mahommedan prohibition of strong liquors is strictly observed, and the restriction of this illicit traffic would be in accord with the feelings and wishes of the Arab owners. Were these men compelled to exercise a somewhat stricter supervision over their estates, and fines (payable by the owner of the estate) instituted for the manufacture or sale of this spirit, the traffic would soon cease to exist. The cocoanut palm is not found inland, where the only varieties which occur are the Borassus, date, and Hyphoene. So far as my memory serves me, it is only in Unyoro that I have seen the sap of either of these palms collected, and in that country the memory of the distillery which Baker taught Kamrasi to make may still survive. In Nyasaland the usual drink is the native beer. In South Africa, throughout Bechuanaland and Ngamiland, I have hitherto seen no drunkenness attributable to native-made liquor. It is worthy of notice that the chiefs whom I have quoted as appealing against the terrible effect of the white man's spirit found no cause of trouble with the native-made liquors denounced by Miss Kingsley and Sir C. Macdonald. Their countries were not ruined by these, and even after the craving for spirits had been created by the imported

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liquor, its evil effects ceased throughout Nupé, Bechuanaland, and Basutoland when the 'white man's drink' was prohibited in those countries.

Great as I hold to be the evil of the importation of cheap spirits into Africa, there is an evil even greater, from which I am glad to say that, so far as I am aware, that portion of Africa over which the British flag flies is as yet free. This is the formation of distilleries by Europeans in Africa. We hear of 'six distilleries in full working order in Gazaland (Gungunyana's) . . . and another very large one in course of erection at Ressano Garcia, with a plant of the newest type, and of a size able to manufacture enormous quantities of liquor' for sale to the natives. This is in fact the poisonous stuff called 'nigger-killer' which I have already spoken of.[20] The article from which I quote adds that the competition (resulting from the importation of this liquor into the Transvaal) 'will give a much-needed fillip to the distilling industry in the Transvaal.' Thus European nations, not content with importing, are to vie with each other in producing on the spot a liquor whose effects on the natives are possibly fatal in a single night, and have resulted in a great increase of native crime in the mining districts.[21] The Volksraad has, however, recently passed a most enlightened and beneficial law absolutely prohibiting the sale of liquor to natives, and it is to be hoped that this will put an end to the terrible and continual intoxication at present so prevalent among the natives on the Rand, the accounts of which (vouched for by innumerable witnesses) are sufficient evidence *per se* of the demoralising and utterly debasing effects of drink on the native.[22] I hope also that this new law (which puts Cape legislation to shame) may indicate a new departure in Transvaal liquor legislation; and that the Government will no longer allow their frontier to be used as an asylum, where storekeepers on the Bechuanaland (British) side may erect shanties, and ferry their customers across the Limpopo, or smuggle liquor for

[20] A correspondent of the *Times* (August 8, 1896) states that it is composed of 'bad whisky, mixed with Indian arrack, cayenne paper, tobacco juice, bluestone, &c.'

[21] The same writer says: 'From statistics placed at my disposal by the Chamber of Mines it is clearly shown that 15 per cent. of the mine labourers are daily absent from work through drunkenness, and another 5 per cent. are rendered inefficient. . . . Murderous assaults and faction fights are of daily occurrence. It is a well-known fact that hundreds of deaths occur annually through the sale of this liquor to natives.' Mr. Dicey writes, 'The manager of one single mine reported recently: "We have in our employ about 1,500 natives; on an average 375 of these are daily unfit to enter the mines through the vile liquor which they have every facility for obtaining"' (*Nineteenth Century*, May 1896, p. 733).

[22] 'The Zulus and other natives are temperate, steady, honest men in their own countries, but when they come up to this mining centre for employment they generally succumb to the temptation of drink, and rapidly lose their self-respect and become callous and degraded' (*ibid.*).

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illicit sale in spite of the Bechuanaland laws, and of Khama's efforts to keep out the drink. This illicit traffic, however, cannot be difficult of detection and effective punishment by the British protectorate authorities were they so minded. Finally, in regard to this subject of local distilleries, I may remind my reader that the ninety-third article of the Brussels Act imposes an excise duty, equal in amount to the minimum import duty (6½*d.*), on all spirits so produced, and that the signatory powers undertake by the same article to ensure its collection.

The Liverpool Chamber's report says that 'hardly one substantial fact' has been adduced in support of the contention that the quality of the liquor imported into Africa is bad, and that it demoralises the natives. I hope that an impartial reader will concede that I have to some extent supplied the deficiency.

II. The Liquor Traffic and Trade

I have endeavoured to discuss the question of the demoralisation of the native races, for any treatment of this subject which took no account of that question would be an inadequate one. Nevertheless, for my own part, I consider that one of the chiefest of the objections to the liquor traffic is based on grounds wholly apart from these. Even were it to be granted that the demoralisation of the natives is a chimera, I should still stigmatise the liquor traffic as a bar to civilisation and progress in Africa, a short-sighted and perilous commercial venture, and as destructive of that legitimate expansion of trade and creation of new markets which is the ostensible reason of our presence in Africa. (*a*) In the first place the importation of liquor enormously decreases the importation of Manchester and Birmingham goods. The cry is for 'new markets,' and the daily papers teem with unpleasant statistics which go to prove that our trade supremacy is being wrested from us by Germany; yet here in our Crown colonies and protectorates we forego the market that might be ours, and substitute foreign-made goods for our own, from which we derive no profit except such as accrues from a small portion of the carrying trade. 'Rum and gin are imported' (says Mr. Hesketh Bell) 'from foreign countries—the United States, France and Germany—the liquor is carried mostly by foreign shipping, and is principally sold on the coast by alien factors. West of the Volta' (he adds) 'the natives prefer gin, and two-thirds of the liquor is supplied by American sailing vessels.' To the East 'the spirit trade is almost entirely in the hands of Germans, who import rum and gin from Hamburg in German shipping.' French factories are established at Kitla, Adda, and Accra, 'and sell large quantities of French rum. The increase of trade (liquor) at Kitla turns only to the profit of foreign traders, who use foreign capital, employ foreign clerks, im-

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port foreign goods, and give freight to foreign ships.' Such is the evidence of the Gold Coast official quoted as an apologist of the liquor trade!

The amount of liquor (as quoted by the Liverpool Chamber's report) imported into British possessions on the West Coast (exclusive of the Niger territories administered by the Niger Company) for 1893 was six million odd gallons, valued at 447,248*l*. For 1894 the returns of only two districts—Lagos and the Niger Coast Protectorate—are given, and these two alone amount to 3,645,459 gallons, valued at 271,095*l*. To this extent is British trade a loser. Native cloth laboriously produced in primitive hand-looms competes successfully with our Manchester cottons, while the native sells his produce for foreign-made gin and rum. One witness states that at a place called Ilaro he found quantities of produce being brought in, for which there was nothing whatever in the factory to give in payment but liquor, so the producers have no alternative, though, as the 'Opobo trader' tells us, they frequently clamour for other goods. Thus, while cheap liquor of foreign manufacture is imported wholesale, cheap cloth and other useful goods are notably deficient, and the appliances of civilisation, the machinery and the organised industry of the Manchester cotton mills, are superseded in the market by the primitive manufactures of 'savages.'[23] The trade returns are misleading in this matter, for even the comparatively small values of the 'cloth stuffs' are largely made up of expensive plushes, velvets, brocades, and satins. The high prices of such goods mean of course a relatively small import. I have myself seen in the hinterland of Lagos what a demand there is for cloth, and the almost complete absence of supply. This is endorsed by Sir G. Carter himself. Moreover the demand for liquor to a great extent kills the demand for other goods, even where the articles of legitimate commerce are available.

(*β*) Secondly, the purchase of an article which—whether it be pernicious or not—is in any case a merely sensual pleasure effects nothing towards the elevation of the race in the standard of living, and does not promote habits of thrift or industry. If utensils, agricultural implements, or suchlike goods were purchased instead of liquor, not only would the African be raised in the plane of civilisation, but the output of his industry, enhanced by improved appliances, would be greater and of better quality. 'In Basutoland' (says the *Times*), 'where it has been found possible to enforce a law of absolute prohibition, the natives have learnt to furnish their huts after the fashion of European labourers, using crockery, cotton fabrics, and agricultural implements. In no native territory to which liquor is

[23] 'From careful calculations it appears that no less than 31,000,000 yards of cloth are annually consumed in Yoruba, of which 30,000,000 are of local manufacture' (A. Milson, Colonial Secretary, Lagos, June 1891, at Manchester Chamber of Commerce).

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freely admitted does such a condition of native life present itself.' In a paper which I had the honour to read at the Colonial Institute I advanced these views, which were endorsed by Colonel Carden, Governor of Sierra Leone. 'As to the liquor traffic,' he remarked, 'I can fully endorse all that the lecturer has said, so far as my knowledge goes. . . . I feel convinced that if you would take away from the natives the liquor, other wants would be created, and they would purchase other articles which would be far more remunerative to the British merchant.[24] This incompatibility of the liquor traffic with legitimate trade, and its sterilising effects on industry, is the point of view taken by Sir George Goldie,[25] founder and Governor of the Royal Niger Company, and also (as the quotation I have already given shows) by Mr. Rhodes. It was also insisted on by the late Mr. J. Thornton [26] many years ago.

III. Proposed Action

The ideal which all who think as I do wish to achieve is the total abolition of the spirit traffic in Africa. So far as South Africa is concerned, I hold that this course is immediately feasible, for the machinery for enforcing the law is in existence, and the experiment has already been made with success in various districts. In West Africa, however, I fear that immediate and summary prohibition is a 'counsel of perfection,' and I advocate therefore that the duties in all British possessions should be at once equalised to the level of the highest (3*s.* per gallon), and that this uniform duty should be raised periodically, until it equals and exceeds that levied on high-class whiskies and brandies of British manufacture, at present imported for European consumption only. The duty on these should be fixed at, say, 8*s.* or 9*s.* per gallon (the duty in the United Kingdom being 10*s.* 6*d.* per gallon); incidentally this would possibly have some useful effect in checking the excessive consump-

[24] *Royal Colonial Institute Proceedings*, vol. xxvii. p. 31.

[25] 'I speak from sixteen years' experience, . . . and I say confidently that unless immediate steps are taken to stop this traffic—not by higher duties, but by absolute prohibition—a state of things will soon be brought about that must ultimately lead to the entire abandonment of the country. . . . I cannot believe that the conscience of Europe will long allow that the vast populous regions of tropical Africa should be used only as a cesspool of European alcohol' (Speech, May 3, 1895, at Grosvenor House).

[26] 'Is this a trade which will pay in the long run? Will the country flourish under such a system? To these questions I answer emphatically "No, a thousand times No!" A trade which commences with gin will continue with gin, and will end with gin. Industry and thrift cannot be found in such company, and with the absence of these there can be no development of the mineral and vegetable riches of the country. In these facts lies the secret of the astoundingly small progress our West Coast settlements have made through all the long period they have been in our hands' (Manchester Geographical Society, January 27, 1886).

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tion of spirits by Europeans on the West Coast. This duty on high-class spirits should be stationary, while the progressive increase on 'trade spirits' should cease only with the extinction of the import. The operation of this principle of taxation is not intended to be in any way protective. Wholesome spirits of a high class, whether British made or foreign, would be subject to an identical tax for revenue and economic purposes; and the reasons for the exclusion of this foreign-made cheap 'trade liquor' would be those I have already detailed, viz. its injurious effects on the natives and on legitimate trade.

I have said that (1) *Total* prohibition is the ultimate result at which I aim, and (2) that its sudden enforcement is in my opinion not feasible. (*a*) With regard to the first point. It has been well remarked by Sir G. Goldie that anything short of total prohibition is unadvisable for two reasons: (1) It is impossible to discriminate in the interior between liquor which has passed through the Custom House and paid duty and that which has been smuggled. If total prohibition be enforced, the sale of spirits can at once be made penal, and this would render it far easier to deal with the smuggling question over inland frontiers. (2) Secondly, if total prohibition is enacted, vessels with cargoes of spirits would find it difficult to explain their presence on the coast, since it is not the highway to any other part of the world. Thereby the preventive service at sea would be greatly facilitated. To these arguments the missionary party would add, that if it be conceded that the traffic is a hurtful one to the natives, a power with the traditions of which England is justly proud should stoop to no compromise with 'the accursed thing.'

(*β*) On the second point: it is to be borne in mind that large interests are involved, which, perhaps by our negligence or selfish indifference, have been allowed to grow up during a long series of years, and that these must be treated equitably and not arbitrarily, and a period of transition allowed, during which merchants and traders may get rid of their stock, and gradually substitute other merchandise.[27] Moreover the sudden enforcement of total prohibition would cause great discontent (and possibly disaffection) among the native consumers, a result which would be largely avoided (owing to the apathetic and acquiescent nature of the African) if the restriction were enforced more gradually. A sudden deprivation to those habituated to the consumption, and upon whom had grown a craving for the liquor, might not improbably lead to attempts (possibly with skilled assistance) to produce a similar fiery intoxicant locally, and to such an extension of the manufacture of home-made liquors as might subsequently be difficult to restrain.

[27] This would not apply to British merchants at home, who have no such stocks on hand.

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Considering these arguments on either side, I think that if the duty were raised 9*d.* or 1*s.* annually the best result would be obtained.[28] It would, however, be essential that the intentions of Government should not become known, or that a maximum amount should be fixed (based on the average of past years) which any single firm would claim to import during the year; otherwise the same vast consignments would be made in anticipation of the rise in duty as were lately effected in the Niger Coast Protectorate. It might also effect some good if it were enacted that the spirits sold to natives should be adulterated with some 50 per cent. of water, and if the sale of any spirit containing a larger percentage of alcohol than this were made penal.

In reply to Miss Kingsley's argument that some stimulant is necessary in the malarial swamps and creeks of the West African Coast region, where the food of the native is poor and insufficient, and meat is rarely obtainable, it is sufficient to remark that Nature has provided for the wants which she creates, and the mildly stimulating native beers &c. will supply the need of a stimulant when required from climatic causes. Miss Kingsley herself insists on the fact that the bulk of the spirit is imported up-country beyond the delta area.

Mr. Chamberlain in his letter (April 17, 1896) to the Anti-Liquor Traffic Committee says: 'His Government are quite ready to agree to the imposition of higher duties, but no satisfactory agreement such as the Committee desire is possible unless the French and German Governments are also willing to increase the duties in their possessions to the same extent. His Government are in communication with the French and German Governments with a view to inducing them to join in raising the duties, but no agreement has yet been arrived at.' Herein lies the difficulty. It is urged that if we increase our duties the whole of our trade will pass into the hands of our rivals, since (it is alleged) it is practically impossible to prevent smuggling across the frontiers. It must be remembered that Germany has a far greater pecuniary interest in this traffic than England has, for the spirits are very largely manufactured there. Public opinion has, however, expressed itself very strongly in Germany in condemnation of the traffic.[29] The 'Colonial Council'—a deliberative

[28] This method of securing eventual prohibition would also meet the difficulty pointed out by Colonel Cardew: 'In Sierra Leone the negro colonists enjoy equal rights as citizens with the European population, and would resent anything that accentuated race differences.' There would be no discrimination between the two races in the application of the proposed legislation.

[29] The *Cologne Gazette*, commenting on Mr. Chamberlain's words about the liquor traffic, remarked that 'practical schemes which should be binding not only on Germany but on England would be submitted to a very sympathetic examination, and there is nothing to hinder England from laying proposals before the powers interested.' It is to be noted that while spirits are apparently prohibited in German

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body chosen by Government, whose opinions 'have often in the past exercised decisive influence on the policy of Government'—expressed incredulity at the statistics on this subject disclosed by the *Times*, and promised to institute a thorough inquiry. Its tone was sympathetic, and it expressed conviction that 'Germany at any rate does her duty by the Brussels Act.' So long ago as the 14th of May 1889 the Reichstag passed a resolution 'to request the Federal Governments to again take into consideration whether and how the trade in spirits in the German colonies can be effectually opposed either by prohibition or limitations.' Moreover, in August 1894, in reply to a memorial addressed to him, the German Emperor replied that 'the Imperial Government carefully keep in view to check by every possible means the evils arising from the liquor trade with uncivilised nations, . . . and have issued regulations aiming at the suppression in the German Protectorate of the trade referred to.' These Imperial and official pronouncements cannot be lightly set aside, but presumably the influence brought to bear by the Hamburg manufacturers has hitherto prevented any effective action. French writers, as was to be expected, speak in an equally sympathetic way, and recently one of them cordially endorsed a suggestion of a uniform 5*s*. tariff. Sir G. Goldie remarks that 'the Niger Company naturally have commercial relations with various interests in France; they also have strong reasons for watching carefully the currents of feeling in colonial circles there, and a large number of their shareholders are French. I am informed from many quarters that public opinion there is now ripe for this question.' [30]

The spirit duties in the German West African possessions (Togoland and the Cameroons) are about 9¾*d*. per gallon. In consequence of this low tariff on the narrow seaboard of Togoland, the English Gold Coast colony on the one side has reduced its duty east of the Volta to the German level, while the French on the other side, in the colony of Dahomey, impose only the minimum tariff permitted by the Brussels Act (6½*d*.). The French, however, levy a 3*s*. duty in the Gaboon, while 'along the whole of the portion of the coast which falls within the angle formed by the bend of the Niger, a further "consumption tax" is levied, varying according to degrees of strength, and ranging from about 4½*d*. per gallon on rum 48° u. p. to 3*s*. 6*d*. per gallon on alcohol 87° and stronger' (*Times*).[31] The British duties are as follows: Gold Coast west of the Volta (which

South-west Africa (F.O. Miscel. Series 382, p. 36), we import spirits into Walfisch Bay, a British port in the centre of the German coast (*ibid*. p. 33), while in East Africa the German police are engaged in preventing the sale of spirits to the natives (p. 34), and in the Marshall and Caroline Islands the export is entirely prohibited.

[30] Grosvenor House speech, May 1895.

[31] The duty in the Congo State is about 6½*d*. The total import in 1892–93 was only 206,262 gallons, of which nearly five-sixths was less than 50 per cent. u. p. (F. O. Annual Series, 1450).

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offers a frontier easily guarded), 2*s.* 6*d.*; Sierra Leone, 3*s.*; Lagos, 1*s.*; Niger Coast Protectorate, 1*s.*; Gambia, 2*s.*; Niger Company, 2*s.* (total prohibition above lat. 7°). A general consideration of these figures leads to the conclusion that England and France have shown a desire to increase their duties in some at least of their colonies, while Germany has shown no such inclination. If Germany could be induced to agree to raise the duty on her small Togoland seaboard only, it might be possible to equalise duties along the whole coast from the Gambia to the northern frontier of the Cameroons, a distance of 2,000 miles along the coast, where the traffic is worst, for France could forego her 'consumption tax' in favour of an enhanced tariff. Or again, if France should object to raise the tariff on the Ivory Coast and Senegambia, the inclusion in the new scale of duties of Dahomey only (whose seaboard together with that of Togoland is less than 100 miles) would secure an uninterrupted coast line of over 1,000 miles from the western frontier of the Gold Coast to the northern frontier of the Cameroons. In the event of any such agreement, the only frontiers to be guarded would be the extreme ones at either limit of the area. Such a uniformity of duties would tend to do away with much friction and expense in the preventive service against smuggling.

Actual experience, both in Sierra Leone and Lagos,[32] has proved that an increase of the spirit duty, so far from causing a diminution, results in an increase of revenue, while decreasing the import of spirits. The progressive increase, therefore, would have reached a very high level before a diminution in revenue on that account would be anticipated, and meanwhile other imports would be in course of substitution for spirits. The experience of the Niger Company proves that any check to trade, even in the case of sudden and total prohibition, is but temporary. 'Trade,' says Sir G. Goldie, speaking of the liquor prohibition north of lat. 7°, 'soon recovered itself, and has steadily grown, and is now far larger and more important than before the prohibition of the liquor traffic.'

Supposing, however, that France and Germany refuse to co-operate in any way, the question remains: Is it impossible for England to act alone in the interests of humanity and civilisation, as well as to her own true commercial advantage? I maintain that it is by no means impossible, and (to quote Sir George Goldie once again, than whom no one is more qualified to give an opinion) 'there would be expense but no insuperable difficulty' on the inland frontiers, and as regards the seaboard the risk of smuggling has greatly diminished of late years.' Experience has already proved that it is feasible. Sierra Leone has maintained a duty of 3*s.* (with a consequent increase of revenue) in spite of the low duty obtaining in the territories on either

[32] C.O. Annual Series, No. 58 of 1891, p. 29.

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side of her frontiers. The Gold Coast, though coterminous with the German frontier, has, west of the Volta, maintained a 2*s.* 6*d.* duty, and could in the same manner maintain any higher impost. The Niger Company in their delta district have maintained a 2*s.* duty and a high license tax, though the Niger Coast Protectorate on either side of their seaboard has only a 1*s.* duty,—and this notwithstanding the fact that the whole delta area common to both is a network of creeks, which afford facilities for smuggling such as no other inland frontier presents. Lagos would have to maintain an effective preventive service on her Dahomey frontier, but already her spirit-tariff is nearly double that of her neighbour, and the Niger Coast Protectorate would similarly have to guard its southern frontier towards the Cameroons. But these West Coast possessions are among the richest of the British Empire, and could well afford to spend a certain sum upon this service, in order to place their trade on a sounder basis and to vastly increase the volume of British-made imports. I confidently believe that the expense incurred would be more than recouped, and that within a very short period. Lagos and the Niger Coast Protectorate would only have one frontier each to be guarded, while the Niger Company would cease to require any preventive service, and such deplorable incidents as the attack upon one British settlement by the natives of another (due to repressive measures against smuggling) would then cease to be possible. This smuggling across inland frontiers is the only real obstacle to be overcome—though undoubtedly a considerable one—for, owing to the difficulty which large vessels experience (and the liquor can only be brought in large vessels) in approaching close to the surf-beaten coast of West Africa, little fear need be entertained of illicit importation. Their cargoes must either be discharged into boats far out at sea, or they must enter the recognised ports, and in either case the landing of contraband goods would be difficult. Moreover, since England (in common with France and Germany) maintains gunboats in the West African seas, the cost of patrolling the coast would be small.

I have said that the date on which the tariffs imposed by the Brussels Act must be subjected to revision will be the 2nd of April, 1898. It is to be remembered that five only of the seventeen signatory powers have any possessions in Africa. The connection of Holland, who for so long refused to sign the Act and jeopardised the work of the Conference, is limited to the vast market she finds in Africa for the cheap liquor she manufactures. Since, therefore, we may count on her strenuous opposition to any increase of spirit duties proposed at an international revision, it becomes the more necessary for France, Germany and England, whose territories are affected by this import, to come to an understanding independently of any such international revision, or in default of this understanding for England to prove her sincerity by taking the initiative. Shall we appeal in

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vain to those two great nations who march in the van of European civilisation and progress? With their co-operation all difficulty vanishes. On the other hand, if our appeal be futile, shall we continue to pursue this immoral and commercially suicidal policy from fear of the extra cost of a preventive service on the extreme frontiers of colonies well able to pay the charge?

F. W. LUGARD.

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SKETCHES MADE IN GERMANY

IV

It is questionable whether any verbal picture can do justice to Leo Wolmar, for though but a school lad, a minor, according to the letter of the law, his moral and intellectual qualities were such as to impress their strength and beauty upon the hearts of all who had the privilege of knowing him. If it be true, that our souls are adult at twenty as much as they are ever like to be, and as capable then as ever, the future of Wolmar most certainly was assured. 'A soul that has not by that time given evident earnest of its force and virtue will never after come to proof. The natural qualities and virtues produce what they have of vigorous and fine, within that term or never.' It is because those words are so apposite to the case of Wolmar that they are here quoted.

Yet it is not for the brilliant qualities of his mind but those of his heart that the friends of his youth would affectionately remember and regard him. Born, by right of genius, to excel in whatever he undertook to do, he was likewise born for the generous offices of friendship. Youth is the ideal age for friendship which has been called sacred and divine. But strangely erratic is the heart in its choice often of an unworthy object for its affections. Doubtless had he been questioned, Wolmar would have been at a loss to account for his deep love for one so immeasurably his inferior as Hans. That there was some redeeming grace of heart and mind in the nature of his friend; that, looking beyond the grossness of the body, deep below the thick scum of a perverted mind, Wolmar found that which satisfied his brotherly love, must be taken for granted. And the rest remains a secret between the honoured living and the forgotten dead.

There was always something recreative in those quiet Saturday afternoon readings which brought Leo Wolmar with an armful of books, his dark, eager intellectual face sharpened by the arduous studies of the week, to what he was pleased to call, with characteristic affability, his 'lesson;' when, with the audacity of youth and of brilliant parts, he made short work of text-books and manuals, and spluttered about at his own sweet will in the intricacies of grammar

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and translation. The lad's progress was marvellous, for he never learnt a lesson by heart, and outside the curriculum of the gymnasium had little or no time for further study. He seemed to imbibe knowledge by some rapid and subtle process of intuition, and to arrive at definite practical results by unexpected mental leaps and bounds. It is true that with Latin and French at his fingers' ends he was able to help himself by means of merely miscellaneous reading, and soon learned to translate both rapidly and idiomatically, much to his own naïve delight. A twist in the language, an intricate turn, an idiomatic knot, was but another stepping-stone in the swollen stream to new and varied beauties of expression. He literally revelled in the scenery of a language, and would often stop and read a passage over again, muttering to himself, 'That is fine,' as a climber will retrace, with a kindling eye, the mountain path he has left behind. Nothing short of the very best ever satisfied or chained his attention. Scorning the wishy-washy inanities of school books, he plunged at once into the plays of his beloved Shakespeare, and afterwards from one foraging expedition triumphantly returned with the discovery of *Lycidas* and the *Elegy* of Gray. With the greater plays of Shakespeare he was more or less familiar; but the *Lycidas* of Milton, and the minor Classicism of the *Elegy*, gave him the occupation he delighted in, and he was not satisfied till he had conquered both, not by mechanical *rôle*, but by digging and delving to the very root of things. His energy and industry were truly infectious.

Yet, ideal student as he was, one's imagination liked better to associate the boy's labours with the outdoor world of valorous action, than with book lessons and lamplight study—not apprehending that he had already chosen his battle-field, one for which no soldier's uniform nor roll of drum was needed. The boy had the wisdom, the rare facility, of knowing his own mind in his teens. That he was romantic goes without saying, but his romance, so far from being visionary, so far from disregarding the blunt truths of every-day life, was destined one day to be touched to fine issues of the noblest, the most practical, offices of humanity. It was safe to assume that with his mental capacity, his strong earnest character, his deep passionate devotion to his chosen profession, Wolmar's genius would one day become a dynamic influence in the land of his birth. As yet he was but a youth, full of noble enthusiasm in behalf of man, the worker, and the ultimate regeneration of the human race. Born in any other country where the moral influence and the patriarchal discipline of the parental will are less stubborn factors in the shaping of a young man's career, the lad might have developed what is called the poetic temperament. Born a German, in a practical, pushing age, moving in a straight and narrow social groove where to dream of aught save money-making and money-saving is

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to be guilty of an offence against society at large, all the poetry and romance inherent in the lad turned in default of other outlet to love of his fellow creatures, and to be a doctor, to assuage pain, to minister to the needs of the poor, the dying and the suffering, was to assume with reverence and a becoming spirit of humility the sacred calling of a new priesthood. Thus it was that with all his romance he was the most practical of young men. And instead of writing sonnets to an imaginary mistress's eyebrow, or contemplating beginning his life's work at the stage at which his father was leaving off, he humbly set himself to know himself, to rule his appetites, to till and sow the soil of his mind with such seed as should bring him the harvest he hoped for, the realisation of his unselfish dreams.

So much for Leo Wolmar.

One day in the midst of his reading he all at once looked up and pushed his book away.

'Are you tired?' he was asked.

'Not tired,' he replied, shaking his head. 'But sad, depressed, preoccupied. I cannot read any more.'

Knowing the boy well, Marion Carr humoured his mood and was silent.

Deliberately he began to pack his books. When he had strapped them to his satisfaction, he said simply, and without further preamble:

'I have a friend, a comrade——'

'Yes!'

'He gives me cause for much sorrow and anxiety. In a way I am responsible for his future good behaviour. I am his best, his only friend, poor fellow. . . . He has done wrong, and been threatened with expulsion from school if—if——'

'Surely your influence——'

The boy sighed. 'He is weak and easily tempted. I do what I can, give him what time I can spare. But I cannot always be with him. And there are those who take base advantage of my absence. It is when we leave school in the afternoon, when we each return home that—that—he goes astray. He is unfortunate in his home life. His mother is dead. His step-mother is a worldly woman of fashion and has little children of her own. His father is a martinet of the very worst kind; of gentle birth, but with a mean understanding and no knowledge but of the tricks of trade. He is in the way at home, where there is little peace, for he has untidy ways and awkward manners, and he does not know how to propitiate his young step-mother. It is a sad life for a young man—no comfort, no influence, no affection in the home. And so the poor fellow turns elsewhere for—distraction.'

'Surely he has not taken to——'

'Drink? Worse than that,' said the boy sorrowfully, and his

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face turned scarlet for a moment, his head drooped as with vicarious shame. Then by a supreme effort he lifted his eyes and looked Marion Carr fearlessly in the face.

'How should you know? You are a woman; you cannot know what horrible temptations there are in the world, even for us young lads. If there are those who have the strength to resist what is wrong, it is because they are more blessed than others in the influence of home. I think the remembrance of a mother's clinging love and a father's devotion must be incentives to good for the very worst of us. But when these incentives are wanting . . . Hans—his name is Hans—is almost a man. His father treats him like a puling schoolboy; allows him no pocket-money, and insists upon his giving an account of every spare half-hour. Hans will not stand it, and where his father fails is in intelligence. He has no common sense; he cannot see that—that there comes a time when a man can no longer pass his spare time with his little sisters in the schoolroom. He must go out and fight the devil and all his angels, and learn what degrades a man's best powers. He must keep his hands clean, else how shall he face his mother and his sisters? I have been twitted with the reproach that I cannot drink gallons of beer and have never been drunk . . . *Cui bono?* . . . Hans—last week he was missing from home for more than two hours. They sent to know if he was with me . . . I could not find him. A spy had been set upon the poor fellow. He fell into the trap . . . His father, in a fit of coarse rage, thrashed him before the servants . . . It was horrible. He escaped from his room and came to me. My parents do not approve of our friendship. But they are good and just, and they see that some one must hold out a saving hand to the poor fellow, and so they allowed me to share my room with him till the following morning. But now even that poor comfort is denied him. His father has what I call the paltry official mind: he loves to show his authority. A sort of jealous rage possesses him. He seems to hate the idea of Hans having a friend . . . and he has forbidden him—to have anything to do with me.'

The boy bit his lips. For a moment or two there was dead silence.

'Yesterday,' he continued with an effort, 'Hans' father received a letter from the school authorities. What will happen I dare not think. I called to see Hans this morning, but they told me that he had been punished again; his father had locked him up in his room. It is monstrous; no, it is worse than that—it is a stupid blunder. The boy is strong-willed and fearfully passionate. But I can touch his heart. If they would only let me try. . . . But they shut me out. I can do nothing—only wait in fear.'

'It is a sad case.'

'If nothing happens, I will get my father to put in a word for me. If that fails I will go to the school authorities. If Hans could stay with me, six months, a year. Ach! my mother is so good; she would

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influence him—he could not resist her. And my sister might do good. Often the influence of a young girl is the salvation of a young man.'

'It would be the making of the poor fellow.'

'Yes, that is what I feel. My parents are good and deny me nothing. It is fine to have a father that has something of the boy left in him. With us Hans would find fresh interests in life. He is clever, but he wants a stimulus to work. I will try and persuade him to work. What is fatal is that he will have money one day. I am going to ask you to do me a favour, Mrs. Carr.'

'With pleasure.'

'May I bring him with me to read? . . . Stay, you will not like him.' Wolmar looked at her with troubled affectionate eyes.

'I will do as you do, and take him on trust. He is your friend.'

'Thank you,' said the boy simply. 'And now I must go.'

He rose and put out his hand. Marion Carr took it in silence.

A week passed, and Saturday afternoon came round again. The teacher was wondering whether the two friends would appear together, when she heard the old familiar step in the corridor.

'He is alone,' she thought.

The door opened.

Marion Carr started up with a cry of alarm. Wolmar's face was white and haggard. His eyes were sunk in his head. He seemed to have lost the power of speech and to have forgotten his lesson, for he carried no books, and his dress, ordinarily so trim and fresh, was disordered. He stood like an apparition of despair, just within the doorway, glancing round the little study as though dumbly searching for human aid. Then, overmastered by his grief, he sat himself down, leant his elbows on the table and covered his face, and wept—as strong men weep, horribly, silently, tearlessly.

It was not a time for platitudes of consolation. Marion waited till the storm was spent.

Presently the boy lifted his eyes.

'Your friend——'

'He died last night,' said Wolmar quite simply.

'Dead!'

'Dead. He died quite suddenly; I was with him. . . . He had done wrong again. In a burst of fury his father had thrashed him unmercifully. What happened immediately afterwards no one appears to know. He was suffering at the time. He must have received some internal injury. Hæmorrhage set in . . . When his father went to his room . . . they sent for me, and I was just in time. . . . I thank God.'

'How terrible!'

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'For the father? Yes.' The lad's face was stern. 'The funeral is on Friday. I came to tell you—you must not expect me, please, on Saturday. My father wishes me to go away. Forgive me for distressing you. I think you would have forgiven him. . . . He sinned, but he was my friend. I loved him, and would have saved him. . . .'

And then Leo Wolmar went away.

KATHARINE BLYTH.

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ON THE FINANCIAL RELATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

THE Report of the Financial Relations Commission, though a very able document, does not seem to me to be borne out by the evidence. Without impugning the ability of any of the distinguished men who were selected for this important duty, the Commission, as a whole, was not in my judgment fairly balanced.

They were, moreover, placed in a difficulty by the terms of reference. For my part I demur to the consideration of separate entities. It is too late to raise the question as a matter of practical politics. The object of the union was to abolish entities. The effect of the establishment of separate entities would be to abolish the union. And if we once begin, where are we to stop? If we begin with Ireland, why not Scotland, as Mr. Asquith has suggested, or the kingdom of Fife, as I would suggest to him? Kent was an ancient kingdom, and so were various other parts of England. In fact, we should introduce endless confusion into our finances, and break up the United Kingdom almost into counties.

Even, however, if we are to consider Ireland separately, the conclusions arrived at by the majority of the Commission do not seem to me to be borne out by the evidence.

We might well at this time of day decline to go back to the beginning of the century, but there is no reason why Englishmen or Scotchmen should shrink from doing so.

What was the position of Ireland before the union? Was the Constitution then satisfactory? The present position of Ireland is far more dignified and powerful. Under the constitution of 1782, the Irish Ministers were not responsible to Ireland; though called Irish Ministers, they were appointed by the British Government, and were not responsible to the Irish House of Commons.

What was the financial position of Ireland at the time of the Union? How was it described by Lord Clare, then Lord Chancellor, in his speech on the 10th of February 1800?

> Look [he said] to your finances, and I repeat you have not redemption for three years from public bankruptcy, or a burden of taxation which will sink every

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gentleman of property in the country. . . . Again, by union, the resources of Ireland must necessarily increase. If we have but grace to remain in a state of tranquillity for a few years, I have no doubt our resources would augment most rapidly; if we have but grace to abjure faction. I feel sanguine hope on the restoration of peace that Ireland will participate in British capital and British industry; and until we can find employment for the poor, and teach them to feel and value the comforts of life, it is vain to expect they will be reclaimed from barbarism.

In no sense, therefore, was the position of Ireland satisfactory. Then she was a dependency, now she is an integral part of a great Empire.

As to the proportion of taxes allotted to her at the union, it was less than her proportion according to population. It was considered fair at the time. No doubt Ireland suffered afterwards, but so did we. We were companions in misfortune, arising not from the union, but from the Napoleonic wars.

In fact, the union of the Exchequer in 1817 was effected not for the benefit of England, but because Ireland had been drifting so rapidly into debt in consequence of the war with Napoleon.

It has, indeed, been alleged by Mr. Sexton that Ireland had no interest in that war. Would she not have suffered if she had been occupied by Napoleon's armies?

Let him ask Germany, or Spain, or Italy.

If Ireland had been conquered and annexed by France, what would have been the result? The present taxation of Ireland per head is estimated in the report at 1*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* per head, while that of France is 3*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

Between the union in 1800 and the fusion of the Exchequer in 1817, the financial policy of the two countries was very different. The taxation of Ireland was not raised nearly so much as that of Great Britain, and the consequence was that the debt of Ireland was increasing with portentous rapidity. In fact, the fusion of the Exchequer was effected, not in the interest of Great Britain, but in that of Ireland.

I have often heard Irish members complain in the House of Commons that many more taxes have been reduced in Great Britain than in Ireland. The reason is obvious. In 1817 there were many taxes which were levied in Great Britain but not in Ireland; but there were no taxes which were levied in Ireland but not in Great Britain.

The taxes raised in Great Britain but not in Ireland amounted in 1817 to no less than 20,000,000*l.*,[1] and continued without reduction until 1821.

That amounts, for the five years, to 100,000,000*l.* This gradually fell to about 14,500,000*l.* in 1845. Take it at 17,000,000*l.* a year for those twenty-four years, and we have another sum of over 400,000,000*l.* Since 1845, the sum of taxes paid by us but not levied in Ireland

[1] See Sir E. Hamilton's Evidence, p. 89.

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has exceeded 4,000,000*l.* a year, making for fifty years another 200,000,000*l.*, so that since the union Great Britain has paid the gigantic sum of over 700,000,000*l.* in taxes from which Ireland has been excused; and yet we are told that Ireland has been hardly treated! As a matter of fact, no tax in Ireland touches a single necessary of life, and no income is taxed under 160*l.* a year.

Having then, I trust, shown that Great Britain has no cause to reproach herself with any want of generosity to Ireland in the past, I now come to the present, and, before I proceed to examine the facts, I should like to point out that the effect both of the evidence and the Report seems to have been a good deal misunderstood.

Thus, in the case of Sir R. Giffen, a meaning has been attributed to him which he evidently never intended to convey. Sir T. Sutherland asked him (p. 25):

> Then your evidence is simply to the point that Ireland is overtaxed to that extent, is it not?—No, I have not even given any evidence upon that subject; I have simply given evidence as to the resources which you may apply yourself to the consideration of the taxation. I have given no evidence about the taxation.

He expressly denies, therefore, that he gave any evidence on the taxation of Ireland; and in his answer to Question 7798 (p. 19), he expressly says that England has not benefited

> by having Ireland to draw on, because . . . you had to spend more in Ireland than you received.

Again, Lord Farrer, Lord Welby, and Mr. Currie say in their separate report:

> We may therefore dismiss altogether the notion that the injustice under which Ireland suffers can be remedied by general changes in the taxation of the United Kingdom.

Surely this is an admission that Ireland is not suffering from any injustice due to the system of taxation of the United Kingdom, for if that were the case the injustice could, of course, be altered by a change in that system.

Coming now to the statistics I must confess that they seem to me open to great question.

Take the Income tax, on which some of the commissioners seem to have relied. In the first place, it is impossible to arrive at the amount, which must be very large, held by Irishmen in English Securities, and in Foreign Securities left for safe custody in London, excepting so far as this can be done through the Death duties; again, as small incomes are exempted, and as there are more small incomes in proportion in Ireland than in Great Britain, the amount of Income tax must, necessarily, bear a smaller proportion to the total income in Ireland than in Great Britain.

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Again, none of the land which has been sold to tenants under the Purchase Acts is now valued for Income tax. It is not worth less than before, but it escapes altogether. In fact, the vast majority of the Irish occupiers are not assessed to Income tax at all (Q. 7110). Even then if we could arrive at the real amount of the tax in the two islands, it would not, as Sir A. Milner justly observed, be the least indication of their capacity to bear taxation.

Let us pass to the taxation of land. Sir A. Milner, then Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, expressed his strong conviction that the State does not get the same proportion of the yield of Irish land that it does of English. Again, in his answer to Question 958, speaking of houses, he says that the Commissioners of Income tax are unanimously of opinion 'that the valuation of houses in Ireland is extremely low compared with England.' Again, tenant right is not valued; now we know that the tenant right sells for very large sums. Moreover, Mr. Barton tells us that in valuing farms the land is valued as if there were no buildings.

Indeed, the two skilled witnesses on valuation, Mr. Barton and Mr. Howe, differed greatly on some of these points, so much so, that Mr. Sexton said:

> When the Commissioner of Valuation and the Surveyor of Taxes upon a matter so closely related to their duties differ so widely, we may be excused if we feel some doubt, may we not?

So far then as this portion of the subject is concerned, I submit that the estimates are very doubtful, but that the conclusion pointed to by the evidence is that Great Britain, not Ireland, bears an undue proportion of the national burdens.

The main complaint, however, has been made with reference to the revenue derived from certain dutiable articles—spirits, tobacco, beer, tea, and coffee. With reference to the amounts contributed by Great Britain and Ireland respectively, we have had several different estimates made by the authorities. Even now Mr. Pittar, in the memorial presented on behalf of the Board of Customs, expressly says (p. 414) that

> the Treasury and Board of Customs only submit the tables to the Royal Commission in deference to the express wish of the Commissioners, and that they do not hold themselves committed to the assumptions implied in those calculations.

In fact, there have been three modes of inquiry, and all have brought out different results.

No doubt the Treasury and Board of Customs have done their best, and it is no fault of theirs that the results are so uncertain. This is especially the case as regards tea and tobacco, but even in spirits an error was discovered in 1892 of no less than 650,000 gallons out of 3,300,000, or one in six! Yet, as Mr. Sexton pointed out, these

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very returns, which we now know to have been entirely fallacious, have been year after year quoted in the House of Commons and elsewhere as evidence of the over-taxation of Ireland!

Even Sir E. Hamilton and Sir R. Giffen differ fundamentally on several important points. I do not doubt that Irishmen have done their best to arrive at a just opinion as to the relative wealth and taxability of Ireland and Great Britain, and trust they will do me the justice of believing that I have done the same. Still, we differ, and probably shall continue to differ, so that any attempt to regulate our financial system by these statistics would lead to endless, and perhaps angry, discussions.

However, even taking the statistics as given, I maintain that no case of hardship can be substantiated.

The Death duties, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out, are probably the least unsatisfactory test, though even here there are various elements of doubt; and as for the most part tenant right escapes Succession duty, as pointed out in a very able article in the *Economist*, and as tenant right is so important a part of Irish property, it is probable that the real proportion borne by Irish property to that of Great Britain is greater than the duties paid would indicate. Taking the duties, however, as they are, and have been for some years, the proportion—the relative proportion—of Ireland would be $\frac{1}{18}$th of that of Great Britain, while the contribution to Imperial expenditure only is $\frac{1}{32}$.

We start with the important fact that we are paying taxes which bring in over 4,000,000*l.* a year, and which are not levied in Ireland. Passing on to those which are the same in the two islands, I do not understand that any complaint is made as regards Income tax, Death duties, or stamps, but only with reference to the indirect taxation.

These taxes are practically on tea, coffee, tobacco, spirits, and beer.

Are these necessaries of life? Neither tea nor coffee can, I think, be so regarded considering how recently they have been introduced. Moreover, the amount raised by the taxes on them is comparatively small.

Are then the taxes on tobacco and spirits unfair? They are not necessaries. When Nansen went on his adventurous journey he took hardly any spirits, because he believed they would be injurious. They are not necessaries, they are not even simple luxuries, they are dangerous temptations. If Irishmen would abandon tobacco, spirits, and party bitterness, how happy and prosperous Ireland would be!

But what does this terrible grievance amount to? The duties are the same, and we may well ask why should an Englishman or a Scotchman pay a higher duty on his tobacco or spirits than an Irishman? The rate ought clearly to be the same.

But then Mr. Asquith says, 'No.'

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You cannot take him away from the environment which history and which social habit have made for him. Let me give you an illustration. Suppose, for the sake of argument, you had an empire, one province of which stretched into the Arctic regions and another province stretched over the Equator, one province where, from the condition of its climate, the people will wear a great many clothes, and in the other they would be able, if so minded, to dispense with clothing altogether. And supposing, in such an empire, the whole taxation, however large the expenditure of the country, was raised by taxes upon wearing apparel, would that correspond with your idea of fiscal justice? According to Mr. Courtney it would; for you would say to the man in the Arctic regions, 'You have only to dispense with clothes and you need not pay any taxes at all.' And on the other hand, to say to the man in the equatorial regions, 'You have only to put unnecessary clothes upon your back and you will become a taxpayer at once.' Language of this kind is not the language of statesmen. It is the language of pedantry.

I confess I see no pedantry in Mr. Courtney's argument; but what shall we say of Mr. Asquith's illustration? Was it the language of a statesman anxious to promote a good feeling between the two islands? Is there any such tremendous difference between the two islands?

Does the Irishman, as a matter of fact, consume so much more of these articles? By no means. The consumption per head is, as estimated officially by Sir E. Hamilton—[2]

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
As regards Tea in Great Britain	0	10	1	in Ireland	0	11	10
" " Tobacco " "	0	12	11	"	0	12	5
" " Spirits " "	1	9	0	"	1	6	6

and if we add them together—

In Great Britain	2	12	0	in Ireland	2	10	9

According to the best estimate therefore the difference is very small; and Ireland contributes, not more but less, per head than Great Britain.

Moreover, a high duty on spirits is not only a good tax in bringing in a large revenue, but also as a check to drinking, and an encouragement to temperance. No more unfortunate gift to Ireland than a reduction in the Spirit duties could be given by the most unwise Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the reason alleged by Sir W. Harcourt for reducing the duty in his last budget, namely, that it was reducing consumption, ought, on the contrary, if he had been a consistent advocate of temperance, to have been a strong inducement to keep it on.

I do not, however, understand that Irish members themselves seriously wish to reduce the Spirit duties.

Mr. Bastable, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, in a note appended to the Report wisely says that

Taxation of alcohol, in the opinion of those who impose it, is in the interest of the consumers quite as much as in that of the Exchequer. It is, besides, a levy,

[2] *Hamilton*, vol. i. p. 359; vol. ii. p. 92.

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not on a country but on a class, viz., the consumers of what is thought to be a particularly injuring article, it cannot therefore be placed on the same footing as other contributions in making up an account between the joint contributors to a common fund.

I did not know that there was anyone who thought the consumption of spirits beneficial till I read the enthusiastic praise of whisky in the evidence of Mr. Lough, the member for Islington, who actually told the Committee (p. 52) that he thought

The reduction of the tax would develop the well-being of the people, and if that were done, they would not resort any more to coarse stimulants or vices of any kind.

The question then narrows in itself to this, Does Ireland contribute too much to Imperial expenditure?

If we are to consider the taxes paid by different parts of the United Kingdom, we must also consider the assistance given to local expenditure. In the case of Ireland, this is very considerable.

According to the Death duties, which Mr. Gladstone considered the wisest test, Ireland's proportion would be $\frac{1}{17}$th or $\frac{1}{18}$th.

But the whole amount contributed by Ireland to Imperial expenditure is under 2,000,000*l.* or only $\frac{1}{32}$nd part.

Is this too much? This session (1897) we have made a grant towards Irish local expenditure which will probably amount to over 700,000*l.* If we were to relieve her to the extent of 1,200,000*l.* more she would contribute absolutely nothing.

But then we come to the plea that Ireland is a poor country compared with Great Britain. The taxation, however, is on the amount consumed. We do not impose this taxation. The people tax themselves. Moreover, the evidence shows that they take better tea and tobacco than our countrymen.

Lord Farrer put to Mr. Murray the remark that we have to consider not only whether the Irishman consumes the tea and tobacco, but whether he can afford to pay for it, and what was Mr. Murray's answer?

My informant told me that he had to supply the South of Ireland and the West of Ireland with a better class of tobacco than he supplied to the stupid Northerner or the ignorant Saxon.

The evidence also shows that the Irish drink a better class of tea than the English. If then the Irish can afford to drink rather more tea, smoke rather more tobacco, and consume rather more spirits, purchasing them moreover of rather better quality than that which the average Englishman allows himself, that does not look as if their circumstances were so very bad.

At the numerous recent meetings which have been held in Ireland, always excepting Ulster, the amount of these duties has been described as ruinous to Ireland. One noble friend of mine especially denounced the Tea duty as really so iniquitous as to justify rebellion.

Now what do they amount to?

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RECENT SCIENCE

I

ONE of the chief problems that are now under discussion among geologists and physical geographers is undoubtedly the origin of mountains, plateaus, valleys, and oceanic depressions; in other words, the origin of the various forms assumed by the earth's surface. In fact, the problem is contemporaneous with the beginnings of science itself. Descartes and Newton paid attention to it, but it was only in the second part of this century that the detailed geological exploration of mountain regions could supply the necessary elements for a thoroughly scientific discussion of this vast problem.

Over wide areas of the earth's surface the sediments which had been deposited in past ages at the bottom of the ocean, or of interior seas, have retained up to the present time their nearly horizontal position. They now lie several hundreds or several thousands of feet above the level of the seas in which they were deposited; but they have not been much disturbed during this change of level. Their flat surfaces stretch over hundreds and thousands of miles, with but very slight dips towards this or that part of the horizon. This is the case in the wide plains of North and South America, Asia and Eastern Europe. As soon, however, as we enter a mountain region we find the same strata lifted up, bent in all directions, folded and contorted in the most fantastic ways, and the question necessarily arises, How did these disturbances originate? What were the agencies which produced the wonderful mountain scenery which man never ceases to admire?

The answer which used to be given to this question some fifty years ago is well known. Chains of mountains were considered as immense rents in the earth's crust, through which masses of igneous molten rocks had been ejected from the interior, lifting up, bending, and folding the formerly horizontal strata. Running water has subsequently sculptured these broken and folded strata, scooping out of their fractures the valleys, the gorges, and the rock basins now filled up with lakes. A force acting from beneath, and the seat of which was in the igneous molten interior of the globe, has lifted up the mountains, violently bending and breaking the stratified rocks, while

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in other parts of the earth's crust the same force has gently lifted up the plains and the plateaus without disturbing their strata, and it continues to produce the secular upheavals which are going on still in Scandinavia, Polar America, on the coasts of Chili, &c.

This theory of mountain building, which we owe to Hutton, was admirably and most poetically worked out by L. von Buch and by Humboldt as the theory of 'a reaction of the interior of the globe upon its surface;' and it embodied in a grand generalisation the origin of mountains and continents, the eruptions of the volcanoes, and the earthquakes. Elie de Beaumont completed it by showing that different chains of mountains were lifted up at different geological periods, and that during each period the rents in the earth's crust were produced in a different direction. And when Lyell and his followers had proved that no sudden upheavals took place, and that all changes in the earth's surface are accomplished by means of very slow processes, the current theories were modified accordingly, but their substance was retained. We were taught these theories in our youth, and they are still taught in most of our schools.

The wonderful variety of mountain structure which is offered by the North American continent, and was revealed by the extensive explorations of the American geologists, as well as the peculiarities of mountain architecture which became known after detailed geological surveys had been made in Great Britain and the Alps, entirely modified the current ideas as to the origin of mountains. The importance of erosion, both by the rivers and the sea waves, certainly was not overlooked even by the earliest geologists. Its full meaning, however, was only understood when the explorers of the American continent familiarised us with the stupendous scale upon which erosion was once at work on the Grand Plateau of the Colorado, and when A. Heim disclosed, on the other side, its full effects in the Alps.

The amount of erosion accomplished by the Colorado river and its tributaries in the great plateau of western North America was a revelation for geologists. The surface of the plateau being covered with Tertiary lacustrine deposits, and these deposits having remained intact on both banks of the 3,000 to 5,000 feet deep cañons which intersect the plateau, it was proved that the rivers had cut their beds through these deposits, as well as through thousands of feet of underlying hard rocks, since the Tertiary period. In certain places the horizontal strata of which the plateau is built up have been excavated, so as to produce a cleft, 3,000 feet deep, running between two vertical walls which are separated from each other by the width only of the river. In other places the rocks are sculptured into separate mountains and ridges, from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, by a network of eroded valleys—the mountain scenery obtained in such

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cases being one of unsurpassed grandeur.[1] It became evident that under certain favourable conditions of relief and climate, a river was able to excavate a bed, 300 miles long, about 11 miles wide at the top of the gap, and from 3,000 to over 5,000 deep, almost since man's appearance on the earth. Moreover, within the same relatively short geological period, masses of rocks, several thousands of feet thick (10,000 feet in certain places), had been removed by denudation from the surface of the plateau.[2]

And yet the full importance of erosion as a factor of mountain making is only appreciated when its results are studied in mountain regions such as the Alps, the Rocky Mountains, or the Highlands of Scotland. Heim may be said to have opened a new era in the theory of mountains by showing to what a colossal extent erosion had been instrumental in the sculpture of the Alps. Not only wide and deep valleys were scooped out by rivers and glaciers, but whole masses of strata, thousands of feet thick, were destroyed and carried away, so as to leave only isolated peaks. Some of the peaks rise now where there formerly were valleys—the whole of the mountains which formerly surrounded the valley having disappeared. The result is that entire mountain ranges have now no relation to the direction and the dip of the strata, being sculptured by erosion on both their slopes.[3] Following the lines previously indicated by several explorers,[4] Heim demonstrated moreover that erosion must have gone on hand in hand with mountain-building agencies, and that the strata must have been scooped and eroded while they were folded, squeezed up, and thrust upon each other. The beautiful scenery of the Alps and the Highlands of Scotland, or the still more impressive scenery of the Rocky Mountains, is due to the combined action of both forces; and when

[1] The Colorado cañon was first explored by Newberry in 1857–58, and more fully by Major Powell in 1860–72. For a general description see Captain C. E. Dutton's *History of the Grand Cañon*, published in 1882. An excellent summary of the leading features of the Colorado plateau was given by Major Powell in the *American Journal of Science*, 3rd series, vol. v. 1873, p. 456, and vol. xii. 1876, p. 414 ('Types of Orographic Structure'), being a reprint from his report on the 'Geology of the Uinta Mountains.'

[2] We certainly cannot show in Europe examples of erosion of horizontal strata on the same grand scale as it is seen in the Colorado plateau. However, the amount of erosion (or 'circumdenudation') in the Faröe Islands is well worth noticing. These islands are but outstanding portions of a continuous plateau which was formerly composed of horizontal beds, and covered the whole of the area now occupied by the islands. The plateau is now cut through by valleys, up to seventeen miles long, seven miles wide, and over 1,000 feet deep, the islands rising above the sounds and fiords from 1,000 to 2,850 feet. These valleys are 'not gaping cracks or fractures,' but are the work of erosion (James Geikie, in *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, ii. 1886, p. 147).

[3] A. Heim, 'Blick auf die Geschichte der Alpen,' in *Verhandlungen der schweizerischen naturforschenden Gesellschaft*, 1870–71, and 'Untersuchungen über den Mechanismus der Gebirgsbildung,' Basel, 1878.

[4] Jukes in England and Hayden in America, in 1862, as also Medlicott for the Himalayas, Rütimeyer for the Alps, and Joseph LeConte and Fred W. Hutton.

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now, on entering the Rocky Mountains from the central plains of Canada, we see the stony giants scooped out in the most fantastic shapes, with Cretaceous strata lying in all positions on the very tops of the bluish-grey pyramids, bell-towers, truncated cones, &c.—we understand that all these marvellous forms would remain inexplicable if the simultaneous action of mountain building and mountain sculpture were not taken into account.

Another important element was introduced into the discussions about the origin of mountains when geologists became familiar with the type of mountains which is now currently described in geology as the 'Appalachian type.'[5] It is well known that the United States are covered along the Atlantic border with a system of parallel ridges —the Appalachians. On an immense stretch, from Newfoundland to Alabama, and on a width of more than a hundred miles, the whole mass of the Paleozoic rocks, including the coal measures (30,000 to 40,000 feet thick), has been compressed into numerous folds, big and small, which describe a series of parallel flat curves directed from the south-west to the north-east, and form as many parallel mountain ranges. Those folds which lie nearest to the coast seemed to have received the greatest pressure—the strata being not only folded, but the folds themselves being inclined westwards so as to bring the older strata upon the younger ones. At the same time immense faults have been produced; the strata were intersected by immense crevices, and the rocks on the one side of a crevice have often been bodily shifted full 5,000 and occasionally 10,000 feet over the rocks on the other side of the crevice. Besides, denudation, either by the ocean or by rivers, or by both, has acted on such a scale as to remove ridges which had been formed by the folded strata. The whole bears the traces of a force, immense in its powers, but extremely slow in its action, which produced a formidable lateral pressure, from the Atlantic Ocean inwards, and acted during the Azoic age, and again at the close of the Paleozoic age.

The Appalachians are not the only mountain system of this type. On the contrary, this type is very common in all parts of the world, and it was described as early as the thirties of this century by Thurmann in the Jura mountains, and by Sir Henry de la Beche in the hills of Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset; but its importance was fully understood only after the Professors W. B. and H. D. Rogers had published (in 1842) their classical description of the Appalachians. In order to account for the appearance of such systems of parallel folds, it was formerly supposed (as Murchison did for the Alps and

[5] This type of mountains has so often been quoted in orogenetic discussions that its descriptions are found in every text-book of geology. See especially the last edition of James Dana's *Manual of Geology*, or, for a general but more detailed description, 'The Mechanics of Appalachian Structure,' by Bailey Willis, in the *Thirteenth Annual Report of the U. S. Geological Survey*, Part ii. Washington, 1893.

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the Urals) that masses of plutonic rocks (*i.e.* granites, syenites, and the like) had been thrust out along some crevice which made part of the system, and that the ejections of the igneous rocks produced the lateral compression of the formerly horizontal strata. However, such an explanation was totally inapplicable to the Appalachians, as there was no ejection of plutonic rocks at the close of the Paleozoic era which could account for a lateral compression of the strata amounting to about twenty-five miles. Other causes had to be looked for. The more so as the whole theory of mountains being lifted up by ejections from the molten interior of the globe was falling into disrepute. The admirable researches of Lord Kelvin (then Sir William Thomson) and G. Darwin rendered it indeed very improbable that the earth consists of a molten mass surrounded by a thin solid crust, and that the purely superficial phenomena of mountain making require the intervention of such a formidable force as the molten nucleus of our planet—even if such nucleus exists.[6]

Various hypotheses were consequently promoted to account for the lateral force which folded the Appalachians and other mountains of a similar type. Professor Hall indicated, as early as 1859, a fundamental feature in the structure of the Appalachians;[7] namely, that before the folding of the strata began, an immense thickness of sediment had accumulated in a slowly sinking trough of the Atlantic; and he pointed out that such a subsidence necessarily was a preliminary condition for the formation of all mountain systems of the same type.[8] A very important principle of orogeny was thus stated.

There is not the slightest doubt that such a subsidence really took place, and that it was a necessary preliminary stage to the formation of mountains. But Professor Hall went further. He attributed the subsidence of the ocean bottom to the weight itself of the accumulated sediments—the earth's crust yielding under their presssure—and he endeavoured to prove that as the subsidence compelled the sediments to be compressed into a narrower space it produced the lateral force required to fold the strata—the accumu-

[6] Owing to the exaggeration of the vertical scale in our sections of mountains, we are liable to exaggerate their real dimensions. On a big globe, 120 feet in diameter, such as is being projected now by Elisée Reclus, the highest mountains would appear less than one inch high, and the well-known Pic du Midi would only have a height of less than one-third of an inch.

[7] His ideas were expressed in *Paleontology of New York*, vol. iii. 1859, and explained further by T. Sterry Hunt in the *Quarterly Geological Journal*, November 1859, and the *American Journal of Science*, 2nd series, vol. xxxi. 1861, p. 406, and 3rd series, vol. v. 1873, p. 406.

[8] Such is really the case for all the chief mountain ranges. A subsidence of from 31,000 to 34,000 feet preceded the appearance of the Laramie range (McConnel and Clarence King); it attained 50,000 feet for the Alps at the close of the Miocene period (Heim), and it was full 35,000 feet for the Australian Alps (Hector). See Dana's *Manual of Geology*, 4th edition, 1896.

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lation of a considerable thickness of sediment resulting at the same time in a rise of temperature in the lower parts of that mass and facilitating the folding.[9] Later on, some other force of unknown origin—acting, however, over a very large portion of the earth's crust—must have bodily lifted all the mass of plicated sediments, so as to transform a sea bottom into a continental area.

The study of the great mountain systems of America, as well as the epoch-making studies of the Alps, by Edward Suess and A. Heim, fully demonstrated that the 'lifting-up theory' of mountain making could be upheld no more. The force which had made all the mountain systems of the Appalachian type was a lateral force—a force working sideways, and not from beneath. Consequently, the idea was gradually developed that the shrinking of the globe, owing to its gradual cooling, was the cause of the lateral force which folded and raised the strata in the Alps, the Appalachians, the Jura hills &c. The superficial layers of the earth's crust undergo, it was said, the same process as the peel of an apple while the apple dries and is thus reduced to a smaller volume: they become covered with wrinkles.

This theory, however, although widely accepted nowadays, seems never to have fully satisfied geologists and natural philosophers. It remains doubtful whether the contraction of the outer layers of a shrinking globe would be sufficient to produce the required amount of folding, unless the process of cooling be taken at a rate which it would not be wise to assume. Besides, it still remains unexplained why contractions on a grand scale took place precisely in those regions where a great thickness of sediment was deposited. In some way or another the hypothesis had to receive a further development.

This was done in various directions. Thus, C. E. Dutton indicated that the solid part of the earth's crust must be only five to seven miles thick, and that at a depth of about seven miles the rocks, owing to their higher temperature and the pressure of the overlying rocks, must be in a state of 'latent plasticity.' In this case the increase of load in any part of the crust, in consequence of the accumulations of sediments, coupled with a relief of pressure in other parts of the crust where an active denudation is going on, would result in adjustments of equilibrium of the crust ('isostasy'); and these adjustments would produce an increased folding in the border area situated between the two regions.

On the other side, Mellard Reade[10] proved that the contraction of the superficial layers which might be due to the cooling of the

[9] It is known that as we penetrate into the depths of the earth's crust we find the temperature of the rocks rising by one Fahrenheit degree for each 50 to 60 feet of depth. Consequently, if the sediments were about 40,000 feet thick, their temperature at the bottom must have risen gradually to about 800 degrees, which may have been sufficient to soften the rocks to a certain extent.

[10] *The Origin of Mountain Ranges*, London, 1888.

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globe would not account for the amount of lateral squeezing which is seen in a series of parallel mountain ranges, even if all the contraction could be concentrated in the mountain area. He invoked, accordingly, the effects of the heating of the sediments which lie deep in the earth's crust, and the intrusion from beneath of semiplastic rocks. But neither this theory nor several others (Osmond Fisher's, Whitney's) have received general acceptance.

II

Already in the first edition of his *Manual of Geology*, and still more so in a subsequent paper,[11] and in the fourth edition of his *Manual*, published in 1896, James Dana took a somewhat different view of the whole question, and worked out a nearly complete theory of the movements of the earth's crust. He pointed out that the first condition for subsequent mountain making is the existence of what he names a 'geo-synclinal,' that is, a depression in the earth's crust which is very slowly sinking in proportion as sediments are deposited in that trough. Such a sinking of the bottom of the ocean cannot be due to the weight alone of the sediments; it results from a more general cause, viz. the unequal cooling of the globe and its subsequent contraction. The cooling of the globe goes on at a different rate in its continental and its oceanic areas. The continental parts of the earth's crust are first stiffened and rendered unyielding, while the oceanic portion goes on cooling and contracting at a more rapid rate. The result is that while the bottoms of the oceans are sinking, a correlative bulging out takes place in the continents, the rocks being gently elevated, so as to give them a slightly vaulted form, hardly perceptible to the eye, but sufficient to provoke in them a certain tension, and consequently to open crevices and faults.

This difference between the rates of cooling of the earth in its continental parts and its oceanic portions produces also an 'obliquely upward thrust'—from the ocean towards the continent—along the shores of the continents, especially in those places where the sinking of the ocean bottoms is going on fastest. For a distance of from 300 to 1,000 miles from their coasts the continents are thus subject to their profoundest oscillations. The greatest uplifts, fractures, and foldings of the strata take place in that coast region, and the mechanical work of such displacements of rocks being transformed into heat, the most extensive metamorphic operations (re-crystallisation of rocks, impregnation of rocks by vapours), as also the most abundant outflows of igneous rocks are generated. The greatest ranges of volcanoes are consequently disposed along the oceanic slopes of the

[11] 'On some Results of the Earth's Contraction from Cooling, including a discussion of the Origin of Mountains, and the Nature of the Earth's Interior,' in *American Journal of Science*, 3rd series, vol. v. 1873, p. 423.

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border ridges—a fact which we see now, and which was also true during previous geological periods.[12] Owing to this activity, newer and newer rows of parallel plicated chains are added to the continents along their borders, thus reinforcing the continents, while the oceans are increasing in depth at the same time.

This process of formation of new mountains is distinguished, moreover, by a certain periodicity. Gentle plications and foldings must have been produced in all periods and ages; but the formation of mountain ridges on a grand scale was limited in past ages to certain well-defined periods. In North America the greatest activity of mountain building occurred, along both the Pacific and the Atlantic coast, at the ends of the Lower Silurian, the Carboniferous, and the Jurassic periods, as well as during the Tertiary age, when the highest chains—the Alps and the Himalayas—were also lifted up in Europe and in Asia. The same periods of increased mountain-making activity, followed by periods of relative rest, have been traced in Europe. It is well known—Professor Penck remarks in his admirable *Morphologie der Erdoberfläche*—that the middle parts of the Silurian age (Scotland and Thuringia), the end of the Carboniferous (the mountains of Central Germany), the middle parts of the Cretaceous period (Eastern Alps, Carpathians), and the latter parts of the Tertiary age (Pyrenees, Alps, Carpathians, Apennines) were characterised by the formation of folded series of mountains, and Eduard Suess was enabled, moreover, to show the traces of a pre-Devonian, a post-Carboniferous, and a Cretaceous-Tertiary system of mountains.[13]

One more point of importance must be noticed. In the old theories of mountain formation, based upon the supposition of a molten interior of the earth and a thin solid crust, it was always supposed that the folded strata represent folds of the earth's crust itself. This theory is now abandoned. Ideas are not yet settled as to the probable structure of the earth in its abysses. Whether it is as rigid as a steel ball, or whether the rocks are in a pasty state determined by their very high temperature and the very high pressures which they are submitted to, remains unsettled. But it may be taken as certain that mountain building does not imply the folding of the whole thickness of the solid earth's crust. The wrinkling of the rocks, to which our mountains owe their origin, is limited to the superficial layers of the crust—to the 'supercrust,' as Dana says.[14]

[12] To support this idea Dana quotes the American continent. The same is true of Asia, where what I described as 'the border ridge of the Great Plateau' is covered with volcanic ejections of the Tertiary period.

[13] A. Penck, *Morphologie der Erdoberfläche*, Stuttgart, 1894, ii. p. 396.

[14] See the researches on this point of C. Davison, G. H. Darwin, and M. P. Sludski, quoted in Dana's *Manual*, p. 384. Similar views on the origin of mountains were developed in America by George LeConte in two elaborate papers ('Theory of the Formation of the Great Features of the Earth's Surface,' in *American Journal of Science*, 3rd series, vol. iv. 1872, pp. 345, 360, and vol. v. 1873, p. 448), in which he

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Such are, in a very brief sketch, the theories which now prevail as regards the origin of mountain ranges. It will be remarked of course that in this sketch the building up of the great plateaus, which constitute so prominent a feature in the orography of all continents, and the causes which have elevated immense plains above the level of the oceans, as well as the forces which produce now the unequal raising of larger parts of continents, have hardly been alluded to. These secular upheavals and tiltings of continental areas—of which such admirable examples were given at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences at Detroit—cover, however, such an immense area of geological observations of the highest interest and of speculations about the deformations of the earth and its probable inner structure, that they must be treated separately. Moreover, there is another series of researches, namely, the experiments that have lately been made to verify the modern theories relative to mountain formation, which must be mentioned in this place.

Experiments reproducing on a small scale the foldings of the rocky strata under the effects of lateral pressure have been made since the beginning of this century. Sir James Hall made them, in 1812, with pieces of cloth, as also with mixtures of clay and sand. Alphonse Favre, in 1878, by placing a mass of plastic clay upon a stretched band of india-rubber which was allowed to contract, endeavoured to imitate the contraction of the lower lying crust, and the foldings of the superposed sedimentary deposits. Hans Schardt and Forchheimer also made similar experiments, and a few years ago Henry Cadell brought before the Royal Society of Edinburgh a series of very interesting models, in which the folding of strata was very well imitated by submitting layers of plaster of Paris, sand, and gypsum to lateral pressure.[15]

It may of course be objected that in all such experiments plastic or soft bodies were used, while the stony rocks are hard and brittle. It is known, however, that all solid bodies behave like plastic bodies under a certain pressure (from 14,000 to 22,000 lbs. per square inch for sandstone and granite), and when blocks of hard rocks were lately submitted in physical laboratories to very great pressures, they really proved to be quite plastic.

A new series of experiments for the same purpose has lately been

showed the importance of partial heating for facilitating plication and attempted to explain the origin of mountains and the sinking of the ocean bottoms under the hypothesis of a solid, unequally cooling globe. 'Mountain chains,' he wrote, 'are the upsqueezed sediments of marginal sea bottoms.' The consequences of increased temperature in a growing layer of sediments, and the bearing of that heating upon the building of mountains, were most ingeniously developed by Mellard Reade (*Origin of Mountain Ranges*), also by Fr. W. Hutton in the *Geological Magazine*, 1873, p. 166, and 1874, p. 22. The same question is touched upon by Robert Mallet in his masterly works on volcanoes and volcanic energy.

[15] 'Experimental Researches in Mountain Building' in *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, xxxv. Part i. p. 58 (1887) and p. 337 (1889).

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carried on by Mr. Bailey Willis in the United States. His ambition, however, was not simply to reproduce with layers of plaster or clay such plications as bear a resemblance to what we see in the mountains. He went into a detailed study of the Appalachians, and determined the different characters of folds, faults, and overthrusts of rocks which had been observed in that region, so as to know beforehand what facts of nature had to be accounted for by experiments; and he devised his experiments so as to see whether lateral pressure could produce all the variety of features which are seen in a mountain region.

All his experiments were made upon lumps, about 39 inches long, from 5 to 6 inches wide, and several inches thick, which were carefully constructed out of layers of wax of different hardness and pliability, wax being mixed for this purpose either with sand or with turpentine. To imitate the pressure which the rocks are submitted to, a load of about 1,000 lbs. of shot was placed upon the wax blocks while they were compressed in a box by means of a side screw. Moreover, Professor Willis admitted that at a depth of from five to seven miles the materials of which the earth's crust is composed must be in a state of latent plasticity, while the superficial deposits consist of thousands of layers of different consistency and composition; and, so far as was possible, these conditions were imitated in the experiments. All results were reproduced by photography.

These results are really admirable. All possible forms of folds and bends, which had been observed in the Appalachians or elsewhere, as well as the 'thrusts' of rocks shifted bodily upon each other, were reproduced in the laboratory. As soon as the slightest bend was made in casting the wax layers in the big lump, a vaulted structure (an 'anticline') appeared at that spot when the whole was compressed on the bench. Symmetrical and unsymmetrical, vertical and inclined folds were obtained, exactly as they are seen in nature. Strata were broken inside unbroken foldings, and one of the problems which often puzzled geologists—namely, the so-called overthrusts and underthrusts—was exactly reproduced. The shovelling of immense masses of older strata above younger strata, which for a long time offered such difficulties in explaining the structure of the Highlands of Scotland, was admirably reproduced in Willis's experiments, notwithstanding the considerable plasticity of the wax layers.[16]

It appeared, moreover, that the soft mass at the basis of the wax lump participated very little in the foldings of the upper strata. In most cases it was simply compressed, or it filled up the spaces beneath the gently delineated folds—these latter increasing in steepness in the middle layers. Besides, in some of the compressed

[16] See Dr. A. Penck's remarks upon this subject in *Geomorphologische Probleme aus Nordwest Schottland*, where, under the modest form of an account of a visit to the Scottish Highlands, Penck touches upon some of the most arduous problems of mountain building.

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blocks, the gently undulating upper surface gave no idea whatever of the amount of folding which took place in its inner parts, just as is sometimes the case in nature. The idea already expressed by Dana and by Pfaff—that the folding of the strata and mountain building altogether take place in the 'super-crust' only—was thus confirmed by the experiments of Professor Willis. The whole series gives an admirable additional support to the 'lateral force theory' of the origin of mountains.

A few words more must be said in conclusion about the geographical distribution of mountains on the surface of the earth. Mountains and plateaus are not scattered over the globe in a haphazard way. On the contrary, there is a certain harmony in their distribution, their directions, and their heights. In the Old World we have a broad belt in which the highest mountains—the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas—are included; the prevalence of the north-western and the north-eastern directions in the mountains of Europe has long since been indicated, and the same leading directions are now discovered in Asia; the two continents of North America and Eurasia offer striking analogies in their structure, and the 'transgressions' or the invasions of the oceans, as has been so beautifully indicated by Suess, took place in both continents at definite intervals; the mountain chains are developed in a succession of curves, and, as has been indicated by Prinz and Dana, there is a striking resemblance between the leading zigzag lines which are seen on our planet and those that are dimly perceived on Venus and Mars. All these facts and many more of the same kind open wide and most attractive fields of speculation. But if geologists have succeeded in working out some clear conceptions as to the mode of formation of mountains, they are only the very first steps towards discriminating the mode and the laws of formation of the leading features of our planet. In that direction everything remains yet to be done.[17]

III

The sharp distinction which some time ago used to be drawn between pure science and science applied to the increase of man's productive powers is rapidly disappearing. On the one side, those

[17] Stanislas Meunier (*Comptes Rendus*, tome cxxi. 1895, p. 657) has lately made most interesting experiments intended to prove that the leading orographic features of Europe are such as if the plastic mass of the inner crust of the earth, after having been bulged out at the equator by centrifugal force, were returning in the course of geological ages to its primitive shape, so as to contract from the equator towards the poles—this movement resulting in the formation of plicated systems of mountains, the age of which is younger and younger as we proceed from the poles to the equator. These experiments, which fully confirmed the hypothesis, belong, however, to that vast domain of great deformations of the earth's spheroid which will have to be discussed on some other occasion.

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who devote themselves to the discovery of the laws of nature look no longer with disdain upon the industrial and agricultural arts; and on the other side, those who work in these last domains are also rapidly changing their old methods, and what was formerly considered as an 'art' rapidly becomes 'science' nowadays. That pure science profits from every progress of industry is self-evident. A mere glance at a telescope, and the mere inspection of a modern physical, chemical, or physiological laboratory, show what science owes to the progress of the mechanical arts; while the most rapid review of the recent achievements in science would show that whole branches of modern research have originated in, or were prompted by, investigations made in the domain of industry or agriculture. Bacteriology owes its origin to researches into the fermentation of wine, and to the efforts of veterinary surgeons to put an end to anthrax; important branches of chemistry were born of investigations into the aniline colours; while many an advance in the theory of electricity and in molecular physics is due to the discoveries of practical electricians and metallurgists. But, on the other hand, the engineer, the technical chemist, and the agriculturist also begin to proceed now, in their own special investigations, in a purely scientific way. Their preliminary researches are conducted in a scientific spirit, their methods are scientific methods, and their experiments are scientific experiments.

These ideas pressed themselves upon my mind as I visited last summer the experimental farms of Canada, mostly in company with the director of these farms, Dr. William Saunders, who was unwearied in discussing in all details the methods of the experiments which are carried on under his guidance. A modern experimental farm is, in reality, an open-air laboratory for experimental researches into the physiology of plants; its work is scientific work, which loses nothing of its value from its ultimate object being an increase of man's powers over nature. And if in the following pages I intend to speak only of the work done at the Canadian farms, it is not only because it is sure to offer interest to English readers, but chiefly because the work which is now done at the experimental farms of the United States and Europe embraces so many distinct branches of research, that several of them—such as the laws of growth, the nitrification and denitrification of the soil, and so on—would require several separate studies.

The experimental farms of Canada, which were founded only ten years ago, are not scattered over the territory in a haphazard way; each of them, on the contrary, represents a sum of conditions of climate and soil which is typical for some large division of the Dominion. The Central Farm at Ottawa is typical for a wide region embracing East Ontario and West Quebec. The farm at Nappan, in Nova Scotia, is intended to represent agriculture in the three maritime provinces of the Atlantic border. The farm at

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Agassiz, located at the bottom and on the slopes of a beautiful valley of the Coast Range, some forty miles east of Vancouver, represents the wet and warm climate of Southern British Columbia; while the two prairie farms at Indian Head, in the North-west Territory of Assiniboïa, and at Brandon, in the midst of the wheat belt of Southern Manitoba, represent the two main divisions of the prairies where an extensive dryness does not prevent agriculture from taking a colossal development. Finally, the agricultural college at Guelph, with the experimental farm attached to it—both maintained by the Province of Ontario—is situated amidst the garden of Canada, *i.e.* in the peninsula which stretches south-westward between Lake Huron and the Lakes of Erie and Ontario, where mixed farming of an intensive character is carried on, and where grapes, peaches, and pears are cultivated to a great extent.[18] Two more farms will probably have to be opened—one in that stretch of dry ranching land which runs at the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, north and south of Calgary, and where the beginnings of irrigation are preparing the way for agriculture, and another in the very fertile belt of land covered with small forest and brush, which stretches in the north-west of Winnipeg along the Dauphin line towards Edmonton, and is now a favourite ground for new settlers of all possible nationalities.

The work which is done at the five experimental farms belongs entirely to the domain of experimental science, and it is carried on, on purely scientific lines, by a small staff consisting of the director, the superintendents of the farms, the horticulturist, the entomologist and botanist, the chemist, and the foreman of forestry. Their chief efforts are directed to ascertain which varieties of wheat, oats, barley, peas &c. yield the best crops under the conditions of climate, soil, and exposure that prevail in each separate region. For this purpose several hundreds of varieties of cereals, peas, and fodder crops are grown every year on plots of the size of $\frac{1}{10}$ and $\frac{1}{20}$ of an acre, and each of them is harvested, threshed, and weighed separately, so as to ascertain the yields in different conditions of climate (which vary considerably from one year to another), position, exposure to or protection from the wind, and treatment of the soil. One can easily imagine what an immense and valuable material is thus accumulated, and to what account it may be turned by the botanist who would devote his attention to this subject.

To find out which variety of cereals and fodder-grasses is best suitable for the climate of each province is by no means an easy task, because the climate of Canada offers certain special difficulties. The winters in Central Canada are very cold as a rule; but plants, as is known, suffer but little from the cold of the winter. The trying

[18] The Central Farm covers nearly 500 acres; Nappan, 310 acres; Agassiz, nearly 1,000 acres, in which are 800 acres of mountains; Brandon, 670 acres; and Indian Head, 680 acres.

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period comes in the spring. Early in the spring the heat of the sun becomes so intense as to start plants to life very early; but then come the sharp night frosts, followed by hot sunshine early in the morning, and the plant perishes. This is why spring wheat (which is sown in the spring) is grown in preference to autumn wheat—almost exclusively in Manitoba—and why even such fruit-trees as apples and pears, which will stand perfectly a sharp winter frost, cannot be grown on the prairies. Of course, even on the prairies, things are not so bad in Canada as they are in Siberia, where the apple-trees, which are seen in full blossom at Irkutsk in the first half of May, have all their blossom destroyed by a cold spell of weather which usually spreads over Siberia about the 20th of May. But still the night frosts in the spring are bad enough in Canada, and they destroy the plants which have been started into a rapid growth after their long winter slumber. Moreover, there are frosts by the end of the summer, and although the early autumn frosts become rarer and less sharp in proportion as the land is cleared and cultivated, nevertheless rapid ripening is a quality necessarily required from the cereals that are grown in the continental parts of the Dominion. The variety of wheat which ripens three or four days, or even a couple of days, in advance of other varieties, is therefore preferred to other equally prolific varieties, as it has more chances not to be caught by frost. Consequently, all sorts of varieties of wheat and other cereals are experimented upon, especially those which come from the North of Scotland, Norway, North Russia, and Siberia.

In such conditions early sowing becomes a necessity, and apart from the protection from frosts, its general advantages have been fully demonstrated. Different varieties of wheat, oats, barley, and peas are sown every week in succession, beginning with the 20th of April and ending with the 25th of May; and the crops obtained from the first two sowings (the first three for peas) are so much superior to the crops obtained from later sowings that each farmer sees at a glance what he loses if he has not made his sowings by the end of April.

The chief point towards which Dr. W. Saunders directs his attention is, however, not only to test the properties of the existing varieties of cereals, and to make the results known to the farmers, but to create new varieties best adapted to the climate of the country. The importance of breeding new varieties for the special requirements of each separate region, which for such a length of time has been so sadly neglected in Europe, is fully understood in Canada. Many poor crops in Europe are simply due to the fact that the same variety of wheat or oats has been cultivated for generations in succession, without rejuvenating it in some way or another. Every variety of cereals, though it may be very prolific at the time of its appearance, gradually loses its vigour; and this is why we see

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that the varieties which are now in repute among rational farmers are quite different from those which were held in high esteem some thirty or forty years ago. It is not a matter of fashion, but a substitution—often unconscious—of new and more vigorous varieties for those which are in a senile decay. At the experimental farms it is endeavoured to accomplish this introduction of new varieties in a conscious way, and to breed such new varieties as would be best adapted to the special requirements of the country.[19]

Cross-fertilisation of different varieties, as well as the production in the same way of hybrids between different species (such as the two-rowed and the six-rowed barley), are widely experimented upon for this purpose. The pollen of one variety is transported, with great precautions, upon the feathery pistils of the flower of the other variety (deprived of course of its own stamens); the flower-case is then carefully closed, and when a number of flowers in the spike have been operated upon in this way, the head or the spike is wrapped in thin manilla paper and so tied up as to prevent the possibility of access of other pollen either by wind or insects. The plant is then tied to a stick in order to prevent its being broken by accident. The kernels or seeds, which attain maturity on this plant, form the starting points of new varieties. 'The heads of the single plant grown the first year from each seed will be all alike,' Dr. Saunders writes, 'and they may take after the female plant which has supplied the pistil, or they may resemble the heads on the plant from which the pollen has been gathered. In any case, if the cross has been accomplished, the grain from the plant of the first year, when sown next season, will usually produce several different forms, some resembling one parent and some the other, while others again may be more or less intermediate in character, and there remains to choose out of them the most suitable varieties.' The difficulties attending this sort of work are self-evident, and one need not wonder that, from 1,650 flowers carefully crossed, only 220 kernels were obtained. Nevertheless, in the course of six years more than 700 cross-bred and hybrid varieties of grain have been produced at the farms, and out of them no less than 189 are still under experiment.[20]

Crossings have especially been made between Scotch wheat (red and white Fife) and North Russian wheats (Ladoga and Onega), as also Indian wheats, and it is estimated that the new variety, Fife-Ladoga, offers several advantages; it gives a heavier crop and is earlier by three or four days. The hybrids produced between the two-rowed and the six-rowed barley also offer great interest because the latter stools more freely—that is, gives more ears—while the former has longer ears and ripens earlier. In the list of crops

[19] It is known that in Europe Vilmorin has been working for years at that creation of new varieties. His researches were fully appreciated by Darwin.

[20] *Experimental Farms, Reports* for 1896. Ottawa, 1897, p. 21 *sq.*

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obtained with different varieties of barley, in 1896, the new hybrids stand among the first for heavy crops. As to a cross-bred variety of oats, obtained by crossing branching oats with one-sided oats, it has a real interest for the naturalists. There are oats of which the heads or panicles are widely branched, and others in which the panicle is all one-sided—all spikelets hanging as a mane on one side of the main stem. A settled intermediate form has been obtained by crossing the two varieties, its panicles being all one-sided and widely branched at the same time. Many other intermediate forms have also been produced by crossing long-kernels' oats with short-kernels' ones, thin-hulled with thick-hulled, and the black and yellow oats with white ones.

All these varieties are of course experimented upon, not only at the experimental farms but also in the open field, by many farmers. Three-pound bags of seeds are distributed by the thousand, free of cost and postage, among the farmers, of whom a great number report later on about the results which they have obtained in their fields.[21] Nor are these experiments limited to Canada. The Canadian experimental farms stand in connection with the American ones; and while Russian and Siberian varieties are widely experimented upon in the Dominion, ten tons of Canadian seeds were shipped this autumn to Vladivostok to be experimented upon in the Siberian farms of the Amur and the Usuri regions. It may also be added that cross-varieties of peas were produced and that some of them give undoubtedly larger crops than the old ones—a fact of importance for Canada, where nearly 800,000 acres are given to this crop in the Province of Ontario alone.

Manuring is not yet in great vogue on the prairies—the soil of Southern Manitoba being so fertile that twenty crops were grown in succession from the same land without impressing upon the farmers the necessity of manuring. Still, the time is rapidly coming when manure will be a necessity in Manitoba as it is already in some other parts of the Dominion, and varied experiments are carried on upon the value of different fertilisers. One series of them deserves special notice. They were begun in 1895 when clover was sown with grain, in order to see whether it can be grown to advantage with the grain without materially lessening this last crop.[22] If this can be done, the clover will absorb and appropriate the nitrogenous fertilisers which are brought down by the rain during the late summer and autumn months, and it will, moreover, like all other leguminous plants, absorb nitrogen from the air through the microbes which develop upon its roots. It may then be ploughed under and enrich the soil with

[21] 38,378 samples of seeds of all sorts were mailed to nearly 35,000 applicants in 1896.

[22] *Experimental Farms Report* for 1896, p. 37; also 1895, pp. 210, 213 (Chemist's Report).

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nitrogen. I saw the plots upon which these experiments were made at the Ottawa farm. The grain crop had been cut, and in a few days the clover, which had been kept back so long as the cereals remained in the field, began to develop with admirable rapidity. It was evident that when these fields were ploughed they would receive a very valuable green manure.[23] It had to be seen, of course, whether the sowing of clover with wheat, barley, and oats would not reduce the cereal crop; but it is not so. When experiments were made on pairs of closely-lying plots, one of which was sown with cereals alone, and the other with red clover (10 lbs. per acre) in addition to the cereals, only three plots out of ten showed smaller crops for the mixed sowing, while on the seven other plots the crop was even higher than without clover. The same results were obtained at the Brandon farm.[24]

Another wide series of experiments is carried on with fruit-trees. That apples and pears cannot be grown in Manitoba has already been alluded to. Nevertheless hundreds of Manitoba farmers used formerly to spend considerable sums of money in buying different varieties of apple-trees which they hoped to acclimatise. The impossibility of growing apples in Manitoba has now been fully demonstrated. During the past six years almost every variety of fruit-tree, which had any special claim for hardiness, has been tried at the two farms of Brandon and Indian Head; the hardiest varieties grown in Eastern Canada, in the western and northern parts of the States, and in Northern Europe were tested in all possible conditions—and all failed.

However, the staff of the experimental farms are not at all satisfied with this negative result. They are now endeavouring themselves to produce a variety of apple-trees which could bear fruit in the climate of Manitoba and the North-west Territories. There is one very hardy variety of crab-apple from Siberia—the berried pyrus (*Pyrus Caccata*)—which has for the past five years endured the climate of these regions without injury. It bears plenty of fruit, but its fruit is not much bigger than a cherry. Efforts are being made therefore to improve this fruit in size and quality by cross-fertilising the crab-apple with the hardiest sorts of apples—chiefly Russian—and with the larger

[23] Different varieties of clover were experimented upon, and their value as fertilisers is shown in the Chemist's Report. Mr. Shutt's remarks on the amount of nitrogen stored by the roots of the Alfalfa clover are extremely interesting, and every page of his reports is a valuable contribution to physiological chemistry.

[24] *Reports*, p. 335. Another interesting fact was found out, namely, that plots manured with equal quantities in weight of fresh and rotten manure gave materially the same crops, or even better ones with fresh manure than with the rotted one. The importance of this observation becomes evident when we learn from the Report of the Chemist, Fr. T. Shutt, that in four months 8,000 lbs. of fresh manure were reduced to 3,480 lbs., and that they dwindled down to 2,659 lbs. in the course of one year (*Reports*, p. 195).

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crabs.[25] This work was partly done by the Director of the Ottawa farm, but chiefly by Dr. C. E. Saunders, and at the present time more than 1,800 cross-bred seeds have been obtained. They were all duly planted two years ago, and from this quantity of seed 1,500 or 1,600 trees may be expected, some of which will probably bear larger and improved fruits, of a hardy and suitable character. The best of these varieties will then be selected for experiments on a larger scale. It is hoped that in this way a variety of apple appropriate to the climate of Manitoba will be obtained. Similar attempts were also made with the local wild sand-cherry, with the intention of crossing it with the better cultivated cherries; but thus far the attempts have not succeeded. Biologists will however notice with great interest the considerable variations in the size and shape of the fruit which were provoked by the cross-breeding.[26]

Another very interesting branch of work is being carried on at the Agassiz farm of British Columbia. It is intended to prove that in the Coast Range the slopes of the mountains can be utilised, up to a certain height, for orchards. On the hill which faces the Agassiz valley on its northern side, different sorts of fruit-trees have been planted on small patches of open ground, amid the virgin forest, up to an altitude of 1,050 feet; and as one climbs the mountain he discovers these small plantations of trees heavily loaded with fruit, which prove that the slopes of the hills can also be utilised for fruit culture as well as the bottoms of the valleys, where land is already sold at European prices, up to 15*l.* and 20*l.* the acre.

Canada has been described by some visitors as the land of tree-stumps—all land that is now under culture or under the villages and the towns over immense parts of the Dominion having been cleared from under virgin forests. It sounds strange, therefore, that tree-planting should make an important portion of the work of the experimental farms. But the Dominion of Canada contains all possible varieties of soil, climate, and aspects; and by the side of the immense spaces, where man tries to get rid of the trees as of a nuisance, there are the hardly less immense treeless prairies, where tree-planting is of the first importance. Nay, even in the woody regions, the growing of certain species of trees, and the planting of trees near to man's dwellings, upon spaces totally cleared of trees by forest fires, is becoming an important problem.

The Forestry Manager, or the 'Foreman of Forestry,' has thus plenty of work on his hands. At the Central Farm at Ottawa, sixty-five acres of land were set apart for an arboretum and a botanical garden, and as many as possible of the native trees and shrubs of Canada were planted there, as well as a great number of such species and varieties as were likely to succeed in Canada. Nearly 2,000 species and varieties of trees and shrubs are thus grown, and many

[25] *Reports*, 1896, p. 62 *sq.* [26] *Ibid.* p. 123.

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instructive lessons have already been learned from the tree plantations—the most important of them being that mixed plantations, imitating as much as possible the natural grouping of trees in the forests, give the best results. It need hardly be said that the observations made on the growth, the hardiness, the time of blooming, &c., of such a number of trees and shrubs already represent most precious materials for the botanists.

The winters in Canada are long, and while in the high plains of the Calgary and Macleod region cattle and horses are grazing all the winter through, they must be fed in the stable for full five months in Manitoba. Consequently, even on the boundless prairies of South Manitoba, which begin to be pretty thickly settled, the growing of grasses for winter fodder and the artificial meadows becomes a question of the first importance. A perennial grass, a native of Europe—the Brome grass (*Bromus inermis*)—was introduced to supply that need, and, after having been experimented upon for several years in succession, it has admirably answered all requirements. As a pasture grass for Manitoba it is perhaps unequalled. Mr. Bedford writes: 'Starting early in the spring, it is fit to pasture two weeks earlier than the native grasses, and at Brandon cattle were pasturing on it in 1896 up to the 1st of November.' It is no wonder, therefore, that the Brome grass is rapidly becoming a favourite with the Manitoba farmers.[27] Besides, mixed cereals, cut green, are resorted to for hay; but the best results have been obtained from Indian corn, which does not ripen for seed but attains the size of eight and ten feet, and after having been put in *silos* (which are built above the ground), gives an excellent and abundant winter fodder.

Much more ought to be said, especially about the entomological and bacteriological work in connection with the creameries, which is carried on both at the Dominion farms and at Guelph; but what has been said will give an idea of the scientific value of the farms. It must only be added that while in Europe the work of the experimental farms too often remains little known to those who toil on the soil, in Canada, as in the United States, a whole machinery has been worked out for diffusing the knowledge that has been won from scientific research, down to the remotest village. Not only the reports of the experimental farms, their bulletins on special subjects, and their circulars, are distributed in scores of thousands (162,642 reports and bulletins were mailed in 1896); not only some twenty thousand letters are exchanged every year with the farmers and correspondents, and several thousand farmers come to pay visits every year to each experimental farm; but a whole system of Farmers' Institutes and Farmers' Conventions and Associations has been developed to convey that information to the farmers and to have it

[27] *Reports*, 1896, p. 335 *sq.*

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discussed by them; while the Reports of the Provincial Departments of Agriculture, which also are distributed free in many thousands of copies, contain whole inquiries into different agricultural subjects, to which every one contributes, and which are admirably summed up. But this organisation belongs rather to the domain of diffusion of science, and can only be alluded to in this place.

The Canadian agriculturists endeavour to enrich the soil with nitrogen by ploughing down a catch-crop of clover: the bacteria developed on the roots of clover having absorbed some nitrogen from the air, that quantity of the nourishing element is thus added to the soil for the benefit of the next crops. But in Europe, and especially in Germany and France, attempts are now being made to enrich the soil directly, by inoculating it with those bacteria which store up nitrogen in the root-nodules of clover and other leguminous plants. This important work is being carried on, chiefly by F. Nobbe and L. Hiltner, at one of the experimental stations of Germany.

It was already mentioned in the pages of this Review [28] how Warrington and Winogradsky discovered the two bacteria which render assimilable by plants the nitrogen contained in the soil in the shape of different nitrogen compounds. One of these bacteria decomposes ammonia, splitting it into water and nitrous acid, whereupon the other bacteria further oxidise this last acid and transform it into nitric acid, which can be assimilated by plants. Winogradsky, who discovered this last microbe in a sample of soil imported from Quito, remarked moreover that if a small quantity of Quito soil be mixed with the loam of our own fields, the former acts as a ferment, the microbe which it contains rapidly multiplying in the loam. On the other side, Wilfahrt and Hellriegel discovered about the same time that the roots of all leguminous plants (peas, vetches, clover, and so on), when they are grown in fertile soils, become covered with very small nodules, consisting of agglomerations of a special bacterium (*Bacterium radicicola*) which borrows from the roots the necessary hydro-carbons, and supplies them in return with nitrogen taken from the air which circulates in the soil.

These discoveries became the starting point of a series of epoch-making researches. It was suggested by Berthelot, and proved by Bouilhac,[29] that the nitrogen-absorbing microbes can only live in the soil on the condition that they should find in it either living plants to associate with (as is the case with the roots of the Leguminosæ), or algæ and all sorts of decaying *débris* of plants, which would supply the bacteria with the necessary carbon. In fact, these bacteria would not live in liquids containing mineral matters only in solution; but they throve as soon as some algæ (the *Nostoc*) were introduced into such a solution.

[28] 'Recent Science,' *Nineteenth Century*, August 1893.
[29] *Comptes Rendus*, tome cxxiii. 1896, p. 828.

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Nobbe and Hiltner pursued their researches in another direction. It is well known that no plant would live in a soil containing no available nitrogen. The German explorers proved, however, that leguminous plants can live in pure quartz sand containing all nourishing elements except nitrogen, on the condition that cultures of bacteria, taken from leguminous root-nodules, should be introduced in the sand. In such case the bacteria, which rapidly multiply, supply to the rootlets the nitrogen which was absent from the soil. The two German explorers discovered next that there are different kinds of bacteria on different species of Leguminosæ, and that each of them is good for the species only with which it was formerly associated. There still remains some doubt as to whether the bacteria which live on different species of Leguminosæ do not belong themselves to different species, or whether, as is rendered probable by Nobbe's work, they all belong to one species (*B. radicicola*), in which case certain special adaptations must have been produced in them by an association of long standing with separate species of Leguminosæ. It is true that, by inoculating bacteria taken on the point of a needle from Lucerne, Bréal produced root-nodules on a lupin; but more recent researches prove that the distinction above mentioned undoubtedly exists.

Nobbe and Hiltner lately made a series of exhaustive experiments with the view of ascertaining what would be the effects of inoculation of bacteria taken from six different groups of leguminous plants upon representatives of each of these groups.[30] It appeared then that with a few partial exceptions the inoculation can only be considered as safe when it is made with bacteria taken from the same genus or from the same group of leguminous plants. Only the lupin bacteria were inactive even for the same genus. All plants in these experiments throve so long as they could obtain nitrogen from their own seeds or from the soil; but then came a period when this supply was exhausted, and the plant began to suffer from 'nitrogen hunger.' It recovered only when the nodules produced by the inoculation of suitable bacteria were developed—this development taking from fourteen to sixty days for different species. In a soil inoculated with the proper bacteria the plants were remarkably vigorous, and especially with the peas and the clover, the blooming and the production of seeds were admirably stimulated. No assimilation of nitrogen through the leaves could be noticed.

The practical results of these experiments are very promising. After having thus proved the advantages of inoculation, Nobbe began to breed the necessary bacteria on a large scale, in order to supply them for agricultural purposes in the farms. A special bacterial

[30] *Ueber die Anpassungsfähigkeit der Knöllchenbakterien ungleichen Ursprungs an verschiedene Leguminosengattungen*, in *Landwirthschaftliche Versuchsstationen*, 1896, vol. xlvii. p. 257.

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liquid for inoculating the soil with bacteria is now prepared, under the name of 'nitragin' in Nobbe's bacteria factory. Small bottles, of a capacity of 300 cubic centimetres, and containing gelatine cultures of seventeen different species of bacteria gathered from different Leguminosæ are now sold at the price of half-a-crown, and this quantity is said to be sufficient to inoculate with nitrogen-storing bacteria a surface of half an acre (a German *Morgen*, according to other statements). The best way to use the nitragin preparation is gently to warm the bottle to a temperature of 91 degrees Fahrenheit, when the gelatine is liquefied, and then to dissolve it in water. The seeds are soaked in this solution in the same way as the seeds of wheat are soaked in a solution of copper sulphate for preventing smut.[31]

It is very probable, Déhérain says, that in a soil in which leguminous plants were previously grown for many years, the effects of the nitragin preparation may not be very visible; but otherwise it probably will be effective, and he foresees the time when bacterial fertilisers will be sold to the same extent as the chemical fertilisers are sold at the present time. In several experiments made in Germany upon certain peats, the effects of the inoculation of the soil with nitrogen-storing bacteria were remarkably good. But it must not be forgotten that nitragin began to be supplied to the trade less than two years ago—in the spring of 1896—and that some time will be required before its properties have been tested on a large scale, and a definite judgment about its fertilising qualities can be formed.

As to the scientific value of the discoveries of Winogradsky, Hellriegel, Nobbe and all other workers in the same field, it is self-evident; they have opened a quite new branch of research; and while we were beginning to look too much on the soil as upon an inert mineral mass, they have made us revert to the only true conception—that the soil maintains life because it is living matter itself.

P. Kropotkin.

[31] *Jahrbuch der deutschen Landwirthschafts Gesellschaft*, vol. xi. 1896, p. 48 *sq.*

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GUICCIARDINI

In a short piece lately written upon Machiavelli, I mentioned that Cavour used to say that the author of the *Prince* had not so good a grasp of the realities of public things as Guicciardini, his contemporary and friend. Here was a man, said Cavour, who really knew affairs, and knew them far better than Machiavelli. To most even decently well-read persons who have had no special occasion to look into his pages, he is little more than a name, known only by the old jest of an enemy, transferred to the dazzling page of Macaulay, that a certain criminal in Italy was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys; he chose the History, but the war of Pisa was too much for him; he changed his mind, and went to the oar.

Cavour is not the only personage of high authority who has given Guicciardini a place among great names. Bolingbroke, for instance, boldly declares that he does not scruple to prefer him in every respect to Thucydides. Thiers calls him one of the most clear-sighted men that ever lived, and declares that his breadth of narrative, the vigour of his pencil, and his depth of judgment, rank his History among the finest monuments of the human mind. Macaulay, in his later days, says that he admires no historians much except Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus, and perhaps in his own peculiar way Father Paul Sarpi: he always placed the historian of the Council of Trent first among the Italians; then came Davila, whose story of the battle of Ivry was worthy of Thucydides himself; next to Davila he put Guicciardini, and Machiavelli last. An accomplished critic in his own country calls their historic school one of the most original creations of the Italians of the Renaissance, and Guicciardini stands first within that school. An accomplished English critic calls him one of the most consummate historians of any nation or of any age. A German critic applauds the consummate mastery with which he explains events, motives, plans, reasons for and against. Ranke describes his book as the foundation of all the later works upon the beginning of modern history, and as one of our great historical possessions.[1]

[1] Villari, *Machiavelli*, iii. 205; Symonds, *Renaissance, Age of Despots*, 230; Gaspary, *Italien. Lit. der Renaissancezeit*, ii. 391; Ranke, *Zur Kritik neuerer Geschichtschreiber* (1874), *Sämmtl. Werke*, xxxiv.

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Charles the Fifth knew Guicciardini well. There is a story that when courtiers remonstrated at the long hours that he spent with the Italian while they were kept waiting, Charles replied: 'In a single instant I can create a hundred grandees of Spain; not in a hundred years could I make a Guicciardini.'

I

Born in 1482, he was a little younger than Machiavelli and Michelangelo, and he died in 1540. He was descended from a tolerably long line of respectable burghers, of whom he has left us a full account, including half a dozen vignettes that show in graphic style what manner of folk they were. They kept shops where they sold silk and other wares; they owned ships and were their own skippers; they went to the Levant and Flanders and wherever else in the narrower and simpler trade of that day money was to be picked up; and they filled at one time or another all the various public posts in Florence. A sort of family likeness is to be traced among them. The men were strong, good-looking, warm in temper, yet cautious in politics, weighty, of good character according to the standard of time and place, and with a proper eye to the main chance. The Guicciardini were not great people, but they were steady, well-to-do, respectable persons, and the historian was proud of his stock. Two things in the world, he told his descendants, he cared about—one, the perpetual exaltation of the city and its freedom; the other, 'the glory of our house, not only for my life, but for always.'

It has been energetically said of 'the sombre and sublime Italy' of the sixteenth century, that life was a mortal combat, the house a fortress, the garment a cuirass, hospitality an ambush, the embrace a garotte, the proffered cup poison, the proffered hand a dagger-thrust.[2] This, however, was not all, and in truth this fierce melodrama never can be all. Here is Guicciardini's vignette of his father, to whom he was to the end of his days deeply and tenderly attached:—

Peter was truly a wise man, and of as great judgment and insight as any man in Florence in his time; nobody had a better or a clearer conscience; he was a lover of his city and of the poor; and he never did a human creature the least wrong. For these things, as well as for the qualities of his house and his forefathers, he was from his youth held in high esteem, and he carried himself in such a way that in brain and in weight there was no man in Florence to equal him. If to his goodness and prudence had been added a little more vivacity, he would have stood still higher. But either because nature made him so, or because it was due to the times, which were in truth strong times and strange, he went about his affairs with little boldness and vast wariness; taking up few ventures, working at public things slowly and with great deliberation, never willing, save when necessity or conscience constrained him, to say outright in important matters

[2] Saint-Victor, *Anciens et Modernes*, p. 31.

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what was his real mind and judgment. Though his carefulness not to put himself at the head of a party or of novel schemes and undertakings prevented his name from being on everybody's lips, yet it had this other effect, that in the midst of all the tumult and agitation that the city went through in his day, he always kept himself and his position out of reach of hurt. That was more than happened to anybody else of his degree, when all the other considerable people ran such risks in property or life. . . . These things made the city grieve over his death sorely, and all good men felt his loss, the people and citizens of every class—everybody knowing that a wise and good citizen was gone, and one from whom both in universal and particular no mischief could ever have come, but only good fruit and all well-doing (*Op. Ined.* x. 90–1).

Guicciardini was in important employment from 1512 when at the age of thirty he was sent to represent the Republic of Florence at the Court of Ferdinand of Aragon. He returned home in the following year. In 1515 he was appointed to meet Leo the Tenth on behalf of the Republic, and from 1516 to 1523 he became the papal officer in the Emilia. Then he was named the Pope's viceroy in the Romagna, and lieutenant-general in the papal army. He shared some of the responsibility for the disasters which are summed up in the Sack of Rome (1527), but this did not prevent his promotion, when the time came, to be the Pope's governor at Bologna (1531). He did his work with energy, tact, and capacity, until at last the death of Clement the Seventh (1534) put an end to his employment in the papal service.

His life by this time 'became a series of expedients, in which he loses personal consideration, his reputation for honour, and at last his whole credit and power' (Benoist's *Guichardin*, p. 101). Though always free from direct corruption, and according to his own account a believer rather in politic clemency than in rigour, yet when he was sent by the Pope in 1530 to punish the Florentines for their rising, he showed himself merciless and vindictive, and repaid the revolutionary party in their own coin for the fierce rancour with which, when they were uppermost, they had handled the friends of Clement the Seventh.[3] By conviction he was in favour of an oligarchy, and his private writings prove that he estimated the Medici and their tyranny at what they were worth. But neither fools nor wise, he said, 'can in the end resist that which has to be.' 'All states and cities are mortal; everything, either by its nature or by accident, comes to a close. Hence a citizen who finds himself watching the dissolution of his country need not so much groan over this disgrace, as over his own lot. His country only suffers what in any case it was bound to suffer. The true unhappiness is that of the man who chances to have been born in an age when the moment of his country's doom has struck.' This has been called by some a sublime stoicism. It is perhaps nearer to that fatalism, not sublime, with which in times of political confusion men excuse a secret surrender to self-interest.

[3] Varchi, *Stor. Fior.*, Bk. xii.

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The ancient traveller found on the Acrocorinthus a mysterious shrine dedicated to Necessity and Force. These two are potent divinities indeed, and well deserve a temple; but sublime stoic is hardly the name for him who bows down humbly within their walls, and seeks to propitiate them in his own favour at whatever cost in burnt offerings.

In one of his Reflections (220) he inculcates the perilous doctrine that it is the duty of a good citizen to do his best to live on such terms with a tyrant as to be able to counsel good courses and dissuade from bad ones. 'How disastrous,' he cries, 'would the government of the Medici have been, if they had been surrounded only by fools and knaves.' Acting on this principle, which in various applications has been the undoing of many a better man in cabinets and parties since (say from Falkland and Colepeper in the seventeenth century down to Prévost Paradol in the nineteenth), Guicciardini became servant of the most odious of the Medici. Finally, he was the means of raising Cosimo to be head of the State. Cosimo was only eighteen, he was fond of pleasure, and Guicciardini took care that he should have a handsome income. When the sum was fixed, Guicciardini at the council table, lowering his face and raising his eyebrows, said drily, 'Twelve thousand golden florins are fine spending.' But craft is not confined to greybeards, and young Cosimo was no sooner secure than he discarded his mentor. Guicciardini went off to his villa (1534); he was fifty-two; he had abundant material to his hand; he had ever been an indefatigable penman; and he now spent the six years of life that were left in the composition of his great work on the history of Italy. Clarendon was seven years older when he too in exile and disgrace 'betook himself to his books,' and with indomitable activity of mind and pen completed his story of his own time.

Guicciardini was reasonably free from the discouragement and dejection with which satiety of life is apt to affect our judgment and temper. He was nearing that period of his age, '*dove ciascun dovrebbe Calar le vele, e raccoglier le sarte*'—when every lofty soul, like the mariner drawing near the port, should lower sails and gather in the ropes. Men are often spoiled by success, but more are spoiled by failure; and Guicciardini was wise enough to look to what he had done, rather than at what he had missed. What he seeks, and what he attains, is rather a reasoned fortitude than that serenity, that 'great lesson of suavity' as Dante calls it, which brings a man to face the end without grief or bitterness. He did not pretend to like the falling of the curtain, but he consoled himself by thinking for how many important parts he had been cast by Fortune, and how well he had played them. He was without that moral ambition, as it has been called, and a very morbid ambition it is, which pretends to treat all grief, anger, mortification, chagrin, as weaknesses to be ashamed of. He makes

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no foolish attempt to cure his wound either by a spurious rhetoric that places things out of perspective and proportion, or by a spurious philosophy that thinks to turn pain into pleasure by juggling with words as if they were things. Various are the attitudes of men towards the outside unseen divinity, Fortune, Chance, Necessity, Force of Circumstance, when it overthrows them. Some defy, some whimper, some fall stunned, some break their hearts once for all, others silently obey the grim ordering of events and with courage gather up the shattered pieces. The ancient literature of consolation contains some famous pieces, from Seneca, the friend of Nero, down to Boethius, the friend of Theodoric.[4] If we would measure the differences of times and men, it is well worth while to turn to that grave and beautiful piece in our own literature, so full of enlightenment, liberality, wisdom, tenderness, and piety, where Bishop Burnet concludes his history. 'I have,' he says, 'considering my sphere, seen a great deal of all that is most shining and tempting in this world: the pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate; intrigues of state and the conduct of affairs have something in them that is more specious; and I was for some years deeply immersed in these, but still with hopes of reforming the world, and of making mankind wiser and better; but I have found that which is crooked cannot be made straight.' And then he goes on his way to his devout and lofty moral. So at a moment when all his counsels had come to nought, when his patron, the Holy Father, was a prisoner in the castle of Saint Angelo, and Rome was suffering all the violence and horror of prolonged sack at the hands of ferocious Spaniard and German, Guicciardini tried his hand at self-consolation.[5]

Politely despatching with summary mention the comforting assurances of theologians and philosophers, as physic that no patient would voluntarily choose to take, 'I will speak to thee,' he says to himself, 'in a lower key, and more according to the nature of men and the world.' It comes to this after all: that human enterprises are ever apt to miscarry; that he knew this when ~~when he~~ embarked upon the voyage; that the wreck was no special fault of his, for popes, kings, and emperors were the principals, and he no more than an instrument; that his arguments for the war against the Emperor may have been an error of judgment, but it is not fair to expect a man to carry into the council-chamber, besides merely human reasonings, the prognosticating judgments of astrologers and soothsayers; that time mends all, and men will see that he is blameless. Then he recovers the self-respect of which he is in search, by appeal to his past: 'Ask all the places where thou hast been, the peoples over whom thou hast been set in rule, the armies that have been under

[4] See M. Martha's *Consolations dans l'Antiquité*—a chapter in his admirable *Études Morales sur l'Antiquité*.

[5] September 1527. *Op. Ined.* x. 103–33.

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thy orders. They will own that thou art a man of talent, resolute in taking decisions, abundant in resource, expeditious in act.' Wholly free from the insincerities and inflations of the professing cynic, stoic, or anchorite, Guicciardini's consolation is rational and worth reading. At the end of it, however, perhaps an impartial person would commend to statesmen in misfortune not all this argumentation, explanation, consolation, sophistication, but the sharp and simple concision of Thucydides, 'It befell me to be an exile from my country for twenty years after my command at Amphipolis.' And no more.

In every age cases meet us where experience changes the idealist and the reformer, first to doubter, then to indifferent, next to pure egotist, at last to hard cynic. The process may be gradual, but it is apt to be implacable, and the fallen man one day awakes to find his sensibility gone, his moral pulse at a stand, and his once ardent soul burnt down to ashes. When the waking hour arrives, one man may still have grace enough to go out and weep bitterly; another only mocks. There is no sign that Guicciardini ran through all these stages of the political Sceptic's Progress. He was a man of the world from first to last. Dreams and visions such as make for some the charmed part of life were never anything to him. He had not even the dreams of ambition of the ravening sort. He was not of those who must be Premier, President, Commander-in-Chief, or Admiral of the Fleet. Yet he had much honourable public spirit. 'Three things,' he said, 'I would willingly see before I die: a well-ordered republic in my native Florence; the barbarian invaders driven from Italy; the world freed from the rascal priests.' These objects he honestly desired, but he did not much expect them, and he was not the man to make a fight for them. He had a passion for the transaction of public business, he wished to see it well done with a view to rightly ordered ends, and he had a strong capacity for it. We should in charity and sense remember that it is a natural infirmity, even of noble minds, to identify their own personality with the furtherance of the common good. But first of all he was for himself.

Guicciardini in short was a grave long-headed man of affairs, of a type well known in the public service of kings and peoples from his day to ours. He was sharply alive to the truth set out by Machiavelli, that the thing of importance in this world is not only to know one's self in a general way, but to have skill enough to measure the forces of one's own mind and character with the forces and needs of the State. As much as this, to be sure, would have been heartily admitted by anybody in the Rogue's Camp, from Catiline to Jonathan Wild. Apart from this original selfishness of the politic man in search of his career, times of great public travail always tend to harden the heart; and the Florentine publicists all write like men with hardish hearts. They have none of the geniality of Comines, none of the cheerful good humour of Bacon, none of the amiability of Montesquieu,

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none of that deep insight into life and character as a whole, which made La Bruyère and some other Frenchmen of the seventeenth century, including more than one of their divines, so admirable and so fruitful. The same is true even of Paruta, the Venetian, who hated the Machiavellian school, and all its works, and wrote some admirable things in his dialogue on the Perfection of the Political Life. Neither Venetian publicist nor Florentine, for instance, was capable of any such saying as that exquisite one of Bacon, that *the nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it has.* Nothing of this kind was in their vein.

II

Guicciardini interests us somewhat as a political theorist about constitutions and the like; he interests us deeply as a historian; and he interests us most of all as a shrewd observer of men, and a keen explorer of the secrets of managing them. Of the first of these three aspects of him we shall say nothing, except that his discussion of the government of Florence handles the everlasting question whether the rule by one, by a few, or by many, be the best, with extraordinary acuteness and vigour. It is too long, and it is all the longer for being in the form of dialogue, which was a favourite device of that century. To some of us, the most tiresome dissertation is not more afflicting than the sprightliest, courtliest, demurest, or archest of all these polemical dialogues. Plato is of course the grand exception, as on a lower plane is Cicero's brilliant and skilful dialogue on the Orator. But if men could be quite honest about Olympian names, perhaps a good half even of Plato would fall under the same remark. One critic, and a French critic, strange to say, is reminded by our Italian's *Reggimento di Firenze*, in respect of elegance and grace, of the opening of the *Phædrus*. This belongs to the disputable region of taste; but a more important and less questionable point is that in its arguments and considerations on the merits, difficulties, and dangers of popular government, and in the light it sheds on our actual problem of the choice between power concentrated and power checked and counterbalanced, Guicciardini's dialogue is as modern as if it had been written yesterday, and it has even been enthusiastically described as one of the strongest and most vivid in the history of political writing.[6]

More interesting, alike as a historic document, and as a kind of literature in which the world is not any too well off, are the *Ricordi*, or Civil and Political Counsels. These are a body of aphorisms or reflections on political wisdom, and the arts of the Politic Man; and it is mainly on their account that the ordinary reader of to-day will think it worth while to take a volume of Guicciardini down from his shelf. They did not appear in a full and authentic shape until

[6] Janet, *Hist. de la Science Politique*, i. 546.

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the year 1857. Some of them are scattered through the History of Italy and other of the author's writings, and these judicious sentences were collected from the History and published apart before the end of the sixteenth century. Guicciardini evidently took great pains in pointing and polishing them, but it is doubtful whether he ever meant the whole of them for the public eye. He was the most circumspect of men, and very unlikely to be willing to hand over to the profane crowd all the secrets of empire and all the wisdom of the *domus Socratica* of Rome and Florence.[7] Many of the 400 are repetitions, but when due deduction is made for these, we have a large body of observation and admonition that both instructs us about standards of judicious conduct in the sixteenth century, and suggests some sidelights on the nineteenth.

We must not expect any consideration of those deeper elements or aspirations in human nature which have led some to groan over life as a hideous tragedy of waste and wrong, and others to laugh at history as 'a comedy in a hundred acts.' The stress of life in unfortunate Italy was too desperate. 'In the sixteenth century, they analysed much less than they acted, in war, politics, religion. Everything was done by coups-de-main and coups d'état' (Benoist, p. 127). Be all that as it may, we must admit of Guicciardini's Counsels and Reflections, sage as they are on their own level and within their own limits, that they do not spring from a rich soil, are not grown in a nourishing air, have not the full savour of fruits ripened in the sun. He was sheer politician, and the cases are rare where politics do not rather contract than expand the range of human interest and feeling, check rather than promote the sap and juice of a living fecundity.

Bacon in the famous eighth book of the *De Augmentis*, that masterpiece of the secondary arts of wisdom of life, sets down some heads or passages of what he calls the *Architect of Fortune, or the Knowledge of Advancement in Life.* The things necessary for the acquisition of fortune, he says, and the formation of the truly Politic Man, are a part of human knowledge which he reports as deficient, and we may doubt whether anybody has done much to advance it since. 'Not, however, that Learning admires or esteems this architecture otherwise than as an inferior work. For no man's fortune can be an end worthy of the gift of being that has been given him by God; and often the worthiest men abandon their fortunes willingly, that they may have leisure for higher pursuits. But, nevertheless, fortune as an instrument of virtue and merit deserves its own speculation and doctrine.' This limitation would have been too hard for Guicciardini. The architecture of fortune in men meddling with government went as high as his vision could carry.

[7] The *Ricordi* are in the first of the ten volumes of *Opere Inedite.* They have been rendered into English by Mr. Thompson (Kegan Paul, 1890), the translator of Machiavelli's *Prince* and *Discourses.* See also Dean Church's *Occasional Papers*, vol. i.

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The critic goes uncharitably far when he says that Guicciardini's Reflections are Italian corruption reduced to a code, and raised into a rule of life.[8] But life to him was no more than what Bacon calls an 'incessant, restless, and as it were sabbathless chase of fortune'—a game to be keenly played with the world's dice-box. From the first he resolved to master all its arts, expedients, and rules, without prejudice to a little silent cozening at a pinch. For if Fortune is free to palm an ace or cog a die, why may not we try to make the match more equal? The Italian's Politic Man has none of Bacon's large and open brow, his wide horizons, his magisterial ease and bonhomie. Nor had he more than half mastered the distinction set out by Bacon in one of those pithy and sapid comments on Solomon's Proverbs, which are worth many long hours of sermon-preaching. 'A wise man,' said King Solomon, 'looketh well to his ways, but a fool turneth to deceit.' On which, Bacon:

> There are two kinds of wisdom, the one true and sound, the other degenerate and false, which Solomon does not hesitate to term folly. He who applies himself to the former takes heed of his own ways, foreseeing dangers, preparing remedies, employing the assistance of the good, guarding himself against the wicked, cautious in entering upon a work, not unprepared for a retreat, watchful to seize opportunities, strenuous to remove impediments, and attending to many other things which concern the government of his own actions and proceedings. But the other kind is entirely made up of deceits and cunning tricks, laying all its hopes in the circumventing of others, and moulding them to its pleasure; which kind the proverb denounces as being not only dishonest, but also foolish.

Prudential counsels by code and system can hardly ever be in the highest sense attractive. A modern who in his studies came across the private notebooks and reflections of Mazarin (one of the two great Italians who have governed France, and deeply marked by the characteristics of Italian genius a century before his time) is driven to say of them that all this political cookery rather takes away one's appetite, and indeed would make one sick if only one did not remember that *everything has its kitchen side.*[9] Abhor all the pretensions of the Pharisee as heartily as ever we will, there is something repulsive in the thought of a man starting every day with a dose of *Ricordi*, and coming forth from his chamber having given all the freshness of the morning hour to sharpening his rapier or charging his pistols for the daily duel with fortune and his fellow-creatures. The world has more liking for one who practises the pregnant maxim, *Seekest thou great things, seek them not*, and it often looks as if this lofty heedlessness, in spite of what Guicciardini may say, were as politic as it is wise in the higher sense.

It may raise a friendly smile to notice that nobody has so many biting things to say about the selfishness and duplicity of mankind,

[8] De Sanctis, *Lett. Ital.*, ii. 115.
[9] *Palais Mazarin, par le Comte de Laborde*, ii. 124.

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as one who has made it the whole business of his life to use mankind as the ladder for his own advancement. Nobody in all the world is so ready to play wounded benefactor as the self-seeker out of luck. Guicciardini is less unkind to his fellow-mortals, man for man, than observers of his stamp usually are. He is not blind to the weaknesses of our poor species as a whole; but he sees them redeemed by the worth of the elect. Like Goethe, he would say 'that in their faults one recognises Mankind, in excellences the Individual; shortcomings and the chances and changes of life have we all in common, but virtues belong to each man in particular.' 'Do not be afraid of benefiting men,' says Guicciardini, 'simply because you see ingratitude so common; for besides that a temper of kindness in itself, and without any other object, is a generous quality and in a way divine, you now and again find somebody exhibiting such gratitude as richly to make up for the ingratitude of all the rest.'

The worst of maxims, aphorisms, and the like is this from the sayings of Solomon and Sirach the son of Jesus downward, that for every occasion in life or perplexity in conduct, there is a brace of them; and of the brace, one points one way and the other in the exact opposite. The fingerpost of experience has many arms at every crossway. One observer tells the disciple that in politics perseverance always wins; another that men who take the greatest trouble to succeed are those who are most sure to miss. To-day, the one essential seems to be boldness of conception; to-morrow, the man of detail is master of the hour. To-day the turn of things inclines a man to say that in politics nothing matters; to-morrow some other turn teaches him that in politics everything matters. The instructor in statecraft and the guide to the Politic Man must be Janus and look more ways than one, and Guicciardini was equal to this demand.

As an aristocrat by birth, by temper, and by observation, Guicciardini did not allow his general benevolence to make him a Friend of the People in the political sense of to-day. 'Who says people says in truth a foolish animal, full of a thousand errors, a thousand confusions, without taste, without discernment, without stability. They are like the waves of the sea, driven by the winds now here, now there, without rule, without coherency (140). Their vain opinions are as far from the truth as Ptolemy makes Spain from the Indies' (345). In the following century in his dungeon in the Castle of Saint Elmo the valiant and unfortunate Campanella, in one of the sonnets with which he beguiled a whole weary generation of captivity, used similar figures, though on his lips such language was passionate remonstrance rather than contempt.[10] *Il popolo è una bestia*—

[10] *Sonnets of Michelangelo and Campanella*; translated by J. A. Symonds, p. 143.

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> The people is a beast of muddy brain,
> That knows not its own force and therefore stands,
> Loaded with wood and stone.

The implication is the opposite of Guicciardini's.

It is not merely the multitude on whose wisdom you cannot count:—'Said Messer Antonio of Venafro, and he said well—Place seven or eight clever men together, and they become so many fools. The reason is that when they do not agree, they are keener to argue than to decide' (112). You may see it any day in the case of doctors; when several are called in, they easily come to controversy, and very often with their discords they kill the patient (ii. 86). It may be that this is the secret why in later days Cabinets of all the Talents have sometimes been cabinets of all the blunders. Chamfort, the cynical wit of the Revolution, asked how many fools it takes to make a public; Guicciardini would have told us that it takes very few clever men to make a fool. Voltaire put the saying of Messer Antonio with more piquancy and more widely, if less reasonably, in his remark that, *Quand les hommes s'attroupent, leurs oreilles s'allongent*—'When men get into a flock their ears grow long.' Cato took it differently when he used to say of the Romans, that 'they were like sheep, for a man had better drive a flock of them than one of them; for in a flock if you can but get some few to go right, the rest will follow.' Perhaps Burke comes nearest to the mark:—'Man is a most unwise and a most wise being. The individual is foolish. The multitude for the moment is foolish, when they act without deliberation; but the species is wise, and when time is given to it, as a species it almost always acts right.'

On the whole, one must repeat, Guicciardini treats his kind with wise leniency. 'Men are all by nature more inclined to do good than ill; nor is there anybody who, where he is not by some strong consideration pulled the other way, would not more willingly do good than ill. But so frail is man's nature, and so frequent in this world the occasions that invite to ill, that men easily let themselves stray from the good.' This is still the truth of the case; not ferocity but distraction, not vileness but incoherency, mistakes about cause and effect, short sight, bad memory, wavering will, 'immoral thoughtlessness.' Then, not afraid of something like a contradiction, Guicciardini swings round in the other quarter:—'It may seem a harsh and suspicious thing to say—and would to heaven it were not true: there are more bad men than good, especially where interests of property or politics (*di Stato*) are concerned. Therefore, except with those whom either by your own experience, or thoroughly trustworthy report, you know to be good, you cannot go wrong in dealing with everybody else with your eyes well open. It needs cleverness to contrive this, without getting a bad name for being distrustful. But the point is not to trust, where you are not sure it is safe' (201).

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We can imagine Cavour on his estates at Leri, in the years before he was called to take the helm at Turin, brooding intently over such a passage as this :—'No two popes were more unlike than Julius the Second and Clement the Seventh; the one of great and even dauntless spirit, impatient, impulsive, open, frank; the other of a middling temperament, perhaps even timid, infinitely patient, moderate, a dissembler. Yet from natures so opposed men look for the same results in great exploits. For with great masters patience and impetuosity are alike fit to bring forth great things; the one dashes swiftly upon men, and forces circumstance; the other wears men and things out, and conquers by time and opportunity. Hence where one hurts, the other helps, and conversely. If a man could join both characters, and use each at the right time, he would be divine. As that is impossible, I believe that, everything considered, patience and moderation do greater things than impetuosity and hurry' (381). On the morrow of the peace of Paris in 1856, Cavour, then the little-known Minister of the Sardinian Kingdom, had a conversation with Lord Clarendon. He talked hardily of war to the death with Austria. Lord Clarendon told him, truly enough, that the moment had not yet come for saying this aloud. Cavour replied: 'I have given you proofs of my moderation and prudence; I believe that in politics you should be exceedingly reserved in words, and exceedingly decided in act. There are positions where there is less danger in taking an audacious line than in an excess of prudence.' He was himself a master example of the rare men who could join both characters, and use each at the right time.

Guicciardini is always pressing us to stick to the particular case with which we deal. ''Tis a great mistake to talk of the things of the world absolutely without discriminating, and as it were by rule. For in nearly everything there are distinctions and exceptions, due to variety of circumstances. These circumstances you cannot treat by one and the same standard. Such distinctions and exceptions are not to be found in books; you must learn them from your own discretion' (6). Take care, he says, how you judge by examples, for if they are not exactly on all fours, the least diversity in antecedent conditions becomes the widest diversity in conclusion. If one link in your reasoning is weak, all the rest may snap. We may write maxims in books, but exceptions in circumstance are for ever arising, and these can only find a place on the tablets of discretion. This comes to what is reported to have recently been said by Prince Bismarck: 'Politics are less a science than an art. They cannot be taught. One must be born with a gift for them. The best advice is of no value if you do not know how to carry it out in the right way and with due regard to the circumstances of each case.' And that again brings politics very near to the same point at which Logic was placed by a late eminent head of a college at Oxford, who

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ended a discussion on the old question whether Logic is a science or an art, by the decision that 'it is neither a science nor an art; it is a dodge.'

In the same spirit he offers wholesome counsel to such as are tempted to fashion modern policies on ancient history. 'How vastly do those deceive themselves, who at every word bring up the Romans! You should have a city in the conditions under which they existed, and then you might have a government after their pattern. For those who have not the qualities to match, this is as extravagant as to expect an ass to go as fast as a horse' (110). Then, with the apparent self-contradiction that is common with masters of sentences:—'Past throws light on Future because the world was ever of the same make; and all that is or will be in another day, has already been, and the same things return, only with different names and colours. 'Tis not everybody who knows them under the new face, but the wise know them' (336).

It comes very much to what our excellent English Selden says, in words that have many applications, and are well worth remembering by all teachers in press and pulpit even in our own day of perfect light. '*Aye or No never answered any question.* The not distinguishing where things should be distinguished, and the not confounding where things should be confounded, is the cause of all the mistakes in the world.'

Sleepless circumspection, minute, particular, patient, intense, in act and word and plan, this is the master key. Treat everything as laden with a serious possibility. 'I do not believe there is a worse thing in all the world than levity. Light men are the very instruments for anything that is bad, dangerous, and hurtful. Flee from them like fire' (147).

'Make as many friends as ever you can, for you never know in what contingency a man may be able to serve you. Hide displeasure; I have often had to seek the aid of people against whom I was thoroughly ill-disposed; and they believing the contrary, or at least not being aware of this, have served me most readily' (133. 266).

'Unperceived beginnings often open the way to great mischiefs, or great success; therefore note everything, and weigh well even the most trifling circumstance. On your doing, or not doing, what seems at the moment a mere trifle, often hang things of first importance; so be sure to consider well' (82. 247).

'Never hold a future thing so certain, however positively certain it may seem, as not, if you can possibly do it without upsetting your plan, to keep in reserve some course to follow, if the contrary should

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turn up. I have often seen really longheaded men, when they have to make up their minds about some weighty business, set about it by considering two or three cases that are most likely to happen, and come to a decision on the assumption that one of these cases is sure to come. This is dangerous, for often and usually here arises some third or fourth case which had been overlooked, and which your decision will not fit. You had much better, therefore keep your decision strictly to what the actual necessity of the matter compels' (81. 182).

'The ruler of a State must not be frightened at dangers, however great, near, and actual they look. As the proverb goes, The devil is not so black as he is painted. Often things happen that cause the dangers to melt away; and even when the evils come to you, you find some cure or some mitigation that you never imagined' (116).

So, then, look out for chance and surprise. Leave all doors open. Never tie your hands. Give plenty of room for the chapter of accidents, good or bad. At the same time, never drift. Occasion is everything. The wizard is he who divines the moment that is neither too soon nor too late. History, since Guicciardini's day, abounds in cases where statesmen have made shipwreck from forgetting that time and the moment are all, and mistaking the pace at which opportunity ripens.

Here are some miscellaneous hints for any date, some sensible, some cunning, some a little odious. The Politic Man will appropriate the epithets at his choice.

'A man who is carrying on great affairs is wont to cover up the things that are unpleasant, and exaggerate what is favourable. 'Tis a kind of charlatanry, and entirely contrary to my nature. But as success depends more often on the opinions of people, than on actual results, to spread the story that things are going well helps you, and the contrary hurts you' (86).

'Do not place popularity before reputation, because with lost reputation popularity is lost. But who keeps up reputation, will never want friends, favour, popularity' (42).

'Be careful in your conversation never needlessly to say things which, if they were reported, might displease others; because such things in times and ways which you never thought of, often turn up to do you vast harm. When occasion drives you to say what must be offensive to somebody else, at least be sure that it only offends the individual. Do not speak ill of his country, or of his family or connexions, because it is folly while wishing to strike one, to affront many' (42).

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'My father, when praising thrift, used to say that one ducat in the purse, brings more honour than ten ducats spent' (44).

'Persistency is everything. It is not enough to set business going to give it a direction and a start. You must follow it up, and never take your hand off until the very end' (192).

Circumspection, as we have seen, is the golden rule of statesmanship, but circumspection must not be suffered to paralyse us. 'Everybody who has ever had business to do, knows how though you should proceed deliberately, do not forget that as you go along, knots often untie themselves, and obstacles vanish' (194).

A commonplace for political captains. 'In war often have I seen news come that made our business look bad; then at a stroke would come other news that looked like victory; or it would be the other way about. And these contradictions would constantly happen. So a good captain should not too easily be either cast down or lifted up' (127).

The Righteous man begging his bread, and the Wicked flourishing as the green bay tree. 'Never say, God has helped such an one because he was good, or hindered such another because he was bad. For we often see things go just the other way. Nor for that ought we to say that divine justice halts, God's counsels being so deep that rightly do men talk of *abyssus multa*' (92).

No dilettantism: nothing for 'a cake that is not turned.' 'With him who is in his very soul bent on fame, all succeeds, for he spares no pains nor money nor risks. I have proved this in my own person and so I can write it. Dead and empty are the doings of men that lack this burning spur' (118).

Mediocrity the best. 'Too keen wits mean unhappiness and torment; they only bring on a man perplexity and trouble, from which those with heads of the positive sort are free. He who has sound judgment can make much more use of the man with only clever intellect than the clever man can make use of him. The man with the positive head has a better time in the world, lives longer, and in a certain fashion is happier, than the man with high intellect, for a noble intellect carries with it toil and fret. At the same time one partakes more of the brute than the man, while the other transcends humanity and approaches the divine' (60. 232. 337).

He that regards the winds does not sow, and he that regards the clouds does not reap. 'We cannot blame men for being slow to

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resolve. For though occasions come when it is necessary to decide quickly, yet for the most part who decides quickly more often goes wrong than he who decides slowly. What is always thoroughly to be blamed is slowness in action after decision taken. Whatever your decision and whatever your plan, there is always a reason to the contrary. Whence it comes that so many people stand in suspense, because every small difficulty disturbs them. These are they whom we call over-scrupulous, because they stumble on a scruple at every turn. This is all wrong. We ought to weigh the drawbacks on every side, and then to make up our minds for the course where drawbacks are fewest' (191. 213).

A lottery after all. 'In human things it is fortune that has the mastery. Every hour we see mighty results due to accidents that nobody could either foresee or divert. Penetration and care may temper the force of things, but still you need good fortune. A fool will sometimes come better out than a wise man; for the one will trust much to Reason, and little to Fortune, while the other trusts much to Fortune and little to Reason' (30. 136).

He is fond of that saying of the ancients, *Magistratus virum ostendit*, office shows the man. 'Nothing reveals the quality of men like giving them authority and things to do. Place shows a man's capacity and his character. How many people know how to talk, and do not know how to act; how many on benches and in the market place seem excellent, yet when put into employment turn out mere phantoms (*riescono ombre*)' (163. 258).

The political path is thickly strewn with these historic humiliations, the men whom everybody would have thought *capaces imperii, nisi imperassent.* Eminent place, as La Bruyère said, makes the great man greater than he is, the small man it makes less. Some hold in our own day, that if you would know the real qualities of a public man, you must find out—if you can—what is thought of him, not by his constituents, not by his fellow-members, but by the permanent officials who have served under him. The general estimate formed of him in the House of Commons is no doubt unerring, but it does not see him at such close quarters, and in a popular assembly the plausible—so it is said—may go further than the substantial. Only the permanent official can tell you for certain whether his chief is quick or slow, idle or diligent; whether he allows himself to see two sides to a question; how far he is free from the vanity of supposing that he knows everything, and how far he has the fine talent of the good learner; whether he has the indispensable gift of making up his mind and holding to it; what sort of a judge he is of probabilities; whether he is sure in hand and foot, cool or flurried, considerate or selfish, straightforward or tortuous, a man of initiative and resource. It may be that not only does office show the man, as Guicciardini

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says, to others, but it may possibly, if he only has time in which to think of such things, reveal him to himself even to his own lively surprise. Such is the modern confirmation of the ancient saying, ἀρχὴ ἄνδρα δείκνυσι, which made so deep a mark on Guicciardini that he winds up the last page of his History with it.

What the critic means by saying that the *Ricordi* are Italian corruption reduced to a code, may be seen in such reflections as these: 'Always deny what you do not wish to have known, and affirm what you wish to have believed; for though there may be proofs and even certainty the other way, a bold affirmation or denial will perplex the listener.' In the cynic's vein is this: 'One of the greatest strokes of good fortune for a man is to have an opportunity of showing that in the things he does for his own interest he was moved by the thought of the public good. This is what shed glory on the enterprises of the Catholic King; what he did for his own security or aggrandisement often looked as if it were done for the advancement of the Christian faith or the defence of the Church.'

'What is sincere and free and generous is always pleasing, but sometimes it does you harm. On the other hand, to dissemble may be useful, and on occasions even necessary, owing to the evil character of other people; but it is odious and ugly. Hence I do not know which one should choose. I should suppose that a man might use the one in an ordinary way, yet without abandoning the other; I mean in common practice, to use the first so as to earn the name of a liberal person, and yet in certain important and rare cases to use dissimulation, which in a man who generally lives as I have said, is all the more successful, because, from having the opposite character, you are the more readily believed' (26). As though character were like the fingers of a clock to be moved at will backwards and forwards, independently of the wheels and springs, balances and escapements, that regulate its daily action and make it what it is. The grievous failings and frantic inconsistencies and dire lapses of human nature are only too familiar to every one of us in ourselves and other people. But to suppose that a man shall sedulously train himself to walk in straight paths, yet with freedom deliberately reserved to run off at a tangent into crooked ways whenever convenience requires, argues an eccentric psychology indeed.

'To save yourself,' says Guicciardini (101), 'from a cruel and brutal tyrant, there is no rule or physic that avails, except what you advise for the plague; flee from him as fast as ever you can.' Selden puts this point in the old homely apologue: 'Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep, to ask her if his breath smelt; she said Aye; he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him; he said No; he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox and asked him: Truly he had got a cold and could not smell.' Still, vulpine is vul-

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pine, and while we do not grudge the fox his chance, the old truth remains. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, and the man driven by weakness of the flesh into full flight from peril, may well be stricken by a secret envy of those brave heroic hearts, that noble army of witnesses, those spirits of fire, who in all ages and for many causes that seemed forlorn have run the course, fought the fight, and kept the faith.

Without ascending to these pure and exalted heights, we may refresh ourselves by thinking of such a man as Turgot. The contrast may help to show the Politic Man where he stands. Turgot, says his biographer, would not endure that any mixture of falseness, or the least appearance of charlatanry, should soil the purity or the conduct of a public man. He knew the means, he scorned to use them. They taxed him with ignorance of men. This is what they called maladresse. Few philosophers have had a better founded knowledge of man. But he concerned himself little with the art of knowing particular men, of knowing the small details of their interests, of their passions, of the fashion in which they hide or reveal them, of the springs of their intrigues and their quackery.[11]

The Florentine or the Venetian School would have mocked at a reformer like this. Whether France could have escaped the abyss, if in Turgot's place her affairs at that decisive moment had fallen into the hands of some supple and vigilant Cavour nourished on Guicciardini, is a question which we may put if we like. What is certain is that the Directory, whose incompetency and rottenness opened the way for Bonaparte, were the very type whom our Florentine's maxims are fitted to produce.

III

It remains to say something of Guicciardini as historian. Early in his career, he had shown his taste in this direction. In 1509 he wrote his History of Florence, comprising the period between Cosmo de' Medici and the repulse of the Venetians at the Ghiaradadda (1434–1508). None of Guicciardini's writings saw the light in his lifetime, and this was not given to the world until our own day (1859). Sallust, in a good phrase, says that when he made up his mind to leave public affairs, 'non fuit consilium socordia atque desidia bonum otium conterere,' he had no mind to wear out his good leisure in listlessness and sloth, or in such things as farming or hunting. Guicciardini took up history in the same spirit as Sallust, though to much more solid purpose. Like Voltaire and others, he had the habit of the pen, and would rather be writing than not. It is said that he thought of writing commentaries on his own life, which must always be the most interesting thing that any public man in his

[11] Condorcet's *Vie de Turgot*. Œuv. v. 152–4.

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final retirement can undertake, if only he can allow himself to speak the truth. A wise friend warned him how much ill-will he would be sure to stir up, and set him upon a history of Italy instead. Yet Guicciardini knew the impossibilities of every historic task. Walpole, according to a well-worn legend, begged them not to read history to them, 'for that I know must be false.' Our Italian said something very like it: 'Do not wonder that you are ignorant of things of past ages, and of things done in distant places. For if you well consider it, there is no real information as to the present, or as to what is done from day to day in the same city. Often between palace and market-place is a cloud so thick or a wall so big that the people know as little of what is done by those who rule them, or of the reason for doing it, as they know of what they do in India. So it comes about that the world easily fills itself with wrong and empty notions' (*Ric.* 141).

In the deeper problems of political philosophy, he shows no interest. Is history an unmeaning procession across a phantom scene, a fantastic cycle of strange stage-plays, where conquerors, pontiffs, law-givers, saints, jesters march in pomp or squalor, in ephemeral triumphs and desperate reverse? Or is it, again, the record of such growth among civil communities as the naturalist traces in the succession of organisms material and palpable, and is the historian's task to find and illustrate the laws by which the long process has been moulded? Or is it, as Bossuet would persuade us, the long and solemn vindication of the mysterious purposes of God to man, the ordered working of the Unseen Powers as they raise up states and empires and cast them headlong down again in stern and measured rhythm? How far have great events sprung from small occasions, and vast public catastrophes from puny private incidents? The extraordinary individual, an Alexander or a Cæsar, how far is he the agent, how far the master, of circumstance? Is he, in the broad aspect, only the instrument of forces viewless as the winds, a strenuous helmsman on a blind driving tide, or is he himself the force that shapes, resists, controls, compels? All this, Guicciardini would have said, is not history, but the interpretation of history; I am historian, not interpreter; my task is to narrate a given series of events, to show their connexion with one another, to set out the character of political men, to describe parties and personal ambitions, to tell the story, and leave you to draw your own moral if you can find one.

His work embraces a period of rather less than forty years, from 1494 to 1532, from the memorable expedition of Charles the Eighth of France into Italy, down to the death of Pope Clement the Seventh. It comprises a series of events that compose one of the most marked stages, transitions, or revolutions in the history of the Western world. The Middle Ages bridge five hundred years from 1000 to 1500. Modern history begins where Guicciardini begins, and when he closes,

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forces, powers, interests, policies, nationalities, territorial rights and claims, dynasties and states, had taken on those definite forms whose conflict, relations, distributions, and general play make up European annals down to the time of Napoleon. Statesmen strive, with varying insight, to penetrate and guide the immediate tasks of their own particular time and country, but even the most far-sighted of them can only grope dimly after the broad historic significance of their age as a whole. It would have been a miracle if Guicciardini had seized the full meaning of his period, as is easy for us four hundred years later. Still he was alive to the fact that the European system was undergoing a profound change, and he comprehended that the old Italian system was within his two dates definitely overthrown.

All over the West, dictatorship was rising on the ruins of feudalism. Great territorial unions and strong monarchies were covering Europe. It was the era of concentration. When Guicciardini went on his embassy to Ferdinand, he found what in Ferdinand's youth had been the three rival kingdoms of Castile, Aragon, and Granada practically welded into a single power. France under Louis the Eleventh had already marched a long way towards that establishment of autocratic power which it still took a century more for Richelieu fully to complete. Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth between them had firmly built up the Tudor monarchy, and found for England a place in the new European scheme. The Hapsburgs had achieved the most wonderful union of all, for in their hands at last was united, besides the Austrian States, supremacy in the Netherlands, in Spain, in Sicily, in Bohemia, in Hungary. Growing intimacies sprang up between European countries. As nations became consolidated, their relations with one another covered a more extensive field. Great projects of international policies which have filled so much space in Western history ever since, started on their chequered and shifting course. The practice of sending resident ambassadors took definite shape, and sovereigns sought to gain their ends by substituting diplomacy for force. Now first began the long struggle between France and the House of Austria. For Guicciardini the most important thing was the opening of that invasion of Italy by foreigners—that appointment, as it has been described, by nearly all the nations of Europe of a rendezvous for a sanguinary tournament in Italy—which ended in the definite preponderance of the House of Austria in the Peninsula, and in the coronation of Charles the Fifth at Bologna (1530). Not less momentous than these vast political transformations was the discovery of the New World. Many will regard the Reformation as even more stupendous an event in the history of the world, than either the growth of great national monarchies, or the discovery of new continents. For the speculative reasoner upon human progress, that is a question pregnant with issues of absorbing interest; but

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whatever we may think about this, it was impossible for Guicciardini to judge a drama of which in 1530 not more than the first act had yet been played. Though always a Catholic both in practice and conviction, he hated the clergy and the papal court. He says nobody can think so ill of the Roman Court as it deserves, for it is an infamy, and an example of all the shame and reproach in all the world (*Op. Ined.* i. 27). 'I do not know a man,' he says elsewhere, 'more disgusted than I am at the ambition, the greed, the unmanlinesss of the priests, partly because every one of these vices is hateful in itself, partly because each by itself and all of them together are specially unbecoming in one who professes a life dedicated to God. Yet the position that I held under more than one Pope has compelled me for my own interest to desire their aggrandisement. But for that, I should have loved Martin Luther as myself, not that I might throw off the laws laid down in the Christian religion as it is commonly interpreted and understood, but in order to see this gang of scoundrels brought within due bounds, that is either rid of their vices or stripped of their authority' (*Ric.* 28). When he comes to the full dress of history, his voice sounds in a slightly different key, but the substance is the same.

In style, sorry as he would have been to know it, Guicciardini is in truth not more than a plain steady writer, with no large general power over the great organ of language, and when he tries to be more, the result is not diapason but drone. He cultivates the long sentence, and constantly runs to twenty lines, without prejudice to a frequent extension to five-and-thirty. This makes hard reading, but it is not the same thing as prolixity, for he does not repeat himself, nor wander from the point, nor overload with qualifications. When we come to the thirtieth line we find that we have really crossed a broad piece of ground. His phrase is heavy, and yet, as Thiers says, he moves along like a man of lively spirit, only with bad legs. He has little dramatic power, and the remarkable discourses that he puts into the mouths of leading characters are not always marked by feature of person and occasion.

In his battles we do not hear the clash of arms in charge and repulse, the clatter of the guns and the horsemen, the trumpets, the shouting, the din, and the trampling. In his sieges and sacks, we are not shaken by the fury of the assault, by shriek and crash, red flames, horrors of rape and murder, and all the grisly squalor of war and man turned demon. Pitiless cruelty never in history went further than the systematic ferocities of Spaniard and German in Italy in the sixteenth century. The Ottoman was not more ruthless in all the arts of violence, lust, and torture than the soldiers of the Catholic King, and the soldiers of the Most Christian King were not far behind. Guicciardini stamps these abominations as they pass, without excitement, but with a steady hand. The sack of Prato by the

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Spaniards (1512), the sack of Brescia by the French (1512), the more memorable sack by Spanish and German adventurers of eternal Rome itself (1527), are not after a modern fashion made to crowd vast canvasses with apocalyptic detail. But then the worth of political and civil history does not, like romance and melodrama, depend on stirred sensations. The historian's account of the great and murderous battle of Ravenna (1512) (x. 4), where the French, under the youthful Gaston de Foix, routed the hosts of Spain and the Pope, is precise and intelligible, not without impressive touches, and the reader who seeks knowledge, and not merely a horrified imagination, need ask for nothing better. Those who want more would find Cæsar's Commentaries bald, though good judges think them the best historical style that ever was written. The story of the memorable encounter of French and Swiss at Marignano, 1515 (xii. 5), has not only Guicciardini's general merits, but is full of warmth and energy; how the Swiss in Milan, excited by the words of their leaders, suddenly grasped their arms in fury, formed up in marching order, and though not a couple of hours of daylight were left, sallied forth with exultant cries and flung themselves against the French battery; how fierce battle raged till long after dark, when each side without sound of trumpet or word of command, in silent truce ceased perforce from the struggle until the next's day's sun should dawn; how when the day broke the implacable conflict began afresh; and how at last when 20,000 men lay dead upon the ground, the remnant of the beaten Swiss made their way back to Milan in dogged order, the same unquenched ferocity still blazing in their eye and mien. The historian does not often show such warmth and colour.

His reflections are sometimes trite, but they are natural and sincere. Ludovic Sforza, after his defeat, was sent a prisoner by the French King to the dreary castle of Loches, and there for the last thirteen years of his life was locked up with no better company than the faded shadows of restless and passionate ambition. 'So fleeting, various, and miserable is the lot of man,' says Guicciardini. Only the commonplace refrain of all the ages, but what more is to be said? It is hardly an accident that so many of the most valued histories that survive in literature are so deeply tinged with gloom, labour so much upon adverse things, the spite of evil generations, the frowardness of men, and all the inscrutable ironies of dark fate. We may recall the quaint chapter in Comines that contains his 'discourse upon the miserie of man's life,' by the example of those princes that lived in the author's time, and first of King Lewis the Eleventh; how he considered the case of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and Edward of England, Matthias King of Hungary, and Mahomet the Ottoman. He only chants the ancient refrain, but not all the pomp of Bossuet can really carry the moral further.

After all, the vital question about the historian is whether he tells

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the truth. He, as we know, ought to be statesman, reasoner, critic, drudge. His gifts are sagacity, clearness, order. These he needs, whether he be historic artist, seeking to delight great audiences, or scientific student, content to explore, to disentangle, to clear the ground. But what we require, says Ranke, is naked truth without any ornament; thorough exploration of detail, no inventions, no brain-spinnings (*Hirngespinnst*). In other words, History is to descend from her place among the Muses. The illustrious historian does not acquit Guicciardini. He complains that the Italian's observance of strict and minute chronological order, as in Ariosto, destroys the interest; that much of his work is compiled from other books without special investigation; that weighty facts are wholly misrepresented; that the speeches which make up no small part of the work have no claim to a place among historic monuments.[12]

The secondary charge of some unavowed debt to other historians must here be left in the backwoods of antiquarian controversy. It is certain, moreover, that inasmuch as half of his work concerns events in which he was neither actor nor eyewitness, though he was a contemporary, it does not stand throughout in the very highest class of original and first-hand monuments, which must be reserved for those who are not only contemporaries but more. On this side, it may well be that Guicciardini, like others of his school, falls before that general scepticism which has been well described as undermining all narrative history, certainly not excepting history written by contemporaries, inevitably moved as they are by the turbid passions of the hour. A valuable field still lies open in Guicciardini. *Motivirung*, the exploration of men's motives, the presentation of diverse aspects of a case as they showed themselves to those who had to choose and to act, the opening out of what seemed inexplicable—here was Guicciardini's true art. And so it was recognised as being in the generation after his death. From the first, the competent public throughout Europe, admired the acuteness and comprehension with which he tracks out a political situation in root and in branch, views it on every side, exposes all the alternatives, and hits upon deciding elements in complex transactions. This it is which explains the remarkable fact that before the end of the sixteenth century, his History ran through ten editions in Italian, three in Latin, and three in French, and was translated into English, German, Dutch, and three times into Spanish. Nobody so aptly satisfied the vigorous curiosity of that age as to motives and characters in the age before it. Nobody offered estimates of leading actors more excellent in that uncommon quality which the French call *justesse*. There are few better portraits in written history, for instance, than his of Lorenzo

[12] *Sammtl. Werke*, xxxiv. p. 24. Villari does his best to defend his countryman against the charge of borrowing—*Machiavelli*, iii. 481–496.

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Stor. Fior. ix.), and no subtler appreciations than those of Leo the Tenth and Clement the Seventh (*Stor. d' Ital.* xvi. 5).

Montaigne tells us that when he finished a book, he had a habit of writing in it the general idea he had formed of the author as he read it. Among these books was the History of Italy. He praises the historian's diligence; his freedom from the bias of hatred, favour, or vanity; his exactitude; the fine strokes with which he enriches his digressions and discourses. Then he proceeds to a deeper criticism. 'I have also remarked this, that of so many characters and results on which he pronounces judgment, of such divers counsels and movements, he never refers a single one of them to virtue, to religion, or to conscience, as if such things were gone clean out in the world. Of all the acts that he describes, however fair they may look in themselves, he always traces back the cause to some vicious source, or to some hope of advantage.'

Connected with this, is Guicciardini's systematic abstention from definite judgments on the right or wrong of the great actions that he describes. Pope Urban the Seventh is reported to have said on the death of Richelieu, 'If there is a God, he will have to smart for what he has done; but if there is no God, he was certainly an excellent man.' So our historian also leaves these delicate questions open. We feel in him the truth of Gibbon's remark, that the tone of history will rise or fall with the spirit of the age. It may or may not be true in literature that 'it is the mark of finesse of mind not to come to a conclusion' (Renan), but it is not true in history. 'In politics compromise may often be an excellent course; but in a history what we want are clear-cut judgments; the human conscience insists upon it' (Benoist, 241). That is not Guicciardini's view. Of him, as of Thiers, it may be said that 'he does not trouble himself to judge, but to seize:' the only need of which he is conscious is to see as clearly as he can what men did, and why they did it. If we add to this the great advance that he made in historic conception when he substituted a general for merely local or provincial history, and if we consider his accurate presentation of the political and moral thought of his age, we may understand his place in literature, and the impression that he has made on important minds.

JOHN MORLEY.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

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THE PROBLEM BEYOND THE INDIAN FRONTIER

It is but rarely, and at long intervals of time, that questions of the first importance in connection with the British Empire in India are forced upon public attention in this country. The Indian administrative machine works for great periods smoothly enough; and though minor questions come up meanwhile for discussion, and for the moment attract considerable attention, they are little more than surface breezes, due to local and comparatively insignificant centres of disturbance. But now and again some vital and fundamental question of administration has been suddenly taken out of the hands of the authorities in India, and submitted to the judgment of the nation in this country. Whenever this has happened, it has been because doubts had arisen as to whether the just claims of India were not being subordinated to the interests or to the special schemes of a section of our countrymen. It is only on the few occasions, in other words, when justice to India has seemed to require no less considerable an effort, that the national sense of what is due from Great Britain to its great dependency has been appealed to and thoroughly aroused. On each occasion when this has occurred the result thus arrived at has constituted a fresh point of departure, destined to determine throughout ensuing years the relations connecting India with this country in all that concerned the points at issue. This was first the case in 1788, when Warren Hastings was put upon his defence. The personal attack on that great servant of the India

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Company was but an incident, and a minor incident, in the situation of which it formed momentarily the most conspicuous feature. The true and effective outcome of the trial, and of the movement in men's minds to which it gave rise, was a resolve that henceforth India should not be merely exploited in the interests and for the benefit of the proprietors of the East India Company, but should be governed with a view to the good of its inhabitants, and with necessary regard to their just rights and expectations. To put that resolve into effect Lord Cornwallis was sent to India; and administration in India, in the sense in which we now understand it, dates from the commencement of his term of office. Similarly, after the events of 1857, Great Britain was again called upon to decide to what ends, by what traditions, and under what immediate influences India should in future be governed and administered. The rule of the East India Company may very possibly have been foredoomed to early destruction in the minds of statesmen in this country before it was summarily despatched in India by sepoy bayonets. But no sooner had it fallen before their assault than the national verdict was again pronounced, final, unhesitating, and decisive, that India should no longer be left in the hands of a Chartered Company, governing in the interests and actuated by considerations inseparable from those of a monopoly. These were both crises arising out of questions connected with the development of the internal organisation of India, the expansion of its natural resources, the growth of its material progress, and the protection of its civil claims. But in 1838, and again in 1878, the peaceful progress and development of British India were threatened from another, and on either occasion from an external, quarter. Measures which had been adopted in those years by the administration in India, as indispensable for its security from foreign attack, were, after long debate in this country, condemned by public opinion as calculated, without adequate necessity, to strain Indian resources and capabilities to the limits, if not beyond the limits, of their powers of endurance. The verdict has never been formally set aside. The decision has never been formally revoked that the Government of India would not be permitted to embark in military and political operations, committing it to the limitless expenditure of Indian lives and Indian revenues far beyond the geographical frontiers of India. But, owing largely to the expansion of Russia in Central Asia within the last decade, and to the rapid approach of that Power since 1880 to the boundaries of Afghanistan, a series of measures has been adopted in recent years by the authorities in India which are not only not in harmony with the policy affirmed in this country in 1842, and confirmed in 1880, but are directly and confessedly opposed to it. The measures referred to have been pursued in comparative quiet, and without attracting the general public attention. But during the present year this development.

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which was based upon and has followed the general lines of the scheme of action laid down in 1878, has met with obstacles of so formidable a character, and requiring for their removal such vast and costly military operations, that the public has suddenly awoke to perceive that nothing less has been aimed at by the promoters of the policy recently pursued than a complete reversal of the decision of 1880. Necessarily this has led to the demand for a searching and thorough reconsideration of the grounds upon which the policy of 1878, which had been formally disavowed when it was last before the nation, has been revived, and thus partially put into execution. The decision to be arrived at will presumably be of the greatest importance both here and in India. For if it should still, on further examination, appear that the consolidation of British influence and the enlargement of British obligations beyond the present frontier are likely to bring with them such an increase of responsibility and of expenditure as to place them practically beyond the power of the Indian administration and its revenues to cope with, either the measures adjudged necessary must be arrested, or some means must be found by which India shall be relieved of the exclusive strain, and the burden, in part, transferred to the shoulders of the people of this country.

It is not desired in this paper to express any opinion, or to enter into any discussion as to the relative merits or disadvantages of the line of action which has lately been resumed beyond the Indian North-Western frontier. What is designed is succinctly to trace the past course and the present position of the movement, so as to make clear its origin and character. The direction and proportions which, if continued, it may be expected to take may then be better estimated; and some approximate conception may possibly be formed of its probable effect upon the revenues of India in the event of its further development, and of the light in which the populations of India may be expected to regard it. At the present moment the most useful contribution towards the settlement of the question which can be made by any one conversant with India and the administration of India is to assist in clearing the ground. Light can scarcely fail to be thrown upon the probabilities of the future by the scrutiny of past experience, and by bringing matter clearly under the public view which, however familiar it may be to men long conversant with Indian problems, may not be within the knowledge of many in this country whose opportunities of informing themselves on such subjects have been less favourable. It is quite possible that when all has been done that can be done in this direction the conviction may be confirmed, and the decision unshaken that, in view of changes which have occurred in the conditions and circumstances of the case since 1880, the conclusions arrived at in that year should, as far as is at present possible, be reversed. Be this as it may, what at present is needed is the fullest possible information on the several

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aspects of this momentous problem by those who are qualified to give it.

I propose in this article to trace from Blue Books and from other public sources of information the growth and expansion of the present policy since 1876; to examine in what degree it has, since its first adoption, increased the direct or indirect obligations and responsibilities of India beyond the North-West frontier; to endeavour to form some reasonable conception, from past experience and the conditions of the case, of the further increase of similar responsibilities and obligations which awaits the Government of India, in proportion as it advances in the course to which it has recently recommitted itself; and finally to glance at the question from the point of view of the financial position and prospects of India, and so far as is possible to estimate how it is likely to be regarded by the population of India.

The foreign policy to which effect was first formally given by Lord Lytton has been variously ascribed in its origins to the late General Jacob, to Sir Henry Rawlinson, and to Sir Bartle Frere. Whatever may have been the share of each of these eminent men in moulding and fashioning it, it was Lord Lytton who first gave it expression, and who transferred it from the theatre of discussion to the arena of politics. There may have been many points of difference, no doubt, between the several authorities above named; and it is certain that the later measures adopted by Lord Lytton's Government seemed more than questionable to some of the most prominent of those who in past days had sympathised with his general views. Thus Sir Bartle Frere's biographer has told us that 'on essential points his' (Lord Lytton's) 'action was distinctly at variance with Frere's views, with which he had expressed cordial concurrence; and a course taken which they had both deprecated.'[1] In a note in the same page is a letter from the Rev. T. P. Hughes to Sir Bartle Frere, dated in September 1881, in which the writer says that 'Lord Lytton's attempt to carry out your and Sir H. Rawlinson's programme was not such as to command success.' Yet in 1876[2] Lord Lytton had written to Sir Bartle Frere, 'We seem to have worked the problem by different formulas, and yet with the same result.' The views and policy of the various statesmen who had given their consideration to the matter were doubtless modified and moulded from time to time by the course and progress of events. This may have been more particularly the case with Lord Lytton, for it was he alone who was called upon to put into execution their common policy, or was compelled, as incident followed on incident, and situation on situation, to determine in what manner it was most desirable to act in the presence of successive phases of events. Lord Lytton may have found, like others find who are com-

[1] *Sir Bartle Frere's Life*, vol. ii. p. 156. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 154.

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mitted to a policy of enterprise and venture beyond their own political frontiers, that, as his schemes developed themselves, situations were created for him which he had not foreseen, and that increasing difficulties threatened to arrest the progress of his steps and to leave him no alternative but the adoption of measures from which he would himself at an earlier stage have been among the first to recoil. But, however this may be, it is at least certain that the military occupation of Quetta and of the Beluchistan territories adjoining Quetta, the establishment of railway communication between Quetta and the Indus, and the posting of British officers as Agents at Kabul, Herat, and Kandahar, were the irreducible minimum of the necessities of the situation, as viewed from the standpoint of all authorities alike to whom the present policy has been in its origins attributed.

The programme of Lord Lytton was carried into effect in part only. In part it was found to be impracticable, or in any case to have been premature; and in part its execution was postponed to a later time. It is this third section of Lord Lytton's programme which, during the present decade, has engaged the active attention of the Government of India, and has in the course of execution led to important events which have once again concentrated on the Indian frontier problem the united attention of all parties in this country.

To make the present position easily intelligible it is necessary to refer to the exhaustive Minute by Lord Lytton, dated the 4th of September, 1878, which is to be found at p. 4 of the Afghanistan Blue Book, No. 2 of 1881. Before Lord Lytton had been drawn into conflict with the then Amir of Kabul, while the horizon was yet on the whole clear and unclouded before him, he placed his views upon record in the very instructive and interesting State paper I refer to. In this Minute the Viceroy sketched out a complete system and scheme of organised frontier policy from the Arabian Sea at the one end to the confines of China at the other, and from the Indus river on the east to the Central Asian steppes on the west. To enable the reader the more readily to follow this paper in the ensuing pages a sketch map is given; for it may be useful to bring before the eye some outline delineation of the several countries, and some view of the relative positions of the places and the peoples mentioned in the text. It is not necessary for the purposes of this article to dwell on what Lord Lytton himself evidently regarded as the foundation and mainstay of his whole system—the measures, that is to say, to be adopted within the limits of the kingdom of Kabul itself. These measures, which comprised what I may term the central part of his projected policy, shortly proved, for reasons which do not concern us at present, premature and therefore, at that time, impracticable. But it is essential to recall the steps which

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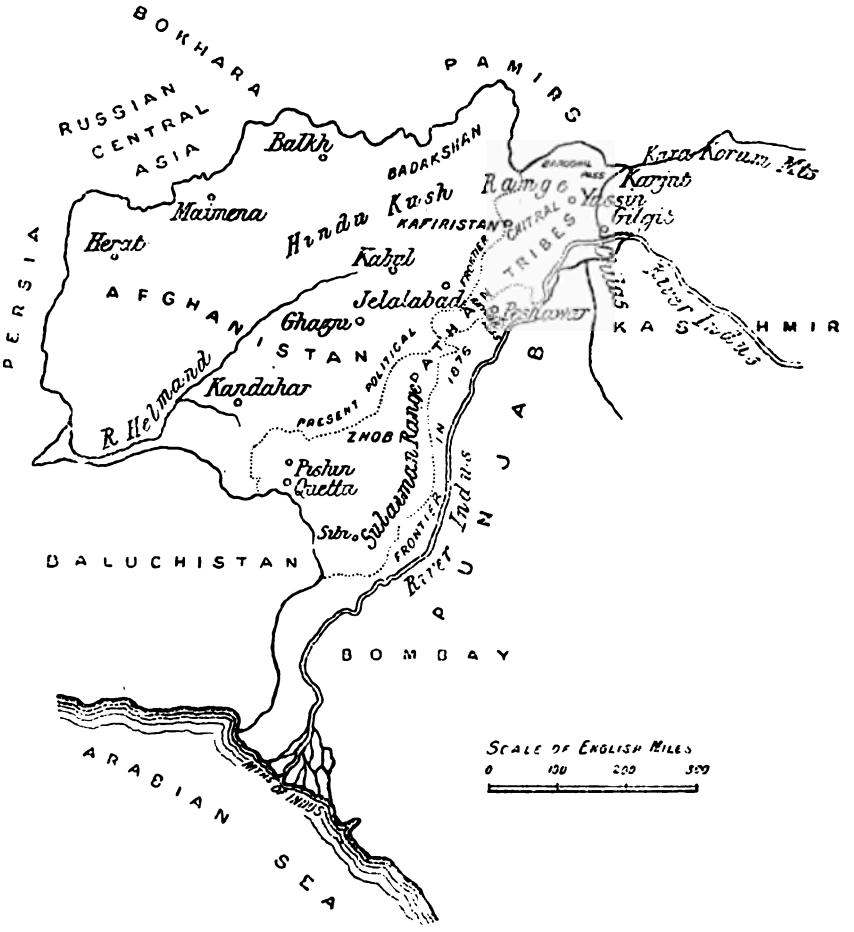
were taken to realise his plans under so much of the scheme as has not only remained in force, but has since been materially developed and added to. It is equally necessary to review the measures which fell within the third portion of his plans. For though these were, as has been said, relegated to a later time, that time has now arrived; and it is in the prosecution of the measures necessary to put this third portion into effect that the Government of India is now, and for the last few years largely has become, involved in the difficul-



ties which have compelled it so frequently of late to embark in campaigns beyond its frontier.

The portion of Lord Lytton's scheme which was given effect to by him was the acquisition of the district of Quetta. This district in the course of 1876 had been leased in perpetuity to the British Government by the Khan of Kalat. Combined with the acquisition of Quetta was a plan for strengthening our communications between the Indus and Quetta, with a view to rapid movement to Kandahar,

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should occasion require it. 'From a military point of view,' he wrote, in paragraph 30, 'our position here leaves little to be desired, beyond the improvement of our communications between Quetta and the Indus.' Later, under the treaty of Gandamak, the districts of Pishin and Sibi, adjoining Quetta, were assigned to the British Government by the Amir Yakub Khán. In 1887 they were formally incorporated in British India and are at the present moment administered by our officers. On this portion of Lord Lytton's scheme there is, therefore, no more for the present to be said.

Passing, then, to the third part of Lord Lytton's programme, we find him discussing the routes which cross or turn the great range of mountains extending from Herat to the northern boundary of Kashmir. He divided them into the first or eastern, comprising the routes leading from Kashgaria, over the Karakoram and other passes, through Ladak and Kashmir, and into the second or centre group comprising roads from Kashgar, Kokand, and the Pamir steppe by Chitral, and he then followed out his classification in other directions not relevant to the purpose of this paper. Of the former of these two routes he says—

> I cannot anticipate much danger to India from operations undertaken by Russia on this side. . . . The passes leading into India are so few, so long, and so difficult that they could be easily stopped if occasion required. From the Karakorum to the Baroghil passes, therefore, our ultimate boundary should be the great mountain range or watershed; and our officers in Kashmir have accordingly been instructed, whilst endeavouring to extend our influence over the petty chiefdoms along the southern slopes of this ridge, to avoid interference with the tribes beyond it. [Paragraph 29].

In regard to the second or centre group, so far as it comprises the road from the Pamir steppe by Chitral, Lord Lytton merely wrote that this was not an important route, 'and that it might, perhaps, be best defended by closing the debouches at Chitral or Jelalabad' (paragraph 32).

In these few sentences is to be found the germ of the policy pursued beyond the Indian frontier by the Government of India, in the regions there referred to, during the administrations of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Elgin. The measures judged necessary to secure to British influence and authority the passes falling under these two groups have been successively carried out by the late and by the present Viceroy. The first of the measures recommended by Lord Lytton was the giving of instructions to our officers in Kashmir to extend British influence over the petty chieftains along the southern slopes of the range stretching from the Karakoram to the Baroghil passes. These petty chieftains are held to be tributary to the Government of Kashmir. Since 1878 great changes have occurred within the kingdom of Kashmir itself. In 1889, after the death of the then Maharaja of Kashmir, and as the result of

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prolonged communications between the Government of India and the Kashmir authorities, a Council was established which, though it possessed full powers of administration, was expected to exercise those powers under the guidance of the Resident. It was to take no step of importance without consulting him, and to follow his advice whenever it might be offered. Among other matters pressed by the Resident on the Council was the reassertion of its supremacy, which had somewhat fallen into abeyance, over the little States of Hunza and Nagar, the 'petty chieftains along the southern slopes of the Karakoram range' of Lord Lytton's Minute. The British Agency at Gilgit, in the neighbourhood of their territories, which in 1881 had been withdrawn, was at the same time re-established, and Captain Durand, brother to the then Foreign Secretary, and now Military Secretary to the present Viceroy, was nominated Resident. Complications followed with the Kanjut States, as they were called, which are rugged little mountain principalities of small area and population, and in 1892 the then rulers of Hunza and Nagar were defeated after a brief struggle, and forced to fly from their respective territories. The influence of our officers in Kashmir had thus been extended, as effectually as Lord Lytton could have desired, over the petty chieftains along the southern slopes of the range stretching from the Karakoram to the Baroghil passes. It remained to 'close the debouches at Chitral.' Though the debouches at Jelalabad had been coupled by Lord Lytton with the debouches by Chitral, as Jelalabad remained after 1880 an integral portion of the kingdom of Kabul, it was beyond the direct influence of our officers. The events which led to the Chitral expedition in 1895 are too fresh, probably, in the public memory to need recalling. The appearance and intervention of British officers led to the usual intrigue and to a fresh recasting of local parties; murder was not long in playing its part; and within two years of the report by Dr. Robertson that 'the English were never so popular in Chitral as they are at present'[3] the Doctor and his little group of British and native companions were desperately fighting for their lives within the narrow limits of the fort which was the only secure resting-place left for the soles of their feet throughout the length and breadth of the Chitral State. Then came the advance of Sir Robert Low's expedition through the independent tribal territories of Swat and of Bajaur; the armed resistance of the tribesmen; and finally the resolve to construct a road from the British frontier to Chitral, passing through a portion of Swat territory, and the establishment of military posts at the Malakand Pass and at Chakdara, within the Swat area, in order to guard the Chitral road passing within its limits.

The measures indicated in Lord Lytton's Minute as necessary on this portion of the frontier had now been, as far as is practicable,

[3] Correspondence relating to Chitral, 1895, p. 27.

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completed. The southern slopes of the Karakorams had been brought under British influence. The debouches at Chitral had been closed. As the result of these operations, not less than at the other end of the line—namely, in the Pishin valley and in Quetta—considerable obligations, arising out of the results achieved, had been undertaken. Large territories had been brought within the immediate control of the Government of India; cantonments had been established; much expenditure on strategic railways and civil establishments had become necessary; and an annual drain upon the revenues of India was established, which, commencing with Quetta in 1876, has greatly increased in the last decade, and will in the present year have culminated in an expenditure of something between three and four millions of money. In Hunza and in Nagar, as states tributary to Kashmir, expenditure can be debited to the Kashmir Government. Chitral is said to be inhabited by a fickle and impressionable people, but easy to govern and by no means fanatical. Yet the annual extra expenditure on Chitral and the line of communication was estimated in 1895 at twenty-five lakhs, or, in conventional sterling, at a quarter of a million. The total net charge on Indian revenues of the Quetta province amounted in 1883–7, within my own recollection, to a very considerable annual figure, and showed no likelihood of decrease. I cannot say what it is at present. It is not to be expected that as time passes the requirements of these territories, under the influence, or inspiration, of British administration, will grow less, or that, even if fresh complications are avoided, their government will be conducted with more economy. Under, or in the shadow of, British rule more and more efficiency is progressively demanded, and more and more efficiency means more and more expenditure.

The process of securing the debouches over the mountain ranges at Chitral, when at length it came to be carried out, has been found to necessitate a serious interference with adjoining tribes, which Lord Lytton had probably not foreseen. Swat territory has been violated by the entry of British troops; and on the Swatis opposing with arms the passage of armed men it has been decided to construct and to maintain a road to Chitral through their territory, and to plant along it military posts of troops of the Indian army. Swat is one only of a group of several Pathan tribes lying along the Indian frontier from Kashmir to British Beluchistan, and the case of these tribes does not seem to have presented itself to Lord Lytton as likely to cause much embarrassment. In the event of conflict with the Amir he had suggested, in paragraph 58 of his Minute, that direct negotiations should be opened with the various semi-independent tribes along the border, with a view to detaching them from the Amir's cause. 'There can be little doubt that the Khyber tribes, the Kákars and others, would gladly separate

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themselves from the Amir, and ally themselves with us.' Subsequent events showed that his forecast was sanguine; but on the whole it is sufficient to say that the congeries of Pathan tribes referred to did not enter seriously into Lord Lytton's calculations. This *hiatus*, if it may be so termed, in the arrangements to be completed for bringing directly under British influence the territories intervening between the British and the Afghan boundaries was rectified by the administration of Lord Lansdowne. In November 1893 an agreement was concluded between the Governments of India and of Kabul, which is generally known as the Durand Agreement, because the then Foreign Secretary in India, Sir Mortimer Durand, was sent to Kabul to negotiate it. By this agreement the entire system of these tribes was, with insignificant exception, placed within the pale of British influence, the Amir undertaking at no time to exercise interference therein. Swat, Bajaur, and Chitral were expressly in that agreement indicated as lying in future outside the scope of the Amir's interference, compensation being found elsewhere for the Amir. It is improbable that the turbulent and quasi-independent tribes in question were aware that they were thus made over from the feeble and fitful grasp of Kabul to the masterful hand of the Government of India. But in any case the sole right and responsibility of controlling them was now passed to the shoulders of the Government of India, which would henceforth have a free hand in dealing with them. About the same time, the Kuram and Waziri countries, being a part of the territory of these tribes, and lying to the south-westward, had been occupied by British garrisons. The first experience we have had of the exercise of the troublesome monopoly established for us by the Durand Agreement has been in our dealings in 1895 with Swat, Bajaur, and Chitral. The next has been the conflict with the tribes which for three months has been and is still proceeding. What future may yet await us it is not possible to foresee. Meanwhile what has here to be borne in mind is that to its other responsibilities across the border during or since the resumption of the policy of Lord Lytton, to the administration of Quetta, the Pishin valley, and Sibi, to the control of the feudatory Kanjut States of Hunza and Nagar, to the garrisoning and to the direction of the State administration of Chitral, the Government of India, by the agreement of 1893, has added the supreme and exclusive control of the Pathan tribal groups lying on the Panjab frontier. The consolidation of its measures in Chitral has not been long in calling for the active exercise of this control, of the existence of which the tribes have now had practical evidence by the reply of the Amir of Kabul to their appeals for help when they recently turned to him in the hour of their need.

Beyond the Indus, between the tribes which lie along the border of the Panjab and the limits of the Quetta and Pishin districts, lies

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a tract of considerable size, some 18,000 square miles in extent, which supplies the last connecting link in the long chain of the new frontier which since 1876 has been by degrees planned out from Beluchistan to the Karakorams. This tract, comprising the Zhob, Barkán, and Bori valleys, and inhabited by Pathan tribes, was finally incorporated in the general system of the trans-Indus protectorate by the late Sir Robert Sandeman, during 1890. In this, as in the cases of the Kanjut States and of Chitral, the first attempt to establish an amicable ascendency had been unsuccessful, and had led, as in those cases, to several military expeditions before which the discontented elements in the population disappeared or were daunted, and a new order supervened. The Zhob and adjoining valleys were then called upon to receive within their borders British garrisons, to furnish military and police levies, to submit themselves to the direction and control of a British civil officer, and so to pass within the shadow of the ægis of Great Britain. 'A police force—mounted and foot, ultimately about a hundred and twenty strong—was gradually organised; tribal levies were enlisted to protect main roads and passes and the telegraph, and to convey letters. Justice was administered, as far as possible, in accordance with native usage; a dispensary was opened, and medical aid and medicine freely supplied; and money liberally expended on the construction of roads, police posts, shelter for troops, and station buildings.'[4] The work was under the direction of a British political officer, with whom were one English and two principal native assistants, and other native officers of varying subordinate degrees. I should suppose (for on this point I am not informed) that, *mutatis mutandis*, similar measures have been or will be adopted in Chitral and in the Kuram and Waziri countries, and in every other territory where a British garrison has been planted. It is obvious that wherever in a wild and backward country there is a garrison of British troops some control must be exercised over the administration of affairs; violence and lawlessness at least must be put an end to, and some rough form of courts of public justice initiated.

While the authorities in India have been successfully exerting themselves to gain possession of every foothold and coign of vantage which lies between the geographical frontier of India and the eastern boundary of Afghanistan, the Government of Great Britain has been engaged in prolonged negotiations with the Russian Government, having for their object the determination of their respective spheres of influence in Central Asia. In accordance with agreements signed in 1884 and 1895 joint commissions, of which the members were nominated by their respective Governments, have delimited the Russo-Afghan boundary from Sarakhs, on the Persian boundary, to the limits of China in the Pamirs. It might have been expected that, although a pillar delimitation may not be a formidable obstacle

[4] *Life of Sir R. Sandeman*, p. 234.

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to encroachments, the establishment by mutual agreement of a definite boundary, and the formal recognition by the Russian Government of the exclusive political influence of Great Britain within the territories of the Amir of Kabul, would have somewhat stayed the execution of the enterprises of which the outlines have been traced in this paper. Though no physical obstacle to Russian aggression was built up by those agreements, there can be no doubt that the political difficulties in its path have been very greatly increased. Furtive intrigues could no longer, for example, be attempted by Russian agents with hope or probability of success in tracts which thus passed beyond the Russian sphere of influence. Russian officers could not be employed in travelling across a debatable frontier, and in endeavouring to win over to Russian interests the chiefs or the people of the adjoining States. The formal recognition by Russia of exclusive British influence within the Kabul Amir's kingdom was beyond reasonable doubt a valuable guarantee making for peace and security. But in point of fact the agreements of 1884 and 1895 (though in course of time they may be expected to yield better fruit) have had, at least in the first instance, an effect precisely contrary to what was desired and anticipated. The forcible occupation of Penjdeh by Russian troops in 1884 in the presence of the joint commissions brought the two great Powers to the verge of collision; and there is no doubt whatever that from the Penjdeh incident dates the revival of the strategic schemes of which the subsequent course has been traced in preceding pages. The appearance of Russian officers in the Pamirs in the years immediately preceding the agreement of 1895 probably led to apprehensions that the tactics of Penjdeh might be repeated at the opposite end of the Russo-Afghan frontier. Hence the adoption of the measures described in these pages, which successively brought about the fate of the chiefs at that time holding rule on the southern slopes of the Karakoram and their neighbourhood, and the subsequent opening of a larger and more difficult question with the Pathan tribes by the incidents which followed on our appearance at Chitral. Whatever advantage the agreements of 1884 and 1895 may offer, and whatever guarantee they may give of a more definite understanding in future with our Russian neighbours, it is curious that their primary result should have been to revive in an acute form the very apprehensions which they were intended to allay, and to bring again into activity the policy which had been unreservedly condemned by the British Cabinet which first negotiated them. Their firstfruits are seen in the general advance of our frontier beyond that existing in 1876, which is indicated in the sketch map on p. 850, and in the corresponding increase of civil and military obligations and of expenditure which has been thrown on the resources and revenues of the Indian Government.

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The foregoing pages summarise the progress of events up to the present time, and may, it is hoped, help to explain the situation as it at present exists. It will be seen that a very considerable tract of territory has been brought within the limits of British rule during the operations which have been thus described. It may not all have been actually and formally included as yet in British dominion, but the different sections of which it is composed have each of them received a British garrison. In some cases, as in Quetta, in the Pishin valley, and in Sibi, the tract has now been finally incorporated into British India, and is directly administered by British civil officers, under the system generally applicable in the more backward parts of India. Elsewhere, as in the Zhob and adjoining valleys, the supreme direction of affairs is in the hands of British officers, but at present their administration is conducted on rough and simple lines. In Chitral and in the Kanjut States the hand is the hand of the British Government, though the voice may be that of the local chiefs, its nominees. All these fresh obligations could not be, and in fact have not been, undertaken by the Government of India without a very serious addition to its responsibilities and its expenditure. As this would be conceded, probably, by those who most entirely concur in the measures described, more need not here be said about it; and I may pass on to the next part of the subject.

The next part of the subject is to endeavour to form some reasonable conception, from past experience and conditions of the case, of the further increase of responsibilities and obligations which await the Government of India, in proportion as it advances. It is here that, apart from the military aspects of the matter, with which this paper in no way deals, the *crux* of the whole problem lies. Can we expect to maintain the *status quo*, or shall we be entangled further and further into complications in the regions into which we have ventured, and so be finally drawn on into annexation, pure and simple? Can we say to ourselves: Thus far will we go, and no farther will we go, whether in acquiring fresh territory, or in taking on ourselves the administration of territories virtually acquired? Two directly conflicting points of view exist in this regard among the ranks of those who approve and identify themselves with the policy of advance beyond the hitherto frontier. It is not necessary to search for predictions of further complications and annexation outside the supporters of that policy; and for the purposes of this paper it is better to confine oneself to the estimate of probabilities which is put before us not by their opponents, but by an influential section from among their own following.

The one section of those whom it is perhaps permissible for the purposes of this paper to describe as followers of Lord Lytton, contemplate what is termed a policy of 'bland but decided intervention,' to use the apt expression of Sir Erskine Perry, employed in allusion

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to Sir Bartle Frere.[5] They look to a 'sphere of political influence' only; a region in which the mere effigy and *simulacrum* of Britannia will suffice to allay storms, and to rule the troubled waters of lawlessness. The other section holds precisely the opposite view, contending that all past experience opposes itself to such happy anticipations. The sphere of influence of to-day is regarded by it as a certain scene of interference to-morrow. The former point of view cannot be more authoritatively expressed than in the words of a late Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, spoken at a farewell speech delivered in Calcutta in January, 1894[6]:—

In political geography nature abhors a vacuum, and if one thing is certain it is that, under present circumstances, any space left vacant upon our Indian frontiers will be filled up by others if we do not step in ourselves. And thus it has come to pass that districts which we could afford to regard with indifference as 'no man's land,' or as border Alsatias with which we need have no concern, have suddenly become of vital importance to us as forming part of the marches of the Empire.

On our western frontier there is a special reason for which we cannot afford to observe a policy of mere abstention as regards the border region. We are under a solemn obligation, in certain circumstances, to assist our ally, the Amir of Afghanistan, in maintaining the integrity of his possessions. The pledges which we have given to him are, no doubt, carefully guarded and accompanied by indispensable reservations, but they are pledges which no British Government can ignore —pledges which may compel us in a certain event to meet an enemy beyond our own frontiers. In such an event we should have to make use of the great natural avenues leading from British India towards Afghanistan, and we have consequently built a line of railway through the Bolán Pass, we have fortified Quetta as an advanced post, while more lately still the Gúmal Pass has been opened, and our communications between Quetta and the mouth of the Gúmal, through the Zhob valley, have been considerably improved.

Now it is under these circumstances that there has grown up the idea of that which is conveniently described as a 'sphere of influence' adjoining the frontier, properly so called, of the Indian Empire; a sphere, that is, within which we shall not attempt to administer the country ourselves, but within which we shall not allow any aggression from outside.

The principal conditions upon which it is, in my opinion, necessary to insist in dealing with the tribes and petty States falling within the limits of such a sphere of influence as I have described are these: First, that, within that sphere, we should ourselves hold direct relations with the tribes, but allow them to hold relations with no other Power; secondly, that we should reserve to ourselves the right of free access and the right of making roads, and, if necessary, posts for the protection of those roads; thirdly, that we should respect the independence of the tribes and not attempt to interfere in the management of their internal affairs, or to bring them within the operation of our courts and codes.

Arrangements of this kind have been tried, and have met with success. The policy is, I believe, the right one under the political circumstances which now confront us, and it is less likely, in the long run, to involve us in trouble and expense than the old policy of punitive expeditions, followed by a precipitate and complete withdrawal, a policy which Lord Lytton very aptly described, in a speech delivered in Council, as one of 'alternate vengeance and inaction.'

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[5] Blue Book, *Afghanistan*, No. 2, 1881, p. 29.

[6] *Life of Sir Robert Sandeman*, vol. ii. p. 328.

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The present Secretary of State for India has very recently expressed himself to similar effect in a speech delivered at Acton [7]:—

Let me briefly indicate what, in my judgment, are the main objects we should try to attain. In the first place, let us concentrate our strength and attention on those routes and positions only which are essential to the fulfilment of our obligations, and thus avoid dispersion of force and annexation of territory. Elsewhere let us take the general submission rendered to us by the tribes as an acknowledgment of our supremacy, and interfere otherwise as little as is possible. Every means must be taken to check and curtail the traffic in arms, and, on the other hand, every legitimate opportunity utilised for opening up roads and communications. We could then trust to what I would term as the automatic forces of civilisation which are in our wake—trade, commerce, increase of comforts and wealth, security of life and property—to gradually work their way and win these tribes from the murderous and predatory instincts of the past. The difficulties we have to overcome are much the same as we have surmounted elsewhere, though, from their intensity and stubbornness, it may be longer before they succumb to the methods which elsewhere have been successful.

In a despatch of January 1880 [8] the Government of Lord Lytton wrote in almost identical terms:—

It is our desire to avoid territorial annexation, and the further extension of our administrative responsibilities. While maintaining a dominant influence over those provinces which form the outworks of our Indian Empire, we still desire to minimise our interference in their political affairs; and it is still our wish to hold only such military positions as will enable us to maintain that influence by commanding the highways which cross our frontier.

No less eminent and experienced an authority than the Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir George White, has delivered himself in the directly contrary sense at a speech recently made in Simla, of which the following is the report published in the *Pioneer Mail* of the 8th of October, 1897:—

Those who merely accept the fact that we are again engaged in what they call one of our usual frontier wars, without taking the trouble to dig down to the why and the wherefore, are too apt to attribute these wars to mistakes of policy and maladministration of our relations with the tribesmen; and they clamour for wiser heads to direct us. But the history of all times has shown that civilisation and barbarism cannot exist conterminously, and at the same time peaceably, as independent neighbours. The savage will not subject himself to the restraining influences which enable communities more advanced in civilisation to live at peace. This is more especially the case amongst our border tribes, who pride themselves on their individual liberty, on obeying no order, and on being no man's servants.

. . . . . .

We hear a great deal of abuse of the forward policy; but look back on the history of the world, and you will see that, by fate's inexorable decree, civilisation must advance and savagery must recede. History does indeed present a few lamentable instances in which barbarism has conquered civilisation, but civilisation had become effete, and I hope in this company, at all events, there is no Englander little enough to wish so terrible realisation of his theories as regards England's great and beautiful civilising mission in the East. The causes of the advance of civilisation are not far to seek. The pressure of constant watchfulness becomes

[7] *Times*, November 11.

[8] Blue Book, *Afghanistan*, No. 1, 1881, p. 4.

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intolerable when in presence of a people that respect no engagements, and may be in friendly intercourse with you in the morning, and advancing in thousands before night, armed and prepared to murder and to ravish. The teaching of history has again been verified, that civilisation and savagery cannot co-exist as independent neighbours.

Even amongst the most advanced communities, where humanity is the popular idol, and the value of life the shibboleth of civilisation, the maintenance of peace between independent Powers is but a dream of the visionary. War is the experience of men. While, therefore, we have some 200,000 of the most turbulent races and finest fighting material in the world on our border, unrestrained by a civilised Government and fired with fanaticism, we shall never have a peace to be relied on, and we shall have to stand always armed and ready.

This is a far cry from the visions of bland intervention, respect for tribal independence, and the subtle expansion and diffusion of the automatic forces of civilisation which have been conjured up by the other speakers. But Sir George White has with him a goodly body of agreement. High among authorities on the subject of our frontier is that of Sir Henry Green, who was an ardent advocate, in 1878, for the occupation of Kandahar. This is what he had to say at that time on the subject of interference with the Pathan tribes adjoining the Panjab frontier:—

But can such be said of the Pathan tribes? They have no acknowledged head; even their tribal chiefs receive only a nominal obedience; they are, as a rule, fanatics in religion, treacherous, revengeful, and totally untrustworthy; they hate all Europeans, and the life of a British officer entering their mountains is as insecure now as it was thirty years ago. Their only virtue is personal courage. Such races are, I consider, one of the best defences that we could have in the rear and flanks of an invading army, while the best plan that we can adopt towards them is to keep them at a distance.

. . . . . .

Any attempt to push forward military posts into those passes, with a view either to defence or to overawing the independent mountain tribes, would only, I believe, lead to constant irritation, and to frequent punitive expeditions.[9]

The probabilities of some such outcome of the matter as that bluntly foretold by Sir George White are not lessened by the loud call for annexation which breathes through the telegrams despatched to the *Times* from the camps now gathered along the Indian border. Where one side, as Sir Henry Green wrote, is 'totally untrustworthy' and the other side, as Sir George White and these telegrams show us, is eager to subdue and incorporate, the issue, if there is any lesson to be learned from the history of the relations between East and West, is surely not difficult to foresee. Doubtless the milder utterances which I have quoted are those expressed by statesmen; the more forcible opinion is the opinion of military men. But any one conversant with administration in India, more especially of later years, cannot but feel apprehensive that what is the opinion on such subjects of the soldier to-day will be the utterance of the statesman to-morrow.

[9] Blue Book, *Afghanistan*, No. 2, 1881, p. 26.

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It must, I fear, be conceded that, in the present case, the whole weight of experience is on the side of the soldier. Another soldier —one of the foremost among the foremost of them—has put it that when a civilised Power takes up a frontier alongside turbulent ruffians, complications must arise; raids and counter-raids will be committed; redress will never be fully or frankly given, and in the end there will be a fresh advance against the offenders.[10] *A fortiori*, where a civilised Power is not content merely to take up a frontier alongside the turbulent ruffians, but actually asserts supremacy over them, drives its roads through the midst of them, and plants its military posts along such roads, then it seems to me opposed to all experience whatever to entertain the hope that it will not be very shortly compelled to 'interfere in the management of their internal affairs.' The more unsettled the normal condition of those affairs, and the more stubborn and irreconcilable the opposition offered to it, the more frequent will be the need of interference, and the more vigorous and decisive must the settlement be. The history of the British advance in India, and of the Russian progress in Central Asia, seems to have settled this point so definitely and incontrovertibly that no apparent exception to the rule can be regarded as other at the best than a brief and intermediate phase of the mutual relations of the parties concerned, a period of probation between independence and incorporation into the stronger rule. The automatic forces of civilisation spoken of by Lord George Hamilton admittedly follow the flag; they come in the wake of dominion. Mere military grasp of outposts may precede their advent and operation, but more than this is needed before the conditions of security and order are created which are indispensable to their free development. A 'sphere of influence' may have been found to be a useful diplomatic formula as between equal Powers engaged in indicating, for the determination of their respective pretensions, certain limits which either will undertake to respect. But as between such Powers and the subordinate peoples inhabiting the several spheres of influence the expression carries with it no guarantee or assurance of peace whatever. It comprises in itself no single element of stability, and depends for its peaceful continuance on immunity from assault on the one hand and on the absence of all spirit of aggression on the other. Now the most unfavourable possible conditions in which such an experiment can be tried are those which we find among the Pathan tribes beyond the North-West frontier of India. Their tribal organisation, their fanaticism, faithlessness, and past history—the universal *consensus* of all men of all countries who have ever had to deal with them— combined with the difficulties opposed to intruders by their rugged and impracticable country, forbid us to expect in the future more favourable welcome or more undisturbed possession

[10] Sir Charles Macgregor's *Khorasán*, ii. p 213.

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of our roads and military garrisons, our telegraphs and postal communications, than has been accorded us by the Swatis at Malakand and Chakdara, by the Orakzais on the Samana range, or by the Waziris at Wano.

'Arrangements of the kind have been tried,' we are told by Lord Lansdowne, 'and have met with success.' I am not aware what arrangements are referred to; but if the illustration indicated is to be sought in the late Sir Robert Sandeman's proceedings, whether in Beluchistan or in the Zhob country, I cannot persuade myself that they give it any countenance. The sphere of British influence was extended to the Beluch province of Kelat by formal agreement between its Khan and the Government of India in 1876,[11] and Sir Robert Sandeman was made the first political agent. In the ensuing year, 1877, a British officer was murdered at Quetta, where the new British Agency had been established, and which was intended for the future to be the centre of a 'bland but decided intervention.' What followed? 'The assassination of Lieutenant Hewson led to the occupation of the fort by British troops; and ultimately an arrangement was made by which the administration of the entire district of Quetta was ceded to the British Government on payment of a yearly quit rent.'[12] Then at the close of 1889, Sir Robert Sandeman set foot in Zhob to inaugurate a system of bland but decided intervention in the Zhob, Barkán, and Bori valleys. Before the end of 1890, a military expedition was necessary to subdue the forces which had at once collected to resist him: 'suitable fines were imposed, and the proceedings were fitly terminated by a Darbár, at which the submission of the tribe was formally received' (p. 238). A British officer was appointed agent, as we have seen, with a subordinate staff; 'roads and buildings were pushed on; violent crime diminished, and not a single act of resistance to authority occurred.' Thus we find General Chapman writing that 'Beluchistan may now be regarded as an entirely new province under British rule . . . Its conquest has been for the most part a peaceable one.'[13] All this is in the highest degree creditable, if you will, to those by whom it has been effected; but it is wholly and irreconcilably opposed to any system which professes not to interfere in the management of internal affairs, or actively to exercise authority at all. The case of the Native States within India itself is not in point, for they

[11] 'By the 4th and 5th articles the Political Agency is permanently established at the Court of the Khan, and the British Government is constituted the final referee in cases of dispute between the Khan and the sirdárs. This is, perhaps, the most important provision in the whole treaty. It terminated the old system of non-intervention, placed the supreme control of affairs in Belúchistán in the hands of the British Government, and has had the beneficial effect of substituting throughout the khanate peace and good order for chronic civil war.' (*Life of Sir R. Sandeman*, ii. 93.)

[12] *Ibid.* ii. p. 116.

[13] P. 299, *Life of Sir R. Sandeman.*

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are completely englobed in British rule, and surrounded by British military forces. Their people are identical in race and religion with our own; they are habituated to the presence of Europeans; and their territories are easy of access in all directions, and covered with a network of rail and road, which connects itself with the systems of British India.

If there was a fair hope of finality by establishing ourselves in tribal territory, much intermediate difficulty might be faced. Lord Hartington,[14] when Secretary of State for India, in a despatch of November 1880, expressed, on behalf of his Government, willingness to take into consideration even the retention of Kandahar, 'if its possession or military occupation might satisfy those who are now disposed to apprehend danger from foreign invasion, and might prevent the recurrence of popular excitement on the subject both at India and at home. Nothing was more undesirable than the uncertainties resulting from such periodical excitements, and the consequent distraction of mind to 'those who are engaged in the administration of the government of India from the important questions of internal policy, of famine, of the construction of necessary public works, and above all of the agrarian conditions of the people which are so closely connected with the prosperity and even the security of our Indian Empire.' But, asked Lord Hartington, would this ensue? And the same question must be repeated in the circumstances of to-day. It must always be borne in mind, when estimating the chances of finality, that it is not because of any intrinsic value of their own that the Government of India has interfered or established posts in those inhospitable regions. Nor does any *vacuum* now remain there, such as Lord Lansdowne spoke of, since the agreements with Russia and Afghanistan. From the point of view of those who have put their measures into effect they are useful only as a means to an end—that is to say, in words already quoted, for the maintenance of the integrity of the Amir's possessions. They are sought for because, directly or indirectly, from Quetta to Chitral, they contain, or control, the 'jumping-off places' which will be required should British forces be again at brief notice called upon to enter Kabul. But there are menaces to the integrity of the Amir's possessions from other quarters than from Central Asia. There are even greater menaces from domestic dissensions than from foreign invasion. A disputed succession—a consequent state of prolonged civil war and anarchy—a kingdom of Kabul dismembered from internal discords, and inviting, almost compelling, interference from without—all this we have witnessed on the death of Dost Muhammad, and it is at least equally probable that we may again be spectators of it when Amir Abdurrahman's life comes to an end. If, from whatever cause, the present kingdom of Kabul should be temporarily rent asunder, then, humanly

[14] Blue Book, *Afghanistan*, No. 1, 1881, p. 92.

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speaking, it is to be foreseen that a strong effort will be made to ensure that so much as lies to the eastward of a line drawn, say, from the Helmand, in the neighbourhood of Kandahar, to Kabul, and along the watershed of the Hindu Kush to the Baroghil Pass, should be brought within the grasp of the Government of India. The military occupation of Kandahar, Kabul, Ghazni, and Jelalabad by British troops is a measure which has too often occurred to be regarded as in the slightest degree improbable on a future occasion. It is to be hoped that should such an occupation be again found necessary, it may be possible, as on previous occasions, to withdraw our troops on the re-establishment of a settled and effective Government. But if the ambitions and projects of those against whom Lord Lytton and his successors have directed so much thought and expenditure at all correspond to the magnitude of the enterprises embarked upon by the Government of India to defeat them, such withdrawal may, in such circumstances, be indefinitely delayed. Should Afghan Turkestan or Herat be seriously threatened, in other plainer words, by Russia, it needs no gift of prophecy to be sure that, if the party of advance can contrive it, the wave of British occupation, which is now temporarily lapping the borderland, will be carried to the crest of the Hindu Kush.

All this, it will be said, belongs to a more or less remote future. At present no one proposes to advance even to Kandahar; and no useful end can be served by speculations as to what may be expected to occur in distant circumstances which may never arise. The reply would carry more weight if it did not so happen that speculation as to what may never occur in circumstances which may never arise has been the very fount and source of the practical measures taken beyond the North-West frontier during the last twenty years. If we are to examine the outcome and bearing on Indian responsibilities and obligations of the policy now in course of execution, we cannot, therefore, reasonably omit to notice the goal towards which it finally points, or to leave out of account and consideration the very end and aim and objective of all its long series of efforts.

We may glance at this question, now, as proposed in the outset of this article, from the point of view of the financial position and prospects of India. As matters stand, there is, unhappily, cause enough for apprehension in regard to their effects upon Indian finances. I do not refer so much to the immediate cost of the present military operations—though it is very instructive to find from experience what it has so far cost Indian revenues to put into effect the policy of Lord Lytton, even in such a minor and comparatively unimportant portion of it as closing the debouches by Chitral—I allude more particularly to the growing cost of all the several acquisitions of territory made since 1876. It is much to be desired that we should learn what is the net charge on Indian revenues from all the extensions

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of obligations or territories which have taken place across the North-Western border since 1876. It is to be hoped that the Indian authorities may see their way to placing some such information before the public. But it is not only actual but growing expenditure which must be reckoned with. If, again, more posts are to be occupied and more routes kept open by British troops, the probabilities are, if past experience may guide us, that we are yet only on the threshold of the call on Indian revenues. It is difficult, moreover, to see how the Indian Government can face so large an addition to its responsibilities without some material addition to its army. Great additions have been made of late years to the number of native levies beyond the frontier; and the efficiency of the Imperial Service troops, numbering some 20,000 men, has been immensely increased. Has equal care been taken to increase the relative strength of the British army in India? We are so often assured in public utterances of the loyalty of native princes, of the eagerness of their troops to fight in our quarrels, of the readiness to enter into our service among the tribes beyond the frontier, and of the general enthusiasm for the British flag so soon as its shadow falls on those regions, that it is an ungrateful and ungracious task to insist that these assurances must be received with extreme qualification and reserve. Even should we give every credit to all concerned for the delightful sentiments imputed to them, we must never for a moment forget that the relative strength of the white element in the army of India is the final factor which makes for effective loyalty on the part of the natives, of all ranks and positions. The larger our native levies, therefore, the more must we increase the strength of that element, which if it is in the highest degree efficient is also in the highest degree costly. If the prospects and position of Indian finance were bright or hopeful, to find funds for the increase of expenditure arising from this and kindred causes would still be a great difficulty. But, as matters now are, I should conceive it to be absolutely impossible. Taxation in India has in the last three years reached high-water mark. So far as revenue has been kept abreast of expenditure, it has been only by reimposing taxation which had been taken off, or by the addition of fresh fiscal burdens. I need not re-enter on ground travelled over by me in previous papers published in this Review in 1894 and 1895. The relief which may be hoped for from further improvement in exchange has almost reached the furthest limits which, under the existing conditions of the currency, can be expected; but, insufficient as it is, is probably in excess of any relief which can be looked for were the mints to be reopened, under the most favourable probable conditions. The artificial condition of the currency is a source of apprehension and of uncertainty to all alike, to the Government, to men of business, to the native bankers, and especially to all classes connected with agriculture—in other words, to nine-tenths of the population. The resources

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of the country are drained temporarily by famine, the population harassed by plague; the relations of the Government and the people in more than one important direction are notoriously strained. There has never probably been a moment when India was less prepared to meet fresh financial obligations, or to add to its difficulties by embarking in enterprises of which the consequences, to its finances, are likely to prove crushing, though for the moment their full effect may not be apparent. It has been too much the custom in responsible quarters, and among men of either great political party in this country, to speak in late years of the finances of India as though the political climate of India did not affect them. Even the strongest opponents of the occupation of Chitral found it consistent with their most sinister forebodings as to the cost and complexity of the probable results to congratulate the Government of India on the promising state of its finances, and to urge it, in other costly directions, to even greater expenditure than it had hitherto ventured upon. Events have not been long in again reminding us all that, whatever its claims to the public confidence may be —and on this matter no opinion is or will be expressed here—the extension of a system of interference beyond the border is not compatible with strenuous development of material resources within India. This is beyond question the strongest argument in the armoury of those who are opposed to Lord Lytton's policy; and a statesman does but sorry service to his side who misapprehends or misuses it. From 1838 to 1897, progress and advance beyond the Indus have always brought with them the arrest of progress to the East of it; and it is on this account that leading natives of India, whether of the old and orthodox or the new University-brand type, so universally regard the present policy with disfavour. This, too, was the bed-rock of Lord Lawrence's position. His strategic view may be open to criticism, but his view of the strategical line to be adopted was a part only, and not the most important part, of his policy on this subject. No scheme of strategical frontier could be sound, in Lord Lawrence's eyes, which was not consistent with the progress of the country, the development of its resources, and the contentment and loyalty of the people. The final and best defence of India, he contended, lies in the conviction among the masses of India that the rule of their present masters is on the whole equitable. To ensure this, taxation must be carefully limited to what is requisite for the needs of Indian development. The revenues raised in India must be spent upon India. The lives of Indian soldiers must be passed, it may, perhaps, be added, if not within the limits of India, at least in climates and countries not entirely unlike their own, or unsuited to their temperament, nor separated from India by long and difficult distances.

The sum of the whole matter would, therefore, seem to be that,

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given the need of a policy of advance, India alone cannot be expected, whether in the present or in the future, to defray all the charges which the maintenance of her position as an integral portion of the British Empire is imposing and about to impose. India is but a party to the joint connection of the two countries, and is not the predominant partner. It would be absurd to pretend that the populations of India are as resolved to remain at all costs under British rule as the people of these islands are determined at all hazards to retain them there. If, to keep India under British rule, it is resolved to extend the new bulwark province now formed beyond the frontier, and to add materially to the area actually under British administration, it will become necessary for the people and the Government of this country very shortly to consider in what form the cost and charges of such a province may, in the common interests, be best defrayed. Obviously no space is left in which this great difficulty can be so much as touched upon within the limits of this paper. It may be that in time a separate province and quasi-military administration will be organised, to consist of all the territories beyond the Indus; a province which would bear to the Government of India the same relation that the Government of Russian Central Asia bears to the Government of the Caucasus, and would be supported mainly from local or from British revenues. Or, for the present, difficult, invidious, and inefficient as a divided financial control may be, the civil and military charges of the trans-Indus province may be in part borne by Great Britain, under some understanding between the Indian and the British Treasuries. All that in this paper it has been sought to prove is that far as we have gone beyond the frontier we are likely, if experience of the past is a guide to the future, in all probability to be carried further; that to the charges and obligations already incurred we must expect others of greater weight and of increasing volume to be added; that the revenues of India cannot equitably be expected to continue to bear so great and indefinite and increasing a charge; that it is by no means only India, but in an equal; if not greater, degree this country, that is interested in the objects for which that charge is imposed; and that therefore it is incumbent on those whose desire and intention it is to establish and to maintain British authority in the countries beyond the present North-West frontier to furnish a scheme of providing ways and means which shall be proportioned to the relative interests of the two Governments, and shall secure to India a definite prospect of the enjoyment of so much of her own revenues as may not equitably or justly be claimable from her in the prosecution of the common end. No doubt I have discharged this task very indifferently and very imperfectly. But I hold it to be the duty of every man who has a claim to hearing from long experience of Indian civil administration, or from intimate knowledge of all classes of its people, to

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endeavour, to the best of his ability, to secure for the unrepresented people of India, whenever occasion may call for it, impartial treatment at the hands of this country. No occasion can be more important or more urgent than the present occasion, arising, as it does, from India's claim for justice in the treatment and apportionment of the extraordinary charges imposed upon her in the execution of the enterprises and measures considered necessary by our statesmen and our soldiers to secure and maintain her in her position within the circle of the British Empire.

AUCKLAND COLVIN.

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THE DUAL AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN

THERE is in the *Don Juan* of Molière a man who, in order to forestall the too-well-founded reproach of monotony, answers simply: *I tell you always the same thing, because it is always the same thing, and if it were not always the same thing, I would not always tell you the same thing.* I feel sometimes in some risk of incurring from those who do me the honour to read my papers in this Review, or the yet rarer honour not to forget them entirely, something of this self-same reproach of tedious iteration. Perhaps the best thing for me would be to plead guilty to the impeachment, and then to allege simply in mitigation of sentence the paramount importance of the subject and the pressing necessity of keeping it before the mind of a fickle public.

However, to-day I feel the less need to apologise because circumstances have arisen which make it, not the futile sport of academical leisure, but one of the most indisputable duties of practical politics, to try to determine once for all what must be the relations of France and England, and whether our two countries are bound by fate to opposite systems and a final, unavoidable conflict. Just now there is no need to set up for an authority in diplomacy in order to profess full acquaintance with the dangerous tendency of things between the two great Western Powers. Everybody knows negotiations are not running a perfectly smooth and safe course between the commissioners appointed for the delimitation of territories and spheres in Western Africa. It is not only what the newspapers say; though they ought not to be too contemptuously put out of court, able as they are to make bad blood and even to raise dangerous issues between two great countries, we know how to discount their thunder and to interpret their roaring. But when Lord Salisbury himself, with all the responsibility of empire weighing on his shoulders, finds it right to give a solemn warning and to put his foot—not *in*, let us hope—but *down*, it is assuredly high time for the interested parties to take stock of the situation, to balance the *pros* and *cons* of the special controversy, and to ask themselves once more and once for all if it is worth

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their while, for such a cause or for any other short of absolute necessity, to run the risk of such a calamity. My purpose to-day is not to enter into the details of this West African dispute, but rather to examine shortly whether the present state of European alliances makes a quarrel on such a ground innoxious or advantageous or necessary for one or the other of the two nations.

I

I know very well that during the late summer and autumn months no event has happened to which may be applied the favourite description of German writers and worthy to be called *Welthistorisches*. And yet it seems to me that nobody can deny, without deliberately blinding himself, that the face of things has greatly changed, and that a new feeling of uncertainty, of doubt, of groping about in darkness, has risen in the minds of some European nations. There come sometimes to pass, in fact, either internationally or in the home policy of countries, events which are either as the raising of a curtain behind which a whole scene remained hidden, or as the projection of a sheaf of luminous rays on a given point, or perhaps yet more exactly as fingerposts pointing the way at a turning of history. If I venture to put among these events the already remote interview of the Tsar Nicholas and of President Faure at St. Petersburg in August, it is not at all because I allow myself to be carried away by a patriotic enthusiasm which would provoke a just laugh at my expense, still less because it was given to me to attend this unforgettable meeting and on account of the excited feelings of an eye-witness.

Truth to say, the solemn promulgation of the Franco-Russian alliance on board the *Pothuau* was in itself an historical event, the real importance of which is to be measured as well by the obstinacy of a certain press in overestimating the value of the *word*, in contrast to the *thing*, before the *word* had been pronounced and the *thing* named, as by the bad faith of the same press in pooh-poohing the interest of the transaction once it had occurred. What is more, this public avowal of the alliance before the whole world had been preceded—I believe I may say I know it for a fact—by the drawing tighter the bonds of friendship, by making the purport and the purview of the treaty at once more precise and more general, by giving to the mutual obligations so defined at the same time more specificality and more breadth. There is no need, as I think, to try to argue at length in order to demonstrate the gravity of an event which has found such an echo in the least well-disposed minds. Though the period of the meetings of sovereigns and heads of States and of resounding toasts has been closed for some time, public opinion in Europe does not fail to look back with apparently inexhaustible interest on the effect of the combinations thus brought to

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the knowledge of the world with a noisy deliberateness. Some papers in Germany, even in Austria or in Italy, have never ceased to protest there was nothing changed on the Continent; there was merely a word without meaning thrown down as a sop to the credulousness of French chauvinism; the true deal had been made not between President Faure or M. Hanotaux and the Tsar, but between this last and the Emperor Wilhelm; after all, it was possible and even right to see with perfect good-humour and complacency a small apparent satisfaction given to France in order to quiet and still a little this eternal firebrand and to consolidate peace—that is to say, a *status quo* so evidently advantageous to the German Empire.

On this theme, so manifestly to order, some newspapers have rung changes to which I should be the last to deny the qualification of brilliant. They have juggled in the most bewitching manner with the formulas of diplomacy. They have beaten the big drum, sounded the brass trumpet, put into use all the well-known quack proceedings which awe so very much the bulk of mortals and of readers. In short, the plan of campaign would have been cleverly conceived and dexterously performed if, in spite of all, the simplest and most artless of minds had not been tempted to ask why they made such a noise about so trivial an incident, and if it was really worth their while to lash their sides and to take such dreadful pains against a mere fancy of French vanity. Usually soap-bubbles do not need cannon-balls to burst them, and it is not to crush a nut that the Creusot or the Krupp establishments put into motion their 100-ton sledge-hammers.

And then the doings and goings of the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe! Who can believe that Wilhelm the Second has thus travelled, ridden, spoken, toasted—all for nothing? Who can fancy it is all only his itching to be perpetually on the stage, his longing for the display of his fatal gift of eloquence, his restlessness and egotism? Is it only in order to lay phantasms down that the German Emperor has careered from one end of his country to the other; that he went to Budapest; that he imperiously summoned King Humbert to Wiesbaden; that Count Goluchowski has just made a run to Monza, the best, but yet only the second best, substitute for a personal meeting between the sovereigns of Austria and Italy, since Francis Joseph cannot pay a visit in Rome, and Humbert cannot receive him elsewhere? No; all the explanations and guesses in the world cannot prevail against the stubbornness of fact. Henceforth the *Dual Alliance* has taken place in the empyrean of Europe as a constellation of the first rank. It is the counterpart and the equipoise of the *Triple Alliance.* It may publicly own its ends, which are purely conservative. Nothing was farther from the mind of the statesmen of France and of Russia in shaping this treaty than a policy of aggression. Here we must purge ourselves of all cant. Undeniably, the

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French public, at first, was a little out of its reckoning when it found that the Russian alliance, instead of meaning a mutual understanding against Germany with a special view to the restoration of the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, was for all intents and purposes a guarantee of the *status quo*—that is to say, of the territorial *uti possidetis*. Such a feeling was natural: people do not with a light heart renounce their most cherished hopes exactly at the moment when fortune begins again to smile at them. It has been very easy to observe in the language and judgment of the most hare-brained or hot-minded patriots a great cooling of the exaggerated warmth for the Russian friendship since this new combination has been put on its trial, and has been proved a diplomatic engine and not the mad creation of enthusiasts.

However, the bulk of the nation very soon learned to value precisely the practical features of the new alliance. The French democracy is, at bottom, thoroughly peaceful. It wants, above all, security. Without doubt there subsists a kind of patriotic cult, a tender love for the cut-off provinces, an unconquerable protest against the law of force and the contempt of right, an unquenchable hope in the justice of fate and the Nemesis of history. All these feelings are engraved in the heart of Frenchmen, and it will be a bad day, a day of decline and dishonour, when they no longer exercise a powerful influence on their minds. I believe in all seriousness and soberness that there is yet a living force in them, and that it would be the most madly conceived undertaking to put them wholly out of account and to try deliberately to associate—without a readjustment of their territorial relations—France and Germany. Nevertheless, human nature has wonderful resources, and knows how to shift in tight places, and how to conciliate the most opposite duties. The sincerest, most devoted, most patriotic care and longing for the recovery of the lost provinces is perfectly compatible with the most resolute, reasonable acceptance of the matter-of-fact *status quo*. French citizens do want, above all, the security of the morrow. It is a grand thing for them after years of anxiety to feel tolerably safe in the immediate future. What a relief—and not only for the members of the Dual Alliance—not to depend any more for the maintenance of peace upon the will, the solitary will, however well intentioned it may have been, of a sole, single man!

Upon such a foundation this new diplomatic contrivance may be adjudged tolerably sound and strong. It is not a war engine. It has nothing in itself necessarily inimical towards the Triple Alliance. And yet there would be something fictitious in maintaining that it has not been, that it was not destined to be detrimental to this great work of Prince Bismarck. First, the era of undisputed prepotency is irrevocably closed. The equilibrium is restored. Henceforth there is a Europe, and not only a Germany surrounded by its satellites and

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a collection of impotent atoms. Everywhere the birth of a new order is felt. In some parts it awakens joy and hope, in others fear and sorrow. There was a kind of leaden quietness, of despairing tranquillity under the old dispensation; there is just now a kind of shiver of uncertainty and expectation. It is naturally among the Powers of the *Triplice* that the impression is the strongest. One, at any rate, among the three associates begins to see, as under a flash of lightning, the unnaturalness of its position.

Italy has lost the happiness of perfect faith. The fall of Crispi has put an end to the lamentable episode of the *Old Man of the Sea* as well as to the mad dreamings of megalomania and to the dictature of incapacity. Under the Marquis di Rudini the young kingdom, the last born of the Great Powers, while remaining faithful to the hardest and heaviest obligations of its treaty, looks about to try to combine with what it owes to its allies what it owes to itself and to its immediate neighbours. It is the punishment of the policy which has made of Italy the handmaid and the servant of the interests and of the grudges of Germany, that it forbids any consideration of the most pressing wants of the Peninsula, any calculation of its strength, any independent and autonomous ruling of its destinies. A time will come, and it cannot be very far off, when the enlightened patriots of the land of Cavour will ask themselves how it has been possible, by what base arts, to cheat, mislead, beguile, and befool so long such a country. Everything that tends to give back to Italy, with a serene appreciation of its interests, the right to choose for herself her own path, works against the strengthening or the continuance of the *Triplice.* Conversely, everything that militates against the stability and the firmness of the *Triplice* works for the liberation and the recovery of the mental balance of Italy.

Austria offers another view—a kind of dissolving view. In the Hapsburg monarchy the Triple Alliance, so long an unassailable tower of strength, seems threatened from two sides at once. First, there is the too natural recoil of the indiscreet revelations of the Bismarckian press. The loyal and single-minded master of the Hofburg and his confidential advisers have not been able to learn without concern that, while the vanquished of Sadowa made it a point of honour not to look beyond the four corners of his intimacy with his conqueror, this last did not in the least scruple to negotiate in the dark an understanding with the self-same foe against whom had been contracted his friendship with Vienna! The public acknowledgment of the conclusion of the *counter-assurance* with Russia by Germany could not but provoke in Vienna a genuine scandal, notwithstanding all the protestations of Baron Marschall. The wound has been ostensibly healed, the breach made up; but such deceits are not easily forgotten. Austria has felt herself perfectly justified in looking for a means of drawing nearer again to Russia, not only because she has acted above-

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board and without any mystery, but chiefly on account of the example of Germany. Since Francis-Joseph was in St. Petersburg in April last, a true understanding prevails between the two Courts. The small Slav States of the peninsula of the Balkans have been the first to feel the result of this intimacy. Just now the Emperor has thought fit to proclaim solemnly before the delegations this new departure and to put the friendship of Russia only a little behind or under the old alliance with Germany. The language of Count Goluchowski's *exposé* has been yet more emphatic. Truly, quite a sign of the times!

But the most dreadful wrench the *Triplice* has perhaps yet suffered has been and is administered by the unheard-of convulsions of the internal politics of Austria. It is not here the place to dilate on the spectacle given by the Germans in Cisleithania. Let it be sufficient for my purpose to note that this internal struggle—these *plus quam civilia bella*—have exercised and cannot but exercise the most fatal influence on the maintenance of the compact with Germany. Austria, since it has outgrown the age where the melting together and the fusion of nationalities was possible, is apparently fated to federalism. The dualism of 1867, the work of Franz Deak and Andrassy, has perhaps been only a halfway house on the road to a more centrifugal organisation. The Slavonic nationalities, who are and feel themselves a majority in Cisleithania, do not intend to remain perpetually under the yoke of Germanism, thinly disguised under the name of centralism. As for the Germans, they are intoxicated by the greatness of the empire which has been founded on the expulsion of Austria from Germany. They gravitate towards Berlin without understanding that the condition of the Austro-German friendship is precisely the radical elimination of Austria from Germany. They do not see that since Sadowa and the treaty of 1879, the manifest destiny of the Hapsburg monarchy is towards the East, and that their supremacy in the home politics is not less antagonistic to the maintenance or the tightening of the alliance than to the principles of justice. This present crisis threatens the very fundamentals of the Austrian State, and, at the same time, the basis of its alliances; and it is further complicated by the strange contradiction which makes the sympathy of the whole Germanic world flow in a broad channel to their fellow-Germans in Austria, while, in fact, the triumph of these so-called brethren would mean either the destruction of the work of 1866 and 1870 and the reappearance of the Austrian Emperor as a member of the Germanic body, or the destruction of Austria and the enclosure of her German provinces in the German Empire.

In such a state of things there is assuredly some excuse for the doubts, uncertainties, grumblings, and gropings-about of the Austrian adherents of the Triple Alliance. And what is more, there is something akin to this state of anxiety and dubitation in the very place

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which used until now to be the fixed point, the steady axle of this great diplomatic contrivance. Germany is no more the happy country of political faith and hope. These delicate plants have been rudely touched. Not only is Prince Bismarck, the idol of a national superstition, no more at the helm, but he does not scruple, notwithstanding imperial presents of some dozens of good Rhenish wine, to criticise sharply the *new era*. Men and things have changed with a rush since the death of the old man who seemed to have put time to sleep, and to have magically invested with a kind of immortality his old servants. The young Emperor is unfortunately a man of genius. He wants to govern as well as to reign, to be his own Chancellor, Commander-in-Chief, High Admiral, and what not. His ideas shape themselves with a lightning quickness, and he gives them immediate and solemn expression. The only permanent feature of these changeful pronouncements is a kind of mystical faith in the divine right of the Lord's anointed, a perpetual harping on the royal prerogative, a constant undervaluation of popular franchises and representative institutions. Just now the Emperor has two leading thoughts, and wants to shape the whole course of the national life in accordance with them. First, the struggle against what he is pleased to call the subversive elements of society—that is to say, a desperate war not only against the socialist democracy which has already so much toned down its methods, and which needs only some years of peaceful evolution to become a constitutional party, but, also, against the most moderate forms of Liberalism. Secondly, the creation of a gigantic war-fleet in order to make Germany a first-class naval power, and to call up as by the wave of a magical wand that Greater Germany beyond the seas which he dreams of.

Twenty-five years and more have passed since the glorious days of the birth of the Empire on the battle-fields of France. Innumerable questions have risen to disunite the nation. Socialism is perhaps the greatest power in the land after the State. The Church—or rather the Churches—are diffident, idle, or occupied with internal quarrels, or on a strict defensive against the Government. Liberalism, once taken in hand by Prince Bismarck, tamed, even domesticated, is full of suspicions, on the alert, ready to take up the pledge of battle. Even Conservatism, always in Prussia of that special kind which takes for its motto, *der König absolut—wenn er unsern Willen thut*—is resentful, angry, prone to take up the little game of agrarianism. Between the sovereign and his subjects there is literally as a cushion and a bolster only the present Chancellor, a little shrivelled, feeble, old man, with a small cracked voice, short narrow features, without a grain of idealism, but kept by his diplomatic temper and his worship for precedents and routine out of dangerous reactionary dreams. When you take into account the strong impulse given to local feelings by Prussian Particularism

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masquerading under the garb of so-called Imperialism, you get a sufficient idea of the relative strength of the currents which threaten, if not the continuance or the security of the Empire, at any rate, its well-being. There cannot be any doubt that the moral authority, the political credit of Germany, has been diminished; and that in the same measure as it has been hurt or reduced, in exactly the same measure the Triple Alliance has suffered a loss.

II

What is extremely curious is that during the whole of this time Europe—or, to employ the usual formula, the European Concert—has, externally, at any rate, and for the purposes of diplomacy, acted as a body in the Eastern crisis. While all these changes were happening, while the relative weight and the mutual relations of the Great Powers were undergoing all these readjustments, the fiction of a perfect harmony, an identical object, and a common way of proceeding was carefully maintained on the Bosphorus. Nobody seems exactly proud of the results of this great endeavour. Lord Salisbury, the other day, rather pleaded for extenuating circumstances. It is amusing—or is it melancholy?—to see the European Concert become an end in itself; the maintenance of this laborious and useless contrivance alleged as the great result and sufficient justification of its creation. Peace has been preserved, not everywhere, nor between all nations, but between the members of this precious Concert, and this glorious achievement is referred to as a perfect vindication of the policy of co-operation. People do not seem to be conscious that such a pleading is purely and simply a begging of the question, and arguing in a circle.

For my own part, nothing is farther from my mind than to condemn in any degree the establishment of the Concert. On the contrary, I persist in thinking that this federation of the Great Powers was the most excellent instrument of progress, and the surest guarantee of peace in a great international crisis. A grand stride towards the devoutly to be prayed for realisation of the noble ideal of the European Confederacy was accomplished on the day when the Cabinets felt themselves obliged to deliberate, to resolve, to act in common. Only there was a dreadful remissness in the application of the new principles. When the history of the Eastern crisis of A.D. 1897 comes to be written, readers will be startled and shocked to see the crossing and entanglement of plots and intrigues, the innumerable false steps, the guilty procrastination, the thousand and one mistakes and more deliberate blunders of the principal actors in the play. Lord Salisbury cannot at the Guildhall or before the Conservative Associations either make his own *peccavi*, or acknowledge too loudly the errors of others. If he had been freer, he would have traced the greatest part of the sins of omission and commission of European diplomacy to

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what is the leading and ruling feature in the present situation of Europe; that is to say, to the uncertainty of the public mind, encompassed, cribbed, cabined, and confined between the framework of international contrivances which have outlasted their usefulness or necessity, and which seem unable to fit themselves to new needs.

The worst of it is that the mismanagement of this diplomatic campaign has inaugurated a new and perhaps an infinitely more dangerous stage of the Eastern Question. Until yesterday the Ottoman peril had taken successively two shapes. At first it resided entirely in the aggressive strength, the barbarous swing and rush of the invading hordes of Turks. There was a time when conquering sultans and martial grand-viziers threatened continually either Hungary or Poland, and swept even the Christian lands up to the walls of Vienna or Moscow. Little by little the danger changed its face. It was no longer as too strong and as a perpetual invader that Turkey weighed down on the minds of statesmen: the Ottoman Empire was too feeble. The *Sick Man* was henceforth on his bed of agony. Around him the prospective heirs quarrelled about the division of his estate. The Great Powers found it necessary to prevent a premature disruption, to silence indecorous covetousness, to watch the process of death and partition. During a long time they were even convinced that the so-called principle of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire was one of the corner-stones of modern international right. England and France did not hesitate to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives and to spend hundreds of millions in order to preserve this corrupt and rotten State. Happily this kind of hypnotisation finally disappeared. The Cabinets, under the irresistible, sometimes unreasonable pressure of public opinion, adopted a new code of action. They saw that the gradual disruption of such a body was fatal; that the subject races had a perfect right to emancipate themselves and to create autonomous States; that the only legitimate interference for them was to regulate the process, to prevent wars and revolutions, to make the transition easy. Such is now the end of European diplomacy. Unfortunately it seems to have raised for itself a harvest of new difficulties by the errors and faults of its recent conduct. The net result of the last months of plots and counterplots is, not the real strengthening of the Sultan or of Turkey, but a fictitious accession to the prestige of the one and the credit of the other. Abdul Hamid was difficult enough to deal with when he was the dishonoured author of the Armenian massacres, when his Mahomedan subjects hated and despised him nearly as much as his Christian victims. The mad rashness of Greece, the flabbiness of Europe, have made the recluse of Yildiz Kiosk the head of a victorious army, a really popular Commander of the Faithful. Turkey was a threat when it was strong, a public calamity since it has become weak; what shall we expect of this fanciful recovery, of this

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imaginary strengthening? The third state of this unhappy country shall be much worse than the second, already so much worse than the first. And it is all the fault of the European statesmen of the first rank, to begin with Lord Salisbury, who dare not tear and rend factitious bonds, overcome imaginary obstacles, and contract friendships founded on real affinities and true similarity of interests.

III

The fact is we must not let pass out of our view that in that Europe, now divided into two camps, the situation of an isolated country, of an erratic body between two stellar systems, offers something anomalous. Those writers more sincere or more clever than those of another school, who willingly acknowledge that something has come to pass on the shores of the Neva; that the heads of two great States do not use words the effect of which they are the more able to calculate in advance that they have a long time declined to employ them without being perfectly sure—and wishing others to be as certain—of the realities these words answer to, those writers have very often added that this new constellation, very far from causing the least anxiety or the slightest bad temper to Germany or to its allies, obeys, as all celestial bodies do, the laws of attraction, and aims at gravitating in the orbit of German diplomacy. Sometimes they talked of a *Continental League*, and set forth that it was on the banks of the Thames that people ought to care and shudder about the new order of things. They met (either on account of the too legitimate irritation provoked by the contradictory proceedings of Lord Salisbury in the last period of the mediation for the preliminary treaty between Greece and Turkey, or on account of inveterate and rooted hates and grudges we had every reason to believe weakened and deadened) with too much acceptance in some organs of the French press, apparently unable to think out. On the other hand, a part of the Russian press, too prone in virtue of a kind of historical tradition to treat England as a foe, followed briskly the steps of those leaders and repeated without scruple stale denunciations against perfidious Albion. And so it was possible for a moment to lend more importance than they are worth to those self-improvised champions of Anti-Britannism, and to be even haunted with a fear of the revival of a kind of Continental Blockade.

After all there was some method in the madness of these preachers of a holy war. In Germany, it is impossible not to feel that England is more and more the natural object of all uncharitableness and envy. The Transvaal business has been merely a storm signal, exactly as in 1867 the Luxemburg incident between France and Prussia projected in advance a flood of light on the true inwardness of the mutual dispositions of the two countries and Governments. Let me be well understood. I do not venture, not being endowed with the gift of prophecy, to aver that there will be, sooner or later, a conflict between

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Germany and England. There are many reasons *for*, many *against*, such a frightful encounter. All I know and all I say is, that just now the true antagonism, the latent hostility, which leaps out on any and the least pretext, is between the German Empire and the British Kingdom.

Commercial rivalry, the growing development of German trade and industry, counts for something in this complex feeling. Its real source, I am persuaded, is chiefly in the rivalry of empire, in the opposite and nearly simultaneous advent of Germany as the leading Power in Europe, and of England as a world-wide imperial Power. Between two such colossuses there may not be much love lost. Even if the Emperor had not added to the keenness of the antagonism by dreaming the dream of the naval supremacy and the beyond-seas splendour of Greater Germany, there is no place in our narrow old world for two giants of this kidney. Hence the perpetual explosion of violent polemics between the papers of the two nations; hence the systematic bad temper of German journals in speaking of English things and men, not to speak here of the reciprocal coldness of English organs for German men and things. Hence finally this well-conducted campaign for the coupling of the Dual and of the Triple Alliance, and the formation of a Continental league against the United Kingdom.

Just at this moment Italian writers, as if emulous of the Bismarckian indiscretions of last year, have launched into publicity very disturbing revelations on the past policy of England. I wish only to mention the publication in the *Nuova Antologia* of the letter in which Count Robilant, then Prime Minister of Italy, let appear, in 1887, such a dislike against the renewal of the Triple Alliance under the conditions of inferiority Germany brought to bear on her confederate, and declared himself resolved to renew the treaty only if England were willing to guarantee to the Peninsula the security of her coast and the *status quo* of the Mediterranean. According to subsequent information, the request of Count Robilant did not remain unsatisfied. Lord Salisbury, who was then, as now, at the head of the British Government, as well as of the Foreign Office, found a way to give Italy the required assurance without putting himself under the necessity of acquainting Parliament and of soliciting a bill of indemnity.

I do not mean to raise here a constitutional question and to inquire if a Prime Minister has the right to contract such obligations without the assent and even the knowledge of his country. Suffice it for me to take up here the much more important point of the international bearing of such an act.

Thus Lord Salisbury had made England the handmaid, the servant, the broker, of the Triple Alliance. Without benefiting himself by the creation of such a compact, he had gone out of his way

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in order to make it possible for Italy to overcome her reluctance and to renew the treaty. The position would have been most singular even without what followed. But what must we think, what must above all English citizens think, of such a policy when they have tasted the bitterness of its fruits? What a reward for such an act of devotion! In what light does not appear the attitude of the Emperor, of his whole press in the Transvaal business, after we have been put in possession of such a piece of history? In truth, the amiable and friendly crusade undertaken by some great papers in favour of the formation of a Continental league directed against England does splendidly disclose the state of mind of Germans towards Great Britain.. The subjects of Wilhelm seem to put before Lord Salisbury this eminently pleasant alternative: either *with us*, as our hewers of wood and drawers of water, or *against us*, as the common foe of the whole civilised world. After such an experiment it is not very probable England or even the present Cabinet of St. James's will feel tempted to play once more the part of the honest and well-meaning broker to the *Triplice*. If Lord Salisbury had fancied he would take a leaf out of the book of Prince Bismarck and keep his perfect freedom from all entanglements, while giving the hand to Italy and helping her to step in the fold of the Triple Alliance, events have taken on themselves to undeceive him, and to teach the proud lord of Hatfield that in diplomacy what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander, and that a Bismarck may try his hand with impunity in the game of double dealing, while a Cecil has not got the privilege.

IV

The diplomatic breaches of confidence of Signori Frassati, Chiala, &c., have not only thrown a flood of light on the past. Just as the yet more famous indiscretions of the late General La Marmora in 1873, they have exercised a considerable influence on the present state of things. It has been said, perhaps without too great an exaggeration, that these publications have put out of court *one*, and perhaps even *two*, of the solutions which offered themselves to England in the present state of international relations. There seems no chance for the renewal by Lord Salisbury at the present time of the Robilant compact. England has had no cause to congratulate herself on the result of her brokerage. It would be something akin to blindness for her to fling herself once more into the breach, to play the disinterested part of go-between and bailee in the bargain between Italy and Germany, and to throw gratuitously into the balance the weight of her influence against the Franco-Russian couple. Even if Lord Salisbury had not been made more prudent by burning his fingers, the case would be wholly different, since it would be impossible to burden the

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United Kingdom with new engagements and obligations without its knowledge and without a debate in the full light of publicity. The underhand diplomacy of the 1887 arrangement is infinitely too much like that masterpiece of double-dealing, the Schouvalof agreement, to be exactly to the taste of English people. After all, they may claim to have a word to say in such a proceeding, and I am not very anxious on the nature of their resolve in this matter. But, what is more, it does not seem that the few advocates of the accession of England to the Triple Alliance have gained or even kept their ground. The spectacle of the indisputable decay of this grand contrivance; the report of the more or less sinister crackings in the scaffolding of this league; the internal disorders which threaten the solidity of this majestic fabric—all these and many other causes are working together to cool any unreasonable enthusiasm. In the second place, though newspapers may not be strong enough to rule the international politics of a nation, and notwithstanding the narrow bonds of birth, blood, and marriage which tie the dynasties and the people together, the press war has nevertheless so thoroughly disclosed the fundamental discrepancy of feelings and interests that the dream of a brotherhood in arms appears more and more a chimera and an anachronism. Of course, miracles are not absolutely out of date. We find in history some cases of States and even people passing without transition from a condition of diffidence, bad blood, even positive hate, to amity and alliance. Sometimes the insults, accusations, and reproaches of such wars of words are merely the means to an end—that is to say, are a rather indirect way to strike a friendship. I confess I am not very much tempted to construe thus the true *quarrel of Germans* which the newspapers of the *Vaterland* have kept up with England for nearly two years.

If it is so, there remain open now before England only two ways. She may keep up her splendid isolation; she may make approaches to the Franco-Russian couple. The first term of the alternative is, I know, very dear to a great school of political thinkers and patriots. They believe and profess that the true secret of Great Britain's greatness is in her aloofness, in her careful abstention from all the responsibilities of international entanglements. Historically, there is a great deal to say in support of this thesis. During this century England has, in fact, reached the summit of her internal prosperity and of her external eminence chiefly by a strict adherence to the principle of isolated action. I do not scruple to acknowledge that such a policy could be followed with the utmost security if things were in the state where an Aberdeen, a Stanley, even a Palmerston, found or left them. But what an immense change! First *Imperialism* is born—Imperialism, the bastard son of Empire—Imperialism, which was not yet the dominant feeling of those who created Greater Britain, and who did not need to play with big

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words since they made great things. Imperialism wants to extend indefinitely and perpetually the domains of the Queen. It takes as its basis of action the very simple and categorical affirmation that every claim of England is a right, and every right of another nation a mere unsubstantiated claim. It looks serenely forward to conflicts and struggles with all and every one. It has mapped the whole world, taken possession in advance of all the desirable parts, put a lien on every fertile estate. Everybody, of course, has not bent the knee before the new *idolum fori*; there are yet in England some *Little Englanders*, or, rather, some reasonable broad-minded patriots. However, Imperialism has made incredible advances. With the just discredit which has fallen on some of their narrow economical dogmas and on their social philosophy, the school of Manchester has seen, too, the best, noblest, most generous of its principles succumb to the same decline. The spirit of Cobden and Bright is no more; the spirit of Peel, Aberdeen, and Stanley has fled away. It is not only among professional Jingoes, among narrow-minded Unionists, among too clever politicians, who take patriotism as a last trade, that this revolution is consummated. Liberals and Radicals, working-men and Trade-Unionists, have undergone the same change. Lord Rosebery has sometimes spoken as an Imperialist, and Mr. John Morley, with sombre rigidity, looks on Mr. Labouchere, with his careless levity, as perhaps his last associate in what remains of the true faith. Such a revolution cannot but draw along with itself the gravest consequences. The only one I want to allude to just now is the perpetual danger for England of a conflict anywhere; consequently the unavoidable necessity to look in advance for some support, and the impossibility to remain in a *splendid isolation*, which agreed perfectly well with the prudence, the wisdom, and the masterly inactivity of the United Kingdom *before* the Imperialism.

That is not all. When the Cabinet of St. James's carefully cultivated habits of single-blessedness, the state of the European chessboard was something wholly different. There were no great syndicates of Powers. Every State was playing for his hand. The diplomatic world was somewhat akin to the industrial world before the advent of the era of gigantic Trade Societies, of agglomerated Trade-Unions, of patronal federations. In the domains of industry, little by little, every one of those who want to hold their ground have felt, willingly or not, obliged to combine: first the workmen, skilled artisans, day-labourers, and those who for a long time felt reluctant to resign even a part of their freedom; finally the patrons themselves, who have opposed to the powerful Unions of their employed crushing associations of employers. It would be in vain to contest that such a state is a state of war. All the same, in the relations of European Powers, a state of armed peace or of latent war prevails. The great leagues have been formed. Now and for the future the condition of an iso-

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lated body is highly anomalous. As long as such a Power as England remains outside of the framework, there is at work a certain cause of perturbation. The equipoise of the two systems is kept in some degree of instability on account of the possible surcharge of the roaming element. There is a feeling of uneasiness and even of restlessness among all the friends of peace.

The inference, then, is plain enough. England would consult her own interests, those of the whole of Europe, those of civilisation itself, in joining the Franco-Russian alliance, or at any rate in establishing with it such a *modus vivendi* as to exclude any chance of misunderstanding. I know it may bear something of the appearance of a bad joke to advance such a paradoxical proposition just at the moment when France and England are at loggerheads about some deserts in Western Africa and seem on the brink of a breaking out of war. Once again, it is not in my mind to study here the case of *Nigeria*, and to look for the specifical modalities of an amicable settlement. With the best will in the world, with the most resolute purpose to keep cool, it would be perfectly vain to try to feign not to notice that a very pretty quarrel is going on; that some imprudences, some exaggerations, and chiefly some plotting contrivances aim at exasperating it; and that, if diplomatists have every ground to hope for a peaceful settlement of the issue as the result of present negotiations, they must disregard neither the difficulties of the undertaking, nor above all the obstacles raised profusely on the way by the hand of too greedy politicians. On this last chapter, the importance of which nobody shall contest, it is not my own fancy that the Cabinet of St. James's is divided by the struggle of influences around this Western African question. Everybody in England asserts or believes—some to rejoice and draw the most favourable auguries, others to deplore and foresee funeste consequences—that Lord Salisbury is no more the undisputed master on this ground; that Mr. Chamberlain, as Colonial Secretary and patented proxy of Imperialism, has claimed the right to say his say; that he pulls all the strings of all the puppets, not only of his governors, from Sir William Maxwell to Sir Gilbert Carter, but of the head and of all the agents of the Niger Company, and that he opposes resolutely the acceptance by British diplomacy of a conciliatory solution, where he should see only betrayal and cowardliness.

What is perhaps the most to be regretted, is the echo these arrogant doctrines find among the public. Ah, once more I must exclaim: How far, how very far from us, is the time of the sweet reasonableness, I do not say of Cobden or Bright, but of Aberdeen and Stanley! Doubtless, I know too well there is also among us Frenchmen a school or party or group, whose *credo* in the matter of conflicting interests or rights is bounded by this one and sole article: everything for us! I make bold, however, to assert that in France serious organs of the press—as the *Temps*, *Journal des Débats*,

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Liberté, Soleil, République Française— take great care not to follow blindly such a spirit; while in England you could look vainly among the metropolitan press, from the Radical semi-socialist *Daily Chronicle* to the Tory *St. James' Gazette*, without forgetting the thundering *Times*, for a paper which does not take its stand with artless assurance on the anterior, superior, unassailable right of the United Kingdom. For instance, in this African controversy, which ought to turn on facts and documents, we hear it gravely stated that the Cabinet of St. James's has already pushed to the last limits—and beyond—the spirit of concessions towards France; that it is high time to put a stop to a generosity so ill-rewarded; that, after having *given* to France Tonkin, Assam, Siam, Madagascar, quite recently Tunis, Lord Salisbury would do well to halt and to ask a *quid pro quo* for such sacrifices. This truly odd and ridiculous idea that everything a country adds to its domains is the gift of the sometimes prodigal forbearance of England; that Great Britain has got a kind of universal first charge and mortgage on the five parts of the world, on account of which England *concedes* everything she does not *take* and gives everything she allows others to take—this idea is unconsciously at the bottom of most of the claims of Imperialism. I shall not discuss here this queer aberration. Let it be sufficient to ask what the English people would think if, in order to prepare the trial of a special issue, we began by crediting the generosity of France or Germany with all the conquests or annexations recently made by Great Britain, from Birmania to Austral Africa, without forgetting Egypt and Uganda? Would England accept a list of these recent territorial acquisitions as the balance sheet of the beneficence of the Powers towards her, and would she agree to abandon and make over in exchange, as an equivalent and in token of gratitude, her rights or her claims on any point whatever?

Such, however, is the spirit which has too much prevailed in the preliminary discussions of the West African issue, where the question was of titles, dates, documents, papers and facts—where the best would be to bring to bear mutually a loyal desire to adjust and reconcile together, and with the maintenance of peace, apparently contradictory rights. It has appeared sometimes as if some arch-plotter wanted to break loose a spirit of contentiousness, chicanery, arrogance, and provocation. Fortunately all this has happened far below the sphere where Lord Salisbury sits alone and meditative. It appears more and more every day that this African business is destined to be the touchstone of the true strength of the two rival statesmen in the councils of the Queen. Of Mr. Chamberlain, of his *pushfulness*, of his recent jingoism, I shall not speak here. What the public knows or guesses about the Prime Minister of England does not make very probable the enlistment of the heir of the Cecils in the ranks of the army of which St. Jingo is the God and Mr. Chamberlain the Prophet. How could we forget the conduct and the language of

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Lord Salisbury in the first crisis of chauvinism in those far-off times when, truth to speak, the succession of the late Lord Derby and the intoxicating splendour of the inheritance of Lord Beaconsfield had not yet brought him to play the part of accessory in the Disraelitic comedy of *Peace with Honour*? This disdainful *Grand Seigneur*, this high and strong mind, who hates the foolish catchwords of ambitious mediocrity, this obstinate *Solitaire*, who shuns the crowd and detests the contact of the vulgar—he is not the man to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—even if personal reasons not a few did not militate against this abdication.

To conclude, I believe I may assert two things—the first, that the West African quarrel is highly important, not only because issues of peace and war are contained in it, but because it is in a kind of fashion the abridgment, the foreshortening of the whole of the difficulties between France and England. By its results we shall be able to appreciate the true disposition of the English and French Governments towards each other. The sure way to go to a shipwreck and to a rupture would be to mix and blend all the questions now hanging between the two States and to try to play Egypt against Nigeria or the Hinterland of Lagos against the Eastern Soudan. Secondly, and lastly, the principal guarantee of a successful and friendly settlement is to leave the hands free to the statesman as distinguished from the politician. The fate of the Anglo-French understanding is trembling in the balance. Everything that should give to Mr. Chamberlain a victory would go directly against the restoration of the *entente cordiale*. Let us hope Lord Salisbury has a mind broad enough, and a grip strong enough to dare to defy and to checkmate the profligate Imperialism of his Colonial Secretary.

FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ.

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OUR RESERVES for MANNING THE FLEET

I

To express the fullest confidence in the officers and men of its admirable permanent force is the first thing to be said in any paper dealing with the manning of the navy. No difficulty is experienced in recruiting. The system of training is eulogised as well by foreign observers as by officers of our own service. We seem indeed to have attained to as high a standard of excellence as it is possible to reach in time of peace. The policy of providing for the manning of the navy by a permanent force gives us admirable crews, but it involves a heavy expenditure. The cost of converting the newly entered boy into an able seaman has been estimated at 300*l*. To keep men efficient they must be much at sea, entailing charges for the repairs and maintenance of ships, not less in amount than those for pay, provisions, and the pensions to which seamen of the navy are entitled when hardly past the prime of life.

That a reserve is necessary for the navy was fully recognised by Mr. Goschen in a recent speech in the House of Commons, in reply to a motion by Sir Charles Dilke. It was, he said, the opinion of his colleagues and himself, that with the 100,000 men voted for the navy for 1897–8, and an addition of 6,300 next year, the permanent force would have reached a standard beyond which it would be impolitic and unwise to go in maintaining men on the active list, under the colours or at sea, in time of peace. For the remainder of the men who might be wanted we must depend on our reserve.

Mr. Goschen gave his views as to the position and value of the Royal Naval Reserve at greater length on another public occasion. At the last annual dinner of the reserve he spoke as follows:—

> I may be permitted, perhaps, to say a word or two with regard, not only to the officers, but to the men of the Royal Naval Reserve. At the present moment it is composed of 10,600 men of the First Reserve, of 10,800 of the Second Reserve, of 2,000 engine-room complement ratings, a number which we hope to increase by 500 in the present financial year. These numbers are distinct from the officers themselves, who number about 1,400, and whom we ultimately hope to raise to 1,500. Let me add this in regard to the subject of the men—that while the first-class men represent the distant sea-going ships, the second-class men represent,

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more or less, the fishermen and the coasting service round these islands. In old days, perhaps, it might have been said that the first-class reserve were those upon whom we should mainly rely; but since sails have ceased to play a part to so great an extent on the sea, the second-class reserve, composed of the sturdy fishermen round our coast, seem to us to be almost as valuable as the first-class reserve itself. And they have this advantage over their brother sailors, that they are near in the case of any emergency, and will probably be the first to flock to the pennant in case it should be necessary to call their services into active play. . . .

If this were a mere paper force, if this were a force merely to tranquillise the public mind, a force which should figure in Parliamentary returns, or should figure in the Estimates, but to which we did not believe that any value would attach in time of trial—better have no such force at all, strike it out from our national power, and rely simply upon the active force which you have actually enrolled.

. . . . . .

But this is not the view which the Admiralty take of the Royal Naval Reserve. It is not the view which we believe the country will take of these men who have enrolled themselves, who are being carefully drilled, and who present themselves for their drill, I believe, in the full confidence that they intend in the time of emergency to take their place side by side with the blue-jackets in the men-of-war which will be sent to sea to meet the enemy.

Mr. Goschen next proceeded to deal with the officers and the supplementary list of the reserve:—

With regard to the officers of the Royal Naval Reserve, Mr. Clark Hall has alluded to the fact that when we were short of lieutenants we went to the Royal Naval Reserve, and we found 100 efficient or 90 efficient men, willing to take their place side by side as executive officers in the Royal Navy. When we tried that experiment, an experiment which the late Lords of the Admiralty inaugurated, and which we cordially accepted at their hands, there were dismal prophecies as to the probability of failure. . . . In all respects these prophecies have been falsified. Men have come from the best lines under the invitation which was issued to them, and if we had required 200 men instead of 100 men they would have come, and we should have got 200 able men.

It would be unreasonable to look to a reserve to supply men of the same stamp and quality as those reared in the navy.

It is not to be expected [says Captain Mahan] that the man newly taken from the merchant vessel, whose concern with other ships was confined to keeping out of their way, should at once be fitted to manœuvre skilfully round an antagonist actively engaged in injuring him, nor yet be ready to step at once from the command of a handful of men shipped for a short cruise, to that of a numerous body which he was to animate with a common spirit, train to act together for a common purpose, and subject to a common rigorous discipline, to which he himself was by previous habit a stranger.

At the commencement of war the navy would not look for leaders to its reserves. The permanent force will be the point of the spear. The reserves will follow up the blows first struck. They will fill up the gaps and provide the force which would be required in any prolonged struggle.

Confidence in the fighting qualities of the British Naval Reserve may be justified by the experiences of the navy of the United States

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in the fierce struggle with the South. It is put on record by Mr. Wilson that—

> The behaviour of the Northern crews mainly brought into the fleet without previous training from the mercantile marines was admirable, and the more creditable as many of them were but raw recruits. Of them Farragut said: 'I have never seen a crew come up like ours. They are ahead of the old set in small arms, and fully equal to them at the great guns. They arrived here a mere lot of boys and young men. There was but one man who showed fear.'

Thus far, happily, it has not been necessary to call upon the Naval Reserve to man the British fleet for war service. Our experiences have been limited to the manœuvres. So far as they go they have been entirely satisfactory. Some 590 men were embarked for service during the 1896 manœuvres in twenty-four different ships, and their conduct and ability as recorded in their certificates by the captains of the ships in which they served were very satisfactory. Favourable reports also have been received from Her Majesty's ships in regard to the conduct and ability of the men who have completed six to twelve months' training in the navy.

Having established the necessity for an increase in the Naval Reserve, to what standard of strength should the force be raised? In a recent publication, Lord Hood of Avalon proposed to increase the reserve gradually from 24,000 to 30,000, of whom 2,300 should be firemen.

The full requirements of the navy in the seaman class are computed by Commander Honner in his recent prize essay at 55,556 men. We have available 45,527 men in the regular reserves, and behind them 10,800 men in the first class, and 10,600 in the second class naval reserve.

Great as are the demands of the navy, we have ample resources for supplying the necessary complements for the engine-room. As to officers there is no difficulty. We have in the permanent force of the navy 2,000 engineers, and 2,000 engine-room artificers. In the great engineering works, and in the mercantile marine, we have a practically unlimited reserve on which to draw. Nor need there be any anxiety as to the supply of working hands. If the decay of the sailing fleet has diminished the value of the mercantile marine as a nursery for seamen, the enormous increase in steam tonnage has rendered it easy to raise a reserve of stokers. For all the ships built and building, 18,000 stokers are necessary. It is proposed in the estimates of the present year to raise the number of continuous service stokers to 15,232, and the firemen in the Royal Naval Reserve to 2,000 men. A thousand firemen could be got from pensioners in the reserve and coastguard. In the fireman class it is necessary that a certain proportion should be skilful and experienced. The work of coal trimmers, who form a large proportion of the engine-room complement, is easily learned.

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It will be seen that it is chiefly in the seaman class that reinforcement is desirable. In peace it is difficult to realise how large are the demands and how rapid the wastage in time of war. In 1813 the navy was manned by 140,000 seamen and marines. Looking to the numbers enrolled in the French Inscription Maritime, and to the recommendation of Lord Cardwell's commission on manning, a strength of 50,000 for the reserve as recommended by Captain Eardley-Wilmot does not appear excessive.

We have next to consider in what proportion this force should consist of seamen-class men, engine-room complement and marines.

The proportion of seamen in modern ships of war is smaller than formerly. In the first-class battleship the seaman class are 46 per cent.; the engine-room ratings 18 per cent.; the marines 13 per cent.; and the artificers 3 per cent. of the total complement. In the latest and largest of our cruisers—the *Terrible* and *Powerful*—the engineer branch numbers nearly 300 men. It may be suggested that a reserve of 50,000 should include 30,000 seamen, 10,000 stokers, 10,000 marines and Marine Artillery Volunteers.

A reserve of 30,000 seamen could undoubtedly be raised from the seafaring population of the United Kingdom. In a debate in the last session of Parliament on Sir Charles Dilke's motion, Mr. Gibson Bowles gave the following statistics from a return of the Board of Trade dated April 1896 :—

The total number of persons employed in the sailing and steam vessels belonging to the United Kingdom, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, excluding vessels employed on rivers and inland navigation and yachts, was 231,736 persons. Of these, 30,821 were foreigners. There were 27,193 Lascars who were British subjects. The return gave the number of fishermen and boys resident within the limits of the port as 73,090; persons other than regular fishermen, 41,230; total, 114,320. If they added the fishermen there was a total of 354,000 persons, and the percentage of foreigners was not 36 per cent. but only 9 per cent. The Board of Trade returns, moreover, excluded a large number of seafaring persons; they only took note of one crew, they excluded yachts and the beachmen, some of the best seamen in the world, and they excluded all those employed on inland rivers and navigation. If, therefore, they took a very moderate allowance, the grand total of seafaring persons belonging to these islands was close upon half a million.

It is quite evident from these figures that the fisheries of Great Britain are flourishing, and that men could be obtained in ample numbers from that source. Fishermen have much to learn when they first step on board a man-of-war, but they have their sea-legs. The French Inscription Maritime, mainly recruited from the fisheries, is thus described by M. Weyl :—

L'Inscription Maritime, qui est la pépinière de nos équipages, nous donne des sujets ayant le pied marin, mais ignorants tous du service à bord des navires de guerre.

Though they join the navy as raw recruits, the French officers are well satisfied with the men supplied to the reserve from the

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fisheries. In the British Admiralty the fishermen are growing in favour. It is recognised that the second class reserve are morally and physically superior to many men in the first-class reserve. They spend their lives in battling with the rude seas which wash the coasts of Great Britain. They soon become efficient for deck duties in mastless fleets, and it is an obvious advantage that they are always near at hand.

I may perhaps permit myself to look with some satisfaction on the part which I took in Parliament in establishing the second-class reserve. It is the principal result of a lifelong experience as a yachtsman and eighteen years passed in the House of Commons. In several sessions of Parliament I had urged that the fishermen with whom I had come into contact during many cruises round the British Isles would be valuable recruits for our Naval Reserve. I did not speak to unattending ears. Mr. Ward Hunt, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, determined to make a personal inspection. In the Admiralty yacht he visited every part of the coast of the United Kingdom. He came back favourably impressed with the fishermen, and the enrolment of a second-class reserve was approved. It is highly satisfactory to know that the force has stood the test of time, and grown in favour with the Admiralty.

While the fisheries are flourishing, we see a falling-off in the supply of blue-water seamen. The bold and skilful handling of large ships under sail in all conditions of weather is an art in which every seaman justly takes a pride. The moderate-sized sailing ships, and the coasters, which in the past were so valuable for the training of boys for the sea, are fast disappearing. The large modern sailing ships, which still find employment in distant voyages, will probably in time be superseded by steamers. Our blue-water seamen are being employed more and more in canal wallahs and ocean tramps, in which it is impossible to keep up the practice of seamanship as it was understood in the elder day. In the trade with the East it is the universal practice to carry crews of coloured men under British officers. All the hard work of a steamship is done in the stoke-hole, and employment of such a nature in the burning heat of the tropics is not suitable for Europeans. It is perhaps a matter rather of congratulation than regret that the men of the tropics are ready to supply the labour which is required. The reasons why the best seamen seek employment in steamers are not far to seek. In sailing ships all the social and material conditions of life are inferior, the voyages longer, the labour more severe, and the danger greater. For these disadvantages the seaman finds no compensation in more liberal wages. In the port of Liverpool, on the Australian voyage, the rates were 45*s.* per month in 1848, 50*s.* in 1860, 60*s.* in 1875. They have now fallen to 55*s.* In sailing ships the crew are paid off at the termination of every voyage, and often in foreign ports far

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away from home, and where it is the harder to resist temptations to squander in the dissipation of a few days the earnings of many months of toil and hardship. In steamers the wages range from 70*s.* to 90*s.* a month, and employment is continuous.

At this stage let us ask ourselves whether it is proper that steps should be taken to place British subjects in a more favoured position than foreigners for employment under the national flag. Shall we reverse the policy to which we have adhered since the repeal of the Navigation Laws? If we hesitate to exclude foreigners from our mercantile marine, shall we give subsidies to sailing ships manned exclusively by British subjects?

The policy of subsidising the mercantile marine has been adopted in France with no unstinting hand. The total amount paid by the State in bounties on the construction of ships and machinery has increased from 360,000*l.* in 1888 to 600,000*l.* at the date of the latest returns. The mileage bounty of sailing ships is no less than 1*s.* 5*d.* per thousand tons per mile traversed. Thus liberally encouraged by the bounty of the State, a sensible increase is taking place in the tonnage of French sailing ships of the largest class.

It is vain to look to shipowners to assist the Admiralty to provide a reserve for the navy at their own expense. The sailing ships are disappearing because they no longer pay, and steamship companies for a series of years have yielded very moderate returns on the capital embarked. The nine largest steamship companies whose accounts have been published have an aggregate capital of 10,246,000*l.* In 1895 they earned a net profit of 309,691*l.* Of this amount 179,647*l.* was earned by the P. & O. Company, leaving 130,044*l.*, or a little over 1½ per cent., on the 7,726,000*l.* of capital of the other eight companies. In no form of investment is depreciation more rapid than in the case of steamships. It was stated at a recent meeting of the P. & O. Company that the 60,000 tons of steamships sold by the company during the past ten years originally cost 2,104,487*l.*, but only realised 171,810*l.*

The Admiralty has hitherto been opposed to the policy of contributions in aid of the training of reserve men. In his speech on Sir Charles Dilke's motion, Mr. Goschen said:—

> I should certainly be sorry to increase the Navy Estimates by putting upon them the training of men for the mercantile marine without any security, that when the time comes we should gain men proportionate in number to the expense incurred.

Clearly it is not the duty of the State to provide cheap labour for a favoured industry. It might, however, be for the advantage of the navy to give encouragement by subsidy to sailing ships under conditions which would secure that they would be effectively utilised for the training of the Naval Reserve. The training of officers and seamen for the sea service may properly be regarded as an essential

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branch of technical education in a great maritime country. It has been shown by the statistics already quoted that we can increase the Naval Reserve to any required number without calling upon the State for expenditure in the rearing of seamen. Viewed, however, in connection with the professional training, both of officers and men, the total disappearance of sailing ships from the seas would be cause for regret. We might begin experimentally with a few ships, the results being carefully checked and proved to be satisfactory before committing the Government to a large expenditure.

The outlines of a scheme were traced in a paper read by Commander Caborne, R.N.R., at the United Service Institution on the 29th of January, 1896. He proposed

That the Board of Trade should be furnished with funds out of the public purse, wherewith to annually apprentice a fixed number of lads not under the age of sixteen, selected for their medical fitness and respectability, to approved shipowners for a term of three years.

The sum to be paid should cover all expenses to which the shipowner would be liable, and an agreement, outside the scope of the indentures, should be entered into with the Government by the boys and their parents or guardians.

At the time of apprenticeship, the boys should be entered in the third class of the Royal Naval Reserve. Upon the expiration of their indentures, they should undergo three months' instruction on board one of the modern drill-ships; after which, they should be required to serve in the fleet for a period of twelve months, and then be sent to one of the schools for a course of gunnery.

On the completion of this course of training they would be in a position to earn their own living in the merchant service. For fifteen years from the age of twenty they would be liable for service in the Royal Naval Reserve. They would be eligible for pension upon the terms now granted to first-class men.

It would be most essential that considerable care should be exercised in selecting ships for the boys in the first instance, so that they would not at the outset of their career be exposed to the risk of losing respect for those in authority over them, and, by the character of their treatment, become disgusted with their calling.

Captain Caborne admits that his proposals would cost money. He contends that if we spent 250,000*l.*, or even 500,000*l.*, per annum in training seamen, it would be but a small sum compared with the gigantic interests at stake.

Having dealt with the recruiting of the Naval Reserve, we may proceed to consider what steps should be taken to secure the highest standard of efficiency. The authors of the essays written in competition for the gold medal of the Royal United Service Institution were invited to consider the following question: In view of the changes which have taken place in the composition of fleets during the present century, what system of entry, training, and distribution is best calculated to insure an efficient body of officers and men of all branches for peace and war establishment? All the writers were agreed that the conditions with which we have now to deal are not as in the elder day, when any seaman could quickly learn to work the guns then

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mounted on board ship. Breech-loaders of gigantic size, and quick firers of intricate mechanism, require much more elaborate instruction. They concurred as to the desirability of passing as many reserve men as possible through a short training on board a sea-going ship of war. Commander Honner proposed to man ships on foreign stations with two-thirds long-service men and one-third five years' men belonging to the first-class reserve. The first-class reserve was to consist of men, entered at eighteen to twenty years of age, who should serve six months in a training ship, and subsequently four years on a foreign station. After completing their five years in the Royal Navy, the first-class men would put in five years' service in the second-class reserve, performing drill annually, and receiving a retainer which, in the case of those who had obtained the rating of A.B., should be raised to the amount of 12*l.* a year. A lower scale of retainer would be paid to those who leave the navy at the end of five years' service as ordinary seamen. From the second-class reserve the men would pass into the third class, and, after fifteen years' service, would become eligible for pension.

Turning from the essayists to the senior officers of the navy, in a recent speech at the United Service Institution, Sir Edmund Fremantle declared himself an advocate of the plan of training the reserve by short service with the fleet. That distinguished officer, Sir Geoffrey Hornby, proposed that the navy should train men largely in excess of its peace requirements, and pass them into the merchant service on certain conditions. Going back to the able commission on manning over which the late Lord Cardwell presided, we find a similar plan strongly advocated.

In all European navies manned on the compulsory service system every man in the reserve has served in the navy in France, Germany, and Italy, the period of service is three years, and in the Austrian navy, four years.

The principle of short service has now been accepted by the Admiralty. Instead of the present first and second classes of the Naval Reserve, two new classes will be constituted—(1) Qualified Seamen, (2) Seamen. All the seamen who enter the reserve in future will join the seaman class, except men who have completed a first engagement in the Royal Navy. Men enrolled in the seaman class will be entered under the same conditions as the present second class. They will be called upon within their first term of enrolment to do six months' training in the navy. Upon the completion of six months' navy training they will be eligible for advancement to qualified seamen. Men who complete a subsequent period of six months' training in a man-of-war, or two periods of three months each, making twelve months in all, will become entitled to a pension of 12*l.* a year on reaching the age of sixty. Provision has been made in the estimates

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for embarking 1,200 men for six months' training in 1897–8. The new regulations for the Naval Reserve must command general approval; if any point is open to criticism it is perhaps the short period of compulsory service. It would have been preferable to require a year's experience of a ship of war. It may not be desirable to make sudden and drastic changes, and it is obvious that stricter conditions may involve proportionate increases of pay.

In this connection, we have to keep in view that the British navy has for many years been manned most efficiently by continuous service men. We must be prepared to find that officers, whose experience is confined to another system, desire to proceed with caution in introducing into the fleet two classes of men, serving under different conditions as to prospects of advancement, as to length of service, and as to early training. The objections would perhaps be removed if ships were specially commissioned for the training of the reserve. We have a training squadron for the permanent force. We might commission a training squadron for the reserve, consisting of masted ironclads of the older type. Zeal and ability in the highly important duty of training men for the reserve should be duly rewarded by promotion.

Turning to matters not involving organic change, it is an obvious remark that the efficiency of the Naval Reserve largely depends on the facilities afforded for instruction, and on the rewards given for efficiency. Until a recent date, the Naval Reserve were drilled in obsolete hulks, of which the *President* in the West India Docks was a characteristic specimen. The ship was antiquated, the armament obsolete, and the drill-shed too confined. Nearly 1,000 officers and men of the reserve pass through their drill in the Port of London every year. It is highly satisfactory to know that the *Apollo*, a second-class cruiser of modern type, is about to take the place of the *President*. Mr. Goschen has stated that good reports have been received in regard to the training of officers and men on board the modern cruisers commissioned as drill ships for the Naval Reserve at North Shields and Southampton. It is proposed to extend the system. Numerous questions have recently been asked in Parliament as to the facilities for the drill and instruction of the Naval Reserve. Assurances have been given on the part of the Admiralty that modern breech-loaders are now placed on board all the drill ships and most of the batteries of the Naval Reserve. It is admitted that the firing practice is limited and partial, but shooting with big guns is not the chief duty which would fall on the reserve in war, and the larger number attend in the winter months.

To secure higher efficiency in the reserve improved appliances for instruction will not alone suffice. All men showing superior ability in drill, or as marksmen, should receive an addition to their pay, and it should be more liberal in amount than the penny a day given to

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the trained man for the twenty-eight days in the year during which he attends drill. In the case of men who have served twelve months in a ship of war, and have qualified as A.B., or in gunnery, the retaining fee of 6*l.* might be doubled in amount. The pensions of reserve men should be payable at an earlier age than sixty. Attendance at manœuvres when ordered should be compulsory. If an increase were granted in the annual retainer, the conditions of service should be clearly defined, and strictly enforced. The pay should be sufficient to secure a ready performance of all the duties required.

Turning to the officers of the reserve, favourable opinions as to their ability have been already quoted from the public speeches of the First Lord of the Admiralty. His memorandum accompanying the Navy Estimates for the present year gives evidence of the confidence reposed by the Admiralty in the mercantile marine as a reserve for the supply of officers to the fleet. It is proposed to increase the executive officers' list by 100, making a total of 1,400 officers. The success which has marked the Admiralty scheme for obtaining 100 lieutenants and sub-lieutenants from the mercantile marine affords an illustration of the resources we possess in the mercantile marine. The terms were liberal, volunteers came forward with alacrity, and thus a temporary deficiency was promptly made good.

The number of those on the active list who have served for twelve months in the navy, or are now under training, includes 114 lieutenants, 65 sub-lieutenants, and 4 midshipmen. As in the case of the men, so with the officers, the reserve would be far more efficient if training in the navy was compulsory. Every midshipman in the Royal Naval Reserve should be considered a probationer until he has served twelve months in the navy and a favourable report has been made as to his professional qualifications and general fitness. The rule should be that all officers of the reserve should be entered as midshipmen. The maximum age of entry has been lowered under recent regulations to 35 for lieutenants and 30 for sub-lieutenants. It may be desirable to keep the door open for officers of standing in the mercantile marine to join the reserve, but the numbers should be strictly limited.

And here I would repeat some observations which have been previously offered in the pages of the *Naval Annual*. The selection of young officers for first entry is made too much at haphazard. The Admiralty should be assisted in the sifting of applications by committees of shipowners at the principal ports, who should see every candidate personally, and report as to his probable fitness. Their co-operation is urgently needed, not only in the selection of officers, but in the negotiations of the terms and conditions of their service; in advising as to rates of pay and allowances; in framing regulations; and generally in making naval service popular with the

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merchant officers, and in keeping the two great branches of our marine in touch with one another.

The arguments for the payment of premiums for apprentices to the Naval Reserve apply not less to the case of the officers. They should be trained in sailing ships, and their education when at sea should not be neglected. Some payment should be made from public funds to shipowners who undertake to carry midshipmen of the Naval Reserve in sailing ships selected by the Admiralty as specially suitable for the purpose.

In addition to the reserves for the navy which can be raised at home, we have large undeveloped resources in the colonies. Canada has a fishing population numbering some 50,000 men. During the severe winter the ports in the Gulf of St. Lawrence could be visited by gunboats, on which instruction could be given. A naval reserve of 5,000 men could be raised in Canada.

In Australia it has been estimated that we have 5,000 fishermen of excellent quality. In Victoria the Naval Brigade could be largely increased if funds were available. In New South Wales the Naval Brigade has a strength of 350 men, the great majority being time-expired men-of-war's men. Steps should be taken to form a local branch of the Royal Naval Reserve with a strength of perhaps 1,000 men. Australia possesses commodious harbours, strongly fortified, with abundant supplies of coal. If we were able to supply men to fleets in need of reinforcement, the value of Australia as a naval base would be greatly enhanced. Men should be entered for the Naval Reserve in the colonies on the same conditions as in the mother country. They should be under the control of the Admiralty, their pay being a charge on the British Navy Estimates. Naval Reserve drill ships should be established at Sydney, Newcastle, and Melbourne. The Victorian shipowners have undertaken to give every facility for attendance at drill to the men in their employ. In the discussion on Admiral Bowden Smith's paper, recently read at the United Service Institution, Sir Henry Norman, while regretting that comparatively few seamen were to be found in Australia, expressed the view that it would be desirable to have a training ship in Australian waters under the control of the Royal Navy, on which boys might be received. It would be well to recruit for the navy in the colonies, and thus to make the service in a larger sense than at present an Imperial force.

Naval opinion is unanimous as to the great value of the marines. With the disappearance of masts and sails this amphibious force should form a portion of the complements of ships of war. As it has been already stated, a seaman costs 300*l.*, while the marine artillery man can be trained for 100*l.*, and the marine infantry man for a yet smaller sum. While the marines formed 31 per cent. of the *personnel* of the navy in the great war, at the present time the proportion has

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fallen to 17 per cent. The establishment for this year stands at 17,500 officers and men. Captain Eardley-Wilmot would raise the strength to 20,000. Captain J. M. Rose, R.M.A., another competitor for the gold medal of the Royal United Service Institution, asks for 35,000 men.

Nearly 30 per cent. of the marines take their discharge after twelve years' service. From these men a reserve should be formed. A plan has recently been put forward by Major Gatliff. Dividing the men into two classes, to the first class, all of whom would be under 40 years of age, and should be called out for drills, he would give a retainer at the rate of 6*d.* a day. The second-class reserve, though not called out for drills, would be liable to war service up to the age of 50.

Behind the marines a corps of volunteers should be enrolled for the sea service. The Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, to whom in the early stage of the movement the present writer endeavoured to give such support as he could both in Parliament and by personal service in the corps, were not a perfect success. They were full of enthusiasm for the navy, and worked the heaviest guns at which they could be drilled on board the *President* in brilliant style, but their aspirations were too strongly directed on nautical lines. Although not sailors, they desired to be classed with the blue-jackets of the fleet rather than with the marine artillery and the marines. This ambition at length created an impossible situation, and, on the recommendation of the late Sir George Tryon, the volunteers were disbanded. If a judicious appeal were made by the Admiralty, the force might be revived as a reserve to the marine artillery. There is good ground for confidence that from the class originally enrolled, and from the mechanics in the private engineering works and shipbuilding yards of the country, a body of men capable of rendering good service might be raised.

It would have been satisfactory to be able to combine with the manning of the navy some plan for the social improvement of seamen. It is clear that the men engaged in the carrying trade across the ocean in sailing ships have not shared in the advance which it is so gratifying to observe in other employments. The poor remuneration of men serving before the mast is due in no small degree to recklessness and improvidence. Men with empty pockets and no credit must accept the first employment which offers. In the young seamen taking his holiday on shore it would be vain to look for the steady and well-ordered habits of men of older age, living in comfortable homes. It is difficult to raise our seamen to the standard of life socially and materially to which by their great services to the community they are entitled. The improvement which all must desire to see in a class which renders indispensable services and suffers exceptional hardships, can only partially be effected by

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legislation and the aid of Government. No public administration can bring those influences to bear which alone will work for the highest good. In every sailor's home we need a Florence Nightingale:

> 'I see her upon nearer view,
> A Spirit, yet a Woman too.'

Miss Weston has done a noble work for the Royal Navy. Other good women, ministering angels in the truest sense, have laboured, if less conspicuously, not less earnestly, for the merchant service. The gratifying success of the memorial building erected by the present writer in the East of London is largely due to a little company of ladies of infinite tact and high purpose, who have devoted themselves to the cause of the sailor. More such workers are needed. The field is open in every seaport.

BRASSEY.

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OUR RESERVES for MANNING THE FLEET

II

(*A CRITIQUE OF LORD BRASSEY*)

THE admirable and lucid paper on this subject from the pen of Lord Brassey cannot fail to do an immense deal of good. The questions which he touches upon are all vital ones, and no man is more competent than he to express an opinion which naval officers and politicians should regard with deference and attention. Lord Brassey was the first man who thoroughly took up the Naval Reserve question on modern lines, and he has, therefore, more than ordinary claims upon us who have followed up his good work; and if I differ in some details from his views, my criticisms are only intended to help on the cause he has so much at heart. It is only by carefully considering the views of different minds, each looking at the subject from different aspects, that authority can ever hope to draft a successful scheme, which embodies the best and eliminates the weakest points of the plans of experts. It is a matter for regret that at so critical a period in the history of our Naval Reserves and the mercantile marine, Lord Brassey is not here to press his valuable views upon responsible authority.

Lord Brassey has quoted the First Lord of the Admiralty to show that authority considers 'a Reserve necessary for the Navy,' and that with regard to our manning requirements beyond 106,000 active service, long service ratings, 'we must depend upon our Reserve.' It is true, that authority has at last realised something of the serious nature of the situation, but the fault which has (and which still exists) characterised the treatment of the Reserve question in official circles is an apparent inability to realise the tremendous, overwhelming, and stupendous importance of having adequate Reserves for the fleet. The efficient manning of the fleet in war time will entirely depend on the Reserves. No military commander would ever dream of putting the worst trained and most undisciplined men in his Reserve. What is the object of a Reserve? (1) To fill up the gaps caused by losses in battle, *i.e.* to have discipline, courage, and confidence, knowing they are taking the place of men who have fallen before a foe which has

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proved capable of inflicting such losses. (2) To have the *tried* skill, discipline, and high valour necessary to retrieve disasters—to try and turn the day when things look black, and when the morale of the soldier or the seaman is likely to be weakened by defeat. When to this is added the necessity, which is an undoubted necessity, and which the First Lord (as quoted by Lord Brassey) admits, that the Reserve should undertake the task of filling up deficiencies in the first fighting line at very short notice after the outbreak of war, it is evident that in the case of the British Naval Reserves they should, as far as is possible, consist of only well-trained *picked* men. What is the real state of affairs? Authority seems to treat the question so lightly—attaches so little importance to the Reserve—that instead of being the best part of our force it is the smallest, most undisciplined, ill trained, and totally ignorant of either the real nature, character, or possibilities of the work it will be called upon to perform. The willingness and courage of the officers and men of the Royal Naval Reserve are beyond question, but to avail ourselves of that willingness and courage in a naval war under present conditions will be to cause, certainly to invite, a disaster.

Lord Brassey quotes at length a speech at the last Royal Naval Reserve dinner, where the First Lord referred to their numbers ('in all 24,800'), and in which he eulogised the fishermen and men employed in the coasting service, who he said would 'probably' be the first to flock to the pennant in time of war. 'Probably' is not a good word to use in matters so important as 'Defence.' We should deal in certainties and not probabilities; and with our food supplies shortened and cut off, I for one do not think that the fishermen of Great Britain will be *less* needed in time of war, or that their splendid courage as bold and hardy seamen, or their immunity from sea-sickness, are sufficient qualities *by themselves* to make them good men to put on board a man-of-war, to man a 6-in. quick-firing gun or work the torpedo tubes, or man fast destroyers; much less will those qualities help them to understand signals they have never seen, guns they have never worked, or to understand bugle orders they have never heard. I know what the reply will be to this criticism. 'Oh, but we shall not require the Reserves to form the whole or larger part of a ship's company. They will be distributed amongst trained crews. Only a percentage of a ship's company needs to be trained to these special duties.' Such a reply has been and will be given, but it is based on ill-conceived theories and utter want of knowledge of the true state of the case. Are we going to break up the crews of the Channel Fleet or the Mediterranean Fleet when war breaks out? Are we going to bring home ships from the China, the Cape, Australian, or American stations in order to mix Reserve men with their crews? If not, how is this change to be achieved? It is true that, scattered all over the globe on board merchant vessels, we

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might find men of our old First Reserves. Authority says these will be put into the ships on foreign stations, but how are the men on the active list thus released to be sent home to man reserve ships in home dockyards? How are the merchant ships out of which these men are taken to reach British ports without their crews? These are problems which have escaped the attention of many professed experts. In the speech referred to the First Lord mentioned that 'if the present force was a mere paper Reserve—a force to which we did not believe that any value would attach in time of trial . . . better have no such force at all, strike it out from our national power, and rely simply upon the active force which we have actually enrolled. . . . This is not the view the Admiralty take.'

I contend that so far as training goes the Reserve force we have at present *is* a paper force. I go further. The First Lord has to a certain extent admitted it, as he has this year most wisely entirely altered the system of joining and training the Reserve.

Lord Brassey says: 'It would be unreasonable to look to a Reserve to supply men of the same stamp and quality as those reared in our Navy.' He quotes Captain Mahan to prove that the man taken from the mercantile marine *cannot* be up to this standard. He goes on: 'At the commencement of war the Navy would not look for leaders to its Reserves. . . . The Reserves will follow up the first blow struck.'

I entirely differ from these views for the reasons already given. The Reserves should be as far as is possible picked men. Over 106,000 active ratings we must leave to the Reserves to fill up the numbers we require. We cannot do it. With our present numbers, 70,000 reservists is the least we dare trust to. The conduct of the raw recruits in the United States civil war is no criterion. They had to face men of the *same* calibre as themselves. Our Reserves will have to face trained men who have served in the ships and at the guns they are called upon to fight.

'Thus far,' as Lord Brassey points out, 'we have not had to call upon our Naval Reserves to man the fleet for war service;' but we depend upon them to do so at the supreme moment, and with all deference to the opinion expressed as to their ability during the Naval Manœuvres, I differ from Lord Brassey. The willingness of the men is admitted, but their ability (through no fault of their own, but through their system of training) is seriously questioned.

Lord Hood of Avalon's statement that the force should be increased to 30,000, of whom 2,300 should be firemen, comes rather late in the day. Lord Hood when in a position of authority was not remarkable for the broadness of his views or for seeing far ahead. A very short time prior to the addition to the fleet of the seventy ships under the Naval Defence Act he officially stated that 'we might want six more cruisers, but they were not absolutely necessary' (*vide* evidence before the House of Commons Committee). Had the country relied

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upon Lord Hood's authoritative statement then, there would be no ships to need reserve crews, no Empire to need ships of war, to-day.

'Great as are the demands of the Navy, we have ample resources for supplying the necessary complements for the engine-room,' says Lord Brassey. This is a statement to which I unhesitatingly demur. We are, at present, 5,000 short at least in our engine-room ratings. We have eighty-two engineers doing duty, in small craft, 'in lieu of chief engineers.' We have to take engineers in charge of vessels building, and employed for instructional purposes, away from their duties to go out on steam trials. And so far from 'the great engineering works and mercantile marine being a practically unlimited reserve on which to draw,' it is a well-known fact that even during the present great engineering strike not all the efforts of the Admiralty, the prospects of good pay, pension, and rank at once have enabled authority to fill up the serious and growing deficiencies in the engine-rooms of the fleet, more particularly in the artificer branch. Some of our reserve ships are becoming inefficient owing to the insufficiency of the engine-room 'care and maintenance' parties.

Lord Brassey even contradicts himself, for while he says we need 18,000 stokers in our engine-rooms, with the active list and Reserves added, he makes out that we can only depend on 17,232. Where is the number required according to his own estimate? Still more important, where is then the Reserve? Lord Brassey answers this by saying that 1,000 could be got from the pensioner reserve and coastguard. This would give a reserve of 232, according to his own figures! But the coastguard are part of the 'active service ratings' of the fleet. How can they be at one and the same time employed as (1) active service seamen in the fleet, (2) reserve firemen to make up deficits in the engine-room, and (3) signal look-outs round the coast, which I should imagine was more their proper sphere? Consider No. 1 with Lord Brassey's next sentence. 'It will be seen that it is chiefly in the seamen class that reinforcement is needed.'

I thoroughly agree with Lord Brassey that it is difficult in peace 'to realise how large are the demands and how rapid the wastage in time of war,' but we should make some effort to realise and allow for it. Now we rely on a force of 28,000 Reserves. To say 'that 50,000 does not appear excessive' is surely to beg the question. It is easy to calculate the number we want. (1) We must make up the difference between the actual fighting strength of the active list and the number required in war time. To do this we must add a definite proportion of Reserves to wipe out the deficit at the outbreak of war. (2) We must have a definite proportion of men in reserve to fill up the wastage in war.

The total requirements of the Navy in time of war will be about 110,500 to man vessels ready for the pennant. The permanent force has now been fixed by authority as not to exceed 106,000. This leaves nominally 4,500 to make up by the aid of Reserves, but

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really it is more, because from the 106,000 will have to be eliminated all who are not included in the vote as borne for 'sea service.' This will represent, instead of 4,500, nearer 10,500 men. Then we must allow of a reserve of 50 per cent. for the forces employed on active service, in war, *i.e.* half 110,500=55,250. Total reserves required, 65,750, say 70,000, officers and men. I have advocated this number in speeches and writings over and over again, and given my reasons for wanting them.

Space will not permit me here to go fully into the question as to whether these 70,000 men would be easily forthcoming under present conditions, nor shall I attempt to answer in a paragraph the figures of Mr. Gibson Bowles, M.P., which Lord Brassey quotes, but which the secretary to the Navy League has recently effectively answered in the *Times*. Mr. Bowles's letter is most valuable, as it will invite argument and help to elucidate facts.

The value of the fishermen reserve, if the men are passed through a satisfactory short service in the Navy, I fully appreciate. I agree with Lord Brassey entirely as to their worth if trained and disciplined, and all honour is due to him as the man who first thought of using this valuable material.

I cannot, however, agree as warmly with him in his estimate of coloured crews in the stoke-hole. The best authorities tell us that the 'European' British fireman shows far more stamina in the engine-room (in the Red Sea, for instance) than any inhabitant of the tropical zone. The European seaman is also more to be relied on than our British Asiatic when unforeseen contingencies arise, which may cause disaster.

Lord Brassey asks some pertinent questions as to the future of the mercantile marine which our ministers will do well to consider. Let us endeavour to answer them. It *is* 'proper,' just, and necessary 'that steps should be taken to place British subjects in a more favoured position than foreigners for employment under the national flag.' If we 'hesitate to exclude foreigners from our mercantile marine,' we *must* most certainly 'give subsidies to ships manned exclusively by British subjects.' Lord Brassey is perfectly right in saying 'it is vain to look to shipowners to assist the Admiralty to provide a reserve for the Navy at their own expense.' On the other hand, the First Lord is equally correct in deprecating national expenditure in this direction which is not justified by a certainty 'that when the time comes we should gain men proportionate in number to the expense incurred.' Or, again, as Lord Brassey puts it, 'clearly it is not the duty of the State to provide cheap labour for a favoured industry,' but it *is* the duty of the State to provide adequately for the defence of the Empire, and I regret that the statistics Lord Brassey gives do not 'show' to my satisfaction 'that we can increase the Naval Reserve to any required number without calling

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upon the State for expenditure in the rearing of seamen,' nor will they, I think, convince anyone who has studied the question. At the same time, if the State for Imperial purposes, Imperial gain, and Imperial safety desires to subsidise any particular industry, such as the shipping industry, some care and discrimination should be shown. We ought not to see, as now, Government subsidised lines of British steamships giving foreign producers preferential rates of carriage to the detriment of the British manufacturer. We ought not to see British subsidised ships sold to foreigners.

The schemes of Commander Caborne, R.N., and Commander Honner, late R.N., to which Lord Brassey refers, and the scheme of Captain Crutchley, R.N.R., which he does not allude to, have this merit—they are definite proposals for a way out of the difficulty and not mere attacks on the present Reserve. I personally approve of Commander Honner's, and the main features of that I have embodied in a scheme of my own already extensively reported in the Press. All schemes which involve payments to shipowners and to boys for apprenticeships to the sea come within the category of the First Lord's condemnation which I have quoted. We do not get sufficient security that we shall get an adequate return in the number of men when the time comes. All money spent by the country in forming a Reserve should be spent on men trained under a short service system in the Navy itself, and should be spent (1) on training them when they leave the Navy, (2) on adequate retaining fees to keep them attached to the service, (3) on pensions after they have arrived at old age, (4) on subsidising shipowners who will employ these Naval Reserve men on their ships.

With regard to the officers, it is true, a temporary deficiency in the Navy was made good by entering 100 lieutenants and sub-lieutenants for the Reserve; but we are still dangerously short, and the Reserve of these officers is inadequate to our needs. With Lord Brassey's views as to the better training of these officers I thoroughly agree.

Nothing could be more valuable than Lord Brassey's remarks on our untapped supply of colonial seamen who could form a Reserve, and his advice that colonial boys should be trained for our Navy. I have long advocated that training ships should be stationed abroad, that Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, and the Cape should be invited to raise Naval Reserves who should be under the entire control of the Admiralty and trained by Imperial officers. I go further. Reserve ships should be laid up at naval bases in the colonies where Colonial Reserves could train on them, and together with the crews of obsolete ships on the station (kept in commission for economy) could man these reserve vessels in time of war. Unless this plan is adopted, we shall find ourselves with modern vessels in reserve at home for which we cannot find crews

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when war breaks out, and obsolete ships on foreign stations which will have to seek refuge in harbour, and which can neither bring their crews home or be of use against a European foe. I must confess, however, that authority is now taking this question thoroughly in hand. Australia has many important naval bases where Reserves of ships and men would help to make the links in our chain of defence secure, and I thoroughly support all Lord Brassey says on this point.

Another matter to which he refers is with reference to that valuable corps, the Marines, who need to be strongly reinforced, and a reserve formed on the lines of the excellent scheme put forward recently by Major Gatliff, and to which Lord Brassey has alluded. They should take charge of most of our coaling stations, and so relieve a portion of the Army. Two years could be spent in barracks on the station, and one year at sea. Thus a formidable and valuable accession of strength to the manning resources of the Navy might be maintained, and in time of war they would form a valuable reserve for ships with a large number of sick and wounded to land, and the fleet would form the basis of supply creating a vast economy on the present system.

All that Lord Brassey says as to the necessity for raising the social life of our mercantile seaman, for improving his position, and making him, as in the old days, a real Reserve for the Navy, has my hearty support and sympathy. No one can overrate the work of that splendid lady, Miss Agnes Weston, for the Royal Navy, to which he refers, and other good women have laboured for the mercantile marine; but it needs many Miss Agnes Westons to help the merchant seamen, and the field of labour is perhaps more extensive.

In conclusion, let me point out that I possess no egotistical belief in the merits of my own opinions where they are opposed to the views of Lord Brassey or other experts. These great subjects are not to be settled off-hand by any one writer or speaker, but only in calm deliberation, and by carefully comparing the views of all who study these problems, can we hope to attain to a just and perfect solution of them. They bristle with difficulties, and because experts differ on points of detail, the outsider is too often prone to say nothing can be done. This is entirely wrong. Parliament could not exist if this were a correct and sound dictum, for no two parliamentary opinions ever agree upon a Bill before the House of Commons, and yet we see very good and workable Acts passed, compromises between those different views which seemed so irreconcilable. We may summarise the subject thus:

(1) The Reserve is the most important and *not* the least important part of our naval defensive forces.

(2) The present system is defective both as to numbers and

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training, but the Admiralty have initiated an entirely new system which should be fairly tried before it is criticised adversely.

(3) We require a Reserve of at least 70,000 officers and men, because we have to fill up the difference between the limit at which we can put the active service ratings and the number required in actual warfare; and, above and beyond, we must form a Reserve to replace losses.

(4) It must be a Reserve which has served in the fleet, because a Reserve should always be the best men.

(5) It must not be a Reserve of blue-jackets alone, but of engine-room ratings and marines.

(6) The Government cannot expect shipowners to bear the expense of forming this Reserve. The State must do so.

(7) The State must see it gets value for its money if it pays.

(8) We must utilise (by training them) the British seamen in the colonies.

(9) We must station reserve ships abroad and not trust to the crews being able to come home after war breaks out, or to the ships going out to find the crews.

(10) We must increase the marines, and give them the charge of some of the coaling stations, because these must be under the control of the Admiral in command of the station in war time and not under control of a General.

(11) The State must help to raise the status of the merchant seaman, and make him a Reserve for the Navy, because the majority of the present Reserve could not be withdrawn from the mercantile marine in time of war, as they form the best and largest portion of Britishers employed.

(12) Finally, the reserve will be wanted by the State in war time to man the mercantile auxiliaries, fleets of colliers, store ships, ammunition ships, workshop ships, ocean greyhounds for scouting, &c., cable ships, and other mercantile vessels which the fleets will require in time of war. Therefore the State must help to develop and train a larger body of British seamen to man British ships in the hour of Britain's danger.

I shall not be fair to authority if I fail to recognise that there is abundant proof that they have taken most of these matters into their consideration lately.

CHARLES BERESFORD.

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TAMMANY

Children, the tiger affords a useful lesson for you. The exceeding agility of this creature, the extraordinary quickness of his sight, and, above all, his discriminating power in the dark, teach you to be active in your respective callings, to look sharp to every engagement you enter into, and to let neither misty days nor stormy nights make you lose sight of the worthy object of your pursuit.—*Extract from Tammany's great speech to his thirteen tribes.*

A FEW days after the inauguration of Washington as first President of the United States some patriots met in New York to consider public affairs. They found much to cause them uneasy foreboding. Indian tribes were doing great damage by raids in rural parts; an aristocratic league, the Society of Cincinnati, was attempting to perpetuate hereditary divisions among the citizens of the young republic; and it seemed possible that the results for which so many had bled and died might be whittled down to a worthless minimum. To prevent this, it was proposed that a new society be formed, 'to connect, in indissoluble bonds of friendship, American brethren of known attachment to the political rights of human nature and the liberties of the country.' The society was to be non-partisan, benevolent, patriotic, and anti-aristocratic. The idea was received with enthusiasm, and it was decided that, in order to conciliate the American Indian chiefs, and to prove the friendship of whites for them, the league should be formed on an Indian basis. Tammany, the most famous of all red men, whose courage and sagacity had for centuries been the theme of tales round every camp fire, was chosen as the patron saint of the patriots, and they called their society after him.

For some years the Society of Tammany confined itself to its self-chosen work. It organised feasts on each Independence Day; it provided a vault for the neglected bones of some men who had died in the war; it started a museum for the purpose of collecting and preserving everything relating to the history of the republic; and the members kept up their Indian character by occasionally dressing themselves in the aboriginal costume, with feathers, moccasins, leggings, painted faces, war clubs, and polished tomahawks. The museum was not a success, and afterwards formed the nucleus of Barnum's

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show; and, early in the present century, the non-partisan character of the Society was abandoned, it becoming openly Democratic. Soon it acquired considerable influence in national politics, and once practically decided the Presidency of the United States. It threw itself into the local politics of the city, and it gradually developed its organisation, slowly but steadily deteriorating until, in the middle of the present century, many were the angry references by its rivals to the corruption of its leaders. Then four men came into power who in a few years made the name of Tammany stink in the nostrils of the civilised world. They were William Marcy Tweed, Peter B. Sweeny, A. Oakey Hall, and Richard B. Connolly.

William Tweed was the son of a New York chairmaker of Scottish descent, and when a young man entered into the chair business on his own account. But he was too fond of gaiety to attend properly to his business, and he became bankrupt and involved his parent in his ruin. Then he turned his attention to politics as a career. He was foreman of a local volunteer fire company, and at that time the firemen were a considerable factor in New York civic life. Their engine houses were the most popular of all club rooms, the members were a hearty, jovial set of fellows, and the holiday parades and great feasts of the brigade kept the city alive. There was the keenest rivalry between the different companies as to which should have the smartest turn-out and be first at fires, and Tweed's company, No. 4, soon became known as the premier. Tweed was the very man for the work; big, full of boisterous spirits, slangy, 'hail fellow, well met' with every one, keen and determined, he soon became a popular character. He took advantage of his popularity, in 1850, when 27 years old, to be elected alderman of the city, and he then initiated those principles of municipal government which he afterwards brought to their highest pitch. He held it as an axiom that he could not do wrong in securing as much as possible for himself and his friends from the public funds. Where possible, he would get grants for his old comrades, or promote public works for their benefit. In a short time he accumulated a little fortune for himself, and then his ambition soared higher. He had himself elected for Congress, and spent a session in Washington. But Congress was not to his liking; he could obtain no pickings there, and he returned to New York in disgust, with his money gone and his reputation damaged. It took him some time to recover from the blow to his purse and name.

Three others rallied around Tweed. A. Oakey Hall was of an altogether different type. Of good descent and distinguished manners, a University graduate and a man of letters, he first came to the front as a lobbyist in the State Legislature. He was a very able lawyer and a capable journalist, smart and up to date; and he was

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none the less popular because he sometimes loved to play the fool. Peter B. Sweeny, the son of a small liquor-seller, took little part in public functions, but was a great organiser. Morose and reticent, he loved to do his work unseen, and, although he always disclaimed for himself the office of leader, he had as great power as any of the four. Last of the group was Connolly, the most contemptible of all. When an accountant in the New York Customs he cultivated the Catholic vote, and was elected County Clerk. A mean coward, full of petty duplicity, suspicious, vengeful, unreliable, he soon earned for himself the name of 'Slippery Dick.' The whole four were notorious evil-livers, both before and during their municipal career.

Early in 1863 the mighty four began to make their power felt. After long intrigue they obtained control of Tammany. Tweed was made permanent chairman of the general committee, and his supporters appointed to minor offices. The same year Tweed was made Deputy Street Commissioner of New York, an office that gave him enormous patronage; and with the Tammany leadership and the gifts of his public office he and his friends set themselves to get supreme control in the city. Tweed created posts wholesale in the street-cleaning department, to reward all who supported him, and in a short time sent up the expenses fourfold. In 1865 the ring nominated Mr. Hoffman as mayor and carried his election. Hoffman was personally honest, although he was willing to shut his eyes to the more than doubtful doings of his supporters; so after a time Tweed thought he would like a mayor who would co-operate more heartily with him. Hoffman was kicked upstairs by being elected Governor, and A. Oakey Hall was chosen Mayor.

By 1869, the ring had New York in its grasp. The State Governor was its friend and the Legislature its tool. Hall was Mayor, Sweeny City Chamberlain and County Treasurer, Connolly City Comptroller, and Tweed head of the street department. The minor judges were bribed by the four; the police were their tools, and every minor official their slave. A new charter was carried, which gave them still more power, and the work of wholesale robbery went on by leaps and bounds. It would be wearisome to trace all the steps by which the ring carried on its depredations. As a specially constituted Board of Audit, Tweed, Connolly, and Hall had power to pass accounts, and they drew up bogus claims running to millions of dollars. Genuine bills were made much larger. The man who executed a public work worth, say, ten thousand dollars, was told to make out a bill for thirty thousand dollars. He would be paid three or four thousand dollars above his due, and the remainder of the spoil would go to the ring. Connolly, as Comptroller, charged for the same items in the city accounts under different names, and endless other methods of peculation were practised.

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The great four took care to earn the goodwill of the mob. Their supporters were freely given offices, even though places had to be created for them. Tweed was lavishly bountiful in his gifts to the poor, and few charities appealed to him in vain. The newspapers were indirectly bribed by being paid enormous sums for the insertion of city advertisements, and the ring ran its own journal and printing company in order to obtain a few hundred thousand dollars more. Balls and parties and picnics were given in almost unending succession for Tweed's friends, and the boss ran one palatial club, the 'Americus,' merely for the delectation of his allies. Tweed lived in great state, and his supporters paid him such cringing and contemptible homage as might well have sickened the meanest-spirited courtier of any petty princeling. Those who dared to resist the boss quickly felt the weight of his wrath; and, if nothing else could be done, they would be thrown into prison, on a trumped up charge, denied all access to their friends, and kept there as long as possible before being heard by a justice.

Every one knew that Tweed and his gang were robbing the city in the most wholesale manner, but definite evidence was difficult to obtain. Some Democrats opposed to Tammany set themselves to work, and induced a minor clerk in the Comptroller's office to make copies of certain of the city accounts. These accounts were laid before Mr. Jennings, the editor of the New York *Times*, and, disregarding personal risk, he published them. The risk was anything but trivial; for some time he was in danger of assassination, and the ring offered him, it is said, as much as a million dollars to stop publication. But neither threats nor bribes turned him from his purpose. The publication of these returns, showing as they did that nearly twelve million dollars had been stolen by the ring, aroused much indignation, but still nothing was done. People could not see what to do. When Tweed had the choice of juries in his hands, and was known to have bribed some of the judges, it was difficult to decide how best to proceed against him. He knew this, and when his opponents charged him to the face with stealing he replied with a sneer. 'Well,' he said nonchalantly, 'what are you going to do about it?'

But Connolly was not of the stuff of which great villains are made. He grew frightened with the public clamour, and got an idea that Tweed was about to attempt to put all the blame of the defalcations on him. Determined not to be made the victim, he sent for a leader of the reformers, soliciting an interview. Mr. Tilden saw him, and induced him to hand over his office to an honest deputy. The remaining members of the ring, now thoroughly alarmed, attempted to get at the Comptroller's office and burn all the vouchers of city accounts. They were only partly successful, and, under the new deputy,

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Mr. Tilden obtained access to all the city papers. For ten days he worked at them, and then drew up and issued a statement showing clearly, with proofs, the robberies of the ring.

No organisation was sufficient to withstand the storm of indignation that followed. Tammany was overthrown, a reform administration elected, and most of the leading supporters of the ring fled. Tweed faced the matter out, and was brought to the dock. After a long trial he was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, but on a technical plea was released at the end of the first year. Then he was rearrested on a civil suit, and after escape and rearrest died in prison in 1876.

A Tammany chieftain may go, but the society endures. The Tweed exposure left Tammany almost powerless, but the few who still remained faithful elected an Irishman, 'Honest' John Kelly, as their head, and Kelly gave himself up day and night to the work of reorganisation. It was uphill work, and it was many years before the Society was once more a real political force. In 1884 Kelly died of over-work, and Richard Croker was chosen 'boss' in his stead. The career of Richard Croker, who on the 1st of January, 1898, becomes unofficial dictator of New York City, is one of the most striking romances of modern America: a romance so strange that future generations will probably regard it as incredible. The son of a Cork blacksmith, Richard Croker was taken by his parents to New York when a child of two, and was brought up there amidst great poverty. When thirteen he went as cleaner in the engine shops of the Harlem Railroad, and almost at once pushed his way forward. He became associated with one of the gangs of lads who plague the lower parts of the city, the Fourth Avenue Tunnel gang, and quickly became their leader. He was a good amateur prize fighter, lacking neither pluck nor skill, and at one time he evidently contemplated taking up prize-fighting as a means of living. His fight with Lynch in Jones's Wood in 1866, when he defeated the great bruiser, is still remembered with admiration by New York 'sportsmen.' After a time he abandoned the engine shop for politics. He met James O'Brien, a Democratic leader, and, on account of his influence among the roughs of the East Side, was treated with consideration. A friendship sprang up between the two, and O'Brien gave Croker some political work. He obtained the leadership of the 21st Ward, and when only twenty-four was elected an alderman. For a period he worked, under O'Brien, with Tweed; and he was one of Connolly's supporters. At this time he was still chiefly noted for his power with his fists.

The New York *Times*, for instance, 8th of September, 1871, related how he assaulted a rival with a slung shot, knocked him down, and kicked him. 'Ex-Alderman Richard Croker, of the Twenty-First Ward,' it went on, 'is the leader of St. Patrick's Alliance (Dick

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Connolly's secret organisation in that ward). . . . [He] is now holding a sinecure position under Dick Connolly, and is occasionally appointed as a commissioner on street openings. He is also the individual who put in a bid for the Washington Market (it is supposed) as a blind for "Slippery Dick."'[1]

It is believed that O'Brien had much to do with securing the exposure of Tweed, and Croker naturally followed his leader. During the next few years he served the city in various ways, and, on the whole, did his duty well. He was, of course, an expert in all the tricks of the machine politician, and used them freely. His career was checked for a time by a serious quarrel with O'Brien, which finally led to a tragedy. On the morning of an election day Croker and a party of his friends set out for a tour of the polling booths. They met a number of O'Brienites and started quarrelling, and soon O'Brien himself came on the scene. O'Brien and Croker began fighting, and in the general scrimmage that followed some one fired a shot, killing one of O'Brien's followers. Croker was arrested on the charge of murder. There was a great conflict of evidence, and, after seventeen hours' deliberation, the jury found itself unable to agree on a verdict. The majority of the jury were in favour of Croker, and public opinion has since declared him innocent.

The trial sobered and steadied Croker, and henceforward he became a different man. He dropped his rough comrades, abandoned fisticuffs, and grew silent, taciturn, and reserved. He obtained higher and higher posts in the city, and grew in fame as a ward leader of Tammany. When Kelly died, every one admitted that he was his only possible successor.

It is as 'boss' of Tammany that Croker chiefly interests us. He at once proved his powers as a tactician. Avoiding a direct conflict with the County Democracy, who were then in power, he agreed to support them in exchange for certain offices. The County Democracy elected the mayor of New York in 1886, but in 1888 Croker felt himself strong enough to once more bring a Tammany candidate forward, and his nominee was successful. New York then again passed under Tammany control.

To understand fully what this means it is necessary to know how Tammany obtains its power. The Society of Tammany, with its Grand Sachem, its thirteen Sachems, its Wiskinkie, and its Sagamore, owns Tammany Hall, in East 14th Street in New York. But in speaking of 'Tammany Hall' people generally mean not so much the Society of Tammany as the greater organisation which has grown around it, the General Committee of the Democrats of New York, which meets in Tammany Hall. The two are intimately related, and it is sometimes difficult for the outsider to separate their work.

[1] Quoted in the New York *World*, 28th of October, 1897.

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Under the General Committee, which is commonly called 'Tammany Hall,' New York is divided into election districts, with captains over each, whose duty is to enlist men under them. From these districts is elected the General Committee, an enormous body, numbering some thousands, which nominally has power over all. But the power of the Committee is little more than nominal, for behind it is an inner ring, the Executive Committee. Even this inner ring has only part control, for behind it is a still smaller body gathered around the 'Boss,' who is the centre of all. The 'Boss' is autocrat, and the man who opposes him usually finds himself quickly and hopelessly excommunicated.

Tammany has several ways of retaining its hold on the people. First and foremost comes its frank recognition of the principle, 'The spoils to the victors.' The rulers of the Wigwam not only admit, but boast of their belief that those who have fought for them should reap pecuniary rewards from their success. This principle is applied to the lowest offices in the gift of the municipality, and, when Tammany rules, it is almost hopeless for a man to apply for even a day's work as a street cleaner unless he has a recommendation from the captain of his district. Next, Tammany believes in conviviality. Picnics, brass bands, monster processions are all freely used by the ward captains to keep their people together. The last and greatest of the Tammany principles, the one put in the foremost place by every leader down to Croker, is discipline. The Wigwam has no use for any man who wants to think for himself, to vote as he pleases, or to abstain from voting when he likes. He must vote the Tammany ticket and the entire Tammany ticket every time. The leaders are always on the look out for ambitious young fellows with influence, whom they can enlist under their banner. The young Italian whom twenty of his fellow countrymen admire and believe in is won by one means or another by the ward captain, induced to declare himself in with Tammany, and quickly brings his fellows in. The leader of a gang of East Side roughs, the popular foreman of a factory, any one with influence among his associates is assiduously sought after. Sometimes he is won by the offer of a small office, more often by the prospects of good fellowship and publicity that the Wigwam affords. It would be foolish to declare that the system developed by Tammany is altogether bad. Judged solely from an electioneering point of view, it has long proved its power. Judged morally, it certainly promotes much friendship and social intercourse; and many a poor man in New York has found his Tammany membership the greatest help when in trouble. The Tammany 'captains' may not be over-scrupulous when it comes to winning an election, but they often enough give time, trouble, and money in helping comrades in distress, quite apart from any prospects of reward in votes.

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But to return to Mr. Croker: when Tammany again took over the administration of New York in 1889 most of the leaders were poor men. Before two years were over they began to show signs of considerable wealth. It became the subject of common talk how one Tammany leader had spent fifty thousand dollars in horseflesh, another had bought a big mansion, a third was largely investing in rural land. Every one asked where the money came from, and, after a time, these questions grew so loud that the State Senate appointed a committee, under Senator Fassett, to inquire into the matter. Here witnesses publicly testified that Croker was receiving gifts and was heavily bribing aldermen. But insufficient direct evidence could be had, and the only thing that could be brought home to Mr. Croker was the fact (admitted by himself) that after he assisted Mr. Grant in securing a certain office Grant made his daughter a present of ten thousand dollars. It also came out in the same inquiry that Mr. Croker's regular income for some years past had averaged about seven thousand dollars a year. The Fassett committee concluded without any of the lurid revelations that had been universally expected, and Tammany was again victorious.

After this the Wigwam got intoxicated with power. Some of the more cautious of its leaders grew alarmed and withdrew; others delighted to make the most ostentatious display of great riches. The city government was going from bad to worse, and some of the rulers appointed by Croker were so corrupt that even old Democrats called for change. One police justice was notorious as having been an old comrade of a leading gang of burglars and bank breakers. Another police justice was an ex-saloon keeper, who carried his saloon manners to the bench. He wound up by taking part in a drunken brawl in a Bowery saloon, and getting a black eye and broken nose. That was too much even for Tammany. But worse remained behind.

On the second Sunday in February 1892 the minister of a wealthy Presbyterian church, Dr. Charles Parkhurst, startled his congregation by preaching an outspoken political sermon, in which he attacked the Tammany administration in most unmeasured language.

> The mayor and those associated with him are polluted harpies [he declared]. Under the pretence of governing this city they are feeding day and night on its quivering vitals. They are a lying, perjured, rum-soaked, and libidinous lot. . . . Every effort to make men respectable, honest, temperate, and sexually clean is a direct blow between the eyes of the mayor and his whole gang of lecherous subordinates, in the sense that while we fight iniquity they shield and patronise it; while we try to convert criminals they manufacture them, and they have a hundred dollars invested in the manufacturing business to every one invested in converting machinery. . . . Police and criminals all stand in with each other. It is simply one solid gang of criminals, one half in office and the other half out.

This sermon was the starting point of the new anti-Tammany

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movement. Dr. Parkhurst was called before the grand jury to prove his words, but he was obliged to admit that all he knew was the repeated accusations that appeared in almost every local newspaper. Thereupon the grand jury publicly rebuked him, and sent a formal presentment to the Recorder declaring their 'disapproval and condemnation' of the sermon. Every one at once concluded that no more would be heard of Parkhurst in politics, but they did not know the man. The clergyman called a couple of detectives to his aid, and personally visited the lowest resorts, to obtain the necessary evidences of corruption. A month later he preached a second political sermon, and this time he took into the pulpit with him a bundle of affidavits. He repeated and emphasised his former accusations, and again he was summoned before the grand jury. This time the result was different. 'The police are either incompetent or corrupt,' the jury declared, and citizens generally agreed.

The Tammany authorities did not sit idle. A few months later one of Parkhurst's assistants was arrested on a trumped-up charge of perjury, and convicted. Finally, in 1894, the State Senate again appointed a committee, this time under Senator Lexow, to inquire into New York municipal affairs. Soon after the committee was appointed Mr. Croker found it convenient to hastily resign the leadership of Tammany and go to Europe. The worst accusations of the bitterest enemies of Crokerism were almost all more than substantiated by the evidence given before the committee. It was found that the police were utterly corrupt, that they extorted blackmail from gambling house keepers, women of ill fame, saloon keepers, and others, and in return gave them their protection. Even thieves, in some instances, were found to be regularly paying their police dues in return for immunity from arrest. One police justice had to admit that he received a hundred dollars from a keeper of a disorderly house. Everywhere that the Lexow Committee probed, or that other competent critics examined, the same thing was found. For several years New York had been living under a system of universal blackmail. Saloon keepers had to pay Tammany to be allowed to evade the Sunday closing law, merchants to be granted the simplest conveniences for getting their goods into their premises. But in the case of Mr. Croker no dishonesty could be proved. It was known that he had in a few years risen from a poor man to a millionaire, but in no instance could it be shown that he had acquired this wealth by corruption. His friends said he had made his money by horse-racing and real estate speculation, but unfortunately Mr. Croker did not go before the witness stand to finally clear up the matter. While the committee was sitting he remained in Europe.

The usual storm of indignation followed the 'Lexow' exposure, and most reputable citizens united once more to overthrow Tammany.

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Colonel Strong, a well-known banker, was chosen reform candidate for mayor, and secured a majority of fifty thousand. In 1895 he began his administration, and initiated a vigorous reform movement. The police force was entirely reorganised; municipal offices were given for merit rather than political reward; the streets, for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, were really kept clean, and the whole local government was taken out of politics. Mayor Strong's time of office has not been without its faults, but among those faults dishonesty has not been one. Rather the mistake has been to enforce all laws too rigidly, and make too few allowances for the weaknesses of human nature in a cosmopolitan resort. Police President Roosevelt's strict enforcement of the Sunday closing and social purity laws was only his duty, but yet it cost the reformers many votes.

Although the report of the 'Lexow' Committee did Tammany much temporary harm it recovered quickly. After the mayoral defeat of 1894 it pulled its forces together again, and rallied around it all the ambitious men who were disappointed in Mayor Strong's bestowal of his patronage. In the autumn of 1895 it was able to score a minor victory at the polls, and it carefully nursed its strength for the election of November 1897. Mr. Croker, notwithstanding his repeated declarations that he was 'out of politics,' came back to New York, and at once took over command of his party. The four-cornered fight that followed enabled Tammany to exercise its power to the best effect. New York is so strongly Democratic a city that it is only by a union of reform forces that the opponents of the Democratic machine can hope ever to carry the day. This fact was realised in 1894; in 1897 it was ignored. Mr. Platt, the head of the Republican machine, piqued because the reformers acted independently of him and would not promise the Republicans preference in bestowing municipal office, set up a Republican candidate, General Tracy, in opposition to the reform nominee, the Hon. Seth Low. The independent Democrats, who opposed Tammany, would not support Low because, though he was a reformer, he was also a Republican, and they nominated their own man, Henry George. It mattered nothing that the Tammany candidate, Judge van Wyck, was utterly unknown, a mere tool in the hands of Croker. The real question before the electors of New York was whether they again wanted Mr. Croker to rule over them or not. Judge van Wyck was almost ignored. The fight was almost entirely around the personality of the 'boss,' and the 'boss' won.

Tammany has now the opportunity to redeem its character. If it gives Greater New York an honest government, and performs one-half of the promises of probity and capacity made in its election addresses, much of its past will be forgiven and forgotten by the

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world at large. But every prospect seems to point to its doing far otherwise. In Greater New York, with its three million people, its enormous patronage and immense revenue, an incapable or dishonest administration will have such power of plunder and wrong-doing as the Western world has never seen before. Even Tammany's worst enemies cannot but hope that for once it will disappoint the fears of its foes and the hopes of many of its baser friends.

FRED. A. MCKENZIE.

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THE DANISH VIEW OF THE SLESVIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION

[*The following reply to Professor Max Müller's article in the May number of this Review is published at the desire of an exalted Personage in this country, interested in the Danish side of the question, who considers that Professor Max Müller's views are incorrect and inconsistent with historic truth.*

The author died before he saw the proofs, which have been submitted to and approved of by the same exalted Personage.—ED. *Nineteenth Century.*]

IN No. 243, May 1897, of this Review Professor Max Müller has written an article on 'The Schleswig-Holstein Question and its place in History.'

Professor Müller admits that a recent book, *Schleswig-Holsteins Befreiung*, by the late Professor Karl Jansen of Kiel and Karl Samwer, has furnished him with the main facts of his article. It seems strange that it should not have occurred to so learned and sagacious a man as Professor Müller that information derived from the University of Kiel—the headquarters of all the seditious writings against Denmark, the very university where the influence of the Augustenburg family always was paramount—ought necessarily to be examined with the utmost care and criticism. Professor Müller's German name and probable German origin do not *a priori* give a sufficient guarantee that he is able to form an unbiassed judgment of the contents of a book written by Denmark's bitterest enemies. It will be the object of the following lines to show that nearly all, and especially *the most important facts* in Denmark's favour have been —no doubt unintentionally—omitted, and that consequently Professor Müller's paper is thoroughly onesided, and cannot rank as historical evidence of events which after the lapse of so many years might quite well be investigated without any personal or political bias.

Professor Müller endeavours to show (1) that the German-Danish War was the *Zündhölzchen* (lucifer match) which was the real cause of subsequent events, viz. the Prusso-Austrian War in 1866, and the Franco-German War in 1870; (2) that the pretensions and rights to

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the succession in the 'Duchies' (Slesvig and Holstein) clearly devolved on the Duke of Augustenburg; that these rights were acknowledged by the German Confederation and by the King of Prussia, Frederick William the Fourth; that only higher considerations of State induced Bismarck to thrust aside these rights of the Duke and finally, after the conquest of the Duchies, to incorporate them with Prussia. According to the Right Hon. Professor, Denmark clearly possessed no rights whatever, and consequently the dismemberment of the Danish Monarchy was a just and righteous act.

As to (1) the Professor is no doubt right. Prussian interference was evidently a *ballon d'essai* of Bismarck's, intended to ascertain what he, unfettered by the other Powers, might venture to do.

The passivity of the Powers led him on further and further until he, as a condition of peace, had accomplished the surrender of both Duchies to Germany. This passivity of the Powers showed him that he need risk no interference in his endeavours to expel Austria from Germany, nor in his long-prepared war against France.

We do not believe that there lives a sensible English, Russian, or French statesman who does not now bitterly repent that their countries did not, at the time, stop the pretensions and soarings of the German eagle. It is not the dismemberment of the Danish Monarchy that weighs in the scale, but the creation of a powerful German fleet—rendered possible by the conquest. Germany now rules the Baltic; Germany's colonial enterprises are dependent on a strong fleet. It is impossible that either Russia or England should be overpleased by this state of things, which might have been prevented—to a certain extent—by a little energy shown in time by Russia and England combined.

While, therefore, Professor Müller is right in pretending that the German-Danish War was at the bottom of the subsequent wars—and of Germany's unification—it does not absolutely follow that no attempt on Prussia's part to expel Austria or to attack France would or could have been made but for that war. That it gave an enormous impulse to what happened after, and greatly facilitated Prussia's enterprises, is certain.

As to (2) it requires a demonstration of some length to show how erroneous Professor Müller's opinions are, and to point out the facts which are of vital importance to the solution of the question of right—facts on which the Professor, strangely enough, hardly has touched.

It is an incredible *naïveté* of the great man of science to represent as a *new discovery*, made by himself or his referee (Professor

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Karl Jansen of Kiel), that the Slesvig-Holstein question—which in its time occupied the statesmen and publicists of Europe—is simple and uncomplicated as a mathematical formula.

This interpretation is not a *new* discovery; on the contrary it is *old*; it has been repeated over and over *ad infinitum*. Unfortunately it has had this one fault: it has never been believed in, nor acknowledged by one single statesman. The idea *that in Slesvig and Holstein the Oldenburg male line alone can reign* was propounded for the first time in 1837, precisely the same year in which Hanover was separated from England, and the man who advocated this idea was the *Duke of Augustenburg* (Christian August), the same man who pretended to be, under certain circumstances, the sole heir to these Duchies. *Before* that, *nobody had thought of this*; and even a considerable time *after* nobody wished to adopt this new 'discovery,' because very few persons, or rather nobody, wished a separation from Denmark, *not even the Duke himself*. It is a known fact that this Prince endeavoured to induce the Danish King and the Danish people to change the succession of the kingdom in favour of him and his house. His pretension to the succession was simply put forward to conjure up a fear of the division of the monarchy in case his pretensions should not be adopted. For later, when the national dissension between Danes and Germans had attained a certain height, the Germans adopted this idea of a separate succession, but now with an opposite aim, viz. *to favour the separation*.

It is a curious coincidence that the Duke's startling publication (*Die Erbfolge in Schleswig-Holstein*, the succession in Slesvig-Holstein) appeared in the very year in which Hanover was separated from the English Crown. It puts the immense difference of the two cases in a very strong light. It is well known that the union of Hanover and England was the consequence of a single event of a purely dynastic character. It was from the beginning, and continued throughout to be, a purely personal union; it ceased to exist the moment its condition—common agnatic succession—was no more. It is, to say the least, a hazardous contention to compare it with the connection of the Duchies to Denmark. This, however, Professor Müller has done.

In the dispute between Germany and Denmark the denomination 'The Duchies' has continually been used and repeated. This has greatly contributed to obscure the question at issue and render a clear solution of it impossible. The two Duchies, Slesvig and Holsteen, had each of them its separate history, nationality, and political relations. Denmark has always acknowledged Holstein as belonging to the German Confederation, as originally a German fief. Denmark has never disputed the right of the male line to Holstein, and when the succession was regulated in London *it was a member of the house of Oldenburg* (*Christian the Ninth*) *who was elected heir*

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apparent, and it was the *Emperor of Russia*, who, as chief of the Gottorp House (which formerly reigned in Holstein), now transferred his rights of succession to this agnate (Christian the Ninth).

Notwithstanding his rights, this Prince (Christian the Ninth) did not oppose the occupation of Holstein by troops of the German Confederation, when in 1863 the Confederation in Frankfort had objected to his legitimacy, and evidently, even had circumstances allowed it later, Denmark would never have attempted an armed occupation of *this* Duchy.

Later, during the negotiations of peace in London, the King offered willingly to give over Holstein to any prince the German Confederation chose to point out.

But as to Slesvig everything is different. Professor Müller himself admits that Slesvig did not belong to the German Confederation, nor had it ever belonged to the German Empire. It was, on the contrary, from the remotest antiquity a part of the Danish realm. It old name was 'South-Jutland,' and in its southern part the old famous 'Dannevirke' was erected in 810 as a frontier rampart against German invasions.

In course of time, however, Holsteen succeeded in conquering Slesvig from Denmark. In 1460 it had been united to Holstein as a political *corpus* under the rule of the Oldenburg dynasty, and an Act passed in 1579 had established that in Slesvig (as in Holstein) the male line alone had the right of succession. But according to all contemporary evidences, the loss was never forgotten in Denmark; it was a continual source of deepest regret to Denmark that an old Danish country which still continued to be a fief of the Danish Crown should be united to a German country, differing from it in law, language, and inherited customs. The only circumstance alleviating the loss was the fact that the Danish kings were Dukes in both Duchies (in condominium with the Dukes of Gottorp).

When, however, the establishment of sovereign monarchy and of a fixed succession (1660) had strengthened the Danish Monarchy, the politics of the realm quite naturally aimed at reconquering for the Crown the old Danish country. *That this endeavour was successful* is a historical fact not to be silenced to death by Max Müller and Karl Jansen. *It succeeded after great sacrifices and efforts as a result of the war which terminated at the peace of Stockholm and Fredriksburg*, 1720. At this peace Sweden agreed that the whole of Slesvig—one half of which had been conquered from Sweden's ally, the Duke of Gottorp—for ever should be incorporated in the Danish Crown. The mediating powers, England and France, gave a solemn guarantee to this effect. The kingdom of Prussia had already done it before. The Danish King Frederick the Fourth assumed the rule after a solemn act of allegiance by the Slesvig States, 1721. *At the same time the then Duke of Augustenburg, too, gave*

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in his oath of allegiance. In this oath, delivered in writing, it is expressly stated that the King of Denmark is intent upon uniting the formerly separated parts of the Duchy (Slesvig), 'und Dero Crone als ein altes, injuria temporum, abgerissenes Stück auf ewig wieder incorporiren.'[1] The oath was sworn to the King: 'wie auch Dero königliche Erbsuccessoren, *secundum tenorem legis regiæ*:' the Danish law of succession of 1665 (*lex regia*), which gave the right of succession to the female line after the extinction of the male.

Thus, undoubtedly, the Duchy of Slesvig was liberated from the political union which hitherto had existed between it and Holstein, and was restored to its ancient connection with Denmark. In the past century everybody was agreed on this point. It would be easy to cite innumerable *German* authors whose writings bear witness to the truth of this. Every geography, from the greatest scientific works to the textbooks for schools, contain this: '*Denmark* comprising the kingdom proper thus designated and the *Duchy of Slesvig* or *South Jutland*.' Separated from these *under the German Empire*: 'Holstein,' 'Oldenburg,' 'Lauenburg,' or such parts as at any time were connected with the Danish realm as the King's *German* possessions.

Alone, the old ducal family at Gottorp, who had lost its part of Slesvig, protested until the head of this family, Paul the First, had succeeded to the throne of Russia. He came to an agreement with Denmark, in which he, among other things, for ever renounced Slesvig. His renunciation is made in favour of 'Ihro königlich Majestät zu Dänemark und Norwegen, *und Dero königl. Cronerben.*'[2] The Emperor promises not only to let the King keep this Duchy '*zu ewigen Zeiten*,'[3] but to prevent 'dass durch andere der selben Renunciation zuwider gehandelt und gethan werde.'[4]

But all these events and acts are entirely ignored by Professor Müller and Karl Jansen, nor did the Duke of Augustenburg take any heed of them. If these authors had made any attempt to enfeeble the significance of such historical facts, it would still be possible to believe in their good faith; but total omission of them, however well known they are, looks a little like want of historical loyalty. Under such circumstance any discussion is hopeless.

Prussia has had to carry on two wars in order to conquer the land between Hamburg and the frontier of Jutland. When, in 1848, an insurrection broke out in Holstein, as in nearly all Continental States, Prussia interfered in the strife, principally in order to deviate the

[1] And incorporate it for all coming time in his Crown as an old part, *injuria temporum*, torn away from the Crown of Denmark.

[2] His Majesty the King of Denmark and Norway and his royal heirs to the Crown.

[3] For all time.

[4] That through others this same renunciation should be acted against or interfered with.

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democratic current from Berlin, but also with the hope of fishing in troubled waters. The endeavour failed because the Emperor of Russia, who was well acquainted with the real state of the case, put a stop to the progress of Prussia. When, however, King Frederick the Seventh died (1863) things were greatly altered. In Prussia there was at the head of affairs a statesman who had done Russia invaluable services during the Polish insurrection. He succeeded in drawing Austria into action. In later years Bismarck himself, when he had become more outspoken, declared that he had never for a moment believed in the pretensions of the Duke of Augustenburg, whereas he, on the news of the Danish King's death, exclaimed: 'Dat mot wi hebben.' What followed was a pure war of conquest, to which the European great Powers submitted because no leading statesman knew how to gather the Powers with the object of resistance.

It is an old experience that whoever has committed violence and misused his physical superiority afterwards feels a desire to prove also that he has been in the *right*. But neither the Duke nor Prussia will ever succeed in an attempt to prove that they were in the right towards Denmark.

The war in 1848 commenced by the King of Prussia's recognition of the Slesvig-Holstein contention that the Duchies formed a unity, and that the male line alone was entitled to the succession. The Duke of Augustenburg had, during the stirring revolutionary days in Berlin, prevailed upon Frederick Wilhelm the Fourth to sign this recognition. That the contention was untenable and untrue had just shortly before been demonstrated in the most incontestable manner by the Royal Danish Letter Patent of the 16th of July, 1846; a result of the deliberations of a Royal Committee. *About twenty years later the Prussian Crown syndicate gave utterance to mainly the same opinion as those contained in the Letter Patent.*

It is of considerable interest to study the composition of the said Danish Committee: its members were principally Holsteiners, not to be suspected of any partial feeling towards Denmark. The members were, besides the King's private secretary, Adler, Count Heinrich Rewentlow-Criminil, the Danish Envoy to the German Confederation, Baron Pechlin, and the diplomat Bülow, who later ended by being Secretary of State in the German Foreign Office under Bismarck. This committee came to the unanimous result that the Duchy of *Slesvig in consequence of political events had come to be inseparably united to the kingdom of Denmark and to the Danish succession,* but the Committee did not venture to give any definite declaration as to Holstein, more especially the old fiefal Duchy of this name.

Later on the Germans contended that the Committee had opposed the Letter Patent, which, however, correctly expressed their opinion, and that it was owing to the King's 'perfidy' that the whole State

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Ministry signed the letter. That is evidently perfect nonsense. *Several members of the Ministry did indeed oppose the issue of the Letter Patent, until the King at last overruled their resistance, and the Committee itself did dissuade the publication; but this was because they did not wish to give utterance to the doubt about the Holstein succession.* These men wished to retain *both* the Duchies for the Danish Crown and for their reciprocal union with Denmark, which was 400 years old; they feared that the King's admission that the succession in Holstein was doubtful would, when the male line was extinct, lead to ominous consequences. The King, on the contrary, and his *Danish* Ministers maintained that by far the most important thing was to establish the Danish right to Slesvig, whereas the relation to Holstein was second in importance only.

The Letter Patent was frigidly received, amongst others by the Emperor of Russia, but notoriously *not* in so far as it regarded Slesvig. On the contrary, the Emperor Nicolas admitted *without restriction* that he and his house were bound to maintain the possession of this Duchy for Denmark. This, too, France, England, and Prussia had guaranteed.

It is of no use that the Germans feign to ignore what afterwards happened in the years 1848–1851. Prussia supported the Holstein insurrection against Frederick the Seventh, but was obliged to abandon the pretensions insisted upon in March 1848. Prussia and Austria abandoned the claim on the unity of the Duchies, *and recognised the King of Denmark's right to separate them completely* in regard to administration, jurisdiction, and representation. With the approval of the German great Powers, Denmark was recognised as consisting of three reciprocally independent lands, viz. the Kingdom, Slesvig, and Holstein. The succession, common to the three parts, was regulated in this way, that the heirs, according to the *lex regia*, to Denmark and Slesvig renounced their rights in favour of the present Queen Louisa, herself one of these heirs, whereas the Emperor of Russia renounced his rights to certain parts of Holstein in favour of her consort, the present King Christian the Ninth, of the Oldenburg House. In 1852 all the great Powers adhered to this arrangement, *Prussia and Austria included*, and by the law of succession of 1853, accepted by the Danish *Rigsdag*, Prince Christian was elected heir apparent *to the entire indivisible monarchy*.

The Duke of Augustenburg had, by a solemn act issued in Frankfort the 30th of December, 1852, recognised the King's dispositions. In this act (§ 3) he says:—

Geloben und versprechen wir für uns und unsere Familie *bei fürstlichen Worten und Ehren* nichts wodurch die Ruhe in Ihro Königl. Majestäts Reichen und Landen gestört oder gefährdet worden könnte vorzurechnen, imgleichen den von Ihro Kgl. Majestät, in Bezug auf die Ordnung der Erbfolge für alle unter Allerhöchst Dero Scepter gegenwärtig vereinten Lande, oder die eventuelle

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Organisation Allerhöchst Dero Monarchie, gefassten oder künftig zu fassenden Beschlüssen, *in keiner Weise entgegentreten zu wollen.*[5]

This arrangement with the Duke was principally owing to the recommendation and the diplomatic efforts of Prussia. *The late so illustrious Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, was the mediator in this transaction.* By it the Duke obtained a very profitable sale of his estates, which in accordance with the ruling law had been forfeited by the *felony* committed during the insurrection.

These are trivial facts, which Professor Max Müller and Jansen may conceal from their readers, but they will not attempt to deny them if, as now, reminded of them. Was there, it may be fair to ask, anything that in the remotest way resembled these facts when Hanover was separated from England? But how, if this was not the case, can a truthful man compare these two historical events?

And what was it that happened in 1863–1864? When Frederick the Seventh died, Duke Frederic of Augustenburg made his appearance as pretender to *both* Duchies, publishing a document by which his father, the Duke (Christian Augustus), ceded to him his rights, those rights—unrecognised by any statesman—which he had, '*by his princely word and honour*,' renounced for himself and his house, and promised never to use to trouble or endanger the tranquillity of Denmark! But this event was, as is well known, the starting point of the war with Denmark. King Christian abandoned Holstein, but when German troops, without any declaration of war, crossed the Eider, they encountered the Danish Army, which soon, left to itself alone and immensely inferior in number and equipment as it was, was overpowered.

In this way the two great Powers conquered the Duchies, but when afterwards the right of the Duke of Augustenburg came to be examined, the Prussian Crown syndicate came to the conclusion that the King of Denmark had been *sole legitimate* ruler in Holstein as well as in Slesvig ('Rechtsgutachten bezüglich der Herzogthümer Schleswig, Holstein und Lauenburg, erstattet auf Grund des Allerhöchsten Erlasses vom 14. December 1864 vom Cron-Syndikat.'—Printed in Berlin, 1866).

Thus it was evident that the Danish King's cession of the Duchies to Prussia and Austria constituted a perfectly valid title of seizure to the conquerors. The Duke was pushed aside, and so was, later on, Austria after the campaign in Bohemia. On the occasion Prussia promised to restore to Denmark the northern Danish districts of

[5] I solemnly promise, on behalf of myself and my family—*on my princely word and honour*—that I will do nothing that might trouble or endanger the tranquillity of His Royal Majesty's realm or countries. Further, that I will do nothing to oppose such decisions as His Majesty has or may arrive at regarding the succession to all presently under His Majesty's sceptre united lands, or the future organisation of His Majesty's monarchy.

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Slesvig[6]—a promise which was never fulfilled. Prussia is thus to this day the possessor of the two Duchies.

The preceding account contains the main features of the events, to the obscuration of which Professor Max Müller has had the courage to lend his illustrious name.

As to Prince Bismarck, it must be admitted that he is more upright. Not without right he prides himself on having conquered the Duchies by small means and great ingeniousness. He has known how to take advantage of all the given circumstances: (1) an unhappy but unavoidable national dissension; (2) the Augustenburg pretension to the succession, which it was possible to put forward because during a generation its legitimacy had been continually preached to the *German* population, not only of the Danish Duchies, but over the whole of Germany, whereas Bismarck knew that an impartial juridical examination could with the greatest facility prove its utter falseness. (3) The blunder and want of diplomatic *finesse* committed by the Danish statesmen, who did not see that they were alone, without hope of help, placed in face of a heedless, brutal adversary, and who neglected, in time, to come to terms as cheaply as possible with this adversary.

Thus it came about that the catastrophe which befell the Danish Monarchy in 1864 had much more serious consequences than the circumstances seemed to justify, especially considering its old legitimate right. It was not only that old legitimacy was overthrown by the total disregard of the Gottorp renunciation of Holstein in favour of King Christian the Ninth, nor that old and continually renewed treaties in favour of the Danish Crown's right to Slesvig were torn asunder, but also the *principle of nationality*—the sole principle which might with some show of right have been invoked against the arrangement of 1852—was put aside in the most shameful way.

More than one half of Slesvig is to this day inhabited by Danish people, who do not wish anything better than to return to the union with the mother country, whereas the Prussian Government endeavours, in spite of the promise given in Prague, by all possible means to subjugate the Danish element, and to efface its national peculiarities. It is a slap in the face to the whole Scandinavian race, and a derision of the favourite talk in Germany of the solidarity of the German peoples.

After having shown how totally wrong Professor Müller's conception of the Slesvig-Holstein question is, it is of minor importance to point out the many errors his article contains. Before concluding there is, however, one thing which cannot be passed over in silence.

Professor Müller calls the present King of Denmark a 'German' prince, and his consort, the Queen, a 'German' princess. Now, the King of Denmark was born a Danish subject, in the old Danish land Slesvig, which never has belonged to the German Empire. His

[6] The peace of Prague, § 5.

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father was a Danish subject and a Danish officer. His mother was a granddaughter of Frederick the Fifth, King of Denmark. He came to Copenhagen as a mere lad, entered the Royal Military School, and served afterwards in the Horse Guards, of which corps he was a Colonel when he was elected heir apparent. How he could ever claim the honour of being a 'German' prince is a perfect riddle. The Queen is the daughter of a Princess of Denmark, the sister of King Christian the Eighth. Her father, it is true, was, by his title, Landgrave of Hesse, a German prince, but lived nearly the whole of his long life in Denmark: he was a Danish officer even before the Queen was born. His uncle, the Landgrave Charles of Hesse, and his son Frederick were Danish subjects and officers.

According to Professor Müller's conception of nationalities, the Prince of Wales must be a 'German' prince *pur sang*, being the son of a German prince. The Princess of Wales, who is, according to the Professor, a daughter of a 'German' father and mother, must also be a German princess. It is doubtful if the English nation will relish the idea that the next heirs to the throne of Great Britain are Germans!

A. D. JÖRGENSEN
(the late Historian and Keeper of the State Archives of Denmark).

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THE NEW LEARNING

At no other period than this were there so many people who wanted to know about books without reading them. The demand, as usual, has created the supply. Little books on big books are the most popular books of all. Charles Lamb might have said that they were no books. But nobody reads Charles Lamb now. The 'cultured' classes, as they love to call themselves in their delightful English, take their Lamb from Mr. Ainger or Mr. Birrell, and even Lamb himself did something to relieve the public from the tedium of perusing Shakespeare. The Greek and Roman classics have naturally not escaped the attention of the compiler. Greece (ancient Greece, I mean) is treated as the most favoured nation. In Mr. Gosse's *Short Histories of the Literatures of the World*, published by Mr. Heinemann, Greek literature comes first, like golf, if I remember rightly, in the Badminton Library. It has been entrusted to Professor Murray of Glasgow, who is nothing if not modern, and may be taken as a type of the New Learning, within the reach of everybody and out of nobody's depth.

'Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!' The old warning of the Hebrew prophet must occur to many of Professor Murray's readers. Mr. Murray's learning is great and his cleverness is undeniable. His book is sure to be widely read and to exercise a great influence upon his readers. It is, however, to be feared that his influence will not be altogether a wholesome one. For he is determined to be knowing and modern, or, as he would himself call it, up to date and in the swim. Before the masters of Greek literature and of all literature he stands with his hands in his pockets and his hat on the back of his head. He winks at them and laughs at them, and insinuates that he is up to all their dodges. He gives them his blessing and his patronage. He even compares them with Ibsen. In letters, as in life, it is a mistake to display ostentatious familiarity with the great. Mr. Murray's unappeasable jauntiness leads him to pass strange and crude judgments upon men and things. 'Few people care for Pindar now,' says the Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. 'Readers are wearied by the strange mixture of mules and the new moon and trainers and the Æacidæ.' Pindar is difficult. He is more than

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difficult; he is obscure. The modern reader will be apt to take him in extracts or to taste him in anthologies. But he is one of the few poets who can without absurdity be called sublime, and there is more truth in the magnificent verses of Gray on the Theban Eagle than in all the slapdash criticism of Mr. Murray. 'A love for episodes and anecdotes is Herodotus's chief weakness.' Surely it is his chief charm. But the father of history, as Cicero called him, and the first of lyric poets are not Mr. Murray's only victims. They are in good company, though they cannot be in better company than their own. The *Electra* of Sophocles is admitted to be 'brilliant.' But we are told that it is 'typically uncharming,' and we are invited to ask why it is so. I respectfully decline the invitation. Τὸ ὅτι comes before τὸ διότι. Let us be sure of the fact before we inquire into the reason, lest we present such a spectacle as Dr. Johnson and Hannah More presented in their day, when, as Rossetti says, they deliberately sat down before the outspread sonnets of Milton to ascertain for him why they were so bad. Aristophanes 'seems to have deserved his success.' He does indeed. But Aristophanes seems to puzzle the learned professor not a little. For on the same page we read that 'only his own age could really stand' him, and that 'at the present day he seems to share with Homer and Æschylus and Theocritus the power of appealing directly to the interest and sympathy of almost every reader.' Is this sound criticism? Is it criticism at all? Plato is labelled by Mr. Murray as 'a facile and witty writer.' The system of Aristotle is described in a strange jargon as 'rather "cocksure" and *arrêté*.' Mr. Murray's English is far from pure. 'Stylist' is one of his favourite words; 'cultured' is another. But the prime favourite of all is 'certain.' Everything with him is certain, especially what is shadowy, intangible, and hard to define.

These, however, are small blemishes, which could easily be removed. Mr. Murray has treated his subject with much ability, and the Homeric question in particular he handles with exhaustive thoroughness. There is a great deal in his book for which humble and unlearned students like myself can only express their sincere gratitude. But there are some points of taste and judgment which require no very profound learning to solve. One may be quite unable to correct Mr. Murray in his treatment of Atticisms and Æolisms; one may have the vaguest idea of what Orphism was; one may lose oneself readily in epic 'cycles,' and yet have some idea of the spirit in which Greek literature should be approached. The Greek intellect had not arrived at the modern and advanced conception that everything is a vulgar joke. The most boisterous and audacious humourist of antiquity could be serious when he pleased, and wrote choruses unsurpassed for their melodious beauty. Compared with the *Lysistrata* and the *Thesmophoriazusæ* the fun of Rabelais is almost timid, and his jests are almost decent. But Aristophanes was a patriot, and, according to

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the standard of his time, a gentleman. Where the interests of his country were concerned he could be grave enough. That is one of the reasons why his humour tells. For it may be taken as an indisputable fact, which human experience has amply proved, that habitual levity and flippancy are fatal to true humour. Plato was in some respects a more exquisite humourist than Aristophanes himself, and Plato was penetrated with an abiding sense of the profound significance of life. It has been so with the greatest humourists of all ages. It was so with Shakespeare, with Cervantes, with Molière, with Swift, with Carlyle. And if it seems not to have been so with Rabelais or Sterne, that is only because the form of their language conceals rather than discloses the substance of their thought. Humour implies reverence. Reverence is the correlative of humour. It is the tremendous, sometimes the awful contrast of the great and the trivial in human life which, as in the words of the dying Mercutio, shows the tragedy of comedy and the comedy of tragedy. Shakespeare is the consummate and unrivalled example of supreme dominion over the springs of mirth and the springs of sorrow. He is the fulfilment of the wonderful prophecy with which the *Banquet* of Plato concludes. At the end of that marvellous dialogue, which by a happy instinct Shelley chose to translate, Socrates compels the only revellers who have kept their heads and their places, Aristophanes and Agathon, to admit that the qualities of the tragic and of the comic poet were essentially the same. To the Greek mind, governed by the technicalities of the stage, that was an enormous paradox. But it ought not to have been so. The Greeks, like the French, were a serious people. But, or rather and, their humour never slumbered. The alleged impiety of Socrates consisted in submitting the popular religion to the test of ridicule. It would not stand the test, and Socrates was put to death. Voltaire made a similar attempt upon the current and conventional version of the Christian faith. But Voltaire, except when he attacked persecution, was only amusing himself. The wittiest of mankind, he was not in the proper sense of the term a humourist at all. To him the sublime was the ridiculous. He could see no difference. To the greatest of the Greeks, to Socrates and to Plato, mere wit was an abomination. It was playing with words, an amusement for children, a game in which grown-up people could not indulge without making themselves ridiculous. The irony of Socrates, so far as it was not mere self-depreciation assumed for a purpose, always has a serious element.

Perhaps it was inevitable that there should be a reaction against the old scholastic method of teaching the classics. The theory that 'the ancients' were awful and mysterious beings, whose thoughts were not as our thoughts, who lived in the clouds, who were unaffected by human sympathies and antipathies, would not bear examination. What is known may still be magnificent. But when admiration ceases to be

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mere wonder, it tends to become critical. One of the most delightful books in the world is Mure's great, though incomplete, work on the Literature of Greece. Mr. Mure was a perfect type of the man of learning and leisure, a born scholar, with a passionate love of letters, a grave and reverent student of antiquity. He held no brief. He had no case to make. He enjoyed eloquence because it was eloquent, and poetry because it was poetical. So did the scholars of the Renaissance, whose enthusiasm unhappily led them to the adoption of pagan morals. The absurd dispute which Swift burlesqued in *The Battle of the Books* is a typical instance of the way in which classic authors ought not to be treated. They were run against modern imitators. Plato was compared with Pascal by men who understood neither the *Republic* nor the *Provincial Letters*. That particular form of nonsense is dead and buried. But nonsense is hydra-headed. There arose, more than a century later, the historian or pseudo-historian Mitford, who conceived the brilliant idea of propagating Conservative principles by holding up the awful example of democratic Athens. He received a tremendous punishment from Thirlwall, and his identification of Sparta with the cause of order came to an untimely end. Thirlwall was too able a man and too profound a scholar to be satisfied with the achievement of a controversial purpose. His original object was to defend the Athenians. He succeeded in producing a *History of Greece* which is not so much read as it deserves to be, but which can never be read without admiration. By one of the most curious coincidences in literary annals, Mr. George Grote had been engaged at the same time upon the same task. Both these eminent men had a sincere respect for each other. Each declared that he would not willingly have entered into competition with the other. But they belonged to different schools of thought, and the temper of their minds was dissimilar. Grote was a philosophical Radical. Thirlwall was a constitutional Whig. Grote was an enthusiastic advocate. Thirlwall was a dispassionate judge. Thirlwall, though his views on all subjects were broad, enlightened, and tolerant, was a Christian and a clergyman. To Grote all religions were the same. Mr. Grote was not a professional student, but a banker, a member of Parliament, and a man of the world. He was well acquainted with modern history and modern languages. He enriched his pages with many historical parallels, which are not the least useful part of his great work.

To Mr. Grote may, I think, be traced the method of dealing with classical authors which has culminated in the jaunty jargon of Mr. Murray. Temple and Boyle and the other combatants in *The Battle of the Books* were unlearned and incompetent. They made themselves a laughing-stock because they did not know what they were talking about. Grote's information and research are beyond criticism and above praise. His twelve volumes are a monument of patient

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industry and of vast knowledge. But he was by nature an iconoclast. He could not bear to see Thucydides and Plato put upon a superhuman pedestal. He determined to bring them down. Thucydides had, perhaps still has, a reputation for impartiality. Grote endeavoured to destroy it. He accused him of injustice to Cleon, of resentment against the State which had banished him, of aristocratic prejudice against democracy. Most of the letters ascribed to Plato have been condemned by critics as spurious. The external evidence against most of them is all but conclusive, and they are also in themselves unworthy of Plato. For this very reason Grote set himself to prove that they were genuine. He was an Aristotelian and a Utilitarian. He could not away with the notion that Plato was superior to the ordinary failings of mankind. It is a pity that Mr. Grote did not apply some of his own scepticism to some of his own theories. He put more into his conclusions than his premisses really contained. We do not know whether Thucydides was justly banished, or indeed whether he was banished at all. His own words, the fewest possible, are consistent with a voluntary withdrawal from Athenian territory. The story that Cleon was his accuser, which Grote gravely accepts, rests upon no better authority than Marcellinus, who was born seven hundred years after Thucydides died. An historian either of Greek politics or of Greek literature is none the worse for a little judicious agnosticism. There are many things in Greek life and Greek thought which we do not know, and which we have not the means of knowing. We know 'what song the Sirens sang' because it is in the *Odyssey*. We do not, with all respect for Mr. Murray, know that Thucydides resolved to supply the deficiencies of Herodotus.

No expression of personal resentment can be found in Thucydides. Three words—*συνέβη μοι φεύγειν*—describe his sentence or his determination. If he had a grievance he is silent on the subject. He does not even say that he had one. Thucydides is not a universal favourite. Mr. Grote thought that he did not appreciate the merits of the Athenian Constitution. He is not quite good enough for Professor Mahaffy. Professor Murray is very hard on him indeed. He condemns his 'verbal flourishes which seem to have little thought behind them.' These verbal flourishes, intended to conceal the absence of thought, are endowed with remarkable vitality. When Macaulay had finished the first two volumes of his History, he read Thucydides again. He read it, as he tells us, with envy and despair: 'The rest one may hope to rival—him never.' Mr. Murray is not so easily taken in. Thucydides cannot impose upon an intellect like his with 'an artificial semi-Ionic dialect, overladen with antitheses. Thucydides, it seems, was 'fond of distinguishing between synonyms,' and 'always inverting the order of his words.' His style is 'an absolute hodge-podge of ungrammatical and unnatural language.

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One cannot help being reminded of the famous note on the *Agamemnon* in which the commentator sternly remarked that Æschylus had violated Dawes's Canon. Thucydides had not a Greek grammar before him. He was probably under the impression that he knew Greek. To defend him, or his text, against attacks of this sort, would be absurd. How does Mr. Murray account for the imperishable influence upon the literary world of a man who could not write? It is idle to talk about a corrupt text. The corrupt text is all that Macaulay had, all that Gray had, all that the admirers of Thucydides have had since the revival of letters. By what standard is Thucydides to be tried? He is less simple than Herodotus. He is less melodious than Plato. But what is Greek grammar if he did not write it? Is Thucydides to stand before the judgment seat of Dr. Donaldson? He was one of the makers of Greek prose, as he was one of the leaders of Greek thought. If his sentences are ungrammatical and his flourishes unmeaning, the real Thucydides must have irrecoverably perished.

Mr. Murray would appreciate Herodotus better if he shared the exquisitely delicate sense of humour which gives the Father of History his peculiar charm. 'The dreams that came to lure Xerxes to his ruin require,' says the Professor, 'more personal affidavits to substantiate them.' To a man who can write like that Herodotus must be as a picture to the blind, or a concert to the deaf. Perhaps the modern author who most resembles Herodotus is Montaigne. One need not dwell on the differences of subject and treatment. The mental attitude is very much the same. Both have the speculative temper, the easy epicurean contentment with half beliefs and no beliefs, the keen enjoyment of life, the unflagging interest in human nature, the scepticism which never runs into dogmatism, the habit of ironical deference to established creeds. It is improbable that Christianity would have left Herodotus so entirely unaffected as it left Montaigne. He would have wanted to know more about it. His intellect was never confronted with a faith which any intellect worthy of the name could accept. How far the humour of Herodotus was conscious, how far the reader upon whom he really takes hold imputes to him what he did not mean, is a fascinating but an insoluble question. There is, for instance, the case of the man who anchored himself at the battle of Platæa, for fear he should run away. Herodotus tells the story with his inimitable gravity, and then provides a rationalistic explanation worthy of Euhemerus himself. It has, he says, been suggested that the myth arose from the man having an anchor embossed upon his shield. Is Herodotus laughing at his readers? Does he mean them to laugh with him? Is he half serious after all? What of Zalmoxis, who practised immortality in Thrace, and was last seen in a baker's shop? He was a wonderful person. He had less superficial habits (*ἤθεα βαθύτερα*) than the Thracians among whom

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he lived, having been in Greece, and, as was alleged, the slave of Pythagoras. Herodotus raises chronological difficulties, and expresses the opinion that Zalmoxis lived before Pythagoras's time. But he describes with all seriousness how Zalmoxis prepared himself a retreat below ground, to which he periodically retired, telling the Thracians he was about to die, and remaining there by the space of three years, after which he reappeared, and declared that he had come to life again. By these means he induced the Thracians to believe whatever he told them, and it cannot be said that he did not earn his reputation by hard work. Herodotus says that he neither disbelieves this tale nor believes it very strongly. It belongs, I suppose, to what the New Learning would call Borderland. But whether Zalmoxis was a man or a demigod who came to sojourn among the Getans, Herodotus bids him a ceremonious farewell. Now here I have no doubt. Whatever the New Learning may say, I for one am firmly convinced that Herodotus inserted this passage, and embellished it with his delicious drollery, for the purpose of amusing his readers and himself. Even Mr. Murray has a suspicion that Hippocleides, who stood upon his head, and made motions with his feet as if they had been his hands (*τοῖσι σκέλεσιν ἐχειρονόμησεν*), was a comic character. That is a form of humour which even the New Learning can appreciate. What about Cleisthenes of Sicyon and the tribes to whom he gave opprobrious names? The tribes meekly bore them for sixty years. Then they discussed the matter among themselves, and changed their names. Did Herodotus believe that? Was he testing human credulity? Or was he merely indulging in human fun?

The dry bones of Herodotus, which is all that the New Learning would leave us, have their value. The Persian war was an epoch in the history of the world, and the 'grand gross figure' of Xerxes looms large even now in the annals of mankind. But Herodotus is a great deal more, and a great deal less, than an authority for facts. His second book, his digression or disquisition on Egypt, is one of the most remarkable chapters in Greek literature. Apart from the beauty of the style, which has never been surpassed, and the quaintness of the humour, which has never been successfully imitated, the geographical knowledge and the scientific spirit are quite astonishing. Herodotus speculates like a modern geologist on what the Nile might have done in ten thousand years, or might do in ten thousand years more. His description of the Delta as the gift of the river is immortal. Of one ingenious theorist who accounted by an elaborate and unverifiable hypothesis for the rise of the Nile, Herodotus says that having carried the tale into the unknown he could not be refuted. Charles Austin may not have been aware that he was amplifying Herodotus when he called the plurality of worlds an excellent subject for a theological dispute, inasmuch as there was not a particle of evidence on one side or the other. Herodotus, like Montaigne, loved the truth

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and always tried to find it when he thought it could be found. Everybody knows that the 'velification of Athos,' the canal cut through the mountain by Xerxes for his ships, was selected by Juvenal as a typical instance of Greek mendacity. If Juvenal had gone to the spot, he would have seen that Herodotus was right. To the New Learning Herodotus is credulous and superstitious. The New Learning would probably regard Montaigne's assertion that he believed no miracles except religious ones as a sincere profession of faith in the wonders of the Church. Herodotus, like Montaigne, had his reasons for not speaking out. It was not always safe in the fifth century before, or the sixteenth century after Christ, to deny conventional beliefs. There was not much real credulity in Herodotus, but he sometimes wrote with his tongue in his cheek. He was a master of irony, and to the New Learning, which finds its humour in slang, irony is a perpetual puzzle. So far as he had any religious belief at all, and unless Nemesis be a religion, Herodotus was a pantheist. Pantheism of his vague sort may, perhaps, be defined as an idea that God is everywhere, but that there is not much of Him anywhere. Nemesis in some form or other seems to have been implanted by Nature in the breast of every man. That 'pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,' is not peculiar to Solomon. It is the wisdom of all the ages. Xerxes was a colossal example. But the superstition, if it be a superstition, is universal, and the rural villager who will not admit that he is perfectly well, pays his unconscious tribute to the power of Nemesis.

The New Learning is not to be dazzled by 'Plato, son of Ariston, from Kollytus.' I have already recorded Mr. Murray's generous admission that Plato was 'a facile and witty writer.' Aristotle would, on the same computation, be fairly well informed. Mr. Murray gives Plato a hearty slap on the back and introduces him to the public in his most jocular manner. 'He despised the masses, and was not going [*sic*] to flatter them.' I wonder Mr. Murray did not say that he was not taking any. Plato, it seems, was under the influence of the Old Oligarch. The Old Oligarch is, I should explain, Mr. Murray's great joke. It is his humorous way of stating his opinion that the treatise on the Athenian Constitution attributed to Xenophon is spurious, as it probably is. He always calls the author the Old Oligarch, and the reader, whether he sees the joke or not, is evidently expected to laugh. 'Plato amused his friends with a new kind of literature, the mimic.' I confess that when I first read this choice sentence I thought the Professor must be confounding Plato Philosophus with Plato Comicus. But no, Mr. Murray is only a facile and witty writer. He must have his jest. The *Phædo*, it seems, is a mime. To the New Learning the study of Plato is a simple matter enough. It is like the turning of an oyster shell. That witty and facile mime the *Phædo* explains Plato's attitude of mind. He was an aristocrat who despised the masses, and whom the

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death of his master permanently embittered against the rabble. There was nothing particularly remarkable about him except his wit and his facility. Now there are two kinds of facility, and Mr. Murray would do well to distinguish between them. There is easy writing and there is easy reading, but one does not necessarily imply the other.

'The spirit of illusion which he had pitchforked out of his writings had returned with a vengeance into his life.' Such are the elegant and dignified terms in which the Professor of Greek at the University of Glasgow refers to the illustrious Greek sovereign of human language and human thought, the master of the 'master of them that know.' Nothing is sacred to the New Learning. Not eloquence, for it has a trick worth two of that. What is eloquence to slang? Not truth, for nothing is true, and novelty is your only wear. The *Symposium* and the *Phædrus* have, it seems, a 'certain glamour' which even the New Learning has to recognise and cannot explain away. 'Aristotle and the rest of us,' as Mr. Murray modestly says, 'who are not in peril from our excess of imagination,' may make allowance for Plato. Aristotle did nothing of the sort. Aristotle, as Mr. Murray observes in a more chastened mood, built Plato an altar and a shrine. It was reserved for the New Learning to show what smartness and lack of humour can do to put genius on a level with 'the rest of us.' Happily it is not much. Every man, it used to be said, is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian. The New Learning is eclectic, and 'paddles its own canoe.' They are 'not going,' these brisk pawky youths, to be dazzled by unfashionable superstitions and reputations out of date. The 'ancients' are welcome to their patronage, but not to their reverence, and still less to their appreciation. Perhaps the ancients may do without it. 'Mr. Southey, said Porson, 'is a remarkable poet. His works will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten.' One of Plato's errors, we are told, he 'perhaps' shared with Shakespeare. It was to hate his fellow men. This amazing piece of criticism is enough in itself to establish the fame of the New Learning. The old learning, the child of reverence and modesty, is not prone to dogmatise upon the opinions either of Plato or of Shakespeare. Real scholars are, to begin with, not quite sure that they know what the great dramatist's or the great philosopher's opinions were. Any one who desires to know the opinions of the New Learning can ascertain them without any trouble, and forget them without any loss. Where is he to look for Shakespeare's or for Plato's? Plato never wrote in his own name. The only one of his Dialogues in which Socrates does not take part is the *Laws*. The only extant work of his not a dialogue is the *Apology* of Socrates. He was by far the greatest man who ever merged himself in the personality of another. We may compare the Socrates of Plato with the Socrates of Xenophon, and so endeavour to distinguish what is Plato in Socrates from what is Socrates in Plato. But that is only arguing

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from one uncertainty to another, because we do not know how much of the *Memorabilia* is Socrates, and how much is Xenophon. But that Plato was not a misanthrope is one of the most absolutely certain things about him. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how such an idea can have survived the perusal, I will not say of the *Republic*, but of the *Protagoras* or the *Theætetus*, which are full of faithful portraits lovingly drawn. Why should a misanthrope draw an ideal State? Why should he give immortality and imperishable beauty to the lessons of the greatest moral teacher, with one exception, that the world has ever seen? 'If you were to persuade all men, Socrates, says Theætetus, 'of what you say, as you persuade me, there would be more peace and less evil in the world.' Such was the effect of the teaching which this misanthrope desired to perpetuate.

Professor Murray takes it upon himself to say that the Platonic *Apology* of Socrates is, 'in fact, neither a speech for a real court, nor an answer to a legal accusation, but a glorification of a great man's whole character in the face of later Athenian rumours.' For this crude statement Mr. Murray gives no grounds whatever. The antithesis is an obviously false one. There is no reason why a speech for a real court should not also be a glorification of a great man's whole character. Indeed it must have been so in the case of Socrates because his whole character was at stake. The speech is in the regular form, and when it appeared there must have been many men living who had heard it. Plato could not have attributed it to Socrates if Socrates had never said anything of the kind. Mr. Grote treats it as perfectly authentic, and argues with much force that the tone of it made conviction inevitable. The execution of Socrates was not an unmixed calamity, like the exile of Dante, the blindness of Milton, the deafness of Beethoven, the death of Keats. His career was over. His work was done. He had no desire for a longer life. His trial enabled him to sum up and to hand down a defence which was not meant so much for the jury, whom it almost equally divided, as for his disciples, for his countrymen, for future ages, for countless generations of seekers after philosophic truth. 'But it is now time for us to depart. I am to die; you are to live. Whether you or I are going the better road is unknown to every one, except to God.' It will require a greater man than Professor Murray to take those words out of the mouth of Socrates.

The New Learning mumbles the dry bones of Plato or of Herodotus. The spirit and the essence, the humour and the poetry, the mastery of character and of life, are beyond its grasp, and apparently remote from its interest. It has no reverence, because it has no insight. It seeks to banish wonder from philosophy, mystery from nature, and imagination from man. The spectator of all time and of all existence, the Platonic Socrates or the Socratic Plato, 'the

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soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come,' is to be labelled like a geological specimen and ticketed like a dead beetle. The result is naught. The analytical treatment of what defies analysis is, as the Greeks would have said, milking a he-goat or boiling a stone. To deal with Plato as you would deal with Ricardo, to cut him up into problems and sections, is a very poor substitute for healthy physical exercise. It is like searching for Christ in creeds and formulas. The search is futile. He is not there. Better leave Plato alone altogether. Better say, though it is not true, that his metaphysics are obsolete, that his language is dead, that, as John Bright thought, Mr. Jowett wasted his time in producing such good translations of so inferior an author. Then at least you will not have to account for the fact that among the 'gentlemen of the intellect' all over the world, the style, and the ideas, and the scenes and the personages of those immortal Dialogues are as clear, and as vivid, and as fascinating, and as new, as when Plato went 'where Orpheus and where Homer are.' All this the New Learning cannot understand because it breathes an Ibsene atmosphere, because it cannot see that there is nothing real except the ideal.

Of Theocritus Professor Murray is pleased to say that 'most people are conscious of a certain delighted surprise when they first make his acquaintance.' That in the style of the New Learning certain means uncertain, we have already seen. But as 'most people,' or at least most schoolboys, read the *Eclogues* of Virgil before they read the *Idylls* of Theocritus they feel about as much surprised when they come to the Greek original from which Virgil copied, as an educated traveller feels when he finds Rome built on seven hills, or Venice intersected by canals. If one were to select from all literature a typical writer of pure poetry, of poetry which does not preach, nor philosophise, nor reflect, nor exhort, but simply tells in perfect verse the old unchangeable stories of love and laughter, of tears and death, Theocritus is perhaps the best choice that could be made. He had no mission, no lesson, no moral. Except a little praise of his renowned friend Hiero, which is neither forced nor fulsome, he wrote to please himself, and he survives to delight the world. He is, as Mr. Murray does not fail to point out, the pattern of all pastoral poetry, and yet only ten of the thirty-two Idylls are strictly pastoral. He is the poet of love and of life. He is the poet also of death in the pagan sense, of the utter destruction which it meant to him. It must also be sorrowfully confessed that he condescended to dally with perverted sentiments upon which the final judgment of civilised Christendom has been delivered in the first chapter of the Romans. But the intensity of feminine passion has never been more powerfully expressed than in the Second Idyll, where Simætha endeavours by incantations to win back the love of Delphis. After the concentrated vehemence of Simætha the laments of Dido

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in Virgil and of Ariadne in Ovid seem cold and tame. In another and a gentler shape, but with equal perfection of outward form and inward grace, is the lover's address to his mistress. 'I ask not for the land of Pelops, nor for talents of gold. But under this rock will I sing, holding you in my arms, looking at the flocks feeding together towards the Sicilian sea.' With Theocritus the poetry of Greece may be said to have ripened slowly to decay. His imitators Bion and Moschus wrote much that is beautiful, and Moschus in particular is the author of the exquisite verses from which Wordsworth borrowed, in one of his noblest poems, the After-Thought to the Sonnets on the Duddon:

> Still glides the stream, and must for ever glide,
> The form remains, the function never dies,
> While we the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
> We men who in our morn of youth defied
> The elements, must vanish. Be it so.
> Enough if something from our hands have power
> To live, and act, and serve the future hour:
> And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
> Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
> We feel that we are greater than we know.

'We the brave, the mighty, and the wise,' is the

> ἄμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι, καὶ καρτεροὶ, ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες

of Moschus. After that Greek literature, save for the so-called epigrammatists of the later Anthology, practically ceases. It is a mere fragment. We cannot tell what we have lost, except, as in the case of Menander, where the Romans have more or less successfully reproduced it. But we know that from the seed of that fragment, still as fertile as the corn preserved for thousands of years in an Egyptian mummy, have sprung the choicest flowers of modern poetry. There is nothing new to be said about Greek literature. It is some time since the classics ceased to stand in need of advertisement. It is better to read them, even in translations, than to read about them. Fortunately they cannot be injured by irreverent handling and misplaced patronage.

HERBERT PAUL.

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OUR PUBLIC ART MUSEUMS:

A RETROSPECT

FIFTY years ago—I am, alas! old enough to remember it well—this country underwent a somewhat sudden awakening in the matter of museums, art galleries, art teaching and all such subjects. It began from the bottom upwards—British manufactures were in danger. It was all at once perceived that they were lacking in the graces of art, which our continental neighbours were enabled at least to impart to their scant products from centuries of assiduous culture. France was then our great and formidable rival, and social and political Paris was France, in a sense to which London offered no analogy, but in the matter of art collections and teaching Paris was incontestably far ahead of us. Paris had her vast and various Louvre and her mediæval Musée de Cluny, her admirably organised schools of design and her old-established system of *atelier* art teaching, all alike institutions to which this country could offer little or nothing analogous. Paris had finally taken the place of Rome as the Mecca of art studentship. It was, in fact, the recognised university to which every young aspirant from the other European countries deemed it indispensable to proceed. Thither went the writer of this paper in the middle of the forties, and a lifelong debt of gratitude is due from him, at least, for the infinite enlightenment he there received.

As yet the old isolation of England, its self-contained completeness, had scarcely begun to give way, railways had scarcely as yet linked us on to the great European family, our ways and continental ways were different. Arrogant and self-sufficient in our sense of innate strength, in one respect at least we had misgivings. Art, at all events, had not heretofore been a pre-eminent speciality among us. Would it ever be made to flourish in this country as it had unquestionably done in Italy and France of old? This question would perhaps never have been propounded on abstract grounds. English people, industrious and wealth-gathering, could afford, as their forbears had done, to leave the lighter graces of art, indirectly remunerative only, if indeed in any sense really necessary, to the frivolous foreigner.

We had in any case our proportion of painters, sculptors, and

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engravers; our Royal Academy with its annual exhibition; our portrait painters and our landscape and water-colour artists, nowhere else surpassed; but there our art endowments came to an end. In the thousand applications of art to industrial and decorative productions, we were hopelessly in the rear. English manufactures were indisputably, in every material sense, of unrivalled value and excellence, but as a rule they were hideous and unattractive, ugly and vulgar as they were cheap and strong. Clearly this state of things required a remedy; and when our national inferiority in this respect was, at last, brought home to the public mind, there was an instant awakening and an uprising, the like of which in art matters has not since been witnessed in England. It was the era of the great new doctrine of free trade. England was thenceforth to be the enlightener of the nations and the apostle of progress in the arts of peace; to set her own house in order, then, was obviously the first and foremost care. Cobdens, Brights and Gladstones, new expounders of new doctrines, captured the political field. The long reign of liberalism was inaugurated, and its generous aspirations, in one direction at least, were ardently shared in by the sovereign and her consort. History will not fail to raise even a higher monument to the memory of Prince Albert than has as yet enshrined his name. It will record in juster and more glowing words the timely and most various service rendered to art in this country—at no period, indeed, of his brief career on earth, more earnestly or more usefully than at the moment he was taken from us. Nor will it fail to add one more wreath to the fame of his august consort, among whose infinite occupations fostering care for those art interests and undertakings, inaugurated in earlier happy days, have had no intermission or diminution.

At this time, the middle of the century, England was unquestionably poorer than any of her chief continental neighbours in the matter of public museums and art galleries. Except in the metropolis, there was literally scarcely a single public art collection of any special note or importance in the land. The country was, indeed, rich in works of art, richer perhaps than any other, but these treasures were the possessions of private individuals, scattered broadcast in a thousand palaces and town and country houses, for the most part hidden treasures, often unappreciated by their possessors even, and but casually revealed to the world at large. A record of these works, unique in its way, very imperfect and often unreliable, yet still most valuable, exists in Dr. Waagen's well-known work. This was an attempt at a systematic visitation of all the known art collections extant at the time (1840–50) in England. It probably did not comprise a tithe even of the pictures and other notable works of art then in private hands in the country, yet the list is voluminous, and rich beyond compare. An analysis of it at the present time will disclose two striking facts—one, that the half-century which has since elapsed has seen the dispersion

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of a very large proportion of these works; and the other, that comparatively very few of the most renowned treasures have enriched our national collections, while by far the greater part have found their way to other countries.

The universal exhibition of 1851 was the outcrop and symbol of free trade doctrines and modern social progress. It was to be their seal and climax—wealth henceforth was to flow in new channels, heedless though the flow left bare or displaced things venerable, beautiful, or more truly estimable. It was the apotheosis of commerce and the shopkeeper. The aristocratic and cultured classes had comparatively little sympathy with the great exhibition, and had little or nothing to do with it. Virtually it was a movement mainly confined to one political party in the state, and which the other regarded with suspicion if not dislike. The actual movers in the enterprise were mostly unknown men credited with interested motives, while the eminent ability which more than one of them possessed was as yet unrecognised. The Prince Consort alone, enlightened and unprejudiced, out of the seemingly dubious enterprise could have secured for the 1851 exhibition and its subsequent developments that measure of success which, in spite of all drawbacks, has unquestionably had a great and enduring influence on the arts and industry of this country. The principal outcome of the great exhibition of 1851 may be indicated in a word—South Kensington. The fleeting pageant now but a dream of the past, soon to be rivalled and in the end infinitely outdistanced in every chief European country, and even in the newer world across the Atlantic, in a sense fixed itself and became an enduring reality and a national force amid the nursery grounds and tree-shaded lanes of the old suburb. Oliver Cromwell's country mansion, with its surrounding elms, was perhaps the earliest standing structure utilised in the new settlement, and its old brick-built walls are not yet entirely swept away. The commissioners of the universal exhibition of 1851 formed undoubtedly a strong and able body; probably no more complete representative commission could have been got together, but the work before it was of the vaguest kind, and it might easily have ended in a confused medley of competing projects, resulting in failure and discredit to the entire movement. From that danger the clear views and unbiassed aims of the Prince Consort, in great measure, delivered the body over which he fortunately elected to preside. One definite leaning and proclivity the Prince had always in view—the interests of art—and that in a wider and more catholic sense, and from juster standpoints, than perhaps any Englishman of power to direct could have exercised.

Besides the very considerable pecuniary surplus which resulted from the enterprise, the commissioners found themselves the owners of a considerable mass of miscellaneous productions of art and

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manufacture, presented to them by the exhibitors at the close of the exhibition. As there was both money in hand and illustrative matter, such as it was, the idea of the formation of a permanent national museum naturally presented itself, and that its reason of being should be from the point of view of industrial art was as obviously indicated by the acknowledged national inferiority in that respect. The creation of a national museum of industrial art was therefore decreed. The enterprise was sanctioned and adopted by the Government of the country, and it was put under the direction of the Board of Trade, which department had already presided for several years over the schools of design established in the metropolis and a certain number of the principal manufacturing centres.

These institutions, it may be here noted, had had a somewhat perplexed and stormy existence, rather in respect of their central direction than of their local development, which, indeed, had progressed satisfactorily and had already achieved excellent results. The institution was managed, under the Board of Trade, by a body of trustees consisting of gentlemen of position, mostly art amateurs, and betwixt them and the unlucky artists to whom the practical formation of a national curriculum of art teaching and its adaptation to the needs and requirements of special industries and districts were entrusted, there were endless and hopeless divergencies of view and consequent friction.

For some time previous to the exhibition of 1851, a campaign had been organised in the press and the House of Commons against this body, and one of its most pertinacious antagonists was a personage soon to become the strongest and most conspicuous leader in a new order of things in matters of industrial art. Henry Cole, afterwards Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B., first known under his literary pseudonym of Felix Summerly, was the most determined antagonist of this governing body and its works. Sir Henry Cole's views, it is true, in matters of industrial art teaching and design at this period were scarcely less vague and Utopian than those of the trustees and their abettors, and the body of beneficed art teachers throughout the country, upon whom really fell the practical work of improving the status of design in art manufacture if it was to be done, had little confidence in the new Felix Summerly doctrines. The main article of that faith was that 'ornamental design' could be practically taught *ab initio*, even to the crudest untrained aspirant as yet scarcely able to put a straight line on paper. But Felix Summerly the doctrinaire art agitator and Henry Cole the Commissioner of the 1851 exhibition were different personages, and the early doctrines which had served their purpose of attack were soon laid aside when found to be untenable and inapplicable in practice. It is due to the memory of the remarkable man in question to state the writer's

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opinion that after the Prince Consort by far the ablest among the organisers and directors of the 1851 exhibition and its resultant development was Sir Henry Cole. The chief result of this man's life work is now under revision, but, whatever may be the ultimate issue of the parliamentary inquiry into the South Kensington Museum now in progress, it cannot fail to shed a striking light on the energy, tenacity of purpose, and infinite resource which carried through, amid the bitterest opposition, the various developments and enterprises, which for good or ill have been established in and around that institution.

It is time now to pass briefly in review the main features of the older and more august institution which existed in the metropolis before South Kensington—the British Museum.

If South Kensington may be taken to represent modern progression in this field, irregular and uncertain, yet vigorous and life-inspiring, the British Museum fitly typifies the solid, majestic, reposeful conservatism of this country.

Both these institutions have grown up fortuitously. They have been in a sense spontaneous, almost unguided, developments of the national tendencies of their respective times. Both are entitled to a national respect which should forbid other than the most cautious and well-considered changes and dislocations of their respective conditions; but it is equally obvious that progressive reforms and readjustments are as needful to them as to all other of the infinite matters in the general polity of the kingdom.

The British Museum owed its origin, about the middle of the last century, to the miscellaneous gatherings of a private individual, and was naturally more or less influenced by the special predilections of its collector.

Sir Hans Sloane, the fashionable physician of his day, had at all events no especial leaning towards art in any shape. Things rare and curious, antique or otherwise interesting, rather than appreciation of the beautiful, had presided over this gathering; and it may be said that, amid the enormous development of the institution, substantially the same intention has mainly prevailed down to the present time.

The British Museum, then, has never been specially regarded as an art museum or gallery, although, doubtless, in the infinite abundance of its treasures, incomparable masterpieces of art have a prominent place. It had, therefore, no especial art or industrial mission at the time of the great exhibition of 1851, and it took no part in the extension of art teaching through the agency of provincial museums and galleries, which in a short time, nevertheless, became a recognised duty of the state.

When this agency assumed the ultimate form of the Science and Art Department, it might be supposed that the British Museum would

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have been required to co-operate in its work, and to some extent be brought under its influence.

The innate conservative strength of the old-established institution, however, enabled it to hold its own, on its traditional high level, as a distinct and separate establishment. No serious attempt has since been made to alter its status, and although on the other hand more than one overture has been made to the British Museum to take over the governance and management of the more modern institution, it has displayed an equal reluctance to take upon itself the onus of responsibility which would accrue, and which must in time have profoundly modified and extended its own status and mission.

A brief notice of the nature of the collections of the British and South Kensington Museums respectively seems now requisite to the further expansion of my argument.

It was natural that the collections of the British Museum should constitute a faithful reflex of the range of culture and the special predilections which have prevailed at the particular periods of their being gathered together; but in this inevitable result there was a narrowing tendency. Some categories became highly and assiduously developed, either from accident or personal predilection, or because the taste of the period had given them especial weight and popularity, while others, perhaps of equal intrinsic value, were entirely ignored. In short, a somewhat arbitrary and limited range and field of acquisition has, as a general rule, characterised the British Museum economy, and the illogical results are, in many respects, still evident.

The paramount dominion of the ancient Greek and Roman literature and arts, in the last and earlier part of the present century, gave perhaps an undue bias and colouring to everything at the British Museum. In respect to art, the bias had undoubtedly a restrictive influence. Antiquity, not art, was the chief ground of reverence—at all events, the two by no means synchronous qualities became confounded together, perhaps to the disadvantage of both. There were, however, some remarkable exceptions to this rule. While sculpture, exclusively in the antique section, was prominently represented and assiduously developed at the British Museum, painting, for nearly a century before the foundation of the National Gallery, was entirely ignored. But here again there was a curious anomaly. The studies and drawings of the great masters, entirely analogous and relevant to that art, had been extensively collected, and the art of engraving, again, had been most completely illustrated. The origin and reasons for these exceptions are obvious and interesting; they were due to the prevalence of a special taste or fashion in connoisseurship and collecting in these specialities which had taken root in this country, originated as far back as the early years of the seventeenth century, mainly by the royal amateur King Charles the First, and the Earl of Arundel.

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That no attempt was ever made at the British Museum to collect pictures, during the period when the country possessed no national collection of such works, was doubtless partly owing to the fact that there was never any wall space capable of being made available for their housing and display, but perhaps even more to the fact that, as time had blotted out all the evidences of the art of classical antiquity in that branch, the art of painting was tacitly considered of less importance than the sister art of sculpture, of which the admirable monuments were still in evidence.

Pictures, in fact, products exclusively of the modern world, were regarded by the classic purists rather as decorative furniture than as objects of the highest connoisseurship. During the last fifty or sixty years, however, this narrowness of view has been in great measure remedied. Archaic appreciation has in turn invaded this sphere; perhaps even the worm-eaten panels and faded canvases of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have attained undue consideration, to the detriment of the more intrinsically excellent productions of more recent times and schools of art.

It is impossible in such a fertile and tangled field as this to avoid digression and occasional divergence; my object, however, being a practical one—that of the amelioration of our national polity in the matter of museums and art galleries, a momentary reversion from the abstract and theoretic to that of the actual and feasible status will be pardoned me. Now that the much needed extension of the National Gallery buildings by the removal of the Trafalgar Square barracks seems to have become a near possibility, the desirability of the transference of the prints and drawings from the British Museum to the National Gallery seems to be naturally indicated. These collections are entirely distinct from the rest of the museum gatherings, the institution therefore would not be weakened by their removal, while the space they at present occupy could doubtless be advantageously filled by other classes of objects directly relevant to those of the great body of the museum collections.

The British Museum was from the first, in a sense, overshadowed by two great branches of its organisation, and this from fortuitous causes only, for it is certain that if any definite, far-seeing scheme had ever been mooted in the early days of development, the national library and the natural history collections would not have been associated together under the same roof with the collections of the so-called department of antiquities and the prints and drawings. The anomaly has, however, in the one case, that of the natural history collections, been happily remedied by their removal to South Kensington. As regards the continuance of the library at the museum, it is true that there is no such incongruity in its juxtaposition with the museum collections proper as to call for its severance from them. Possibly future exigencies of space for the

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inevitably vast extension of the library may ultimately determine the question of its permanent location. Should, however, any thorough revision or concentration of the art, antiquarian, and ethnological collections of the nation, such as might be necessary if the vast collection at South Kensington were to be brought under the jurisdiction of the British Museum or of any authority established to regulate and control both institutions, take place, probably one of the chief questions of the many and involved issues which would arise would be whether the national library or the Museum collections should be regarded as the ultimate exclusive tenants of the Bloomsbury site.

These considerations, however, need not be dwelt upon at present, further than to add that they indicate a coming necessity in the near future for well-considered definite arrangements with a view to logical order and finality in the distribution and separate housing and administration of collections, and especially so before any costly new building schemes are entered upon, either at South Kensington, Bloomsbury, or Trafalgar Square.

At the time of the foundation of the South Kensington Museum, then, the British Museum possessed rich and important collections in the categories of classical art and antiquities, but, with the exception of the collections of prints and drawings, its jurisdiction in the matter of art seemed to have ended. With the infinite and most admirable art productions of the mediæval, renaissance, and more recent epochs it had virtually no concern. Such things were literally deemed to be not within its scheme of collecting.

With the middle of this century the time, however, arrived when there arose a strong tendency of appreciation in the direction of those specialities.

The doctrinal revulsion of the Oxford movement went *pari passu* with that of the revival of Gothic architecture, manifested first and foremost in this country, where, more than in any other, it continues to hold sway. This movement had an undoubted influence on art and connoisseurship in England. To its influence may be mainly referred the appearance of the pre-Raphaelite school of painting, which again was stimulated by the importation into the National Gallery of the early Italian devotional pictures, the saintly panels and canvases of mediæval Florence, Milan, and Venice gathered for us at the time by Sir Charles Eastlake, to whose memory and services, be it said in passing, the nation has not yet rendered any adequate tribute.

There had, however, amid the all-pervading cold, correct, and exclusive classicism of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, been yet a few instances of exception from its somewhat numbing influence. Horace Walpole and Sir Andrew Fountaine in the last century, the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, Beckford, Ralph Bernal and Hollingworth Magniac in the first half of the present century, were pioneers in a new direction. The romantic school in

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literature had entranced the world in the works of Scott and Byron, while the 'Castle of Otranto' and Strawberry Hill Gothic had made their appearance a full half-century earlier. In England then mainly arose the perception that the long centuries which followed the collapse of the antique culture had, in turn, endowed mankind with a thousand developments, whose monuments, still more or less intact, were not less admirable, while infinitely more various, than the scant vestiges of the master works of classic antiquity. France had taken the first step in the foundation of a public museum of mediæval and renaissance works of art, but it had been an isolated step, and had evoked no immediate sequel. The gatherings of Du Sommerard had scarcely been at all augmented since their first installation in their picturesque lodgment in the Hôtel de Cluny, and the real value and influence of that collection were perhaps felt and appreciated in this country more strongly than in its own. Soon, indeed, it was destined to be completely overshadowed and outdistanced on this side of the Channel.

This, however, brings me to a time when it would be difficult to take note of ensuing events and undertakings in an impersonal manner. Perhaps the actual movers in matters which in their degree have become historical are not the best qualified to form the justest estimate of the real value of the occurrences and developments which they mainly influenced or directed. They, at all events, however, know and can reveal the most as to the springs of action, the eddies of movement and contemporary opinion, and the motives and doings of those with whom they co-operated at the time. It would, then, be affectation in me to sink in mere generalities those references to my own doings in this field, which are necessary to a proper understanding and recital of the subject in question.

On two young men, then, just beginning their career in the service of the state, devolved the chief work of the national recognition, through the public museums of the country, of the world's monuments of mediæval and more recent art.

Seldom in any department of the public service has the state ever had the advantage of a lifelong service of greater efficiency, and nobler, more unselfish devotion, than from the eminent man who has within the last few months been taken from us. Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks commenced his work at the British Museum immediately at the close of his public school and university career. Destined to succeed to an ample fortune, when it accrued to him it made no alteration in the fixed and settled tenor of his life, other than the enabling him from his own private means to largely supplement the hardly wrung doles accorded by a reluctant and incredulous legislature for the special work he had in hand. Sir Wollaston Franks' gifts to the nation, splendid as they have been, were above all important, inasmuch as they were the immediate cause of other

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donations and bequests of the most apposite kind and timely occurrence.

To Sir Wollaston Franks is exclusively due the formation of the admirable collections at the British Museum illustrative of the arts, dating from the new birth of civilisation under the Christian dispensation. Nor was this all: the formation of the vast and wonderful gatherings, illustrative of the lives and works of primitive man and the modern semi-civilised peoples, were also mainly the work of that all-accomplished and most industrious man. Briefly it may be said that Sir Wollaston Franks gave new life to the British Museum, and a breadth and universality of range which, although widely advocated and desired, had seemed before his time to be unattainable.

How far the new forces which the 1851 exhibition brought into play in the matter of museums might have interfered with or modified Sir Wollaston Franks' views and proceedings, had he taken part in that undertaking, it is difficult and indeed needless to estimate, for neither he nor any of the members of the governing body nor the executive staff of the British Museum had been connected with it; and the extension of Museum influence and teaching, beyond its own metropolitan sphere of action, was in no way contemplated at the Bloomsbury establishment. It will, however, be interesting to note the nature of the passive understanding and limited co-operation which circumstances soon gave rise to between the old-established institution, fenced round as it had previously been by somewhat narrow and impeding barriers, and the newly created museum at South Kensington. The writer of this paper is best able to throw light on these relations, inasmuch as it mainly fell within his province to co-operate and establish them on the one side, as it had become that of Sir Wollaston Franks on the other.

With a natural and irresistible vocation for art, the writer commenced his professional training as an architect at the beginning of the forties, the period of the appearance on the scene of Pugin, the Cambridge Camden Society, and the Oxford High Church movement. A romantic halo then encircled every ancient village church, abbey, and cathedral throughout the land. In every county enthusiastic young men noted, drew, and measured every Gothic structure, every detail which churchwardens and restoring architects had as yet left unscathed.

The old world was, perhaps, in more romantic dress even than in the actual centuries of mediævalism, in aspect more picturesque and venerable even in decay than in the full glory of original completeness. Photography and mechanical illustration had not yet made all things common and familiar. The ancient cities of Europe were not as yet rebuilt and modernised, in that there was everywhere an infinite picturesqueness and a wealth of unaltered detail, much of which has

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since entirely vanished, and more still become debased and robbed of its pristine charm.

Landscape art, again, in England, through the admirable works of the early water-colourists, Turner, Cotman, Bonington and Prout, had linked itself with mediævalism through their illustrations of its crumbling monuments.

There were, in fact, ardent devotees of this mingled but genuine and engrossing art current long before the transcendental paradox of Ruskinism and the later revivalists had rendered it common and fashionable. The precise lines of the writer's art vocation were at that time undecided; his sympathies and artistic pursuits were so mixed and various, that it was hard to choose betwixt many entrancing paths. The friends, however, who had noted and encouraged his early efforts decided for him. The versatile efforts needed the regulating and maturing influence of methodic study and training. Paris, with its ateliers, academies, and museums, was the paramount school, and there the writer received the various enlightenment which no other source could then have afforded. On his return to England, accident at the outset of his practice as a painter threw him into connection with the directors of the newly created Government schools of design, and the offer of a mastership being accepted by him, a practical direction was, perhaps fortunately, given to aspirations wider and more various than usual, which might otherwise, perchance, have confused and sterilised each other.

By singular good fortune the Staffordshire potteries was the district and Hanley the school to which he was sent. There, perhaps alone in England, existed already industrial art traditions, of real note and value, bequeathed by Wedgwood and Flaxman well nigh a century earlier, while in Herbert Minton their mantle had fallen upon a not less worthy successor.

Five years' work in the potteries, seconded and supported by that really eminent industrialist and the able foreign artists whom he had brought around him, had sufficed to give notable prominence to the Hanley school and corresponding recognition to the writer. When after the 1851 exhibition the administration of the schools of design was transferred to the Board of Trade and practically handed over to the lead and governance of the arch-antagonist of the old trustees, the 'Felix Summerly' of former days, the success of the potteries school seemed to indicate the writer as the fittest person to assist in the new developments to be worked out at the directive centre, and he was accordingly called up to the metropolis. His first occupation was to get into shape a system of teaching drawing in the ordinary educational establishments of the country, and his work in London commenced in 1852. That particular occupation, however, was not of long continuance, and another and more congenial mission opened itself out. It is now time to take note of the vague and first begin-

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nings of the establishment which has ultimately assumed so vast and various a status at South Kensington.

A small nucleus of miscellaneous art objects had been got together at Somerset House by the managers of the old school of design, but the Government having recently acquired Marlborough House with a view to its ultimate occupation by the Prince of Wales, and as there were still some years before that occupation would become requisite, it was decided to make it for a time the headquarters of the new art department. There at first commenced the multifarious ministrations of the 'Department of Practical Art,' as it was styled in the beginning. When and why the high-sounding title of 'Department of Science and Art' was afterwards assumed need not now be detailed. There was, at all events, practical work enough cut out for the new establishment, and room enough in the beginning for the public exposition of certain of its activities. One of the first cares was the housing of the mass of miscellaneous quasi-art products left upon the hands of the commissioners of the 1851 exhibition. These, added to the gatherings before alluded to, were then removed to Marlborough House, and the advent of a new national museum was the result.

For the putting into form and order of this motley gathering a curator was needed, and the services of the writer, whose views upon our national art teaching and the shortcomings of collections had been already made known, were transferred to the new post.

There was, in truth, little of abiding value in the 1851 exhibition residuum, and the first efforts of the new curator were to suppress and eliminate a large proportion of it. Obviously the improvement of public taste and the enlightenment of industrial artists could not be effected by the continued exposition of the average art products of the day.

It was soon perceived that not the doubtful and fluctuating styles and art motives of the passing hour, but the acknowledged canons and masterpieces of all times should be brought again to the cognisance of an age which had lost sight of and forgotten them.

At this period, to all but a few enthusiastic and wealthy amateurs and collectors, or to the old aristocracy of the land in whom cultivated tastes were more or less hereditary, with the exception of a few specialities, the thousand art products which long centuries had produced in such infinite variety and profusion were literally a blank.

The world's art for the average Englishman was summed up in the pictures of the old and modern masters, and the Greek and Roman statues, vases, coins and gems of the British Museum, and the engravings he hung upon his walls or gazed upon in the shop windows of the metropolis. These constituted the so-called 'high art' of the world, and all else, being unknown, was deemed inferior and of no consequence.

There was thus a vast and various work to be accomplished. It

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would be too long to relate the successive steps in the enlightening process by which the governing powers and the active agents in the 1851 undertaking were brought to understand and concur in the wider projects in view. Here again to the Prince Consort is in high measure due the influence which not only smoothed away obstacles but lent active and invaluable co-operation in the work. By his example and assistance mainly, practical steps of the highest value were enabled to be taken by the newly founded establishment.

In the royal palaces the Crown possessed an incomparable series of art treasures, but quite unknown to the artist or the manufacturer. The most admirable masterpieces of the ceramic art, the goldsmith's and metal-chaser's and cabinet-maker's work in the world were to be found in the saloons and corridors of Windsor and Buckingham Palaces. These without stint were put at the service of the new museum, and removed on temporary loan to its galleries. The loan system was in this way first established, and its after-development at South Kensington, although not an unalloyed success, has been a great and undoubted boon to this country. Successive loan-exhibitions were held at Marlborough House and at Gore House, Kensington, which latter structure had formed part of the Kensington estate purchased by the 1851 commissioners. These collections consisted of the finest old Sèvres and Oriental porcelain, decorative furniture, tapestry, &c., from the royal palaces. Nor was this all; the bringing such inspiring examples home to the industrial artists and manufacturers of the provincial centres had already been a desideratum with the writer and those with whom he had worked, and in his own locality practical steps to obtain such assistance had been taken, from which direct and not unimportant results had indeed followed.[1]

[1] One of the most successful efforts of the Minton Pottery establishment in Staffordshire had been the revival, or rather the adaptation, of the style and processes of the ancient Italian Majolica wares, and the products of the establishment in that speciality had been among the most novel and successful art manufactures contributed to the 1851 exhibition. This new departure was brought about on the suggestion and by the agency of the writer in 1849, during his tenure of office at the Hanley school of design. Before his appointment to the Staffordshire potteries the Italian Majolica wares were entirely unknown and unheard of there, in all probability; in fact, no single specimen had ever made its way to the district.

Among the gatherings at Somerset House, however, were a few specimens of Majolica wares which had been acquired by Mr. Charles Heath Wilson, the then director of the schools of design. These at the writer's request were sent down to the Hanley school, and supplemented by a few specimens obtained by the writer from friends.

It is due to the memory of Mr. Heath Wilson to record that practical assistance of this kind to provincial art institutions had been already warmly advocated by him, and would doubtless have been put in operation in some shape or other, but for the contradictory and obstructive proceedings of the amateur council which caused his retirement from office a year or two previous to the reorganisation of the schools of design administration. With those typical specimens in hand, and with the co-operation of a local patron and supporter of the potteries schools of design, the late Sir Smith Child, Bart., for many years Member of Parliament for North Staffordshire

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When Sir Henry Cole, then Mr. Cole, succeeded to the direction of affairs, he was not slow to perceive the importance of the bringing home to the manufacturing centres, through the agency of their local schools of art, specimens of fine works of art or of good reproductions of them, and the system of loans to provincial institutions, which has since been put in practice with more or less success at South Kensington, was soon inaugurated.

It became, thereupon, the province of the writer to organise and put that system into operation. Two salient facts now became evident alike to the managers of the new art administration and to the public who visited the new museum with rapidly increasing interest and curiosity—namely, that the 1851 exhibition gatherings and the results in evidence of certain doctrinaire undertakings of Sir Henry Cole during his Felix Summerly period, intended for the direct enlightenment of the public in respect of good and bad taste in industrial design, were valueless, while the admirable works lent by the Crown and other possessors of similar treasures, who, following the example of the Queen and the Prince Consort, had already freely responded to the applications made to them for the loan of their choicest treasures, were on the contrary of the highest interest and value. Their obvious intrinsic importance had, moreover, the additional zest of novelty. To the great mass of the public, the ancient Majolica of Italy, the wares of Bernard Palissy, the splendid porcelain of Sèvres, China, and Japan, the enamel of Limoges, the ancient glass wares of Venice, Italian bronzes, the ornamental porcelain of France, and the florid yet masterly *ormoulu*-chasing, the masterpieces of Boule and Caffieri, were hitherto unknown treasures. These and a hundred other kindred classes of art work had in fact been literally, as it were, a sealed book to the British public in general. It was, then, the opening of a new chapter and in the fullest sense a revelation.

Sir Henry Cole's initial endeavours to enlighten the public by the bringing together for comparison specimens of contemporary art manufactures, deemed to be illustrative respectively of good or bad art principles and taste, had already caused no little commotion among the designers and actual producers of the wares in question, who, as was natural, in many cases, did not approve of this method of art education at their expense. The public, however, speedily settled the matter by casting ridicule on the theory and its illustrations. The room devoted to the exhibition of these specimens was christened 'the Chamber of Horrors,' and in a short time the collection was discreetly dismantled and the theory itself received its death-blow.

a competition for the production of designs and models of wares in the style of the Majolica was arranged in the spring of 1849 betwixt the two schools of Hanley and Stoke. A liberal prize fund was contributed by Sir Smith Child, and the result was a marked and encouraging success. The Minton Majolica ware was the direct result of this initial undertaking.

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There were, however, a virgin soil and unusual capabilities for new growth at this time. Gradually more reasonable views and counsels made their way. The writer had from the beginning a clear and fixed intention in view: it was the logical continuance of the national gatherings, in the industrial and decorative art categories, onwards from the point where the British Museum had ceased to represent them. With this end in view it was obvious that the new museum should not in any way concern itself with antique Greek and Roman art, which should continue to be the exclusive province of the Bloomsbury establishment.[2]

The next step in the development of the new museum was its removal to South Kensington. It had not been an easy matter to extract from a suspicious and almost hostile legislature the modest amounts which had so far sufficed for the needs of the new establishment, but the purveyance of new premises was a more serious matter. The site was marked out, it was immediately available, and it would cost the nation nothing. The newly purchased estate at South Kensington, the property of the 1851 commissioners, was naturally selected, after some demur on the ground of its distance from the centre of London.

Thenceforth came into play the especial genius of Henry Cole, his infinite readiness and resource. The ambitious projects of the man were, however, kept in check by a far-seeing sagacity not the less remarkable, and the temporary buildings, forthwith profanely christened the 'Brompton boilers,' erected for a few thousand pounds only, all that could be wrung from an unwilling Treasury, were gratefully accepted, but with the full understanding as a first step only in a continuous and, it might be, all the more costly course of further development.

This original false economy was, indeed, followed by evil consequences, which have more or less embarrassed and vitiated the springs and enterprises of South Kensington ever since; for when once the museum was planted on an abiding site it was felt that it

[2] The writer expected that sooner or later the British Museum would follow the lead of South Kensington in the direction of the circulation to provincial institutions of such of its treasures in the categories of antique classical art as could properly be displaced or reproduced, and that for this and other reasons it would be obviously inexpedient that the South Kensington administration should in any way concern itself with the 'antique' category.

During his tenure of office at South Kensington he did all in his power to discourage and prevent any competition with the British Museum in those sections. Under Lord Sherbrooke's administration as Vice-President of Council, however, his lordship's classical proclivities caused for a time the diversion of portions of the annual pecuniary grants from their legitimate purpose to that of the acquisition of mediocre and ill-chosen specimens in the antique sections. Later on, under Lord Spencer's administration, the formation of the collection of plaster casts of antique sculpture was another ill-advised sporadic measure of the same kind. Obviously, if such a collection was really required in the public interest, it was at the British Museum, and not at South Kensington, that it should have been carried out.

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should even purposely be made to expand and outgrow its shell as rapidly as possible.

Want of space thereupon soon furnished a standing plea for continually increasing demands on the public purse. Thus was inaugurated a penny-wise and pound-foolish system of reluctant dole on the one hand and temporary expedient on the other, destined to perpetuate confusion and to be infinitely costly in its ultimate development. The recent agitation for the erection of a new museum in place of the rambling and unsafe congeries of courts, 'cloisters,' and sheds, which have so strangely grown up at South Kensington, has put this matter in the strongest light. It has had the unwelcome result, to its movers, of the appointment of the legislative commission now sitting, with a tangled story to unravel, the ultimate consequences of which no man can yet foresee. Outlying and more or less incongruous collections were eagerly sought for, and as soon as possible assimilated in an illogical and bewildering manner. The miscellaneous odds and ends of the Great Exhibition, including a curious so-called 'food collection,' illustrative of the chemistry of alimentation, some thousands of plaster casts of mediæval sculpture forming the stock of the Architectural Museum Association, together with the vast accumulation of casts got together by Barry and Pugin as models for the details of the new Houses of Parliament, are some of the acquisitions at first hoarded up under the sheet-iron roofing and skylights of the 'boilers.' To this primitive structure brick and iron galleries, courts, cloisters, and quadrangles were yearly added on without any general plan or ultimate scheme, as gifts and bequests poured in, for little or nothing was refused at South Kensington. The acceptance of the gift of the Sheepshanks collection of modern pictures and drawings, followed by other donations and bequests of a similar nature, again gave a new direction to South Kensington energies, and a rival national gallery was in effect installed side by side with the plaster casts and the food products. Other instalments of modern industrial art objects were obtained by purchase from successive Paris exhibitions, and a so-called 'educational museum,' in which desks and forms, gymnastic apparatus and school books, were the entertaining 'exhibits,' was invented and foisted on the establishment by some one of the numerous officious advisers who from time to time have obtained partial recognition of their crude schemes. Soon, however, the legitimate art gatherings of the museum, directly under the writer's care and purveyance, took the lead, and visibly emerged from the motley medley chaos.

Two important events occurred about this time, the Bernal sale (1855) and the acquisition of the Soulages collection of mediæval and renaissance works of art (1856). The Soulages collection had been formed mainly in Italy by a French amateur and collector

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living at Toulouse; it was a timely and important acquisition, containing many unique specimens of the Italian fifteenth and sixteenth century periods, notably in the class of the Majolica wares, bronzes, and wood carving. The Bernal sale added a still more important instalment to the growing stock.

The funds for both these acquisitions, fractions only of the amounts which would be necessary for such purchases at the present time, had nevertheless been wrung from the Treasury authorities of the day with the utmost difficulty, and in the case of the Bernal sale the concession was attended with conditions which had a bearing on subsequent developments of which it will be necessary to take note.

Great efforts were at first made to bring about the purchase of the Bernal collection in its entirety, and it was offered to the nation at a price several thousand pounds less than it ultimately realised at the auction. Finally a sum of 24,000*l.* was granted by the Treasury for purchasing at the sale, and the amount proved quite sufficient for the acquisition of all the specimens of real importance. The collection contained specimens, coveted by the authorities of the British Museum, as well as of South Kensington, and in the end the Government decided that the grant should be equally shared by the two establishments. This decision, little considered at the time, and indeed almost accidentally taken, was nevertheless the origin and starting point of a needless and embarrassing dualism, which, strengthened and concreted as it has been by more than forty years of separate action, has given rise to one of the most difficult problems now pressing for solution in the entire museum question.

By the fact of this division of the Bernal Grant the state virtually committed itself to the formation of two concurrent new undertakings of the same character, collections destined to be separately housed and developed, with little co-operation betwixt the managers of the separate establishments, if not indeed with tacit rivalry betwixt them.

Thenceforth there was to be a national collection of mediæval, renaissance, and more recent art objects at South Kensington, and another of the same kind at the British Museum. The question now presenting itself is, whether this dualism is to continue, or whether these collections are to be brought together and amalgamated, or, if not, separately apportioned and housed upon some definite logical plan.

The Bernal sale was an epoch-making occurrence; no such extensive and comprehensive gathering of its kind probably had ever before been formed and dispersed again in England. Although perhaps the Strawberry Hill, Stowe, and Beckford collections had contained many specimens of greater intrinsic importance, the range of the collection and the average value of the Bernal specimens were certainly greater.

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The control of this fund, *i.e.* the selection of the works of art to be acquired for the nation and their purchase at the sale, was committed to the writer, acting for South Kensington, and to Sir Wollaston Franks, then Mr. Franks, for the British Museum.

There was a cordial and perfect understanding between these officials. The selections were made in common on the understanding that specimens seeming to be mainly important from an antiquarian point of view should go to the British Museum, while those in which the art element predominated should be adjudged to South Kensington. This was the commencement of a tacit co-operation which was afterwards continued in the most complete and cordial manner for many years, down, in fact, to the period of the writer's resignation of office in 1869. A curious episode of this sale may be noted here. The Treasury had required that lists of all the specimens determined to be purchased by the respective institutions should be furnished to it, with the price proposed to be paid at the sale for each specimen.

Obviously, however, the estimated prices would be subject to great fluctuations and inversions of amount at the auction, from the competition and caprices of other buyers.

This rule was, of course, strongly objected to, and the inevitable consequence of strict adherence to it pointed out; but the Treasury, nevertheless, insisted on the estimated prices furnished to them being adhered to in every instance, notwithstanding that the obvious effect would be that many specimens would sell for sums greatly below the estimated amount, while others might in the same measure exceed them, and thus although the sum granted would be really sufficient to secure all the lots, the museums would in the end probably only secure about one-half of the objects noted. Not improbably this was the result actually desired by the astute yet short-sighted economist at the Treasury who had suggested the obnoxious stipulation.

By some oversight or other it appeared that the hampering stipulation had not been officially made to the Trustees of the British Museum, while it had been formally communicated to the South Kensington authorities; consequently its application would have tied the writer's hands while it left his colleague free. This was a situation not to be endured, and the writer forthwith took upon himself the responsibility of disregarding the rule in question, with the result that literally every lot marked was acquired, while there was a considerable unexpended balance to return to the Treasury at the end of the sale.

This tacit rebellion, it should be said, was condoned and approved by the official chiefs when during the progress of the sale it was communicated to them. The British public in the meantime were scandalised by what they considered the enormous prices being paid for mere curiosities.

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This was the first time, for instance, that the Italian Majolica ware, soon to become one of the most popular and keenly contested categories in a new field of connoisseurship, came notably to the front. There was in the Bernal collection one specially notable specimen, intrinsically one of the most perfect and beautiful works of its kind, and to which, moreover, a legendary interest attached. This was the well-known piece on which the admirably painted subject represents a richly dressed artist painting on a Majolica plate the portrait of a lady, who sits before him. This had been popularly supposed to be the work of Raphael, and to represent himself and his mistress 'La Fornarina.'

The writer had put the then unheard of sum of 100*l.* as the limit of estimated price for this specimen, deeming it most unlikely that such an amount would be surpassed at the auction; it was, however, run up to 120*l.*, at which sum, he being resolved to acquire it for the museum whatever it might cost, it was adjudged to the agent bidding for South Kensington.

There was an immediate outcry in the press at this supposed flagrant outlay of public money on what was considered then *mere bric-à-brac*, but it is no exaggeration to say that the specimen at the present time, if brought to the hammer in London, would realise at least twenty times the amount then paid for it.

The progress of the South Kensington Museum was considerably assisted in particular by the purveyance of loans of fine works of art by a private association of amateurs of art founded shortly after its installation in its new quarters. The Fine Arts Club, not less from the influence it exercised at that time, than from its ultimate development as a permanent exhibiting institution, deserves notice in any record of the art progress of our own day in England.[3]

[3] This society was founded in 1856 on the writer's initiation, and he was its honorary secretary and manager during the seventeen or eighteen years of its separate existence. It was organised mainly by the co-operation of the Marquis d'Azeglio, Sardinian (afterwards Italian) Minister in England, and Baron Marochetti, the eminent sculptor, both of whom were enthusiastic amateurs and collectors of mediæval and renaissance works of art. The members, limited to two hundred in number, soon comprised almost every connoisseur of note in the country, and a large proportion of the leading members of the highest London society.

The club had no fixed locale, but by permission of the lords of the Committee of Council the writer was allowed to make the museum to a certain extent its headquarters. The object and sole action of the society was the organisation of temporary monthly gatherings of fine works of art, the property of the members, and their exhibition at soirées held at their houses during the London season. Collections of the highest value and importance were in this way got together, and the objects after the single evening exhibitions, were frequently transferred on loan to the museum, by which the loan system was notably promoted. The receptions were frequently of the most elaborate and costly character, and the members giving the entertainments having the privilege of inviting their own private friends, in addition to the members of the club, they soon became leading events of the London season. Among the many members who at various times received the club were the Duc d'Aumale at Orleans House, Mr. Gladstone at Carlton House

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The organisation of the Fine Arts Club furnished the principal means for the successful carrying out of a notable enterprise of the South Kensington administration next to be noticed. This was the loan exhibition of works of ancient, *i.e.* mediæval, renaissance, and more recent decorative art, established at the museum in connection with the universal exhibition of 1862. This undertaking was the first of a series which under the title of 'retrospective' exhibitions has since been followed in almost every country. It was suggested and carried out by the writer, with the assistance of a committee of about seventy gentlemen, nearly all members of the Fine Arts Club, most of whom lent active co-operation in the procurement of work for exhibitions.[4]

Terrace, the Duc de Persigny at the French Embassy, the Marquis d'Azeglio at the Italian Legation, Baron Lionel Rothschild, Lady Burdett-Coutts, Mr. T. Baring, Baron Marochetti, Mr. Munro of Novar, Mr. Alexander Barker, Mr. Holford, Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr. Danby Seymour, the Earl of Cadogan, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Charles Mills, Mr. Henry T. Hope, Sir William Drake, Mr. John Malcolm, and Mr. Beresford Hope; and among notable members of the club the names should further be recorded of John Ruskin, George Scharff, Wollaston Franks, Antonio Panizzi, Sir Charles Eastlake, Andrew Fountaine, Gambier Parry, Drury Fortnum, Digby Wyatt, the Duke of Hamilton, Earl Granville, the Hon. Robert Curzon, Sir William Gregory, and Frederick Locker.

On the writer's resignation of office in 1869 the connection of the club with the museum came to an end, but for some time previously the want of a fixed locale had been felt, and there was a general desire that the society should assume a more definite and enduring character. This was ultimately brought about, and the present Burlington Fine Arts Club is its successor and representative.

[4] Some idea of the magnitude of the exhibition and of its nature will be gathered from the list of classes of objects in the preface to the catalogue.

The classes were forty in number. Among the most important of them may be specified:—Sculptures in marble, terra cotta, &c., carvings in ivory, art bronzes, furniture, various works of mediæval art utensils, &c., early enamelled metal work of Limoges, &c., Henri deux ware, Bernard Palissy ware, Sèvres porcelain, Limoges painted enamels, portrait miniatures, ecclesiastical vestments, tissues and embroideries, decorative plate belonging to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, *bijouterie*, snuff boxes, &c., decorative arms and armour, glass wares, Majolica wares, decorative plate from the London City Companies, plate and other objects belonging to other corporate bodies, plate (chiefly of sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) of foreign origin, objects in wrought iron, antique and other engraved gems, illuminations and manuscripts, bookbindings, rings, jewellery and personal ornaments, clocks and watches, vases, &c., in rock crystal, sardonyx, &c. The number of contributors to the collection was about five hundred, and the actual number of specimens contributed may be computed as upwards of nine thousand, while the number of visitors to the exhibition from June to November inclusive was nearly nine hundred thousand.

The catalogue itself was issued in parts during the continuance of the exhibition, and completed before its close in the shape of a volume of nearly eight hundred pages. Many of the sections were preceded by introductory treatises containing much new and original matter, and the separate descriptions of the objects were frequently of an elaborate and exhaustive kind. The principal authors were Sir Wollaston Franks (then Mr. Franks) and the writer. Other contributors were Mr. Soden Smith, Canon Rock, the Rev. James Beck, Mr. W. H. Holmes, and Mr. Edmund Waterton. The catalogue will remain as a permanent record of the art wealth of England, in its especial categories, and of its time, of even greater authority than the analogous work of Dr. Waagen's in regard to the pictorial treasures of this country.

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An interval of ten years had elapsed betwixt the ever memorable first and the second universal exhibitions in this country. This period had seen the firm establishment of the museum at South Kensington, where it speedily became the centre and fruitful nucleus of developments and enterprises, the ultimate bearing of which, for good or ill, in regard to our national art polity, would require a volume to describe. The 1851 exhibition had this feature of novelty—its international comprehensiveness; but it had aimed at reflecting and bringing to a focus the industrial and decorative art products of the day only. The Paris exhibition, which had preceded and suggested it, represented the national arts of the period only. There had thus been a notable advance on the initial idea. The 1862 exhibition developed further progressive schemes, notably in the representation of the higher plastic arts of the contemporary English school. The 'fine arts' section of the exhibition, like the allied gathering at the neighbouring museum, which we have described, were both new developments; but there we stopped, and it is a reproach to this country that it has since been left to other nations to carry out such undertakings on a grander scale and with more all-embracing comprehensiveness.

One fatal event cast a gloom over the 1862 exhibition, which succeeding years have, indeed, not yet dissipated—the death of the Prince Consort during the period of preparation for the enterprise in which he was the most earnest and enlightened mover. Although this calamity did not prevent the immediate success of the exhibition of 1862, it unquestionably rendered the after fruits of the undertaking in great measure erratic and abortive. The wise, far-seeing, and controlling power thus suddenly relinquished left a free course for the crude schemes and rivalries of mediocre self-interested movers in that field. Confusion and uncertainty of purpose have since beset and marred our art undertakings at South Kensington, while other countries, which in the beginning humbly followed and copied our initial designs, have surpassed us in the race, and have even ravished from us a notable proportion of the art treasures which, nevertheless, were of infinite educational value and importance to the nation. The denuding process is, moreover, still in active operation, while we are multiplying technical schools and teaching throughout the land, with an ever-spreading growth of empire in which great cities day by day arise and already call to us with no uncertain voices for the thousand means and apparatus of culture. It is a disheartening fact that after thirty-five years of prosperous expansion, such as no country ever before experienced, England could not at the present day repeat the 1862 art loans exhibition with anything like the same wealth of varied treasure. During that time most of the richest and most renowned gatherings then represented have been broken up and dispersed, and they have not been replaced by others of nearly equal

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importance. It is sufficient to name the Hamilton, Marlborough, Fountaine, Magniac, Beresford Hope, Field, Londesborough, Napier, Lyne Stephens, Barker, Bale, and Clifden collections, all of the first importance, and certainly as many more of scarcely less value, all of which, during that interval, have fallen under the Messrs. Christie's fateful hammer, to make it evident that this country has irretrievably lost ground in this respect—irretrievably, because a large proportion of art treasures, unique of their kind, have found their way to foreign countries and to abiding placements from which there can be no return. Nor were these great sales, to which the amateurs and professional dealers from every European country flocked to compete, the only occasions of this impoverishment. The country houses and mansions of the nobility and gentry of this country have latterly yielded up an infinity of admirable works of art to the ubiquitous Israelites who are ever on the watch.[5]

This, moreover, is the time when the landed aristocracy, as a class no longer able to amass fresh treasures as their fathers had done, and unable even to keep the dearly cherished heirlooms, the pride and glory of their stately homes, and the centres and sources of interest and instruction to all around them, have been stricken by a fiscal impost as unjust as it was unnecessary and shortsighted. It is no exaggeration to say that England, in this second half of the nineteenth century, has parted with her art treasures at a more rapid rate than that at which she acquired them in the first half.[6]

We may now, before concluding, take a further cursory glance at the state in general of what may be termed the art collecting world at the period of the early growth of the South Kensington collections,

[5] It is a fact that a systematic campaign for the discovery and purchase of fine works of art, more especially pictures, existing in the country houses of England, has been undertaken, the astute explorers gaining admission on the plea of research with a view to the correction and continuation of Dr. Waagen's well-known work.

[6] The current changed its course most perceptibly towards the end of the sixties. About that time that notable art barometer, Messrs. Christies' auction sales, indicated changes of habit and circumstance in the art market such as had not previously occurred. Prices rose with unheard of rapidity, an entirely new class of buyers entered the field, and speedily distanced and outbid the old-established London dealers, with their 'rings' and 'knock outs.' The foreigner, who had always more or less frequented Messrs. Christies', came at last in a new capacity; hitherto he had been the impecunious and eager seller. The 'collections imported from the continent,' which had formed a notable feature of every sale season, came to an end. Prices had risen on the continent as well as in England. Very soon each country had its own market for its own art treasures, and it was not long before the notable specimens which had been ravished from continental nations in the troubled and straitened times of war and pecuniary exhaustion were remembered and their recovery eagerly desired; the facilities of intercourse with the continent of Europe, which railways had brought about, had in fact linked the art markets of Europe together in a manner previously unknown, and every day made and still makes the amalgamation more complete. In certain classes of art objects at the present time, French, Dutch and German art dealers, mostly of the Jewish persuasion, are the paramount, indeed almost exclusive, buyers at English auctions.

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and to further note the complete revolution in appreciation and pecuniary value which speedily followed their rapid development, and of which it was undoubtedly a principal cause. Dealers in works of art in all the European countries were at this time comparatively humble and impecunious tradesmen. They seldom went far afield in their collecting expeditions, and were contented with small profits and quick returns; ignorant for the most part as to the historic and æsthetic value of the wares they dealt in, while fraudulent imitations of them, which have since become so universally rife, were comparatively infrequent and abnormal, and dangerous only to the merest tiro. The decade following the Bernal sale was in fact a golden age of art collecting. During that period everything still gravitated to London, and the chief purchaser was the new museum.

The drain of works of art from the continent of Europe to this country, which the French Revolution and the great ensuing war had caused, had not yet come to an end. It was, however, a chief and earnest object with the writer to tap these waters at their sources, and consequently from nearly the beginning up to the period of his retirement from office in 1869 a great part of his time every successive year was spent in lengthy visits and expeditions to most of the ancient and historic art centres and districts throughout Europe.

Paris was the head centre and unique art market in France; it absorbed all that which the exhaustive drain of the great revolution and the Napoleonic wars had spared. In consequence it was useless to search for art gleanings in any other part of that country. In Germany, with its many capitals and princely centres, there was a somewhat wider diffusion of floating art treasures than in France. Those treasures, however, were eagerly looked after by members of the ancient race, which had found the promised land in the Teutonic regions. There was a curiosity shop and astute dealers in every chief German city, and while there was still much to be acquired from these indefatigable explorers, there was nothing to be gleaned after them.

Italy and Spain, however, especially the latter country, with its sister realm of Portugal, were differently situated. Art collecting in Italy was mainly in Italian hands, quite able to hold their own against even the most chosen people, but the peninsular countries were still a virgin soil. In those regions the most delightful of all pursuits and occupations, the collection of works of art in their original sources and habitations, was still feasible and calculated to yield a rich harvest. The most important gatherings of the South Kensington Museum which followed upon the Bernal and Soulages acquisition were mainly the result of the writer's successive yearly expeditions, of several months' duration, in which innumerable art auctions, dealers' gatherings, old family collections, convent and church treasuries, yielded up an infinity of treasures, usually, as the label prices attached to the

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specimens at South Kensington attest, at fractional prices as compared with their present values.[7]

By a well-considered union, or give and take arrangement, betwixt South Kensington and the British Museum, a corpus of art treasures in innumerable specialities, arranged according to logical analogy and in due sequence, might be brought together such as no other nation possesses or can ever expect to acquire. At present this

[7] Perhaps the most important acquisition thus made on the continent was that of the Gigli-Campana collection of Italian mediæval and renaissance sculpture. This collection, unique of its kind and of the highest importance, was acquired from the Papal Government in Rome in 1860.

It formed the most valuable section of a vast miscellaneous collection, which had been got together by the Marchese Campana, Governor of the Monte de Pieta in Rome, and which had been sequestrated and taken possession of by the Government in consequence of certain alleged defalcations on the part of the Marchese.

After the Italian sculptures the section next in importance was that of antique Greek and Roman goldsmiths' work and jewellery. That section had for some time been especially coveted by the British Museum and also by the Louvre, and the authorities of both countries had endeavoured to negotiate its separate acquisition. The Papal Government, however, though very desirous of selling the entire collection, had so far declined to part with any portion of it in detail. The writer was well acquainted with the Campana collection, having gone over it in the preceding year in company with Mr. Newton, afterwards Sir Charles Newton, at that time British Consul in Rome, and he had put himself in connection with Signor Gigli, who was part owner with Campana of the Italian sculpture series and who still held a lien over it. In the autumn of 1860, the French being in occupation of Rome, and the Neapolitan revolutionary war under Garibaldi in progress, it was an object with the writer to proceed to Naples, and this, passing through Rome on his way, he carried out. While in Rome he turned his attention again to the Campana collection, and he ascertained that from the growing pecuniary exigencies of the Papal Government it might at last be possible to detach the Italian sculpture section from the rest and effect its purchase for South Kensington. The writer, therefore, wrote pressing letters to Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, regarding a pecuniary grant from the Treasury for its acquisition.

A reply conveying the desired authorisation reached him at Naples, and the writer instantly made his way, though with difficulty and danger, through the contending armies back to Rome. After an intricate negotiation, lasting over two months, the purchase was effected. During its progress the writer, having been in frequent communication with the Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's prime minister, who had controlled the negotiation, obtained his consent for the separate cession of the section of gold ornaments, desired by the British Museum, and he made an urgent appeal for powers to effect the further acquisition of that section. Instant decision was essential, for it was certain that the French Government, if made acquainted with the matter, would endeavour to forestall the British Museum. This, in fact, is what happened for a delay of two or three weeks occurred, and when at last the Government and the British Museum trustees decided to act, it was judged requisite to send out Mr. Newton, who had recently resigned his consulship in Rome and had resumed his post at the British Museum; but the delay in making this arrangement was fatal, for when the cession of the Italian sculpture series to this country became known, the French Government took instant action and a negotiation was commenced which ultimately ended in the cession of the entire Campana residue, with the exception of a minor portion which the Russian Government was allowed to acquire. The writer left Rome immediately on this arrangement being made known to him, and he met Mr. Newton at Calais on his way out, and had the unpleasant task of informing him of the prospective certainty of the failure of his mission.

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inestimable mass is in a chaotic state, separately housed and allotted in an arbitrary and accidental manner, while its augmentation and development by the acquisition of desirable or necessary links is inefficiently conducted, without co-operation or clearly defined purpose on the part of the officials whose most carefully considered and responsible work it should be.

These evils and other shortcomings have at last become patent and unendurable, and a parliamentary committee of inquiry is at the present time engaged in investigating the multifarious doings of one of the establishments. The limits of reference of this body, however, exclude any dealing with the affairs of the other institution, so that the loss of power and general *régime* of cross-purposes which the respective isolated action of the establishments entails cannot as yet be brought in question.

The acquisitions of the earlier fortunate age at South Kensington it would now be impossible to repeat. It has been shown that there was a concurrent action by the British Museum, though on a more restricted scale and in a narrower field, whereby the duality initiated at the Bernal sale has been perpetuated.

Both institutions have been since enriched by numerous donations and bequests, some of them of great importance and extent, others of very questionable value, whereby at South Kensington (for at the British Museum greater discrimination has been habitually shown) the collections have been largely overlaid with extraneous and incongruous matter which it will be necessary to get rid of.

When the inky cloud of scandal and personal animosity which the South Kensington administration has stirred up shall have subsided, it is to be apprehended that the members of the parliamentary committee of inquiry now sitting will perceive and give expression in their report to the necessity for an extension of the scope and objects of the inquiry, and its public prosecution by a more specially informed body than that which Parliament, necessarily acting more or less on party lines, could possibly furnish. A carefully chosen representative royal commission should be the immediate outcome of the inquiry now in progress.

J. C. Robinson.

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BILLIARDS

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FUTURE

THE game of billiards has reached a stage which is interesting, even though it be not very satisfactory to a lover of the game. It has always been popular among certain classes of society, and if that popularity has been extended of late years to those who formerly took but little interest in the game, there is no reason to think that in the inevitable reaction billiards will lose anything in the estimation of club and private-house players. In truth, the performances of the best professionals do not affect the ordinary amateur. The latter does sometimes, perhaps usually, notice the accounts of the various matches, but only as he does the accounts of games of which he has ceased to be a player. His own game and that of the professional are on such different planes that they admit of no comparison. He may sometimes watch a match between professionals, but usually this is confined to the somewhat rare occasions when his club arranges an entertainment for the benefit of its members.

Apart from this little flutter of excitement, he is perfectly content with the game as he understands and plays it. He is never tired of discussing its intricacies, of watching young, and even venerable players, and least of all of essaying his own skill against new and old opponents.

There are some striking resemblances between golf and billiards, and similar ideas to those which have given to the former game the enviable or unenviable pre-eminence of being the most discussed of all games have also invested the latter with a peculiar interest. What these resemblances are may be traced on another occasion, and it need only be mentioned here that in both games one of the chief requisites of success is a correct adjustment of the different bodily motions which are employed when making a stroke.

These are not always obvious, and nothing is, in one sense, more interesting, and in another more irritating, than to observe how the doctors of golf have differed as to what are the correct adjustments in their game. That these differences, by a close examination and after due allowances made for individual players, are shown to be more

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apparent than real, does not detract from their interest, while at the same time it diminishes their unsatisfactoriness. But the subject affords an almost boundless scope for the player who delights—and what amateur does not?—to argue about his games. Some well-known adept has a peculiarity in the way he plays. This may be, and probably is, a fault, and it is only a remarkable co-ordination of hand and eye that has enabled him to triumph over a defect in style. But the fact that it is a defect will not prevent him from having a whole army of copyists, who, with a curious perversity, will select the defect for imitation.

For some persons, indeed, an incongruity or peculiarity of style seems to offer a great attraction, partly, perhaps, because it is a novelty. They have tried the regular methods without any overwhelming success, and they seem to think it possible that eccentricity may supply the long wished for 'open sesame.' Again, however correct may be the general rules laid down by authorities, there sometimes remains an individual factor to be considered. If human beings were all made exactly similar, like so many shillings, then these general rules would be applicable to all equally. But since men vary physically and mentally, it may be that the general rule which is useful for one must be modified in the case of another. The very large majority of teachers of games do not take this sufficiently into consideration. They apply the same general maxims to all alike, and either cannot or will not perceive the modification that is necessary.

In other games than that of billiards, so general is this evil of tying down all to a hard and fast rule, especially among boy players, that the most one can hope for in the case of a really promising boy is that he may be left alone, and allowed to work out his own way to success. Very frequently it happens such a one is so shackled with conditions that he finds no scope for any originality he may have. And in the case of the player of maturer age, this difficulty frequently presents itself. He is advised to obtain the services of some coach, and it often happens that he pays for services which he would be better without. After applying to different authorities, and getting varying and sometimes contrary advice, he begins to try and reason the matter out for himself, and if there be a personal factor to be allowed for he endeavours to discover it.

Besides this there is another feature in billiards which makes the game both interesting and tantalising, for if it be the latter it is almost sure to be the former. This is that, speaking generally, no particular stroke presents any peculiar difficulty. Most players will make a given stroke once in, say, five times; a smaller proportion of players will do it twice; a still smaller three times, while a very few will do it four times out of five. Now, no amount of experience will prevent human nature from reasoning something in this way. If I can do it once in five times, there is really no reason why I should

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not do it four times out of five; and if I could only do that, I should be a fine player.

The real reason is that human beings are not machines, but combinations of a great number of uncertain quantities. Consequently every one has a tendency to make a mistake, and in some this tendency is stronger than in others. In one case the tendency is represented by the proportion of three to one on, in another of three to one against, a mistake. But all are liable, and in all the tendency varies from day to day.

It cannot be denied that a game which presents these as well as many other features must be a very interesting one. During that part of the year, by far the larger portion, when the weather is uncertain, not to say detestable, it is a charming indoor amusement. It strikes a happy medium, for it is not a brainless pastime, as some are, nor is it purely intellectual, as others ought to be.

The ordinary amateur is quite content with the game as it is, and so far all is satisfactory. But when we come to look at the game as it is played by the best professionals, our satisfaction is considerably lessened. The great improvement in the manufacture of tables, and of the implements used in the game, conjoined perhaps with more assiduous labour than the older players devoted to it, have enabled the modern exponents to attain a degree of perfection that was never dreamt of thirty years ago. The result has been unfortunate. One of the great charms of English billiards, as ordinarily played, is its variety. The different kinds of strokes, the combinations constantly assuming new forms, interest the player and spectator alike. But at one time it seemed probable that the game would lose this characteristic, and in fact for a time it did. The quickest and surest way to success was found to be by cultivating a particular stroke, and by entirely subordinating to it every other part of the game. All the efforts of the player were directed to getting his own ball behind the red on the spot, and then by making use of the cushions or in the various ways in which the stroke can be played, he continued to put the red into one or other of the top pockets, always contriving after each stroke to leave his own ball in such a position as would enable him to repeat the winning hazard. This was called the spot stroke, and such perfection was attained at it that every match was decided by it, and it alone. A very few strokes usually sufficed to give the desired position, and then began what was called spot practice, which often went on with such a 'damnable iteration' that every one, except perhaps the player, was wearied and disgusted with it. People would not go to see it. Players performed to empty rooms, and there was a general outcry against the stroke. The result was the introduction of spot-barred games in which the repetition of the spot stroke was altogether prohibited. The player was allowed to put the red down once off the spot in either of the

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top pockets, but if the next stroke he put it down in either of these pockets, and did not by the same stroke score in some other way, his break was summarily closed. Under this restriction the game once more became popular, and at present nearly all public billiards is so played. If a game with the spot stroke allowed is ever indulged in, it is limited to 500 points up; the players knowing perfectly well that a very little satisfies the average spectator.

But there is some reason to think that before long a further restriction will be put on the game. When the player gets the balls in certain positions, and all very close together, it is possible for him to continue making cannon after cannon, the balls never being separated by more than a few inches. In this way the best players will sometimes make runs of 60, 70, and 80 of these nursery cannons. It has been said very frequently of late that the long series of cannons are as bad as the old spot stroke; for while some assert that it is monotonous to watch a great number of consecutive strokes which to the ordinary spectator look all very much alike, others justly complain that the position of the player's body frequently prevents a considerable proportion of the room from seeing the play.

Should this opinion become general, probably some new limitation will be introduced. Even then it is doubtful whether we shall have reached finality. At present, there is one stroke only, which, otherwise fair, is entirely prohibited by the rules; the rules referred to are those drawn up by the Billiard Association, which are almost universally recognised. It sometimes happens that when the player's ball is in hand, and he has to play from baulk, he finds one of the object balls just outside the line of the half circle, but so near to it that a considerable segment of the ball overhangs the line. By the rules, if the centre of the ball is outside the baulk line, the whole of the ball is playable, and therefore that portion which overhangs the line. When either of the object balls is in this position, it is quite possible for the player to place his own ball very close to the overhanging portion, and so that taking a straight line to one of the bottom, that is one of the baulk end, pockets, the edges of the two balls just barely overlap. Then taking his cue, and placing the tip almost touching his own ball, and giving a gentle push, it is not difficult to send his own ball into the pocket, without materially affecting the position of the object ball. He is thus in a position to repeat the stroke almost *ad infinitum*. This is called the quill stroke, and is by the rules barred altogether. In addition to this stroke, practically in all public billiards the spot stroke, and the cannon when the two object balls are jammed between the shoulders of a pocket, are barred by special conditions. In one sense these limitations, in so far as they are not absolutely prescribed by the rules, are not altogether popular. No one wishes to see billiards converted into a mere spot stroke exhibition, still less does any one

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care to see a player occupying a corner of the table and making cannons by means of the jammed stroke for a week at a time, but nevertheless neither of these strokes has ever been excluded by the rules of the game. It is therefore quite competent for any player to challenge for the championship of billiards, and to refuse to be bound by any restrictions outside the rules. This appeals to our sense of fairness, and we are bound to admit that the contention is quite reasonable. But since the spot stroke has practically ceased to be played, the challenge is one not for the championship of billiards as it is played, but as it used to be played, and as the rules still permit of its being played. Almost every one would admit that a championship won by means of a stroke which has been practically, though not nominally, excluded from the game, is far less a genuine championship than that which is decided by superiority at the game as it is in fact played. The question of the championship is further complicated by reason of the fact that every match for this title, ever since 1870, has been played on tables specially designed, with pockets of a different size and shape from those which are usual; but this consideration may be left out of account, since all parties seem to be agreed that the championship, should there ever be another, ought to be decided on an ordinary table.

The result of all this is that we have two distinct games of English billiards, one modern, and the other obsolete, and there is no one to tell us whether they rank equal or, if not, which is the superior game.

This is a very unfortunate state of things, and it is something like having one county championship at cricket in which only slow bowling is allowed, and another which permits of all kinds. It is not perhaps too much to say that the general sentiment is strongly in favour of having one game of billiards, and one only. If restrictions must be introduced, then let them be introduced into the rules, and apply to all games; but it would be better not to bar any stroke even by the rules. Unfortunately as regards this last proviso, there are other considerations of paramount importance, which are inconsistent with its observance.

The push stroke has lately attracted a good deal of attention, and it may be as well to describe what it is. When the player finds his ball close to—that is, within an inch or so of—the object ball, instead of giving it a sharp, clean hit as in the ordinary way, he, with a gentle continuous motion of the cue, pushes his own ball past the other, all the time keeping his cue in contact with the ball, and thereby in some measure directing it. This is called the push stroke. Now the abolition of the push stroke would at once put an end to the necessity for any restriction being imposed on the quill stroke, for this stroke is a push stroke pure and simple, and cannot be played in any other way. At the same time many, and among them good

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judges and lovers of the game, will object to the abolition of the push stroke. It is, they urge, when well done, a beautiful and delicate stroke; it is almost essential to the close game, in which the balls are kept well under control at the top end of the table, and which, when seen in its most attractive form, consists in getting the balls together, making a few cannons, and then, after a winning or a losing hazard, bringing the balls together again. This is quite the prettiest feature of modern billiards, and delightful to watch provided the runs of cannons are kept within due limits.

Not only would the abolition of the push stroke seriously affect this part of the game, but in other respects it would tend to cramp it. These arguments carry considerable weight, and, besides this, there is no reason to think that the general public, who would appear to be the ruling authority, since it is for them that the professionals cater, desire any alteration in this respect. The common objection to the push stroke is that it is (so it is said) often, if not usually, a foul stroke, and that it is difficult if not impossible to decide when it is foul, and when not.

One thing may be noted in this connection. Some time ago, certain referees in public matches took it upon themselves to pronounce the push stroke foul, and this apparently without any reference to the fairness or otherwise of the particular stroke, but upon the general assumption that all push strokes are foul. This at once raises an interesting question. By what authority, express or implied, has a referee power to declare the push stroke necessarily foul?

It has been said that the referee is authorised to give such a decision in virtue of the general powers conferred upon him as referee. Common sense is sufficient to tell us that if a man hits the ball twice, he plays not one but two strokes, and he cannot be allowed to do this. This argument will not hold. Even in the case where there are two distinct impacts, the player cannot be fairly said to make two strokes. It is one stroke, with one continuous motion of the arm. If the cue were arrested, and then suddenly thrust forward again, it would be different, but such a case never occurs. Again, it has not been the custom to consider a stroke necessarily foul even though the ball be struck twice. In all those strokes where the player's ball is within an inch of the object ball, and the stroke is played, not with a push, but with a sharp hit, the double impact is more certain than in any push stroke; and this kind of stroke, called the half push, has never been questioned. Moreover, there is nothing in the reason of the thing why the fact of striking the ball twice should necessarily make it a foul stroke. Lastly, there is a distinct objection to this argument being applied in this particular case. The push stroke is no new thing. It has been an acknowledged part of the game for years, and in these

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circumstances it is fair and reasonable to require the referee to base his decision on some distinct rule. If he does not, he will have to rely on his general ideas of what is fair, and what not; and although this is allowable in sudden emergencies, it ought not to be applied to rule out what has been hitherto regarded as a recognised feature of the game. Suppose at cricket an umpire in a first class match were suddenly to no-ball a bowler, and were to give as his reason that in his opinion the pace of the bowling was so great as to be dangerous and unfair. The rules of cricket certainly do not say anything one way or the other as to the pace at which a man is allowed to bowl, but all the same it may be asserted with some degree of confidence that that umpire would not have the privilege of officiating in that capacity in any future first class match.

If then a decision, making the push stroke necessarily foul, should be founded on some rule, we must consider what rule, if any, is applicable to the case. There is a general idea that there is some rule of billiards which makes it a foul stroke to hit the ball twice. Now an examination of the rules discloses a curious, and what would appear to be a significant, omission. Among the old rules of billiards there was one to this effect; but in the new code there is no rule (with the exception of rule 35, which specially limits its application to the case of a miss, and which even then does not declare it to be a foul) which says anything about striking a ball twice. The reasonable inference from such an omission is that the framers of the rules wished to do away with the idea that the stroke is necessarily foul if the ball be struck more than once. However this may be, out of all the rules there is literally only one that can be said to have the least bearing on the question.

This rule is No. 30, and it declares that a foul stroke is made 'by in any way impeding or accelerating the progress of a ball.' It is said that the push stroke is an infraction of this rule, inasmuch as in that stroke the player accelerates the progress of the ball. There are, however, two reasons against these words being applied to the mere execution, that is the making, of the stroke. In the first place, they do not appear to have been meant to apply to the execution of the stroke, but only to what might happen subsequently. Secondly: if it be said that, no matter what was the original intention of the rule, it can be made to apply to the push stroke, then it may be shown that the words not only make the push stroke foul, but other strokes also. Thus, when a billiard ball starts from rest it must pass through all intermediate velocities before it attains its maximum velocity. Could the cue be arrested at the moment it has imparted to the ball any inferior velocity only, it is clear that the ball will never attain any higher velocity. But since it does so, this additional velocity can only be obtained from subsequent continued contact with the cue. Therefore, during that portion of time during which the cue and ball

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are in contact, there is a time when the cue is accelerating the progress of the ball. The consequence of this is that it is impossible to play a fair stroke at all, which, as Euclid says, is absurd. Therefore the words 'accelerating the progress of a ball' cannot be applied to the execution of a stroke.

If it be said that such fine distinctions may be disregarded, the retort is ready that the argument is precisely of the same character as that which objectors to the push stroke use. They say that the push stroke must be foul, and would so adjudge it, not because they can see two distinct impacts between the cue and the ball, but because their reason tells them there must be two or more impacts. It is surely permissible to meet such a nice argument by one of the like nature.

There would be no difficulty about framing a rule which would make the push stroke foul, but it is difficult to see how the stroke can be included under the definition of foul strokes in the existing code. If it be generally considered, as seems to be the case, that the time has come for excluding the spot stroke from the game, there are two ways in which this can be effected without having recourse to the unpopular method of barring it. One way is to have tables made after the old championship pattern, with the three-inch pocket, and with the spot an inch nearer to the top cushion. This would effectually bar the stroke. The objection usually made to this plan is that the three-inch pocket is too difficult. Practically, it excludes a great number of beautiful strokes; it cramps the game and makes it slow and uninteresting. Besides, it would have a tendency to make English billiards merely a cannon game.

Whatever the merits of this plan, there is but little likelihood of its being adopted, for there is no reason to think that play on the three-inch pocket table either is or is likely to become generally popular with players or spectators. Another way of abolishing the spot stroke has been often suggested. It is very simple, very effectual, and there really seems nothing to be urged against it. The suggestion is that a rule should be framed requiring the red ball to be spotted either alternately, or after the second consecutive winning hazard, on the pyramid or centre spot, whichever plan should appear the more desirable to the framers of the rule. Granted that it is desirable to exclude the spot stroke, this method of effecting it seems unexceptionable, and, without doubt, infinitely preferable to a special clause in the rules or in match conditions barring the stroke.

There remains one other case of a stroke being barred by general consent, and that is when the balls are jammed between the shoulders of a pocket. It is difficult to see how this stroke can be prevented except by barring it in express terms. Any alteration in the shape of the pockets would be objectionable, and it is extremely doubtful whether it would be effectual. If then this stroke is to be specifically

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excluded, it appears better that it should be done by an alteration or addition to the rules of the game rather than by a special clause introduced into match conditions. Such clauses should always be avoided, if possible. They expose the players to the easy reproach that they are not contesting a proper game, but are giving a bastard performance, which, whatever else it may be called, is not true billiards. It would further appear desirable that such new addition to the rules should be made to take a more general character, and should within its terms include not only the disqualification of this particular stroke, but a further limitation.

We can suppose the addition of a rule which would impose a limit upon the number of consecutive cannons. For the present purpose it does not matter whether that limit is fixed at 10, 20, 30, 40, or 50. Such a rule would prevent English billiards being turned into a species of hybrid French game, as seems to be the tendency at present; it would cover the stroke under notice, and by preventing long sequences of cannons, it would preserve all the best features of the game as it has been played hitherto. It would also insure the triumph of the really better player, and we should not see the curious spectacle of one man victorious in consequence of his phenomenal ability at a particular stroke, although he might be inferior to his opponent at every other part of the game. Considering how short a time comparatively the professionals have devoted to the cannon game, there seems a great probability, if no such limit as is here suggested be introduced, that before very long interminable series of cannons will take the place of the spot stroke, and that variety which we have always boasted to constitute a peculiar charm of English billiards will be a thing of the past, so far as regards the highest class of play. One of the requisites of a first-rate game is that its various points should have a proper relative value; and when, from any reason, there is a decided disposition in one to overshadow all the rest, steps should be taken to provide against the mischief. If it be desirable to modify the rules, such alterations should be made only after the most careful consideration, and with a sole regard to the retention of the best features of the game; and therefore it would be better that such change should come from within rather than from without. Unfortunately there is really no body in existence which has a general mandate to effect this. Every one will be willing to concede a full meed of praise to the Billiard Association for what it has done, but the present position of the game shows that its rule has not been altogether satisfactory; and undoubtedly amateur opinion is not adequately represented by it. No blame is imputed to the Association in consequence of this. It has done what it could, it has rendered considerable services, and it is entitled thereby to the thanks of every lover of the game. It has all the merit of having made the first step

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in the right direction, and the evils which have arisen are perhaps the inevitable result of its constitution.

If these opinions fairly represent the present position of English billiards, and the reforms that are wanted, we may sum the matter up in a few words. First, it is desirable to have a thoroughly authoritative governing body to decide on all questions affecting the game, and it is perhaps easier to suggest how such a body could be constituted than to carry the idea into effect. A representative each from, say, half a dozen of the London clubs, a certain number from the best provincial clubs, together with the assistance of three or four professionals, would form a strong body which would carry sufficient weight; the more so as most people wish to see such a body in existence, though no one seems desirous of assisting in the matter.

If some such body, possessing the confidence of the billiard world, could be organised, it would then be desirable for it to pronounce a decision upon the retention or abolition of (1) the spot stroke, (2) the push stroke. If the decision should be to banish the former from the game, then some rule should be framed by which this can be effected; and with regard to the latter, there can be no doubt that some definite pronouncement is desirable. There is also need for a general remodelling of the existing code of rules, and some consideration might be given to the proposal for placing a limit to the number of consecutive cannons.

DUDLEY D. PONTIFEX

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THE WAYS OF 'SETTLEMENTS' AND OF 'MISSIONS'

THE way of 'Settlements' in meeting social needs is much followed. Every year new Settlements are started. In many of the great American cities, in Berlin, Amsterdam, and Paris, the name has become more or less familiar. Most observers of the fact regard the Settlement as a sort of Mission—another form of the proselytising spirit—a rival of other converting agencies to be approved or condemned as something either better or worse. That they make a mistake in thus confounding two distinct efforts it is the aim of this paper to show.

Observers of the times are conscious for the moment of social quiet, and not, as formerly, of social unrest. Problems about rich and poor no longer knock at the door demanding instant solution. A cold spell has followed the hot interest of other years. Agitators get little response when appealing either to the indignation of sufferers or to the enthusiasm of the generous-hearted. A philosophy of rights rather than of duties is professed, and it is expected that every man will take care of himself and look after what he has got. The sense of 'things unseen' seems less strong and the sense of common brotherhood less passionate.

The reasons for the change are many and difficult of enumeration. There is first of all the reaction after the excited hopes that a socialistic heaven would at once appear—a reaction in which cynicism makes people sceptical of promises and disinclined to public effort. There is also the revival of trade, which has given employment to many hands, and for the moment removed farther off that haunting fear of starvation or the workhouse which fills the social atmosphere with spectres and demons, and makes the people ready for riot or panic. And following the greater prosperity there is a more determined set on pleasure, a natural inclination to have a 'good time' with a sort of impatience of hampering restrictions. 'Why should we not spend our savings? let us eat and drink.' 'Why should we be limited by old-fashioned and Puritan laws? let us have our music-hall promenades; let us enjoy the plays the French enjoy.' 'Why should we be troubled by

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thinking, or concern ourselves as to how the next generation will get on or how our neighbours live? We have had trouble enough, let us take our pleasure.' This is a spendthrift generation.

Such are some of the reasons for the present social quiet—reasons disturbing to those who are disposed to be thankful for the quiet, and sufficient to open the eyes of many to the delusive character of the quiet. The foundation is of shifting sand, and the house of social peace must be built on the rock of mutual respect and of common duty.

There is not this mutual respect, and the social problem is still unsolved. Master and man are competitors and not co-operators, each is on the watch to deal the other a blow, and their respective organs breathe insolence and insult. The poor do not live out half their days; 'in a blacker incessanter line' they crowd to the workhouses, and in Jubilee week 300,000 in London were willing to call themselves 'outcasts' that they might eat a meal at a stranger's hand. The unemployed have hardly shared in the good trade of the time; they tramp the country, mocking the promises of the fair hedgerows as with hunted eyes they scowl at happier passengers; they lie all night in the corners of the doorways of the rich man's offices—a skeleton at their feasts too common to be noticed—and they haunt like spectres the army of progress.

The social question remains the question of questions. The forces which more than any other are powerful to create or to destroy are still unordered. The people may be quiet, but it is because they are tired or drugged and not because they are healthy. They may again, as they have in the past, break up the pleasant places created by a trade justified by success more than by principle, and destroy the political stage on which the imperial play has been acted in the eyes of the world.

There may be social quiet, but there is not social peace. The classes are out of joint and do not work together to one end. The call is still for a way of peace, and for a means of promoting good fellowship between man and man.

Two ways of leading to the desired end are open to University men—a designation not to be narrowly interpreted, but meant to include all those who have shared the best educational gifts of the age. These are the way of Missions and the way of Settlements.

By the uninformed the two may be, and often are, taken to be identical, or there is, perhaps, a vague idea that a Mission is conducted on lines rather more religious or 'churchy' than those of a Settlement. The two are in fact distinct efforts: differing in conception, in constitution and in methods, and agreeing only in their object, which is for the good of mankind. Differing internally, they differ also in their appropriate ness to special times and phases of thought. A Mission is strongest during an agitated time, when men's minds are open to new

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impressions and ready to turn in a new direction and to give up old habits and ways; a Settlement is equally effective in a time of quiet like the present, and feels its strength to be in the gradual infusion of higher thought, the slow gaining of confidence and of mutual respect between rich and poor who have learnt to be friends.

Missions

The way of Missions is well understood. They who join them believe in some doctrines or methods which they wish to extend. It may be those of church or chapel, those of teetotallers or socialists, but it is always for some definite end that followers are enlisted, energies organised, and machinery created. A Mission exists to proselytise, and as such has been and will be effective. It is indeed the necessary outlet for the waves of enthusiasm which are raised as first one idea and then another idea sweeps over the minds of men. They who have a vision of a Church holding all souls in its grasp and offering them to God, are bound to have missions whose object is the extension of Church principles, just as those who have an idea of society ordered under the State, or of individuals made sober by Acts of Parliament, or of a government by the people, are bound to have Socialist, Temperance, and Liberal Missions. There will be Missions as long as believers in what seems good desire that others should share that belief. Better a thousand mistaken Missions than that this desire should fail! Far be it from me at any rate to depreciate Missions. As a minister of the Church of England I am concerned that its teaching shall be accepted, and as a member of a political party I am anxious that the principles of that party shall become general. As long as men are capable of clear thought they will have distinct views as to what is best, and as long as they have warm hearts they will desire that others adopt their own views. It is human for man to leave other pursuits to become fishers of men. There will always, therefore, be organisations, secular or religious, which will be distinctly missionary, and adapted by all means to the spread of definite doctrines or methods of living.

Settlements

But a Settlement is not a Mission in this sense. It is a club, a community of 'University' men or women established in an industrial district. It is a brotherhood in which the members may or may not be of one creed or one political party. It is a college where the study is the neighbour and the neighbourhood. The two ways may be put in a set of antitheses—

A Mission has for its object conversion.

A Settlement has for its object mutual knowledge.

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A Mission creates organisations, institutions, and machinery.

A Settlement uses personal influence and tends to human contact.

The object of this paper is to show

The Advantages of the way of Settlements

The perennial danger in society is the development within its limits of opposing and exclusive interests. The sources of English strength lies, as an Indian student once remarked, in the English power of association. All parties and classes have kept their differences subordinate to the common end, and at times of crises, Protestants and Catholics, Liberals and Tories, have stood side by side. In these latter days, however, instead of the old parties, it is Labour and Capital which divide the country, and the anxiety of the moment is whether these will also in times of crises think more of the common good than of their private interest.

Disraeli long ago saw the possibility of what he called 'two nations' —one, that of the rich, and the other, that of the poor—in England, and signs of their creation are not wanting. There is for the rich as for the poor a code of manners which each is inclined to assert—a habit of dress for instance, which, whether it be represented by cloth cap or silk hat, by dress clothes or morning coat, is by each side regarded as a sort of banner not to be struck at any instance. There is, too, a growing divergence of language and tastes as those educated in like surroundings more and more associate together. The workman who has his own club and his own organs is no longer driven to try and understand what is said by others differently situated, or to read papers addressed to other classes. He is as impatient of what he does not at once understand, as the employer is impatient of what he thinks to be ignorance. He has his jokes in which the cultured are caricatured for his amusement, as in Phil May's drawings the poor are caricatured for the amusement of the rich. These and many such signs of a sort of 'national sense' might be quoted, and lately the passionate 'nationalism,' the conviction of right in the fight for rights, which has always been a strength to the labour party, seems to have entered also the 'Capital' party.

But without dwelling on this point, it is clear that if one class lives by itself, acquires customs of its own and thoughts of its own, develops a sense of the righteousness of its cause, if it judges of other classes by means of tales told to arouse a pitiful sympathy, or by plays written so as to appeal to popular prejudices—if each class tends to think more of its own interests than of common interests, then the unity of society is impossible. And without this unity England can neither survive at home nor rule abroad.

Most important is it therefore to bring together the members of

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various classes on platforms where in some human fellowship they will realise their kinship. Warfare comes of misunderstanding. Prejudices about another's political or social views may melt in the warmth roused in talk about scientific progress or in a common effort for a neighbour's good. Two honest opponents will hardly discuss together on neutral subjects without learning something of each other which will cause the substitution of respect for contempt.

The Advantage to the Rich

A body of men or women who in their own homes, or at some centre of education, have received the best gifts of the time, take up their residence in the industrial quarter of a great town. They bring with them the manners and habits they have acquired, and they proceed to follow their career in exactly the same way as if they resided in any other quarter. They have their pictures, their books, the various refinements which are directed by order and cleanliness. They go to and fro to their business and by visits or hospitality keep old friendships in repair. There is no affectation of asceticism, and no appearance of trying 'to do others good.' But in their comings and goings they pass through mean streets; they become familiar with the faces who throng such streets; they take note of neglect which lets dirt accumulate and disorder grow, and they get every day new thoughts from the sight of children's play and children's work. . . . When as time goes on, and in fulfilment of their duty as citizens, they join in the public work of the neighbourhood, their knowledge becomes more intimate. As members of a local Board they learn what law can do and cannot do; as managers of a school they discover how delusive is the appearance of a system; on relief committees they come face to face with that very complicated disease called 'poverty'; and in workmen's clubs they realise how narrow are the limits in which the majority of their neighbours find pleasure. In all these capacities they show an interest hardly possible for residents in another quarter of the town, and they form friendships with individuals which are cemented by casual meetings in the streets or by exchange of visits.

The member of the public board learns the point of view of the official when he has had some walks and talks with the sanitary officer or relieving officer, or over a tea-table learnt from the nurse the tale of her work. The school manager has quite another view of the education system since he travelled, botanised, and exchanged visits with the teachers, helped to form school clubs among the children, and heard in his own room the complaint of the parent. The member of the relief committee is both sterner and more tender now that he has become familiar with the home of the applicants, and knows something of the children.

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The clubmate has become alive to the fact that laughter does not always mean enjoyment, and that the pleasures sought are not those wanted, ever since, in more intimate talk and in the privacy of his own room, he has got at the innermost mind of his mates.

By these and by a hundred other means open to intelligent and human men and women, the residents in a Settlement learn what are the interests of working people, what their opinions, what their order of thought, what their language. Their minds are changed by the atmosphere they breathe. They take in knowledge which they do not tabulate; they absorb thought as air; they unconsciously become sympathetic, and lose the narrow views which kept them as a class apart.

A Settlement enables the rich to know the poor in a way not possible for a Mission, whose members go about with minds set on their object, and who are often held at a distance because of that object. Teetotallers, for instance, anxious to increase the numbers of their own society, have minds hardly free enough to rise and fall with the mind of a neighbour anxious about a hundred other things, while the neighbours themselves will think they have accounted for every kind act of a teetotaller when they say 'He does it all to get converts.' Residents in a Settlement, on the other hand, having their own work to do, and living as neighbours rather than as missionaries, will approach those neighbours by some of the hundred by-ways which are formed between those whose lives lie alongside one another. They will be trusted just in so far as their humanity is felt, and will be neither sought nor avoided on account of any message they bring. They will thus gain a knowledge of the working classes which is often more rare in their own class than that of foreigners among whom they travel and make friendships.

The knowledge, as it extends, will have many results. It will check the ill-directed charity which, springing out of goodwill, is nevertheless, because of the gross ignorance about the poor, corrupting and provocative of anger. It will affect the decisions of magistrates who are often lenient, excusing neglect of school and forgiving some excess when, if they had known what law means to the weak, they would have been severe; and who are often severe, condemning perhaps some abuse of property, when, if they had known the temptation, they would have been lenient. It will alter the character of legislation, which, often well-intentioned to remove some grievance or establish some good, remains a dead letter for want of knowledge of the conditions in which the law will be administered. It will make religious teachers reconsider their methods and their language, both of which are now frequently not comprehended by a people who, absorbing the reasoning spirit of the age, have a phraseology of their own. But most important of all: as the knowledge of their neighbours extends among the richer classes the sense of division will give place to that of oneness. Friendships are the true links of society. If Jones of Cambridge

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and Smith of Whitechapel know one another, Jones thinks more fairly of all workmen and Smith of all richer men. Theorists may talk of divided interests, but by the convincing evidence of feeling they know that they belong to one another.

Residents in a Settlement gather not only the knowledge which will make them better able to direct charity and legislation, they learn to sympathise with their new neighbours, and by the sacred avenue of fellow-feeling enter into the meaning of aspirations now often warped in their expression. They shrink from the popular tales which, to arouse the pity of a few, degrade humanity; they rebel at the hasty generalisations which sum up a Trades Union policy in a phrase; and they resent as libels many of the descriptions of the poor. They know that the workman's demands do not always represent his wants, and that his faults are other than they seem. They realise what is meant by a lifetime of work which does not interest the worker—by the consciousness of brain power without brain food; they feel for the deformed faculties and the perverted faith which admires false idols and turns on old leaders.

They may not always agree with their neighbours, or take their view of politics, but they will disagree as those who belong to the same body and not as occupants of opposite camps. It is common neighbourhood, frequent meetings, casual intercourse, kindred interests, memories of shared joy or sorrow, hearthside talks, the knowledge of one another's homes, that establish such sympathy, and when established the richer residents and their poorer neighbours can no longer think of themselves as of two nations. Settlements, therefore, may be said to be of advantage to the rich in abolishing class antagonism—in awakening the belief in a common brotherhood as a practical reality and not as a dreamer's theory.

The Advantage to the Poor

Labour and Capital are, it has been suggested, the two forces which divide modern society. The zeal for education represents the conviction that these forces must be brought into union. If Capital is educated and Labour ignorant the gulf will be almost impassable; and yet with all the talk about schools, polytechnics, and classes, such threatens to be the case. On the side of Capital, speaking generally, are those who think clearly, whose pleasures are varied, whose solitude is refreshed by the sights seen by the inward eye, whose ways are refined, and into whose knowledge have entered those conceptions of God revealed to this present time. On the other side, that of Labour, is the majority; they have the same ability to enjoy and to think, but they have not the means. They take rhetoric dressed up into arguments as if it were logic, their reading is limited for the most part to 'bits' and 'scraps'; they have few subjects for thought

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or for talk, little ambition to enjoy, and little solace from philosophy or religion.

On one side of the gulf stand the Pharisees—the richer classes—thanking God that they read much and wash daily; and on the other side are the Publicans—the working people—priding themselves that they are not as those Pharisees.

The antagonism which is thus threatened is dangerous, and a wise instinct creates the present anxiety about education. The State and voluntary bodies are alike concerned to teach higher and lower subjects, they have their technical and commercial schools, their polytechnics and extension schemes. But in one direction every system fails. 'Culture,' it is said, 'comes by contact.' Teachers and lecturers may tell everything which can be told of their subjects; the schoolrooms and lecture-halls may be fitted with books and pictures to suggest thought and taste; the best system of study may be adopted, but if the students and children have not known as friends people possessed of knowledge, and been familiar with homes brightened by the light of knowledge, they will not understand. Everyone must have been struck over and over again by the greater mental possessions of a child brought up among educated people than those of a better-taught child brought up out of touch with educated people. 'A Christian life,' we are often told, 'is more effective to make heathens Christians than much argument,' and we know that it was not until His Son lived in the world that man understood what the law and prophets had taught about God.

Every sort of machinery—much more than is at present in use—must be applied to do away with the ignorance which divides society, but residents in a Settlement may do what no machinery can do. As they make friends with their neighbours, and welcome them in their rooms, and spend evenings in familiar talk, they will commend the ways of education for getting pleasure. As they take part with them in local business—bring to bear on some present question the experience of the past, or clear away the mist of words in which reason is enveloped, they will show the value of knowledge. As they do their duty, giving up their own will to keep engagements, putting aside their own pleasure to give others pleasure, they will give the lie to that most paralysing and most common of heresies, no one 'serves God for nought.'

By frequent meetings—by the mere fact of neighbourhood—the habits and the refinements of the few become common. The best manners no longer remain the badge of a class but the pride of all. Everyone probably absorbs unconsciously more than he learns consciously, and it is in the atmosphere which educated people create, or under the influence which floats about the words of educated men, that Labour will acquire the knowledge to make it at one with Capital. A Settlement, therefore, as distinguished from a Mission, extends

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knowledge by trusting to the lives of residents who may have many opposite opinions and various tastes. It is useful to the poor because the education which is common to the holders of opposite opinions is that which they need rather than any definite information. It tends to create among them a sense of unity with other classes as unconsciously they grow to enjoy what has been proved to be best. A sense of unity—like other good things—wears better when it comes unconsciously.

The Value of a Common Life

Missionaries sometimes yield to the influences they go to counteract. Men and women who have gone as individuals to live among the poor with a view to raising their habits to be more on a level with those found to be best for society and for health, have themselves fallen below that level. They have become untidy, less regardful of dress by which to signify their respect of others and of themselves, less scrupulous as to the cleanliness which is recognised as the best safeguard of health, less careful of courtesy which is necessary to equal intercourse. A missionary, be it even a clergyman, in a poor neighbourhood, is liable to become conscious of superiority, and will show it as much in the neglect of ordinary conventionalities as in his way of speaking to his neighbours. Life in a community of equals, such as constitutes a Settlement, tends to correct this tendency. A standard of manners and habits is kept up, and every form of conceit is checked. The healthy criticism of comrades who agree in object but differ in method is a constant corrective. Liberals and Tories, Churchmen and Dissenters, Socialists and Individualists, who recognise one another as jointly concerned for the improvement of their neighbourhood, grow by one another's strength.

And even—as is the case in some Settlements—if it be made a condition of residence that there shall be a profession of religious or political denomination, this does not imply that each resident will devote himself to forwarding the interests of that denomination. The condition is one designed for the apparent advantage of those living together, and not to prevent the free development of different ways of living and the free expression of healthy criticism. A Settlement must always include strong individualities with differing views on many subjects.

The Need of Distinction between Settlements and Missions

Missions—as it has been stated—have their place in the social economy and their advantages. They have, however, their disadvantages: they do not enlist the sympathies of those many 'University' men and women who want to serve their neighbours without special-

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ising themselves, and they do not command the ready ear of those many working people who think, when they have heard its name, they know all about the object of the Mission.

A Settlement's distinguishing feature is the absence of programme, and the presence of men and women who recognise the obligations of citizenship.

It is to be regretted if because the way of Settlements has some vogue the name should be given to efforts which are more properly Missions. If it is connected with the work of any religious or social reforming agency, there will no longer seem to be a way open for those who, without wishing to deny the use of such agencies, are not assured of any method, but wish themselves to be learners. If some good man making himself the centre of social efforts calls himself a 'Settlement,' the neighbours will soon expect all Settlements to be part of the philanthropic machinery, the usual hangers-on of that machinery will gather, and the majority of the working people will hold aloof.

The tendency of human nature is, we know, to follow the line of least resistance, and although it may seem an easy matter to join a pleasant community of equals who live in some 'East End,' it involves a good deal more, both of effort and of patience, than the support of a Mission. It needs some effort of will to break away from the convention which requires a man to live where most of his class live, or for a woman to leave home duties, even when there are others to perform those duties. It takes strength to be original even in such a small matter as the choice of residence. And if it needs an effort of will to give up 'West End' conventions, it needs also an effort of patience to go in the faith that the Spirit is more than power or might, that the influence of a life is of more value than sermons or institutions—that it is living more than doing which changes the habits of mankind.

Because of this call on an effort of will and of patience, there is danger that the way of Settlements will not be strictly kept and the way of Missions will be substituted. This paper is intended to be a reminder of the distinctions, and to show to 'University' men and women that if they will live among working people and share their gifts, they may hope to increase peace and goodwill.

A Settlement is not an institution asking support, it is the means by which those conscious of social debt may equip themselves with the knowledge as to how their neighbours live—very corrective of many class prejudices. Those who use these means may, indeed, at the same time give to those neighbours the knowledge of other habits of living, very refreshing to them. Settlements exist simply to enable rich and poor to understand one another. Their success will be proved when they are unnecessary.

SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

It is now more than two years since the career of one of the most distinguished and remarkable men of our time came to its lamented close—the career of the late Thomas Henry Huxley.

The greatness of the loss his death occasioned will but become more evident to the multitude of friends who mourn him and to men of science, as their own days lengthen without a sign of anyone arising to fill the vacant place. No man now living can reasonably hope to see his like again.

It is surely very fitting that this journal should record details and aspects of the life of one who so powerfully influenced the century the name of which it bears.

It also seems fitting that witness as to what manner of man he was should here be testified to, not only by entirely acquiescent friends, but also by opponents; not only by those to whom he was always kind, but also by some who have known the vigour of his enmity as well as his amity; the force of his blows in hostile encounter, as well as the firmness of his friendly grasp.

Professor Huxley was a good friend indeed—firm, generous, energetic, loyal, and affectionate. Great as he was in intellect, his goodness of heart to his friends was yet more worthy of esteem. He was also, what Dr. Johnson admired, 'a good hater.' He professed 'to love his friends and hate his enemies,' and what honest man, aspiring after no counsel of evangelical perfection, could be expected to do more?

But, as he would have been the first to affirm, conflict and calm judgment can hardly co-exist. It is only as the epoch of controversy sinks into the past, that we are enabled to rise to a juster view of combats and combatants of bygone days, as the higher we ascend some bare hillside the better we can appreciate the lie of the land about us.

It is with peculiar pleasure that I avail myself of the opportunity now afforded me, to record some of my reminiscences of Professor Huxley, to declare my own special obligations to him, and endeavour to depict him as he revealed himself to one who saw him in many

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aspects, and who for more than a decade of years was, and was treated as, an intimate confidential friend.

But not only should I hesitate, I should absolutely refuse, to set down any of the following personal details concerning myself, did I not know that, devoid of any importance as they must be in themselves, their enumeration will help to throw light upon a personality so intensely interesting as is that of Professor Huxley. On that account I feel they may be welcome to many persons, especially those who had the privilege of knowing him.

But it is in no way my intention here to disclaim the divergence which existed between our views, nor to represent that time and wider knowledge have abolished it. To assert its existence is not only truthful, but may be useful; for not a few persons may thereby become the better inclined to accept my testimony as to how many, varied and profound, were his claims upon the affectionate regard of those who knew him well. Such a regard I bore him, for I was ever sensible of his many admirable qualities, even when he was most estranged from me. Yet if it is not my intention to disclaim divergences of view, still less is it my purpose to enter upon any statement concerning them here. My only object is to portray, to the best of my power, his personal qualities and conduct as I experienced them. But, before proceeding to do so, I would endeavour to point out to how great an extent those most disposed to attack positions he championed, may find in the modes in which he acquired and held the views they dissent from, additional reasons for individual sympathy and esteem, while fully alive to the superficial nature of his philosophy and his blindness (shared by so many) to some of nature's profoundest lessons.

In early life, as he told me, and has since told the world, he became captivated by the philosophical doctrines of the late Sir William Hamilton; and Hamilton and Mansel are mainly responsible for an agnosticism which is the logical outcome of their teaching—and his mind was a very logical one. He also, as was under the circumstances most natural, became greatly attracted to the doctrines of Descartes and Locke. The former may indeed be called, as Huxley called him, 'the father of modern philosophy,' and also, as I have named him, 'the modern philosophical heresiarch.' In Locke's *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, the idealism of Berkeley and the scepticism of Hume were both latent; the latter being the only logical resting-place for any clear thinker who has once accepted the principles of Hobbs, Locke, and Berkeley.

But if Huxley's philosophical position is thus explicable (through the effect of special circumstances upon an exceptionally gifted intellect), candour demands the admission that the position he took up in opposing various theologians was largely due to his honest and vigorous moral sense.

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All injustice and insincerity were revolting to him, and he had a vivid perception of the duty incumbent upon all of us to make good use of our reason, and not to prostitute it by giving credence to propositions which are neither self-evident nor adequately proved. In many a talk with me he strongly insisted on this duty, the violation of which he would speak of as 'the sin of faith.' He was led, not unnaturally, so to speak, since amongst those who assailed him that word, 'faith,' was often used in an altogether irrational sense, as if we had some intellectual faculty besides our reason to appeal to, or as if it could be either a duty or a merit to accept religious statements upon insufficient evidence, though, of course, we are often bound to act upon a balance of probabilities.

The extravagances in which some of his theological opponents indulged have been extreme. One even went so far as to affirm that a doctrine may be not only held, but insisted on, by a teacher who is, all the time, fully aware that science may ultimately prove it to be quite untenable. Huxley's honest and vigorous good sense enabled him to see with a distinctness, not so common in the 'sixties' as in the 'nineties,' the moral obligation of caution in credence, and, above all, in assertion. The attitude of science is emphatically a questioning attitude, while for consistent Theists doubt has a distinctly religious character. Few things could be more shocking to them than to be called upon to give assent to doubtful propositions. Every man of science worthy of the name must not only withhold it, but should declare that he holds even things he considers to be proved, in such a way as to be ready to examine and weigh whatever seemingly important evidence may be freshly brought to light against them. This he regards as a duty, and condemns as nothing less than blasphemous, the notion that we may trifle with our highest faculties, for the right use of which, if for anything, we are every one of us responsible.

Nothing in our day could well be more prejudicial to the cause of religion than that any of its distinguished representatives should show hostility to the progress of science. But it is impossible to deny that not a few such persons have shown themselves so inimical, with the result (as I personally know) that some choice minds have been estranged from Christianity.

Huxley knew not only from history, but from personal experience, how trying such opposition can be, and most of us who have striven for the more recently recognised scientific truths, or ethical intuitions; have also experienced the same short-sighted opposition. Who, then, can wonder that a nature so keen, vigorous, and combative as that of Professor Huxley should have been stirred to its depths, and that he should have hit out 'straight from the shoulder' in reply to violent or insidious attacks, the stupidity of which sometimes merited scorn as well as anger?

I repeat he hated injustice and loathed insincerity. He felt, and

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naturally resented, the injustice he had met with in the earlier days of his career, and he may well, sometimes, have suspected the sincerity of men who opposed assertions the truth of which were, in his eyes, as clear as the sun at noonday.

The first time I saw Professor Huxley was in January 1858 at the Royal Institution, where he was giving a course of lectures[1] on *The Principles of Biology*. It is almost needless to say that his teaching, both its manner and matter, made a profound impression on me. The audience he addressed is a notoriously difficult one[2] to lecture to, but, as in all other cases, he very quickly knew his public and adjusted himself to it with admirable skill.

It was on the 22nd of February, 1859, that I was introduced to him in the Palæontological and Mineral Gallery of the British Museum in Great Russell Street, by the then keeper of that department, the late Mr. G. R. Waterhouse, who had been my friend from childhood, and who was loved, as well as esteemed, by all who knew him.

Huxley was then in his thirty-fourth year. He had a well-knit, strong frame, rather tall than short, with deep-set dark eyes, bright and full of expression. His hair was black and rather long, and he wore whiskers, his chin and upper lip being shorn. His manner was dignified with a slight reserve, yet, withal, kindly, even at this first interview.

The conversation was mainly concerning certain fossil reptiles; questions as to fact and as to speculative possibilities, with some criticisms on assertions which had been too confidently and hastily made. The quick and bright intelligence he showed, seizing at once upon essential points, was very noticeable. But two characteristics especially struck me. The first was the remarkable mobility of his countenance —the way in which his face would 'light up,' and the rapid changes of expression it could assume as the character of the conversation changed. The second was the frankness and fulness with which his judgments about certain problems were expressed.

This latter characteristic struck me the more because on the same spot, but a few days earlier, I had asked Professor Owen what was his opinion about the affinities of the dodo, a view as to its being

[1] He first lectured in Albemarle Street in 1856, when he gave a course of twelve lectures on *Physiology and Comparative Anatomy*. These were continued in 1857. Afterwards he gave two courses on *Ethnology*—in 1866 and 1867—and, last of all, two lectures on *Dogs* in 1880. Besides these, he gave twenty-two lectures on Friday evenings; the first on the 13th of April, 1852, and the last on the 11th of May, 1883.

[2] On account of the great difference of knowledge possessed by different members of the audience. Huxley told me that on one occasion, after a lecture on the 'Nervous System,' a lady came to the table and said, 'I am so much obliged for your charming lecture; so very interesting and so clear. But there was one point I did not quite understand.' 'Thank you, madam, I shall be very pleased if I can explain to you any point I may have insufficiently expressed.' 'Well, Professor Huxley, what I want to ask is about what you called the *cerebellum*. I did not quite gather whether it is inside the skull or outside.'

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a great ground pigeon having been then recently expressed. In spite of my long friendship with him all I could get him to say was —with a benign smile and shake of the head—'I think it's a dodo!'

Thenceforth I saw Professor Huxley at not unfrequent intervals —as we resided in the same region—but it was not till the autumn of 1861 that neighbourly good will began to ripen into intimacy, and we occasionally took a walk together. On these rare and highly valued occasions I became more and more impressed with the lucidity of his thought and the admirable clearness with which he gave expression to it, with the extent and varied nature of his reading, and his evidently exceptional power of memory.

I have just referred to the late Sir Richard Owen, and everyone knows the strenuous controversy which arose between him and Huxley as to various points of anatomy. I was in the somewhat trying position of being a friend of both parties and thinking them both right and both wrong. It seemed to me that, with respect to two questions at least, they were regarding opposite sides of the same shield, each contending for what was a truth, though but a partial one.

It was then (1861) more than a dozen years since Owen had promulgated a theory derived from Goethe and Oken. It proclaimed that there is no essential difference between the skull and the backbone, that the skull is but the uppermost part of the spine, and is composed of an essentially similar series of bony arches; the only distinction being that whereas the backbone is made up of a number of small bony arches (*vertebræ*), the skull consists of a few such, greatly expanded and modified in form. Owen thus put forward an English version of one part of that system which had been known in Germany as *Natur-Philosophie*.

Huxley's critical mind demanded much more positive proof for the truth of this doctrine, as promulgated, than was forthcoming. Some contradictions and impossibilities I had myself detected in it (as had a young rising naturalist, Mr. H. N. Turner, junior, who would have attained great eminence had not his life been cut short), though accepting it (as did Mr. Turner) as an imperfect expression of a deeper truth.

Huxley adopted as his test the process of the development of the embryo, and on the 21st of October 1861 he presented me with his Croonian Lecture, the study of which made it impossible to maintain Owen's theory. This theory received its *coup de grâce* from Huxley's first course of lectures as Hunterian Professor, which were delivered in the theatre of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1863.

There is, so far as I know, no single surviving supporter of the theory then so fatally attacked. Nevertheless, that the head is an essentially segmented structure greatly modified, and segmented originally as was, and to a much greater extent is, the trunk, are

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truths now widely admitted, and have been in part demonstrated by Professor Huxley himself.[3]

But in the Life of Richard Owen by his grandson, published in 1894, there is a chapter by Professor Huxley which treats in part of this very question, wherein he speaks as follows:—

> It would be a great mistake to conclude that Owen's labours in the field of morphology were lost, because they yielded little fruit of the kind he looked for. On the contrary, they not only did a great deal of good by awakening attention to the higher problems of morphology in this country; but they were of much service in classifying and improving anatomical nomenclature.

These words are not the less generous because they are true, and I cannot here deny myself the pleasure of quoting yet another passage from the same chapter, wherein Professor Huxley gives expression to his judgment concerning the merits of his old rival and strenuous censor. The passage runs as follows:—

> During more than half a century Owen's industry remained unabated; and whether we consider the quantity or the quality of the work done, or the wide range of his labours, I doubt if, in the long annals of anatomy, more is to be placed to the credit of a single worker. It is a splendid record; enough, and more than enough, to justify the high place which Owen so long occupied. . . It was not uncommon to hear [him] called the 'British Cuvier,' and so far, in my judgment, the collocation was justified, high as the praise it implies.

Very admirable are these lines, written by one doughty man of science about a formidable opponent. They redound, indeed, to the intellectual credit of the elder naturalist, but they honour yet more the generous candour of him who wrote them so shortly before he followed to the land of shadows him to whose merits he thus nobly bore witness.

The great value of Huxley's anatomical ideas, and the admirable clearness with which he explained them, led me in the autumn of 1861 to seek admission as a student to his course of lectures at the School of Mines in Jermyn Street. When I entered his small room there to make this request, he was giving the finishing touches to a dissection of part of the nervous system of a skate, worked out for the benefit of his students. He welcomed my application with the greatest cordiality, save that he insisted I should be only an honorary student, or, rather, should assist at his lectures as a friend. I availed myself of his permission on the very next day, and subsequently attended almost all his lectures there and elsewhere, so that he one day said to me, 'I shall call you my "constant reader."' To be such a reader was to me an inestimable privilege, and so I shall ever consider it. I have heard many men lecture, but I never heard anyone lecture as did Professor Huxley. He was my very ideal of a lecturer. Distinct in utterance, with an agreeable voice, lucid as it was

[3] *E.g.* in a paper read before the Royal Society on the 8th of December, 1874.

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possible to be in exposition, with admirably chosen language, sufficiently rapid, yet never hurried, often impressive in manner, yet never otherwise than completely natural, and sometimes allowing his audience a glimpse of that rich fund of humour ever ready to well forth when occasion permitted, sometimes accompanied with an extra gleam in his bright dark eyes, sometimes expressed with a dryness and gravity of look which gave it a double zest.

I shall never forget the first time I saw him enter his lecture room. He came in rapidly, yet without bustle, and as the clock struck, a brief glance at his audience and then at once to work. He had the excellent habit of beginning each lecture (save, of course, the first) with a recapitulation of the main points of the preceding one. The course was amply illustrated by excellent coloured diagrams, which, I believe, he had made; but still more valuable were the chalk sketches he would draw on the blackboard with admirable facility, while he was talking, his rapid, dexterous strokes quickly building up an organism in our minds, simultaneously through ear and eye. The lecture over, he was ever ready to answer questions, and I often admired his patience in explaining points which there was no excuse for anyone not having understood.

Still more was I struck with the great pleasure which he showed when he saw that some special points of his teaching had not only been comprehended, but had borne fruit, by their suggestiveness in an appreciative mind.

To one point I desire specially to bear witness. There were persons who dreaded sending young men to him, fearing lest their young friends' religious beliefs should be upset by what they might hear said. For years I attended his lectures, but never once did I hear him make use of his position as a teacher to inculcate, or even hint at, his own theological views, or to depreciate or assail what might be supposed to be the religion of his hearers. No one could have behaved more loyally in that respect, and a proof that I thought so is that I subsequently sent my own son to be his pupil at South Kensington, where his experience confirmed what had previously been my own.

As to science, I learnt more from him in two years than I had acquired in any previous decade of biological study.

My next experience of his kindness was on the 25th of February, 1862, when I applied to him for a testimonial to aid me in obtaining the Chair of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at the Medical School of St. Mary's Hospital. I do not know whether I was more impressed by the ready kindness with which he acceded to my request or by the pains and time he took in writing it. For the latter he apologised, saying 'I am always very careful what words I use in writing a testimonial.'

I sought no other help save that of Professor Owen, which was

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readily accorded. To my expressed fear about the incompleteness of my knowledge, the latter replied: 'Depend on it, there's nothing so good for learning as teaching.'

In 1863 and 1864 Huxley gave lectures (both at the College of Surgeons and the School of Mines) upon the anatomy of man and animals, which were the outcome of the labour he had undertaken in preparation for the publication of his work *Man's Place in Nature*.

Cuvier, in his world-renowned *Règne Animal*, had placed man in an order[4] by himself, which he distinguished as two-handed and named '*Bimanes*.' Apes and lemurs, as having four 'hands,' he classed in his order *Quadrumanes*, corresponding with the Vierhänder of the German naturalists.

In this he was widely followed, and the orders *Bimana* and *Quadrumana* were adopted by English writers, and by Owen amongst them.

Professor Huxley taught, with perfect reason, that the organisation of man and apes is so much alike that they cannot reasonably be classed in different orders, since zoological classification depends on form and structure exclusively. He therefore proposed to revert to the older system of Linnæus, who had classed man, apes, and lemurs in a single order (*Primates*), excluding from it the bats, which had been included in it by the great Swedish naturalist.

Thus arose the memorable dispute as to what is a 'hand' and what a 'foot'? Huxley graphically pointed out, what no one could deny, that in almost all those points wherein the human hand and foot differ anatomically, the fore and hind extremities of apes differ also; that the grasping organs attached to the legs of apes are (save for proportional differences of certain parts) altogether like the feet of men, and not like the anterior extremities of either men or apes.

In this contention I was, of course, in complete accord with Professor Huxley, as I was in accord with him generally, for though I had not accepted Darwin's theory of 'Natural Selection,' I was neither its opponent nor convinced it was untenable.

My first scientific paper (on the lower forms of the *Primates*) was read by me on the 22nd of November, 1864. I only mention this because Huxley was in the chair on that occasion, and publicly welcomed my maiden effort with kindly words I shall never forget. He was also, as on so many occasions, humorous. I having had the

[4] An 'order' holds, in zoological classification, an intermediate position. The whole animal kingdom is divided into certain sub-kingdoms; each of these into classes; each class into orders, orders into families, families into genera, while each genus is composed of species. Thus, *e.g.*, the horse is a species of the genus *Equus* of the family *Equidæ*, of the order *Ungulata*, of the class *Mammalia*, of the sub-kingdom *Vertebrata*. The class *Mammalia* consists of various orders such as that of man and apes, that of bats, that of hoofed beasts, that of whales and porpoises, &c &c.

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opportunity of describing from Nature a small lemur, previously little known and of doubtful reality, he said: 'The author has shown us the real existence of *Cheirogaleus*, which I, for my part, have been accustomed to consider a sort of zoological Mrs. Harris.'

For the next two years much of our work harmonised, and ultimately a paper, describing in great detail the limb-bones of all the *Primates*,[5] gained me, with his kind support, the Fellowship of the Royal Society. One day, when I was at work at the College of Surgeons, he came to me from the Royal Society Council, and told me gaily: 'It is to be published; *totus, teres, atque rotundus!*'—another proof of his considerate kindness.

All this was the more kind because my conclusions did not entirely coincide with his; as I affirmed that a great resemblance, *functionally*, must be conceded to exist between the foot of the ape and the hand of man.

My constant attendance at Huxley's lectures naturally augmented our intimacy, and family visits and social meals together further increased it. The more I knew of him, the more fond I became of him; and he was often kind enough, after a Hunterian Lecture, to politely evade the advances of others and, having disentangled himself, walk alone with me from Lincoln's Inn to St. John's Wood.

Many an amicable discussion took place between us on such subjects as serial and bilateral symmetry in animals and problems connected therewith; man's place in Nature as regards his intellectual faculty; evolution, Darwinian and other; the independent evolution of similar structures; the possibility of the medusa having been an ancestral form of man; and various questions of philosophy and religion.

On one occasion, when I was urging the danger of making unguarded statements to the young and the possibility of impressions being thereby produced quite other than those intended, he replied: 'It would be very wrong to do so, and at the least tend to make young prigs of them. Children should be brought up in the mythology of their time and country, but as they grow up their questions should be answered frankly.'

It was in 1866 that he delivered a memorable address to the students of St. Mary's Hospital School, and about that time a project was on foot between him, myself, Tyndall, and one or two more, to form a small scientific and philosophic club, the financial arrangements of which were to be carried through by a highly intellectual London physician, an M.A. of Cambridge. This project was a frequent subject of discussion in our walks. The institution was sketched out on broad lines, the one qualification for membership

[5] Entitled 'On the Appendicular Skeleton of the Primates,' read on the 10th of January, 1867, and published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Two previous papers were: (1) 'The Limb-bones of the Orang,' *Trans. Zool. Soc.*, 1866; and (2) 'On the Axial Skeleton of the Primates,' *Pro. Zool. Soc.*, 1865.

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proposed being a personal devotion to some branch of science and an interest in philosophy. The name suggested for the club was 'The Verulam.' The project, however, fell through, though the discussions carried on about it may, I think, have in some measure helped on the development of the well-known Metaphysical Society of three years later.

It was in 1868 that difficulties as to the theory of Natural Selection began to take shape in my mind, and they were strongly reinforced by the arguments of one who became, and remains, as gratitude demands, a highly valued friend, whose acquaintance I made at Professor Huxley's lectures, at which love of science had also made him a regular attendant. This was the Rev. W. W. Roberts (son of Captain Roberts, R.N.), whose mother was aunt of the wife of Archdeacon, afterwards Cardinal, Manning. To him Huxley also took a great liking, as was natural enough, for he had a very hearty esteem for any one who led a self-denying life from a sense of duty. Huxley said to me one day: 'Clever men! why they are as plentiful as blackberries; the rare thing is to find a good one!' Mr. Roberts at that time was leading a very austere life, dwelling at a school in a slum known as Charles Street, Drury Lane. He had, and has, one of the acutest intellects I ever met, and one day when he, Huxley, and some others had dined at my house, Huxley said aside to my wife on entering the drawing-room: 'Your friend Roberts is indeed a brain sharpener.' The arguments he again and again urged upon me were the difficulties, or rather the impossibilities, on the Darwinian system, of accounting for the origin of the human intellect, and above all for its moral intuitions—not its moral *sentiments*, but its ethical *judgments*.

Meantime I had good opportunities of hearing all that could be urged on the other side, not only from Huxley, but also from Dr. A. R. Wallace (whose acquaintance I had made in 1862), and from Darwin himself, who occasionally came to see me, and also from the perfervid Professor Haeckel, who, after lunching at my house on the 28th of October, 1866, eloquently preached Darwinism to me during a long walk in the Zoological Gardens.

At that time Mr. Roberts was Father Roberts, a priest of the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo.[6] He was my companion at the British Association Meeting at Norwich in 1868. One day, when we were in the nave of the Cathedral there, Huxley entered, and coming up to Father Roberts, addressed him most kindly, and said with playful humour: 'Oh! for the time when the king shall have his own again.'

He had not then accepted, nor do I believe he ever did accept, the now fashionable craze that no breach of continuity took place at the Reformation.

[6] About eight years after the Vatican Council he seceded from the Catholic Church.

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For the rest of that year and the first half of the next I was perplexed and distressed as to what line I ought to take in a matter so important, and which more and more appeared to me one I was bound to enter upon controversially.

After many painful days and much meditation and discussion my mind was made up, and I felt it my duty first of all to go straight to Professor Huxley and tell him all my thoughts, feelings, and intentions in the matter without the slightest reserve, including what it seemed to me I must do as regarded the theological aspect of the question. Never before or since have I had a more painful experience than fell to my lot in his room at the School of Mines on that 15th of June, 1869. As soon as I had made my meaning clear, his countenance became transformed as I had never seen it. Yet he looked more sad and surprised than anything else. He was kind and gentle as he said regretfully, but most firmly, that nothing so united or severed men as questions such as those I had spoken of.

Nevertheless no positive breach took place, though the following day, as we were driving homewards together, the conversation became rather sharply controversial. Yet family friendly relations continued, and we sometimes dined at each other's houses. On one such occasion I well recollect that, the ladies having gone, and Huxley being at my right hand, I began to speak about toleration, for which I have, and have always had, what is perhaps a weakness. Turning to Huxley for support, he astonished me by saying, 'Oh, you must not appeal to me to support toleration as a principle.' 'Indeed,' said I. 'No,' he continued, 'I think vice and error ought to be extirpated by force if it could be done.' 'You amaze me,' I rejoined; 'then you rehabilitate Torquemada and some others we have all been accustomed to blame.' 'I think,' he answered, 'they were quite right in principle, though the way they carried the principle out was injurious to their cause.' 'Surely,' I exclaimed, 'burning alive is a strong measure.' 'Yes,' said he, 'especially the smell.' At this we all laughed, and the subject dropped. I give this anecdote only as an illustration of the earnestness of Huxley's character; but I am quite sure his bark was much worse than his bite, for though I have known him to be very angry, I never knew him do a vindictive act, or one which, putting myself at his point of view, I could call unkind.

But, as everyone who knew him was well aware, he felt very strongly respecting questions of theology, and considered himself under a true moral obligation to oppose systems of belief which he deemed injurious to social welfare. During the last conversation I had with him on the subject (the 18th of June, 1870) he warmly affirmed that, in his opinion, antagonism and conflict as to such matters would and should increase.

The following autumn we met at Manchester, and attended a

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philosophic debating club (the Paradoxical) which had been founded with the aid of Sir Henry Roscoe by Dr. Noble. Then came his criticism of me in the *Contemporary Review*[7] and my reply.[8]

By degrees I became more and more painfully and distinctly aware of the widening of the 'rift within the lute.' Nor did I, or could I, altogether wonder at it. He was devotedly, chivalrously attached to Charles Darwin. And he might well have been so, for Darwin's nature was a singularly lovable one. He was much Huxley's senior, infirm in health, and greatly attached to him. I felt the strain it must be on Professor Huxley to continue friendly with me in the position I had felt bound to assume, and, indeed, he once said to me, 'One cannot go on running with the hare and hunting with the hounds.' Years afterwards Huxley wrote me on the subject, saying that 'the strong affection entertained for Darwin by many of his friends led those who saw good reason for accepting his views to take much more trouble in his defence and support, and to strike much harder at his adversaries, than they would otherwise have done.'

The winter of 1871 was passed in Egypt by Professor Huxley for his health, and from early in 1872 till late in May, 1874, I was little in London and for a long time abroad. Still I saw him occasionally, and I recollect going with him and Mr. John Westlake, Q.C., to a meeting of artisans in the Blackfriars Road, to whom he gave a friendly address. He felt a strong interest in working-men, and was much beloved by them. On one occasion, having taken a cab home, on his arrival there, when he held out his fare to the cabman, the latter replied, 'Oh, no, Professor, I have had too much pleasure and profit from hearing you lecture to take any money from your pocket—proud to have driven you, sir!'

In the latter part of 1874 I was anxious that my son should become Huxley's pupil at South Kensington, and entered him there, through Mr. (now Professor) Thomas Parker, the eldest son of my old and esteemed friend Professor Parker, F.R.S.[9] The same night brought me a kind and playful letter from Huxley saying, 'Dear Mivart,—Wolves do not prey upon wolves, and I can accept no payment from you for your son's work with me,' &c. &c.

That November I was elected a member of the Metaphysical Society,[10] and there I heard not a few discussions wherein Professor

[7] In November, 1871. [8] In January, 1872.

[9] He had a perfectly marvellous knowledge of osteology, and a most facile pencil. When I visited him he would sometimes spend more than an hour sketching points of resemblance and contrast between parts of the skeleton of different animals. Of him Huxley once said to me: 'Dear old Parker, you have only to tap him and osteological detail will flow out for a fortnight.'

[10] This most interesting society was initiated in 1869 by Mr. James Knowles, its admirable and indefatigable secretary, with whose secretaryship the life of the society

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Huxley took part, and one notable paper written by him, entitled *The Evidence of the Miracle of the Resurrection.* The tact and delicacy with which he handled a subject about which so many members entertained strong convictions were as admirable as were the decision and firmness with which he stated what his own convictions were.

Very shortly after my admission to this society the thunderbolt I had so long feared fell. My friend Mr. Roberts, who still continued to attend Huxley's course, brought me one evening an unfriendly message from South Kensington. I replied by a deprecatory letter, to which, for some days, there was no reply. I gathered, however, from all Mr. Roberts said that Professor Huxley evidently wished to make actual that breach which had been gradually becoming more and more plainly inevitable, and the following day a letter came which did make it actual. The occasion was an incautious expression of mine, which I much regret having used, in a *Quarterly* article. But the expression was in truth but a sharp criticism of a school of thought, not, as it was taken to be, a reflection on personal character.

Thereafter, for more than ten years, manifestations of friendly feeling ceased. They ceased to my profound sorrow, for my affectionate feeling towards him persisted, and as year after year passed by I came more and more to desire a renewal of friendly relations.

At last I was led, by hearing of some kind expression he had used of me, to call upon him at South Kensington.

I did so on the 10th of June, 1885, and was most kindly and most cordially received. The past was briefly referred to with mutual explanations, and kindly expressions of good will on both sides. Then he spoke of his health, and told me that henceforth he should give up all work, which he did not find it a pleasure to do.

After that we met now and again and had some interesting talks, as in old times, for we were both interested in the 'higher criticism' —Wellhausen, Kuenen, &c.

We occasionally wrote to each other, and the following letter is one referring to literary matters as to which I had consulted him.

was indeed bound up. The members dined together at the Grosvenor Hotel, and afterwards discussed a paper written by one of them, which had been printed and distributed to members only. The first meeting was held on the 21st of April, 1869, and the last on the 11th of May, 1880. Amongst its members, besides Huxley, were Dr. Martineau, Mr. C. Pritchard, Dr. Ward, Mr. Tennyson, Professor Tyndall, Cardinal Manning, Sir Alexander Grant, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Henry Sidgwick, the Rev. Mark Pattison, the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Gloucester and of Peterborough, Mr. J. Fitzjames Stephen, Professor Clifford, Lord Arthur Russell, and Mr. Gladstone. Amongst the papers discussed were: 'On Memory as an Intuitive Faculty'—'Is there any Axiom of Causality?'—'The Relativity of Knowledge'—'Has a Frog a Soul?' —'The Absolute'—'Darwinism and Ideality'—'What is the good of Truth?'—'The Ethics of Persecution'—'The Religion of Emotion'—'What are the Elements of a Sensation?'—'The Scope of Metaphysics.'

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4 Marlborough Place, N.W.,
Nov. 12, 1885.

My dear Mivart,—I return your proof with many thanks for your courtesy in sending it. . . . I am so ignorant of what has been going on during the last twelve months that I know nothing of your controversy with Romanes. If he is going to show the evolution of intellect from sense, he is 'the man for whom I have been looking,' as Kant somewhere says.

In your papers about scientific freedom,[11] which I read some time ago with much interest, you allude to a paper, or book, by Father Roberts,[12] on the Galileo business. Will you kindly send me a postcard to say where the book was published? I gave some attention to the Galileo process when I was in Italy; and I arrived at the conclusion that the Pope and the College of Cardinals had rather the best of it. It would complete the paradox if Father Roberts should help me to see the error of my ways.

Yours very truly,
T. H. Huxley.

Subsequently our ways again diverged, but, so far as I know, the divergence was but physical. We both lived in the country and wide apart, and were both much abroad, and thus met very rarely. It will, however, ever be to me a great consolation to reflect that, long before the end, I was able once again to feel the friendly grasp of his hand, and to see he accepted my assurance that my regard for him had persisted through all the mutations (and, I am sure, the misunderstandings) which had for far too long a time separated me from him.

St. George Mivart.

[11] Published in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1885.

[12] 'The Pontifical Decrees against the Motion of the Earth,' Burns and Oates, 1 70. Some years later a fuller edition was published by Messrs. Parker & Co.

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IN THE SUB-EDITOR'S ROOM

THE sub-editor's room is the real centre and heart of the mighty machinery of the daily newspaper office; and on the presiding genius of that department depends, in a large measure, the success or failure of the journal. The title 'sub-editor' is somewhat vague and misleading. The sub-editor is, of course, subject to the editor, just as are the reporters, compositors, and machine-men; but he does not, any more than these other sections of the newspaper staff, discharge his duties within the editor's particular sphere of operations. The editor has his own assistants, properly known as 'assistant editors,' in the work of controlling the policy of the newspaper, supervising the expression of opinions in the leading columns, accepting or rejecting proffered contributions, making arrangements for special articles and supplies of news, and exercising the final decision as to whether any matter, in doubt, shall or shall not be published. But the functions of the sub-editor are entirely different. In America he is more correctly known as 'the news editor.' He it is who, as grand censor, selects from the overwhelming mass of news which pours in an unceasing stream into the newspaper office that which is most valuable and most interesting, and sees that it is presented to the readers of the journal grammatically correct, and in a bright, pointed, and attractive form.

Mark Twain tells a story of one of his early newspaper experiences in Denver, which humorously shows how the brightness or dulness of a newspaper depends mainly on the sub-editor.

Twain had been instructed to write a description of the opening of a drinking tavern. In those days such affairs were deemed sufficiently important in Denver to be specially reported. Mark decided to make his account of the festivities bear witness to the potency of the free refreshments dispensed. The article began soberly enough, but soon the diction became misty; even the spelling got confused, and finally the report degenerated into a maudlin, incoherent eulogy of the tavern-keeper. It was very funny. But the next morning, when Twain eagerly scanned the paper, he could not find his work. In an obscure corner he saw a two-line announcement that 'The Alcazar Tavern was opened with appropriate festivities last night.'

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That was all. He rushed down to the office in a rage and inquired about his article. The managing editor knew nothing about it; the foreman printer said he had not seen it. As Mark was running over the office, raving about the outrage, and trying to find information of his missing copy, the news editor, fresh at the work, slyly nudged him, and said confidentially, 'You owe me a cigar.' 'How is that?' inquired the humorist. 'I've earned it,' was the reply. 'I saved your job for you last night. Maybe you don't know how the old man feels about such things, but he won't have it if he finds out. He's sacked three men since I've been here. Just that way.' 'Just what way?' asked Twain. 'Why, just as you were last night, you know,' replied the sub-editor. 'Your stuff wouldn't do at all; it was simply awful! I knew if the old man saw it you were gone. So I fixed it up for you myself!' Of course that sub-editor's services were at once dispensed with. His incapacity to know 'a good thing' journalistically when he saw it would have killed the paper in a few weeks.

Let us look into the sub-editor's room, and see him and his assistants at work. The aspect of the apartment differs in little details in different newspaper offices, but in essentials there is a family likeness between all sub-editors' rooms. There is a big table in the centre of the room. On it are blotting pads, pens and ink, blue pencils, writing paper, books of reference, and a couple of flat office baskets for the reception of 'copy' which has been prepared for the compositors. At the head of the table sits the chief sub-editor, and below him, at each side, are his five or six assistants. On the walls there are perhaps, on one side, a couple of maps, and on the other a substantial bookcase filled with dictionaries, encyclopædias, army and navy lists, clerical directories, medical registers, University Calendars, books dealing with the peerages, baronetcies, and knighthoods, biographical dictionaries, year-books, gazetteers, and other useful works of reference, besides the Bible and Shakespeare, with a concordance to each, and some volumes of the favourite poets. The 'files' of the newspaper, in big, unwieldy, forbidding-looking volumes, are in the presses or piled in a corner of the room.

Some of the sub-editors begin work as early as five o'clock, in order that there may be 'copy' ready for the compositors when they start an hour later. But the busiest hours in the room are between nine and one o'clock. Messengers come in frequently with bundles of the familiar buff telegraph envelopes containing despatches from the news agencies, or from the correspondents of the paper at all points of the compass. It is interesting to mention in this connection that the mere opening of so many envelopes is so irksome to the sub-editor, and, what is more important, entails such a loss of time, that representations on behalf of the newspapers were once made—but without effect—to the Postmaster-General, asking him if he would give instructions that the covers of Press messages were not to

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be gummed. These telegrams are of the most varied character. They deal with the latest murder in the East End of London; the day's transactions on the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Produce Exchange; a long debate in the House of Commons; special reports from representatives of the paper at a Welsh colliery accident; a train collision in Northumberland; a murder mystery at Plymouth; Reuter's supply of news from all parts of the world; sporting news, race meetings, football or cricket matches, communications from correspondents at Paris, Berlin, Rome, and New York; the grain, vegetable, and meat markets; Stock Exchange reports; the big strike at Glasgow; the latest French crisis; affairs in South Africa; London police reports; interesting cases from the High Courts, and a thousand and one other items of intelligence. Letters, with a similar collection of news of the most miscellaneous character, are also continually arriving by post and messenger and by railway parcel. In some newspaper offices a portion of the news is classified, and dealt with by specialists. The racing intelligence goes to the sporting editor; market news to the agricultural editor; financial matter is looked after by the City or financial editor; and foreign intelligence by a sub-editor versed in the contemporary history of foreign countries, while 'home news'—that is, intelligence from all parts of the United Kingdom—goes to the sub-editor's room. But in other offices all the news flows into the sub-editor's room, and is dealt with by one staff. A sub-editor in these offices has to 'dress up' for publication, first a telegram dealing with the Vatican, then a football match at Burnley, afterwards a police-court report, followed, perhaps, by a speech on bimetallism by a conspicuous politician.

The 'stuff' as it arrives in the course of the night by telegraph, train, post or hand, is given to the chief sub-editor at the head of the table. He glances through it all, reserves some for treatment by himself, and passes on the rest to his assistants, giving in a few words directions to each how to deal with his portion of the news, deciding whether this item or that item should get a half column or a paragraph, or should have a 'full head-line' or a 'side-head.' Silence as a rule prevails in the room. The sub-editors, with pen or blue pencil in hand, are too deeply absorbed in their work for conversation—condensing, modifying, improving, animating the material, putting it concisely; seizing instinctively the interesting and central fact of a long report supplied by a laborious local correspondent; and ruthlessly striking out everything else; correcting improprieties of grammar and taste, giving the matter appropriate and adequate headings—the one end at which all are aiming, under the guidance of the chief, being to compress the greatest amount and variety of interesting reading into the columns of the newspaper.

The sub-editor must also exercise the greatest care in order that nothing appears in the hundreds of items of news of all sorts and

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descriptions passing through his hands, which the too elastic law of libel—as it applies to newspaper reporting and comment—can construe into a slander. A slip of this kind may cost the newspaper thousands of pounds, for British juries are, for some unaccountable reason, more than liberal in awarding damages to plaintiffs in newspaper libel actions.

Reports from the police courts and the law courts, civil and criminal, are most dangerous 'copy,' in that respect, and need to be vigilantly read by the sub-editor. An inaccuracy in the name of the defendant, or the person accused, or in his calling or address, or in the nature of the charge preferred against him, may mean libel. It is therefore the business of the sub-editor to see that none of the errors—unavoidable at times—of the staff reporters and various correspondents get into the paper. But accidents will happen, and when an indignant letter arrives from the person aggrieved, or a writ is served, the blame is unreasonably laid on the sub-editor, who is expected to have the prescience to distinguish between the true and the false, and to see a mistake in a report at a glance. I know of one 'chief' who is for that reason never tired of impressing on his assistants the virtue of a frequent use, in any doubtful matter, of that blessed compromising word 'alleged.' But to his amazement and chagrin he saw on looking over the paper one day the following heading to a paragraph describing a school function:—

ALLEGED SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT AT CLAPHAM

He remembered having given the paragraph for treatment to a new assistant, to whom he had, as usual, previously pointed out the advantage of the use of the word 'alleged' in order to avoid libel. When he entered the sub-editor's room that evening he found the culprit at work on another paragraph, in which he gave as follows a more extended application of the excellent maxim of his 'chief':—

ALLEGED MAD DOG SCARE AT HAMPSTEAD

An alleged mad dog, said to be the property of an alleged butcher named Frost, of Atlantic Avenue, is alleged to have broken his chain yesterday afternoon and attacked the alleged daughter of Thomas Drewsbury, who claims to be a tailor in the same street. The girl is alleged to have been treated by Dr. Tupper, an alleged local practitioner, for the alleged severe bites in the hands and legs. It is further alleged that the alleged butcher was last year sent to gaol for a week by the alleged magistrate of the North-Western Police Court for not keeping his alleged ferocious dog under proper control.

That young man had the bump of caution too abnormally developed, and he was seen no more in the sub-editor's room.

The report of a speech, four or five columns long, by a conspicuous member of the Government or of the Opposition, telegraphed by the local staff of the paper or by one of the news-agencies—the Press

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Association or Central News—begins to arrive about eleven o'clock. Great care must, for several reasons, be exercised by the sub-editor in reading these reports. The speeches are written in pencil on 'flimsy,' a thin paper used for manifolding, or making several copies of a document, and are, therefore, not always legible, and in any event are in the reading unpleasant and distressful to the eyes. The reports arrive in sections A, B, C, &c. The first sheet is marked 'A 1,' the second 'A 2,' &c., and at the end of section 'A' is the statement 'B' follows, and so on. Some vigilance is needed to secure that the proper order of these sections is preserved. If they were to get intermixed the effect on the speech would be disastrous. Perhaps the most fruitful sources of error in these reports are the eccentric punctuation, and other vagaries of the telegraphists, and the still more strange antics of the wires. Press telegraphy is on the whole excellently done notwithstanding the many difficulties that perplex the operators—the bad handwriting of the reporters, their numerous abbreviations and contractions, and the adverse atmospheric influences to which the wires are subject. But occasionally a sub-editor is driven to distraction in making out and rendering in an intelligible manner some of the 'copy' which reaches him by telegraph. I remember once seeing the sub-editorial staff of a newspaper put to their wits' end in trying to make sense out of a denunciation by Sir William Harcourt of 'the vendors of gloves in the West End.' Everyone agreed that the right honourable gentleman could not have used such an expression; that it was a blunder which had crept in during the transmission of the speech by wire; and when they were about to give the solution up in despair, someone, in a moment of inspiration, suggested that it must have been 'the frequenters of clubs in the West End.' It turned out after that the suggestion was quite correct. I have also seen a sheet of 'flimsy' on which the telegraphist, failing to understand the sentence, in a speech 'Peers are not pariahs,' had queried the word 'pariahs,' and in a foot-note had suggested 'parishes'! The great bulk of telegraphists are, however, most competent and intelligent, and ignorant blunders of that kind are exceedingly rare. But once an operator in an effort to decrease his labour was responsible for an amusing rendering of a speech by John Bright. It was an address to some schoolboys, and the expression 'my dear little children' occurred so frequently that the clerk in telegraphing it used the word 'kids.' But he forgot to instruct the operator at the other end of the wire to transcribe 'children' for 'kids.' The speech was sent to a London morning paper; and the sub-editor, knowing that Mr. Bright was noted for the simplicity of his language, concluded that 'kids' was pure Anglo-Saxon. 'My dear little kids' was accordingly allowed the glory of print, and copies of the newspaper are still preserved as curiosities. Again, during the last Session of Parliament a member asked whether the special mission to the Emperor Menelik

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would have the effect of opening up Abyssinia to British trade, and in the report telegraphed to a provincial paper, Mr. Curzon was made to reply that he had no doubt 'the Lord' would look after that. The sub-editor, without doubting for a moment that the Government were sustained by the sublimest faith, ventured to question the accuracy of the report, and the result of his investigation was the substitution of 'Mr. Rudd,' who headed the mission, for 'the Lord,' as the friend and advocate of British enterprise.

So the sub-editor goes through his bundle of 'flimsy,' making confused passages clear; parting sentences which have got mixed in the telegraphing; breaking up the speech into sections; giving a distinctive 'sub-heading' to each subject treated; verifying, with the aid of gazetteers and maps and biographical dictionaries, the names of places and persons mentioned in the course of the speech, and seeing that the literary quotations of the speaker are correctly rendered. No wonder that when he reaches the last slip of the speech the sub-editor is glad. Most people will remember Lord Rosebery's speech in Scotland in October 1896, in which he gave his reasons for unexpectedly resigning the leadership of the Liberal Party. The telegraph department at Edinburgh worked at high pressure, but so great was the amount of 'copy' handed in, that the report of the speech came through very slowly to a certain paper in the North, and it was 2 A.M. when the last 'flimsy' was delivered. The sub-editor was, as a consequence, more than usually pressed, and when all was over he gave expression to his feelings of relief by writing, unconsciously perhaps, on the last 'flimsy' the words 'Thank God.' The compositor, who always rigidly follows his copy, made it read, 'Lord Rosebery then left for the South. Thank God.' And so it appeared in the newspaper.

People often wonder how a newspaper can be filled every night. The trouble is not to fill the paper, but to make a judicious selection from the superabundance of matter which is always available. One half of the 'stuff' which reaches the sub-editor's room every night has to be consigned to the waste-paper basket. In fact, the sub-editor must be extremely cautious and circumspect as to the 'copy' he sends to the compositors in the early portion of the night; for, as the unexpected often happens, matter relating to some big sensational event may come in later, to which everything else must be sacrificed, thereby rendering useless columns of 'copy' already in type. During the night the chief sub-editor receives reports from the overseer of the composing room as to the amount of matter 'set up,' and the number of columns which remain to be filled. He is therefore acquainted with the hourly progress of the newspaper towards completion. He has also frequent consultations with the editor as to the number of columns of leading articles, contributions specially ordered, reviews of books, letters to the editor, &c., which

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are 'going in.' He has also to bring under the notice of his chief news of special interest which may be worthy of editorial comment in a leading article or paragraph.

The sub-editor is, perhaps, a more important personage on an evening newspaper than on a morning. On him, indeed, the making and marring of the journal depends. On an evening paper also sub-editorial work is more arduous and exacting, and has to be done under the spur of a more imperative time-limit. The sub-editors of a London evening paper are due in the office as early as seven o'clock. Formerly an evening paper was an evening paper. The first edition appeared about two o'clock; but in the stress of competition—in the race for public favour and support between 'evenings;' in the fierce desire of each paper to be ahead, even by a few minutes, of its rivals—the hour of publication has waxed earlier and earlier, until now all the halfpenny evening papers of London publish at ten; and, indeed, it is not at all unlikely that one of the strange experiences the twentieth century has in store for us is to be able to buy the 'evening' papers with the 'mornings.' Entering the office, then, at the early hour of seven, the sub-editors find the big table of their room supplied with copies of the metropolitan and country morning papers, and the letters which have arrived by post. The chief sub-editor proceeds first to examine the letters. Some of them are communications from readers to the editor; most of them are paragraphs of news sent in by 'penny-a-liners' and other outside contributors on the chance that they may be accepted. The 'chief' reads them all, winnowing out, with a rapidity born of constant practice, those of interest and importance, which he 'dresses up' if necessary for the compositors, and the remaining chaff he sweeps into the huge waste-paper basket by his side, to the prospective disappointment of many ventilators of grievances, who will later on buy the paper in the hope of seeing themselves in print, and of the 'penny-a-liners,' some of whom, mayhap, are relying for their dinner on the acceptance of their paragraphs.

Meanwhile his assistants have tackled the pile of journals, eagerly scanning column after column for matter suitable for republication. In this work the scissors is indispensable and a pot of paste is absolutely necessary. But it is not all 'scissors and paste,' as the work is rather contemptuously termed. These men, if they are to discharge their duties satisfactorily, must have the 'nose for news,' the instinct which unerringly chooses what the readers of the paper like. The choicest morsels of the morning papers are thus cut out and pasted on sheets of white paper; and by the time the 'chief' has disposed of the post, quite a pile of these journalistic jetsam and flotsam has been accumulated, and is submitted to the final ordeal of his more fastidious scrutiny before it is sent, deftly manipulated into spicy items of news and personal gossip, to the

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composing-room. It is all bustle and rush now in the sub-editor's room. The 'extra edition,' or the last issue of the paper on the previous evening, is looked through by the 'chief,' and with blue pencil he marks out the news which is not to be served up again, choosing, of course, for republication the matter which was fresh in the 'extra edition.' In the same manner he scans the 'over matter' from the previous evening,—that is, copy which has been put into type, but crushed out of the paper by more important news—and this he marks for publication, condenses or rejects, as he thinks fit.

Early as it is, the telegraph is bringing in intelligence of importance from near and far. And see that row of mahogany pedestals, each surmounted by a queer brass box encased in glass. These are the 'tape machines' which, connected by electric wires with the various news-agencies, record all day and all night the news of the world. 'Tic-tack, tic-tack, tic-tack' they go monotonously, printing on tape in the briefest and curtest terms news of wars, fires, shipwrecks, murders, disasters of all kinds by sea and land; and now and then some tidings that will bring pride and gladness to the heart of the nation. The rapidity with which the world's events are recorded by these wonderful tape machines is illustrated, somewhat uncannily perhaps, by a story of Jay Gould's death. The American financier had one of these machines in his bedroom. A minute after he had breathed his last, 'tic-tack, tic-tack' went the machine, and out dropped the tape with the intelligence, 'Jay Gould is dead.' As the machines reel out their messages in the sub-editor's room—chronicling disasters involving the loss of thousands of lives, and the deaths of great celebrities, with the same dull, monotonous tick as they record the prosaic fact that the London County Council met at Spring Gardens—the slips are cut up and pasted on paper by a staff of boys and handed to the sub-editors, who furnish them with racy and catching headlines. At last the end comes. It is a quarter to ten, and the compositors can take no more copy. So ends the work of the first edition, so far as the sub-editors' room is concerned. But it is one of the fictions of evening journalism that it has no first edition; therefore this issue is known to the public as 'the second edition,' and indeed, in some cases, as 'the fourth edition.'

Before the end, however, a most important task has to be fulfilled. This is the selection of the items of news which are to go on the contents bill or poster. A conference on the subject is held in the sub-editors' room, and the collective intellects of the staff are bent to the decision of the great issue at stake. The publisher of the paper is present, for the contents bill often determines the number of papers he will have printed. A striking, catching poster will send up the sales of an edition by thousands. The various items of news in the paper are therefore carefully considered. Preference is given to home news. As was said by Macaulay—with true sub-editorial

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instinct—in an Indian debate in 1832, 'A broken head in Coldbath Fields produces a greater sensation than three pitched battles in India.' The accident of an overturned 'bus in Piccadilly, which has resulted only in a few bruises, is of more thrilling interest than the news of a cyclone or a tidal wave which has destroyed thousands of lives in China.

'BUS

OVERTURNED

IN

PICCADILLY

is therefore a more catching poster—one that will arrest the attention of the passing, bustling crowd in the contest of flaring contents bills displayed by the newsboys, and attract the halfpence out of their pockets—than

APPALLING DISASTER

IN

CHINA

THOUSANDS PERISH

An item of home news which can be described on the contents bill as a 'mystery,' a 'horror,' or a 'sensational disclosure,' is certain to make the paper 'sell like hot cakes,' as the publisher would say. Nothing, for instance, could beat this:

MURDER MYSTERY

IN

THE WEST END

HORRIBLE DISCOVERY

Of course, a home sensation is not always available, and now and then the sub-editor must fall back on the foreign news for an item for his poster. Out it comes in this fashion:

AWFUL TRAIN SMASH

MANY BURNT ALIVE

It will be noticed that the scene of the disaster is kept in the dark. The curiosity of the passer-by is piqued. He is anxious to know where the train smash occurred. Perhaps it happened down at Leeds. But, buying a copy of the paper, he finds, after a diligent search, a line or two in an obscure part of its columns, about the sensation which occurred at a place thousands of miles away of which he had never heard before:

A Reuter telegram from San Francisco states that two trains came into collision at Panimint, and that many of the passengers were burnt alive.

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But it must not be supposed that when the great question of the contents bill is settled and 'the second edition' has gone to press, the labours of the sub-editors are over. All that I have described has taken place before 10 A.M. There are three or four other editions to come out, and save for an interval for luncheon the sub-editors will be on duty until five o'clock, working at the same high pressure as edition succeeds edition throughout the long day. In the case of an evening paper of four pages, three—the front and back, and the first inside—appear in all the subsequent editions as they have been 'made up' for the first. The matter on these pages consists mainly of advertisements, personal gossip, the leading article, and notes, a short story, and other interesting matter of a miscellaneous character. The sub-editors have, therefore, to confine their subsequent operations to page three. As the day goes on fresh items of news are brought to the sub-editors' room by messenger, post, telegraph, and tape machine. There are reports from the Police Courts, the High Courts of Justice, the Coroners' Courts; paragraphs of fires, accidents, and 'sensational occurrences' of all kinds; reports of meetings and tape messages from the ends of the earth. The amount of matter becomes at times so great that it threatens to overwhelm the alert and busy sub-editors, who must nevertheless read every item that comes in, rejecting, selecting, re-writing, abbreviating. So the 'fourth edition,' which follows 'the second' and 'the special edition' are prepared, and for each, of course, a fresh poster has to be printed. The excitement in the sub-editors' room culminates in the preparation of the last edition, or 'extra special,' as it is called. Every effort is made to secure the insertion on page three of the latest possible news. The tape machines and telephones are closely watched, and ears are eagerly strained for the sound of the hurrying feet of a messenger or telegraph boy on the stairs. But the last moment has arrived; page three is closed up, and sent to the foundry. The strain at last is over, and the sub-editors go their several ways through Fleet Street, but are eagerly pressed by the newsboys to buy an 'hextra speshul,' with the contents of which they are only too familiar.

There is a tradition in journalism that 'once a sub-editor always a sub-editor'; in other words, the sub-editor is never promoted. Excellent reporters and brilliant leader writers are always obtainable without difficulty. But a good sub-editor is so rare a being that the authorities of the newspaper will do anything for him but allow him to aspire to a higher position in the office.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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THE PRESENT SITUATION OF ENGLAND[1]

A CANADIAN IMPRESSION

THE events connected with the Jubilee in London this summer would lead the casual observer to the conclusion that the British Empire was world-wide in its extent, that it had planted its flag in every corner of the earth, that wherever its flag flew there were loyal subjects of Her Majesty, true to the common Empire, and ready to rally to its support and die for its safety. The Naval Review impressed one with the mighty sea-power of our Empire—in vessels, in men, in armament, in skilled officers, and in the warlike and national spirit that makes for national greatness. The Navy was never so strong and so efficient. No nation ever had such coaling stations, such fortified naval bases, so widely scattered and so well placed. One could not help feeling our great maritime strength.

The Colonial and Indian contingents impressed the imagination with the great reserve force, of the 11,000,000 Anglo-Saxon colonists and the hundreds of millions of other races, all giving their allegiance to the same Sovereign. The 40,000 troops who lined the streets of London and the splendid mounted forces who marched through them gave an idea of military strength; while the display of decorations in the streets, the dresses of the crowds, the lavish and profuse and luxurious hospitality—in which money was poured out like water by our fellow-countrymen to welcome the gathering of the family, as it were, at home—and the evidences of wealth shown in a hundred other ways, gave one the impression of a nation wealthy beyond parallel in history. In fact, outwardly everything tended to prove that our Empire stood upon solid ground, prepared for all contingencies, and prosperous and progressive.

After seeing all the great displays of the celebration in London, and the festivities of the tour of the Colonial Premiers in the great cities of the North, to which I had the good fortune to be invited, I was for a month moving about in the agricultural districts, and endeavouring to form a careful opinion upon the real condition of affairs. In fact, both in London and in the country I was very busy inquiring into the condition of England, as to its manufactures, its agriculture,

[1] *The writer was over here with Sir Wilfrid Laurier during the recent Jubilee festivities.*—ED. *Nineteenth Century.*

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its foreign trade, and its food supply. The result was somewhat depressing. It may be interesting to hear the opinion of a Canadian on these points, for sometimes an onlooker sees most of the game.

In addition to all the outward manifestations of national strength and stability to which I have referred, it was also apparent that the workmen in England were fairly well employed, on reasonably good wages in the towns. The engineering trades were exceptionally prosperous, as was proved by the great strike which commenced while I was in England. I heard constantly that business was flourishing, and the working-men doing well. I attribute this prosperity, so called, to the immense activity in the building of war-vessels during the last few years.

I was informed that all over the United Kingdom every dockyard, public and private, was being worked to its utmost capacity in building war-ships of every type. I understand that no less than fifteen large war-vessels are now being built for Japan, and nineteen for other foreign nations, besides a great number for the British Navy. This large expenditure of capital, both British and foreign, which is mainly paid out in wages, has helped greatly for the time being to improve the condition of the working classes, and has given an unreal, fictitious, and temporary prosperity to the nation as a whole.

In Canada we understand thoroughly this type of prosperity. When a town or city borrows largely to carry out great public works, it always, during the expenditure of the money, experiences a period of inflation termed a 'boom.' When the money is spent, depression follows, much worse than the original state of affairs, and the 'boom' is then said to have 'burst.'

The present temporary prosperity in England, which is not based upon a solid or permanent foundation, unfortunately tends still more to create the belief in the public mind that the state of affairs in England is satisfactory. I wish to draw attention to what seem to be the weak points in the present condition of the Mother Country. I had always been led to believe that the Free Trade policy of England was the secret of her success, and the foundation of her wealth and greatness. I was a Free Trader in Canada in 1878, and opposed the National policy at that time; and while I still believe that Free Trade was an advantageous policy for England at the time when Cobden and Bright advocated it, and that it has in the past added much to the prosperity and power of England by increasing immensely her trade and manufactures, yet I fear that experience has shown that there are weak points in the system, and that, like everything else, it has its faults as well as its advantages. If all nations had adopted the principle, as Cobden and Bright fully expected, it might have worked better; but free imports from foreign countries, and high taxes upon British exports into those countries, certainly cannot be called either 'Free' or 'Fair' Trade.

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Protection in foreign countries has fostered and encouraged their own manufactures to such an extent as to reduce very much their imports of English goods, and to enable them to compete very successfully with the English trader, and cut down his trade as well as his profits. To prove this we need only look at the imports and exports of the United Kingdom, and compare the figures of the year 1873, for example, with those of last year. We find that in 1873 the total imports were 371,287,372*l.*, and that in 1896 they had risen to 441,807,335*l.*, an increase of 70,519,963*l.* In 1873 the exports from the United Kingdom were 255,164,603*l.*, while in 1896 they had fallen to 239,922,209*l.*, a decrease of 15,242,394*l.*; so that while the balance of trade against the United Kingdom in 1873 was 116,122,769*l.*, in 1896 it had risen to 201,885,126*l.* I was informed also, on the best authority, that even this reduced trade is carried on at a very small profit indeed to the manufacturer. These figures show that a population larger by some 7,000,000 produces for export less merchandise at less profits, while it purchases from abroad 70,519,963*l.* more than when its business was greater and more remunerative. At present England is living on her own fat, so to speak—the balances being made up by expenditures of capital, and interest on the earnings and profits of years gone by.

The feature of the Free Trade policy that is most to be deplored is its effect on the great agricultural interests of England. The ill-effect is widespread, working evil in every direction. No one can travel through England without feeling sad at the evidences that crop up everywhere of the disastrous results threatened by this policy. The agricultural population is diminishing, the acreage under cultivation every year getting less, and the food-supply grown within the islands gradually trending towards the vanishing-point. Every year the population is drifting more and more into the manufacturing towns, increasing competition and making life harder to bear. Paupers are increasing in number every year, and the poor rates constantly going up. According to the *Statesman's Year-Book* for 1897, the number of paupers in receipt of relief in 1892 was 951,375, at an expenditure of 10,814,916*l.* The number receiving relief in 1896, only four years later, was 1,025,364, at an expenditure of 11,910,324*l.* In addition to this, a large majority of the children of England, instead of being reared in the open country, under the dome of heaven, are being huddled in crowded towns, under a pall of factory smoke, among the soot-begrimed walls of narrow courts and alleys paved with cinders, without a blade of grass or a green leaf to be seen. The foul air and crowding in ill-ventilated houses must be affecting the physique and stamina of the race, and the day will soon come, if it has not yet come, when England in defending her national existence will no longer be able to rely upon a great rural population of the type of those yeomen who drew the long-bow at Cressy, Poictiers, and

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Agincourt, or of those farmers' sons and village lads who in their solid squares hurled back the pride of France in our last great struggle at Waterloo.

An Englishman cannot appreciate the intensely depressing effect of the manufacturing districts upon the Canadian tourist. Accustomed as we are to the clear pure atmosphere and bright blue skies of our native land, the Black Country of England seems unnatural and uncanny, reminds one of the infernal regions, and arouses a sad sympathy for the poor human beings who have to live under such conditions.

I was at the depôt of an English regular regiment this summer. There were about 200 men drawn up, and I walked up and down the line to examine them closely. I found I could easily look over their helmets, and that they were slight short lads, almost all in their teens. They looked like a lot of schoolboys. I suppose they will be kept at the depôt until they are old enough to join the regiment, and until good food, regular habits, and physical exercise will improve and strengthen their constitutions. I could not help thinking that the prophecy of the historian Froude, written a dozen years ago, was being rapidly fulfilled. Speaking of the crowding into manufacturing towns, he said:—

> The native vigour of our temperament might defy the influence of such a life for a quarter or for half a century. Experience, even natural probability, declared, that the grandchildren of the occupants of these dens must be sickly, poor, stunted wretches, whom no school teaching, however excellent, could save from physical decrepitude.

I could not help thinking of these sentences as I saw these undersized, weakly looking boys, dressed in the historic red coat of England, and felt that upon them the safety and honour of our great Empire might at any time depend. I thought of Horace's lines upon the growing degeneracy of the Roman citizen in his time, caused by the fields being abandoned and the people crowding into cities:—

> They did not spring from sires like these
> The noble youth who dyed the seas
> With Carthaginian gore,
> Who great Antiochus overcame
> And Hannibal of yore.

Sir Charles Dilke, in an article recently published, says:—

> Our breakdown is also evidenced by the lowering of the standard of enlistment. The guardsman is now habitually taken at 5 feet 7 inches, and the linesman at 5 feet 3½ inches. The shapes of the men now enlisted for the line are more startling than their small stature, and owing to our present system we are clearly drawing in an increased degree on inferior classes of the population.

This, in my opinion, has been one outcome of the highly vaunted Free Trade policy—a huddling of the people into cities, a gradual weakening of the agricultural interest, a great decrease of country-

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bred men, and a decay in the size and stamina of the masses of the population. For a time England no doubt prospered pecuniarily, and great fortunes were made; but now, with imports almost double the exports, with the imports steadily increasing and the exports steadily diminishing, the nation is not even gaining in her manufactures, but is losing to other nations every day.

The design was to make England the workshop of the world; but why should that be the ambition of any nation? Why should the English be the serfs of the universe, and do the dirty work for mankind?

The foreign countries almost all refuse England free entry into their markets, while in England they have every freedom. The imports from the British possessions in 1895 were 95,530,210*l.*, the exports 70,001,524*l.*, or as 9½ to 7. The imports from foreign countries into the United Kingdom were 321,159,448*l.*, the exports 155,888,492*l.*, or more than 2 to 1. I was informed that even to maintain this reduced export, the margin of profit was so small that only large establishments on an extensive scale, able to obtain capital at the smallest interest, could carry on business, and that the smaller factories were gradually going to the wall, and no one can foretell how long the margin of profit can be maintained. In some lines of production, such as the manufacture of tin plates, the profit has disappeared, and the industry has been entirely destroyed.

The net result of fifty years of Free Trade on the one-sided principle has been to diminish the agricultural population and to weaken the physique of the British race, while even the chance of becoming the workshop of the world, which was the goal to be gained, is being lost.

Mommsen, the great German historian, writing nearly fifty years ago, shows how in the decay of Rome similar influences of outside competition led to the destruction of the farming interests of that great Empire, and how this helped to bring about its downfall. I will quote from his *History of Rome*, vol. ii. p. 273:—

Under the unnatural disturbance of relations occasioned by the lamentable system of slave labour it would perhaps have been justifiable to impose a duty upon transmarine corn for the protection of the Italian farmer.

The average price . . . . shows undeniably that the producers of grain in Italy were wholly destitute of a market for their produce, and in consequence corn and corn-land were almost valueless. In a great industrial State, whose agriculture cannot feed its population, such a result might perhaps be regarded as useful, or at any rate as not absolutely injurious; but a country like Italy, where manufactures were inconsiderable, and agriculture was altogether the mainstay of the State, was in this way systematically ruined, and the welfare of the nation as a whole was sacrificed in the most shameful fashion to the interests of the essentially unproductive population of the capital, to which, in fact, bread could never become too cheap. Nothing perhaps evinces so clearly as this how wretched was the constitution and how incapable was the administration of this so-called golden age of the republic. Any representative system, however meagre, would have led at least to serious complaint, and to a perception of the seat of the evil; but in those collective

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assemblages of the citizens anything was listened to sooner than the warning voice of the foreboding patriot. Any Government that deserved the name would of itself have interfered; but the mass of the Roman Senate, probably with well-meaning credulity, regarded the low price of grain as a real blessing for the people, and the Scipios and Flamininuses had forsooth more things to do—to emancipate the Greek, and to exercise the functions of republican kings—so the ship drove on unhindered towards the breakers.

Above and beyond all the other evils I have mentioned is one which creates a great and pressing danger to our race, which should certainly be remedied at once in some way or other. The United Kingdom is dependent for its food on various sources of supply. The cultivation of wheat in England has decreased through foreign competition from 4,213,651 acres sown in 1856 to 1,456,200 acres sown in 1895–6 (*Corn Trade Year-Book*, 1896, p. 80), and the sources of supply now are mainly confined to the United States and Russia, and countries under the control of Russia. According to the *Corn Trade Year-Book* for 1896, the United Kingdom imported that year 23,431,000 quarters of breadstuffs, and produced for home consumption 4,325,000 quarters. Of these imports Russia and the United States could control directly and indirectly about 19,160,000 quarters, leaving only 4,271,000 quarters of her imports coming from countries free from the control of those two Powers. In saying that they could control 'directly or indirectly,' I mean, for example, that England imported from France in 1896 564,000 quarters and from Germany 308,000 quarters, but France imported that year 4,471,000 quarters and Germany 6,924,000 quarters. Would not an embargo at once cut off the bulk of French and German imports, and thereby stop all exports? Would any nation, either to make money or to help a belligerent, allow the export of food, with the certain result of bringing on a famine among its own people? Self-preservation is a law of nature, and if Russia and the United States withheld food products from all the world, as in case of war with the British Empire they undoubtedly would, the importing nations such as France and Germany would be forced to prohibit exports of food to prevent famine and revolution at home. The 4,271,000 quarters which England might be able to get come from Canada, Argentina, India, Chili, the Persian Gulf, and sundry other places, necessitating in order to obtain them the command of a number of divergent sea routes of immense distances.

The supply of all other coarse grains which might be used for food is also badly placed, Russia and the United States controlling a very large proportion of it, as they do of bacon, ham, cheese, lard, cattle, and fresh beef, the stoppage of which would be felt in every direction.

To all outward appearance, the Jubilee taught the onlookers to believe that the British Empire was not only the wealthiest of all nations, but also the strongest at sea, and with an actual and reserve

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military strength equal to that of any nation; and that, with the strong feeling of loyalty that evidently actuated every part, the Empire might defy the attacks of all comers. All this was apt to create an over-confidence in the public mind.

Of all the millions who witnessed the great pageants in June last, how very few considered the weak points!—the diminution in trade, the vanishing profits, the increasing foreign competition, and the destruction of the agricultural interest. How few considered the danger to England, and through her to the Empire, of the precarious and hand-to-mouth food supply! Every day that things go on as they are, we are in danger—a danger that is constantly becoming more threatening. Our Empire is leaving it in the power of two not over-friendly nations to combine, and, by putting an embargo upon all food products, to be able, possibly, to starve England into submission; and this they might do without capturing a gunboat, without winning a battle, without firing a shot. The sea routes might be kept open in every direction, but as the nations other than Russia and the United States, which alone could supply food, only send her now 4,271,000 quarters, which presumably is the greater portion of their surplus, they certainly could not supply, in addition, more than a very small fraction of the 19,160,000 quarters which the United Kingdom would require to feed her people.

The Mother Country is to-day, as a nation, in the position, as it were, of an impregnable fortress, which has been armed with the finest artillery, supplied with munitions of war and military *matériel* without limit, garrisoned beyond its need, and stored with water for years, but in which no provision has been made for a secure supply of food, without which all the other precautions are absolutely useless. The great lesson to us all is that every effort should be made by all parts of the Empire to have this evil remedied, and the food supply made safe, in order that we may be self-dependent and self-sustaining in every particular. The food to feed the British people should be grown upon British soil, under the flag of the Empire, where it could be secured in case of war, and where it would be among people ready to fight for it and guard it for the common cause.

I discussed this question with many people in England, and with some of the best authorities, and the replies to my suggestions of danger were varied. Some would not discuss the possibility of war with the United States. Canadians, who are better able to judge of the state of feeling on this continent, know that if England were in a life-and-death struggle, and particularly if it were with Russia, the United States would be almost certain to throw in their whole strength against England. The belief which they have, that in combination with Russia they would with ease be able by a joint embargo to bring England to her knees, adds greatly to the danger of war. If England's food supply were safe within her Empire, the United States

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Government would be more inclined for peace, and their diplomatic tone would at once become more courteous. Some thought that in case of war these nations would not put an embargo on food products because it would interfere with their trade, and that, having command of the sea, Great Britain could get the food. They seemed to forget that, if we had command of the sea, these nations would have only one possible weapon, an embargo on food, and would be driven to use the only offensive action possible. Then some relied on trade theories, such as that the demand would create the supply, which they thought would override all military conditions. I asked why the demand did not create the supply for the French in Paris in 1870. Then they admitted that war did sometimes upset trade theories.

I found a general confidence that theories of some kind, or luck, or a kind Providence, or something, would bring them through all right; but I found no one able to satisfy me as to how England could be fed under the war conditions I have mentioned. No one seemed to appreciate that in the great wars with Napoleon the United Kingdom was able to feed itself, and that even as late as the Crimean War in 1854–5 the home production was, after deducting seed, 16,427,742 quarters and the imports only 2,983,000 quarters. The present condition of Great Britain is without a parallel either in its own history or the history of any great nation. England is living from hand to mouth more than people have any idea of. I found from the best authority I could get in Liverpool, that in August, when I was there, the supply of wheat in the hands of importers was for between three and four weeks only—inquiry in a number of bakers' shops disclosing the fact that the average supply in them was for about four or five days, in the large bakeries less than a week, in the mills three or four weeks. Two months' stoppage of foreign corn would reduce the rations for the people to about one-fourth of what is required, and half of it would have to be secured by the command of many divergent and lengthened sea routes.

The belief in the certainty of keeping command of the sea is also another instance of the feeling of over-confidence to which I have already alluded. I do not believe Great Britain can obtain the absolute and complete command of the sea everywhere. She may be able, and I hope and believe she will be able, to command certain routes and keep them open. She may be able to be in command, at any particular point where it is necessary for her to be in command, but it is unreasonable to expect that any fleet of 500 or even 700 ships could command all the sea routes, all the time, in all parts of the world. For this reason the food supply is the great and pressing danger, and should be put right at all hazards and at whatever cost may be necessary, either in money or theories.

There are several ways in which matters might be improved. National granaries is one suggestion, for which much can be said, and

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if adopted would make the Empire safer; but it would be a very costly method, and would be a greater burden in money than a duty on foreign corn, which might be imposed in place of the duty on tea, tobacco, and some other articles in common use by the people. Granaries, while adding to the safety, would add nothing to the wealth, progress, or stability of the Empire; but preferential tariffs would strengthen the Colonies immensely in population and wealth, would in the end strengthen and increase the trade of England, and would bind all parts of the Empire in the bonds of a common interest. If the preference was greater in favour of the home farmer, it would revive agriculture, and give employment to hundreds of thousands of men who are competing with the factory hands and tending to reduce wages. A sufficient duty, and it need not be large, would ensure within the British Isles the growth of 15,000,000 quarters of wheat, instead of five or six millions as at present. small preference of two or three shillings a quarter against the foreigner would increase the Canadian production by leaps and bounds. We have in Canada fertile wheat-bearing land, capable of producing the finest wheat in the world, in quantities far more than sufficient to feed Great Britain; and a slight preference would send emigration to fill up our fields and strengthen a portion of the Empire, instead of fostering and encouraging and building up foreign countries, which may at any time be hostile.

The sea route from Canada to England from the Straits of Belle Isle to the North of Ireland is almost a British route. It has no foreign naval stations to the North, and it is guarded by our stations at Halifax and St. John's on the West, and Portsmouth, Plymouth, Milford Haven and Bear Haven on the East. It is, without any doubt, the safest and most easily defended sea route from England in any direction.

The objection to this suggestion is that it would aid Canada. If it is not more important for England, and more advantageous to her ten times over than to Canada, it is not worth discussing; Canada is getting on all right. If her progress is not very fast, it is sure and on solid ground. We are not afraid of being starved into submission, and believe we can hold our freedom as a people, if it comes to straight fighting, as our fathers did in 1812, 1813, and 1814, against odds many times greater than we are likely to have to encounter now. But the British Empire is our Empire, as it is the Empire of every part; and we are as much interested in the safety of the heart of it as is any portion, and we have the right to urge that England shall take steps to make her condition safe.

If such a war should happen as we have been discussing, the heaviest brunt of the fighting would fall upon the Canadian people. Russia would probably attack India; and the United States, Canada. It is not a pleasant prospect for us to look forward to, with England's

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food supply in the condition it is. Six millions of us Northern men, fighting on our own soil for our homes and freedom and all we hold dear, would, we believe, be able to hold our own in spite of the odds; but in what a position would we be placed, if we heard of the men, women, and children of England starving and pleading for peace, and being told by the United States that we must lay down our arms before they would send the food to save the lives of our brethren in England!

We have a right to ask the English people to provide against this disaster, either by granaries, bounties, preferential tariffs, or in any other way. This should be done, not to carry out or to upset any trade theories, but as an insurance against a great national danger, as a necessary expenditure, as a war measure of defence.

GEORGE T. DENISON.

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18,042. An East-End Committee ask for £7. 9*s*. 6*d*. to complete a pension for a married couple, both past work. The man has been for thirty years with one firm of bargeowners, and lately broke his thigh whilst at work. He was in a registered club for many years, and, till it broke up in 187[illegible] he has helped to support a widowed sister. Employers give 3*s*. a week, and a parochial visiting society 1*s*. 6*d*. a week.

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17,428. Needed, £4. 11*s*. for six months to give 3*s*. 6*d*. a week to a respectable widow of 68, who is partly kept by a widowed daughter with two children, who earns 13*s*. a week.

18,985. An East-End Committee ask for £2. 8*s*. 9*d*., towards the cost of keeping two girls (aged 9 and 7) of a widow of good character, at a Home at Reigate. The mother is contributing out of her earnings as a domestic servant.

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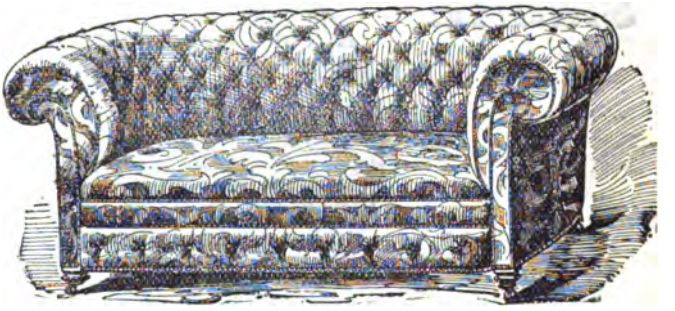

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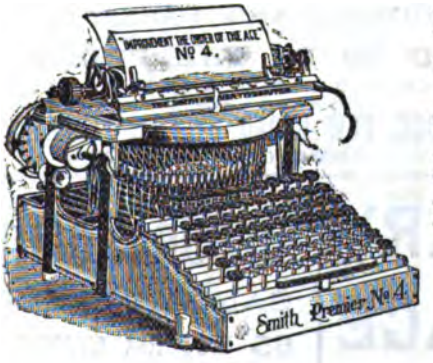

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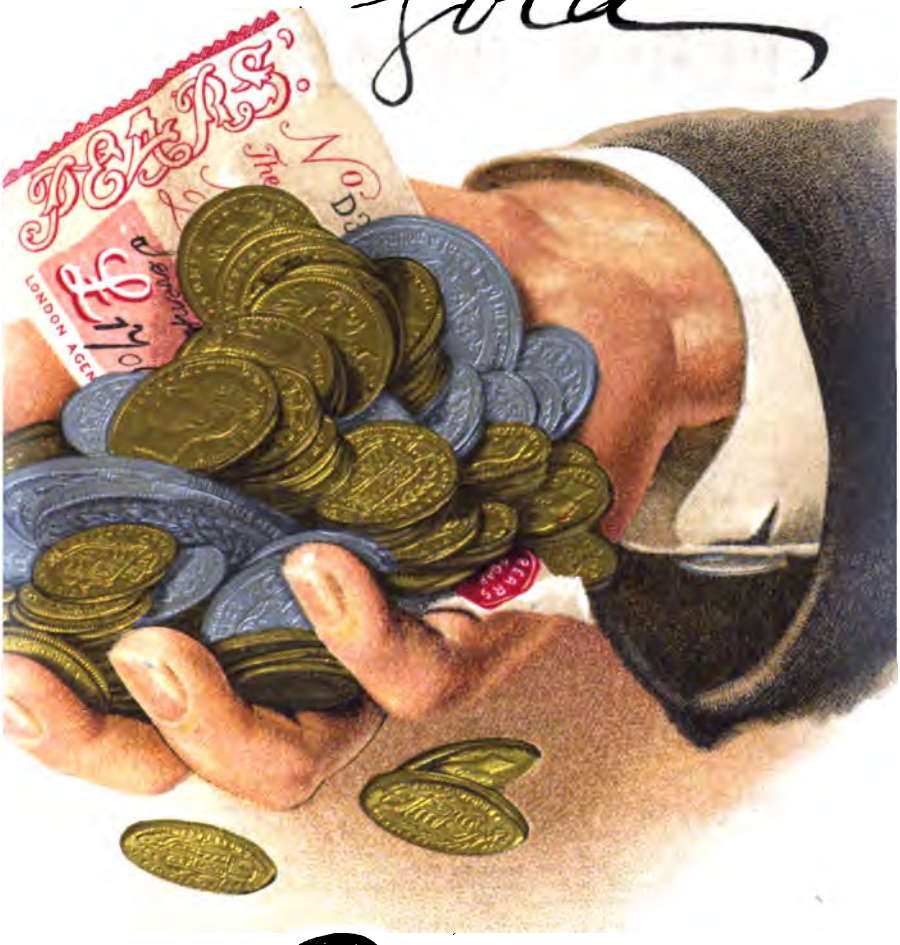

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